

Sasha paused suddenly on her hike through the forest trail and scanned the trees around her. There was nothing that any other hiker would have found disturbing, no noises or mysteriously waving branches, but the slim, athletic fox could sense a concentration of wild magic somewhere nearby. Dammit, this was supposed to be a vacation; she shouldn't have to deal with a magical monster on what was supposed to be a relaxing solo hike through Rocky Mountain National Park.

The thing coming toward her didn't care about her vacation, though, so she could do nothing but sigh and toss her pack off to the side so it wouldn't get in the way. Sasha was fortunate that members of the Magi-Corps were never actually unarmed, even on vacation, or she'd really be in trouble. The magical signal grew strong enough to concern her, and she wasted no time summoning her weapon and armor.

The slim fox held her right arm out straight and closed her hand, a long, ornate staff appearing within her grip in a flash of light. The light moved across her body, transforming her comfortable t-shirt into the buttoned, short-sleeve top of her Magi-Corps uniform, and continuing on to consume her shorts and change them into the loose, flowing— but still enticingly short — skirt to match. Her hiking boots were last to disappear, in favor of knee-high shiny ones that looked far less practical. Sasha was never fond of the style of Corps's uniform, but at least it was far more protective than it looked.

She held her staff defensively in front of her, waiting for her target to show itself. The magical energy flowing over her spiked, and a mass of tentacles erupted from the woods, lashing out at the fox. The tentacles varied in shape; some thin, some ridged, many shaped like very realistic phalluses. She cursed loudly and dodged to the side, striking a dog-cocked tentacle with her staff as it went by. This fight was going to suck.

Tentacle-forms were some of the most dangerous constructs you could face, and Sasha marveled that one could be found in such a remote area. Like many manifestations of wild magic, they were created when an undisciplined sorcerer experienced strong emotion. Tentacle-forms were the result of arousal, and since magic powers often emerged around puberty, that made them distressingly common. Still, it was unexpected that a sorcerer had gained his magical powers and subsequently rubbed one out in the middle of the goddam woods. Fucking teenagers. The construct was probably starving for lack of targets.

Sasha fought defensively, dodging repeated lashes by the various tentacles, smacking them out of the way as they got near. She was doing damage, so if she could prevent it from grabbing her, she could wear it down and win. The official strategy for battling tentacle-forms was to have no fewer than two people, so one could free the other if they got wrapped up. The easiest way to defeat the thing would be to let it catch her and have its way with her, but despite the brief fun that would result, the consequences were undesirable to say the least. There was always some side effect from getting played with by a tentacle-form that was based on the fetishes of the originating sorcerer, and Sasha had seen enough examples to know that: 1) People are fucked up, and 2) She never wanted to get caught herself.

The magical creature fought with a frenzied desperation that Sasha had rarely seen. She'd have preferred some backup, but couldn't spare a moment to call back to HQ. Her staff did plenty of damage, but there always seemed to be more writhing tentacles coming at her, and at the end of a long day of hiking, it steadily grew harder to avoid them.

The fox leaped right as a tendril came down from above and twisted to bring her staff around at it, only to be brought up short with a sudden yelp. The attack had been a feint, distracting her while another tentacle wrapped around her tail and tugged her off balance. Sasha growled and swung at it again, but it pulled painfully on her tail and unbalanced her, dropping her to the ground. Fear washed over her as she twisted wildly, trying to get an angle to attack the monster, but it came at her from every direction, wrapping up her arms and legs and

squeezing her wrists painfully tight until she dropped her staff, which disappeared in a flash of light.

Sasha pulled desperately at her attacker, terrified of what would happen to her if she didn't escape, but it was useless. She was held tightly by wrists and ankles, spread eagle on the ground, as the tentacles started to explore her body.

They wasted no time dipping inside her armor, able to bypass its protection with some innate ability that all tentacle-forms possessed. It ripped through the front of her top, sending the buttons flying and exposing her petite breasts to the cool forest air.

Sasha held back a yell. Nobody who could hear her would have the skills needed to fight this thing, and she'd only doom some other unfortunate person to share her fate. She never gave up her struggles, though; she'd slipped up once to get caught, and she could only hope the monster would make a mistake as well.

Two tentacles latched onto her exposed nipples and immediately released an aphrodisiac fluid. Her nipples immediately stiffened and she gasped in pleasure. The tentacles twisted gently and applied suction, reacting to her responses to create the strongest pleasure response.

Another tentacle slithered into her panties and pulled back, stretching them until they ripped open, leaving her nethers vulnerable. She tried to twist out of the way, but the monster matched her movements, using another two limbs to tease across her sex as well as her anus. The creature coated her pussy and tailhole with more aphrodisiac fluid, sensitizing them to heights she could not have predicted. Her vulva felt puffy and hot, her passage painfully empty, and if she wasn't already coated with goo she knew her crotch fur would be soaked with her juices. Her struggling slowed as her need rose, until she was almost eager to be penetrated by the monster. "S-stop," she begged, though creature couldn't understand.

With the same suddenness as its original attack, the monster plunged two thick, cock-shaped tentacles into Sasha, spearing deep into her pussy and anus, stretching her wide with a shocking absence of pain. The slim fox felt only pleasure as she was penetrated, and could no longer hold back her moans as her back arched. The tentacles fucked her like twin lovers, moving in and out in unstoppable rhythm, always leaving her stuffed full in front or back at any given time.

