

New Traditions

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A group of friends continue their yearly tradition of a thanksgiving feast together. Each year, one of the four is transformed into the main course, stuffed by two of the others, then swallowed by the third. Unfortunately, one of them has been a seemingly endless losing streak. Will their luck finally change?

Content Warning: This story is intended for Adult readers and contains a Male Wolf and Fox, a Female Bunny and Pig, Magical Dice Games, Turkey Transformation, Weight Gain, Clothing Destruction, Soft Vore, Unbirth, Oral Vore, Anal Vore, Furniture Destruction

The heat of the kitchen filled the house, suffusing it with the delicious scents of a delectable dinner. Four friends laid out the finishing touches on the table, distributing plates and silverware to each of its seats. The pieces of the banquet followed, and each course announced its presence with a soft clink or clank. The dishes gathered and covered the table cloth until there wasn't an inch of free space left, forcing plates to overlap. The last stretch of the preparations turned into a game of saving space, until eventually, everything was set. A well-muscled wolf placed the final plate, then invited everyone to admire their shared effort. The fox, rabbit, and pig joined him, though their gazing didn't last long. A chorus of rumbles and grumbles sounded from their middles, spurring them to take their places. Three of them claimed their seats with hungry haste, though the wolf retreated to fetch the object of their shared tradition. Realization crossed the rabbit's face while the fox and pig grinned knowingly, relishing the approach of the most important course. The wolf returned before their patience wore thin, carrying with him a large platter and oversized dice. He reached into the feast and nudged the dishes around until he created a space for the elevated dish, then planted it as one would a flag. A grin spread across his muzzle, and he gleefully broke the quiet between them.

"Alright, who's first~?" He looked around for takers, though no one made eye contact. Instead, three of them turned toward the fox, who looked down into his lap and willed himself invisible.

"Can skip the dice this year? I'm tired of losing."

"That's not how this works," the pig teased. "If you want to eat, you have to roll~"

"I don't need to eat that bad," the vulpine trailed off.

"Nonsense," the rabbit replied. "You're here, and you've cooked. You deserve to have some of it."

"She's right," the wolf added. "No one goes hungry here, you know that. Just give it a shot. I'm sure you won't lose this time. No one's luck is that bad."

"I hope you're right," the fox sighed. He reached for the soft-ball sized dice and clutched it in his paws, blew on it for good luck, then rolled across the floor.

Everyone stood from their seats to watch the large gem tumble, eager to see if the fox's luck would change. An eternity passed as it bounced across the carpet and clattered over tile, eventually bumping into a wall before coming to rest. The group of friends held their breath as it spun on a single corner, gradually losing momentum until it settled on a face. The fox's chest swelled with relief when he checked his result, satisfied with an eight. The pig patted him on the back and the rabbit gave him a thumbs up, though the wolf simply smiled and nodded.

"Not great, but not bad either," he quipped. "That might be enough to break your streak."

The pig cut in before the fox could reply. "Let's find out~"

The porcine woman stood from her seat and sauntered to the resting die, then wiggled her hips and plucked it from the floor. She held it over her head and swung it down, winding up to hurl it with all her might. The group watched her spin on her heel and prepare to let it fly like a shot-put, only to drop it from her fingers at the last instant. The dice bounced just twice before stopping cold, and she squealed with delight at the result. The pig likely wouldn't win with a nine, but it kept her out of the loser's circle.

"I'm almost disappointed," she smirked. "I'm starting to wonder what it's like to lose~"

"I'm happy to trade rolls with you if you're that interested."

"Not a chance," she laughed.

The wolf and rabbit shared a look, and the lapine took her turn. She clutched the twenty-sided orb in her paws and studied it for a moment, then turned it over to one hand. The rabbit lobbed the dice into the air and onto the carpet, giving it a slightly more energetic arc than the pig. A smile spread across her muzzle when her technique paid off, granting her a fifteen. She clapped her hands and bounced on her heels, licking her lips at the thought of her prize.

"Let's not get too eager now," the wolf teased. "You haven't won yet."

The rabbit picked the dice up and offered it to the buff lapine. "How 'bout you go ahead and confirm it for me?"

The lupine gave a toothy grin and grabbed the relic, then made his roll. He let the dice spin from his fingertips without fanfare, tossing it through the air with ease and landing it on the central platter. Its clatter rang through the house and captured everyone's attention, and they watched it spin with rapt attention. Anticipation played across the fox's face as it slowed enough to reveal the topmost numbers, rolling through a range that could bump him out of the loser's seat. His breath caught in his throat as it slowed and spun on a corner, favoring a low value until it tipped at the last second. Cheers and jeers rose from the table when it finally stopped on a nineteen, placing the lupine firmly as the winner. The rabbit and pig laughed off their results, but their vulpine friend was less than enthusiastic.

"Is there *any* chance I can re-roll?"

"Sorry buddy, that's not how it works," the wolf answered.

True to his word, the dice started glowing during their exchange. Light gathered in its core and poured through its carved numbers, charging a spell and carrying on their annual game. The fox debated fleeing his fate, though he learned the previous year such a tactic

would not work. Instead, he braced himself and gripped his seat until his knuckles turned white, steeling his resolve and concealing his shameful enjoyment of the reoccurring result. The wolf reclined in his seat with a victorious smirk while the rabbit and pig leaned in, and their curiosities flourished around the mysterious sensations of transformation.

Fortunately for them, the fox was no where near subtle about his opinions of it. He squeezed his eyes shut and tightened his core as glowing motes swirled around the enchanted relic, multiplying with every passing second. Tension and anticipation gathered in the air with them, until the vulpine finally opened his eyes out of overwhelming anticipation. A flash of light filled the room in that exact moment, suffusing him with form-altering magic. A groan leapt from his chest as arcane energy lanced down his limbs and gathered in his core, reshaping his essence into something much more fitting for the occasion.

The fox's russet fur darkened to a rich brown, then matted and merged into fluffy feathers. Weight piled onto him and filled out his figure, softening his form with plush rolls of flab. His belly spilled into his lap as his cream chest gave way to chocolaty plumes, creating a soft shelf that his growing breasts swiftly filled. The soft mounds spread across his belly with a satisfying heft, adding many more feminine curves to his silhouette. Flabby rolls filled and sagged from his arms before wing feathers concealed them, cloaking him in the rich oranges and reds of autumn. The shifting fox buried his shorting muzzle into them as his resolve faltered, muffling moans into their layers as fur faded from his face. His watching friends grinned and cheered him on as his breath grew heavy and labored, laced with obvious and increasing pleasure. His thighs squeezed together beneath the table as they thickened and filled his seat, competing with his hips for space in the increasingly small seat. The former fox's rear crowded his tail feathers against his backrest, forcing him to scoot forward and fill the dinning room with the protests of his seat. Each lurching motion sent ripples across his increasingly flabby figure, further stoking the inferno blooming in his core. Despite his best efforts, he couldn't stop his hips from rolling with lust, adding to his chair's grievances until his cries of pleasure overtook them. His friends grinned and flushed with sympathetic arousal when his wings dove into the crux of his legs, and he openly moaned when he dug his digits into his feminine sex. The former vulpine bucked his hips and thrust his length between the pillows of his legs, doubling his bliss and sending him over the edge of climax. Embarrassingly avian sounds filled the dinning room until he tumbled down from his carnal high, leaving him a huffing and panting mess until his breath returned.

An awkward silence hung in the air while the friends watched their transformed colleague, until he recovered enough to meet their gazes. The former fox's blush intensified, and he wasted no time refuting the thoughts that were written across their faces. "Oh come on, it pretty much forces you to enjoy it."

"Whatever you say, dinner," the wolf teased. "Personally, I think I'd enjoy it too, but I'm never getting the chance to find out at this point."

The pig and rabbit murmured in agreement until the wolf spoke up again.

“But now that you’re settled in, let’s prepare the main course.” His stomach rumbled and underscore his point. “Let’s get him up on the platter and start stuffing.”