The overwhelming pleasure was almost enough to distract her from the magical tingling that started to build in her breasts, but not quite. She lifted her head, awkwardly looking downward at herself to figure out what the creature was doing.

The tentacles sucking on her nipples rippled with bulges, moving toward her breasts rather than away. Whenever one reached her, a fuzz of magical energy filtered through the breast it attached to...and her chest grew slightly bigger. "No!" she yelled, fearing the demise of her athletic build. Clearly the sorcerer who had created this monster had a thing for big tits, and the results were not likely to be subtle. Sasha knew she'd end up extremely top-heavy if she didn't manage to escape, and the wild magic of a construct was impossible to dispel. Whatever it did to her was permanent.

Sasha kicked her legs and twisted her wrists, trying to bring her claws to bear on the creature. Her breasts were already a couple cup sizes bigger, and she needed to get free while a sports bra could still keep them under control.

In response, the monster stretched her arms and legs tighter, threatening to pull them from their sockets if she continued to struggle. At the same time the tentacles in her pussy and ass thickened to an even wider size, testing the limits of the magical stretchiness it had imbued her with. It continued to hammer at her, wearing down her will with its relentless pleasurable assault as the weight built on her chest.

The fox's arms went limp as she gave in to the pleasure. The creature's warning was clear: submit and be pleased, or resist and be greatly injured. Sasha watched with a whimper as her breasts continued to inflate, passing rapidly through grapefruit sized on their way to whatever target the monster had planned for her. She could feel their shifting weight in a way she was entirely unused to.

The tentacles in her lower orifices contracted slightly, then sprouted complicated patterns of ribbing. They spun and twisted as they plunged in and out, each ridge tugging at the oversensitive flesh of the squirming vixen.

Sasha's swelling breasts jiggled heavily on her chest, reaching the size of cantaloupes as the monster wrapped them and seemed to massage. She whimpered in distress and need, fear of how large she would become competing with a burning need to climax. She arched her back, shifting her heavy breasts, her juices flowing out of her around the tentacle in her pussy, along with the monster's aphrodisiac juice. She was glad that the creature was tending to all of her major erogenous zones, or else she would have been annoyed she couldn't use her hands on herself. The vixen yelped eagerly as the tentacles explored inside her, rubbing against each other through the thin wall of flesh between vagina and ass. The one in her pussy pressed hard against her g-spot, and she shook with a sudden climax, the monster seeming to forgive her sudden tugging as her muscles tensed. Her arms tugged on the restraining tendrils, while her pussy and ass clenched hard on the invaders inside her.

The tentacles' movement didn't stop. Even as Sasha twitched and moaned through her climax they kept fucking her, and kept pumping magic into her breasts. Her breasts grew larger than basketballs, jiggling more slowly as their mass increased and her orgasmic shaking slowed.

Dimly, through the pleased haze, she felt the tentacles inside her expand and contract, as if pumping something inside her. The tingling buzz of wild magic flared inside her, filtering out of her womb to focus on some internal organ she couldn't identify. Sudden concern cut through her haze and she whimpered and struggled anew. The creatures almost never changed their victims in more than one way at a time! What else could it be doing? The magic inside her burned for a moment, in a way that made Sasha sure it was destroying something important, then stopped.

The tentacles slowly withdrew, leaving the vixen panting and squirming on the ground, leaking her own juices mixed with tentacle goo.

Sasha slowly rolled over, her massive breasts, each twice the size of her head, hanging below her as she raised first to all fours and then fully to her feet. Standing took two attempts, as the extra pounds hanging from her chest made her stumble forward the first time. She held out her arm and summoned her staff again, slowly stalking toward the monster.

Freshly fed, the creature was sluggish as it folded in on itself, preparing to hide and wait for its next target. If it knew she was still coming for it, it was unable to escape fast enough.

Sasha attacked it with her staff, nearly toppling over on her first swing as the momentum of her huge tits tried to carry her through more of a spin than she expected. Her armor slowly stitched itself back together as she methodically beat on the construct, though it hadn't been designed to cover a chest the size she now sported, and failed to completely heal itself. Tentacle-forms really were easy to destroy if you let them feed first; it was just that nobody wanted to be the one who got fed on. With a final vicious swing and an angry yell, the creature exploded into wisps of sparkling smoke, and was no more.

The vixen dismissed her magical items, instantly returning to her t-shirt and cargo shorts. Just as instantly, her shirt ripped down the front as her boobs stretched it far beyond what it was intended for. She looked down, seeing nothing but fluffy breast flesh below her, and she whimpered that she'd never look down and see her feet again. She carefully rubbed at her belly,

trying to figure out what final change the monster had wrought upon her during her orgasm. Increased fertility? Susceptibility to heat? A wash of warmth across her thighs answered her question as her bladder suddenly released, soaking her panties and shorts with urine that trickled down her legs. She tried to squeeze down and stop it, but her muscles didn't respond at all, and she could only watch as she soiled herself. "Oh shit," she muttered.

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Sasha stalked through Magi-Corps HQ, making her way through the halls toward the armory as snickering followed her. She made no attempt to pull her open uniform top closed. If she was lucky, her huge exposed breasts would draw enough attention that nobody would notice the thick diaper peeking out from under her uniform skirt.

She reached the armory desk and slammed her hands down, capturing the clerk's attention. "I need—" she started, then froze, face turning bright red as she helplessly messed herself, the rear of her diaper expanding and sagging heavily below her short skirt. She cringed at the laughter behind her and continued more politely, "Um...I mean I need to requisition a larger top...and a longer skirt."