The pig and rabbit nodded in agreement, and apprehension returned to the turkey’s eyes as they closed in.

“Hang on now, we don’t have to do this. Doesn’t becoming a turkey fulfill the rules? We don’t have to go any further, right?”

“Yes,” the wolf admitted, “but these are *my* rules. Now be a good dinner and let us help you up.”

The former fox relented and let his friends grab him, though didn’t fully surrender. The wheels in his head turned while the pig set her stance and lifted him up onto the table, jerking him from his train of thoughts and disrupting his balance. A panicked cluck leapt from his chest with a reflexive jerk, coaxing a similar sound from the porcine woman. The rabbit rushed to keep them from toppling, though there was little she could do against the plump turkey’s weight. Time slowed as the pig faltered, stumbling back until she fell completely. She thumped against the soft carpet first, which thankfully softened her drop, but it did little for the broad avian ass poised to land on her face. A second thump thundered through the house an instant later, and silence followed in the aftermath. The only sound that rose from the quartet of friends was a soft squelching, eventually followed by a surprised moan from the turkey. He spread his thighs and peered over the swell of his belly to check on his friend, only to find her lodged up to her neck in his feminine sex. The sight sent a blazing blush through his beak, though he made no effort to free her. He subtly rolled his hips and contemplated the situation while his friends watched, until his carnal hungers got the better of him. His thighs tensed with bliss and he bucked his hips with intent, spreading his lower lips around her chin and over her neck. A needy moan tumbled from his beak when he conquered her shoulders, pinning her arms to her side and limiting what token resistance she offered.

The wolf and rabbit watched with stunned awe as the turkey reached down and grabbed the pig’s sides, setting his grip on her soft frame before dragging her between his thighs. Shivers of pleasure ran the length of his spine and disrupted his effort until he found his rhythm, adapting to his altered figure with familiar ease. Soft squishes and groans filled the room while he claimed her torso and eclipsed her belly, slurping the generous rolls up with a crooning moan. The porcine woman twisted and turned in what appeared to be struggles as the shock of the moment wore off, though instead of resisting, she sought out the crux of her own thighs. Heated blushes kindled in the rabbit’s and wolf’s cheeks as the pig shamelessly pleased herself, shedding clothes and reaching deep into her sex. Her blissful wiggles and thrashes only helped her deeper into the turkey’s inner reaches, and once he claimed the swell of her hips, her fate was all but sealed. The former fox’s passage rippled and contracted around the pig’s thighs, slipping along their curvature and propelling her toward his womb with surprising speed. His clawed toes curled and flexed as

each devoured inch chipped away at his stamina, fraying his control. The turkey flopped onto his back and openly groped his chest as he drew in the last of his friend, until her toes tickled the top of his entrance. Every muscle in his body contracted in unison when she grazed his sensitive peak, and climax wracked his figure once more. It came and passed quickly thanks to his previous release, though the rapid fluttering made swift work of the pig before it subsided. His shaft bucked and pulsed against the swelling dome of his belly while the pig found her way into his womb, threatening to unleash a sympathetic male orgasm. The turkey teetered on the edge for what felt like hours, though the pig settled in before her movement finished him off. A needy whine resonated in his chest and he tried to spur her back into motion, presenting the rabbit and wolf a moment to assess the situation.

“Well, we never specified how we’d stuff the turkey,” the wolf admitted.

“True,” the rabbit answered. A pause hung between them as the same thought popped into their heads, and they met each other’s gaze.

“I think we should explore this.”

“I think rabbit’s not on the menu today.”

“Neither was pork, but here we are.”

“I’m not the one who lost.”

“Nor are you the winner.”

The haze of lust surrounding the turkey’s head cleared as afterglow faded, though an intense hunger bloomed in its place. The porcine woman satisfied one of his awakened appetites, though it only whetted the others. The wolf read the turkey’s desire when it flashed across his eyes, and without missing a beat, he kept the rabbit trapped in conversation while he rose to his feet. The floorboards subtly creaked under his lumbering weight while he found his new center of balance, vastly lowered by his pudgy and unexpected meal. A soft croon tumbled from his beak as he hefted the bulging dome of his middle, supporting its weight with his fingers and increasing his stability. The stuffed avian rose to his full height and arched his back, pushing out and accentuating his bump for the wolf. The lupine’s belly groaned and gurgled with envy at the display, faltering his focus just long enough to tip the rabbit off. She turned to find the hungry turkey dashing for her, but the warning left her with little time to do anything else. The lapine shot the wolf a knowing glare as the former fox scooped her up, wrapping her in his wings and squishing her to his middle. His flabby roles cushioned the embrace, though failed to mask his occupant’s pleased writhing. A combination of lust and apprehension washed over the rabbit while the turkey stared her down, seemingly sizing her up and contemplating her flavor. The avian sated his curiosity in any case, lifting her to his beak and slathering her with drool. The lapine woman wiggled in his grasp as preyish tendencies welled up, spurring her to squeeze her thighs together while the oversized bird opened his beak wide. A moment of

anticipation hung in the air, until he pushed her chin over his tongue.

A shared groan broke the tension, creating space for the bird's first swallow. He started slow, ushering the rabbit's muzzle to the back of his tongue and savoring her flavor. The bunny put up a token struggle and playfully fought against his grip, though the former fox could only hold himself back so long. Ravenous hunger spurred him to wrap his beak around her narrow shoulders. A bulge swelled his neck when as she slid into the entrance of his throat, and the powerful muscles of his gullet added to his hold. An audible gulp filled the air and she lurched several inches into his greedy maw, establishing his hedonistic momentum. His second swallow followed on the heels of the first, along with the third and fourth. The wolf leaned back in his seat and watched the self-stuffing turkey walk his beak over the lapine's chest, squishing her plush breasts into his beak. Her shirt muffled her flavor, but what seeped through was more than enough to compel the bird to continue. He shuffled his grip and grabbed her hips as he walked down her torso, until her hips snaked into tasting range. The bunny squealed and renewed her struggles when his tongue slid between her thighs, more to reinforce his hold than to pleasure his prey. Still, the lapine rolled and ground her hips, saturating her pants with drool before he tipped his head back. Another round of giddy squirming followed as her world inverted, speeding her descent into his churning belly. With gravity in his favor, the turkey made quick work of the rest of his meal, dropping her into his middle in near free-fall. It swelled and bounced with his second course as she settled in, squishing into the plush, fat-lined walls of his stomach. Bulges rose and fell from his rolls as the rabbit and pig pushed against each other, battling for the limited space of his soft inner chambers. The former fox huffed and panted, teetering on the edge of orgasm once more, until they finally came to an agreement. Familiar whines filled the room while his cock throbbed against his low-hanging middle, leaking copious streams of pre to the carpet.

Minutes passed before he reclaimed his senses, and once he did, the sight of the wolf swiftly rekindled his lusts.

The muscular lupine had shed his clothing while he claimed his second helping, letting his fur fluff out. His spire rose passed his belly button, rigid, throbbing, and more than ready to give the turkey the release he so desired. "Mmm, I think I like this new tradition," the wolf smoldered. "How about I give you one last stuffing before I tuck you away for the evening?"

A grin spread across the turkey's beak, and he sauntered toward the presenting lupine. "That sounds like a wonderful idea~"

The avian took his time approaching, swinging his hips out as wide as possible and sloshing his filled belly back and forth. The miniature show kept the canine's gaze low and focused on his figure, drawing his attention away from the mischievous glint in his eye. The former fox spun on his heel and bent over, pushing his fattened ass in the canine's face. The wolf shamelessly groped and squeezed the bird's pudgy love-handles, doing his best to tenderize his meal to be. He reached around to his feathered belly and grabbed his friend's plush rolls, squeezing hard enough to feel the rabbit and pig trapped within. The slow

rolling of the bird's hips stirred them from their otherwise peaceful stay, spurring them to wiggle and push against their soft confines. The wolf followed their bulges and playfully pushed them back in, reinforcing their status as stuffing. The turkey blushed and leaned into his touch, relishing the attention and drawing him deeper into his figure. He shifted his weight from leg to leg as the lupine's scrutiny drifted over his thighs, where he gently raked his claws through his friend's rich plumage. His appetite got the better of him before he could finish his explorations however, and his stomach rumbled with demands to be filled. He grabbed the bird's broad hips and tugged them into his lap, though the avian adjusted his course at the last second. Confusion crossed the canine's eyes as the former fox rose up on his toes, angling himself far higher than needed to line up with his cock. The wolf braced for impact when the bird dropped his weight, squeezing his eyes shut in anticipation.

The turkey's aim was true, and he planted his plush cheeks firmly on the wolf's head.

Weight and momentum carried him effortlessly over the wolf's muzzle, plunging him into the warmth of his plush form. A deep groan of bliss resonated in the former fox's chest as he claimed his friend to the neck, relishing the stretch in his enhanced rear. An empty moment hung in the air while shock gripped the lupine and scrambled his instincts, rooting him in place while the turkey rolled and waggled his hips. A shuddering moan filled the dining room while he rocked and stretched over the wolf's shoulders, then lifted his legs and dropped down his chest. The avian's clenching entrance pinned the wolf's arms well before he thought to move them, and every claimed inch reinforced his hold. Muffled grunts and growls sounded from the turkey's belly when the wolf finally struggled, though he was well beyond the point of no return. The former fox chuckled as his friend's efforts only lodged him deeper, an advantage he gleefully seized until the wolf realized his mistake. The turkey's hips eclipsed the wolf's as he decided to bide his time, saving his strength for a more opportune moment. Sensing his temporary surrender, the turkey relaxed to savor his victory. He bucked and rolled his hips until wolf's thighs parted his cheeks, grinding the canine's spire against his sensitive passage. Jets of pre spurted and leaked and pulsed from his tip with every motion, driving him closer and closer to a masculine climax. His previously ignored sex bumped and throbbed against the canine's bulges through his flab and passengers, punctuating each internal ripple with a faint thump. The bird's breath and pulse quickened as his diminished stamina faded completely, pushing him over the carnal edge in a few short moments. The wolf anticipated his orgasm and coiled to struggle when the turkey's guard dropped, though he underestimated his friend's inner strength.

A distinctly avian cry echoed from the walls when the turkey finally came and spurted his lust across the floor. Several shots painted the underside of his belly, and every muscle in his body clenched and rippled to send them off. The wolf gathered his strength and pushed off the bird's walls between contractions, though he failed to find purchase on the slick folds. Instead, the turkey stood from his seat and aligned the wolf's legs with his entrance, allowing natural reflexes to claim the rest of him. The lupine uselessly kicked and squirmed while the former fox swallowed his thighs and calves, leaving only his feet free. The canine flexed his paws and spread them out as wide as he could, catching on the turkey's ring for a brief instant and stalling his progress. Muscular waves rolled over his

figure as he found limited success, until the bird reached beneath his plumage and plucked the wolf's grip. The former fox's ring sealed the instant the canine's paw-pads disappeared, leaving him as little more than a series of bulges migrating through his middle. A sigh of satisfaction tumbled from the turkey's beak, and he dropped down into a chair to relish his victory. The unfortunate furniture splintered and collapsed instantly under his weight, however, unable to support their combined mass. Faint bumps and bulges pushed out from his rolls as his occupants shifted and reshuffled, sparking him with faint jolts of pleasure all across his figure. His lusts rekindled by the time they calmed, and his needs flared into an inferno as the wolf approached his stomach from below. The turkey's hands roamed and explored the taught dome of his belly while the rabbit and wolf wrapped around each other, pushing the other into the spongy walls until they finally tangled together. A grin crossed the turkey's face as the wolf warmed up to his place with the help of company, taking page from the former fox's play book.

"We should make this the new tradition," he murmured to himself. His occupants seemed to wiggle and squirm in approval, especially when a subtle, rhythmic rocking started and grew in his stomach.