



White Cow Gift Exchange
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Wind howled and whipped just outside of the windows as a December storm raged in full force. The air was thick with turbulent flurries of snow in a frantic ballet, driven by the fury of Mother Nature. It was nights like this Endra and Victor were thankful for a stable roof over them and sturdy walls around them. The vulpine couple cuddled in their fire-warmed den in the glow of their fireplace, which bathed the room in a soft orange glow. The blaze was thankfully strong enough to ward off the chill creeping in around them, even without assistance from the magically inclined duo. A fortunate fact considering they were likely too distracted with each other to help.

Their couch lowly groaned in protest as they shifted upon it, Victor slipping into a position that buried him in his mate's warmth. The corpulent kitsune sprawled out atop her thinner partner, sandwiching him between her soft bulk and the worn cushion. The only part of him left exposed was his head, and even that was subject to vanishing under her bust. Still, it was the perfect set up for enjoying each other's company and carrying on a meandering conversation. Eventually their murmurs drifted to the subject of holidays and naturally the closest one was touched upon first.

"Did you know that tonight's Christmas Eve," Victor queried.

"I did actually," Endra remarked. "Just because I find your customs odd doesn't mean I'm unfamiliar with them."

"So you won't be surprised when I say that I have a gift for you?"

"Not in the slightest," she giggled. "But I don't know if I can say the same for you."

"You might be right about that," the fox admitted. "Not that I was expecting you to forget or anything. It's ju-"

The blonde kitsune silenced him with a kiss before he could start prattling on. "I know what you meant love. No need to keep trying to kill the mood," she teased.

Victor blushed through his fur but did his best to downplay his embarrassment. "So what'd you get me? Something fun, right?"

"Of course~ It's something we'll both be able to enjoy too."

Victor squirmed under her weight in an attempt to hug her, but only succeeded in lightly jostling her. "I hope that means you're as eager to unwrap it as I am. If you let me up and tell me where it is, I'll be more than happy to go fetch it."

Endra merely smiled and hid him the valley of her cleavage. “That won’t be necessary,” she cooed. The kitsune’s weight rocked atop him as she reached under their straining sofa and retrieved a box.

The compressed fox was finally given some breathing room when Endra sat up, though most of his body was still pinned under her wide rear. He motioned to get up with her, but before he could lean up more than a few degrees, the kitsune pulled him free and placed him in her lap. Victor cheeks reignited with her display of strength, and a soft moan left his muzzle as her tails coiled around him. He put up a token struggle while he was pulled against the soft fluff of her front, but there was no denying that he enjoyed the treatment. Endra quickly picked up on this fact, a smirk gracing her muzzle as she watched conflicted thoughts play across his eyes. They very easily could have blown off their gift exchange to address their building lusts, but it was becoming increasingly obvious that whatever was in Endra’s box would help them with that. “Whenever you’re ready,” Endra purred.

It took a moment for her words to break his reverie, but Victor eventually reacted and lifted the lid from the shallow container. His motions slowed as he drank in the details of its contents, admiring the two accessories resting on a fabric pad. The first item was a golden cowbell strung on a silken cord. The bell looked like it had never been worn before, and someone had spent a great deal of time and energy polishing it to a mirror finish. The second was a studded leather belt with a decorative buckle. A silver bull skull adorned the clasp, complete with miniature horns and ruby eyes. Both objects thrummed with a magical presence, though Victor was far too inexperienced in the arcane arts to tell what they were designed to do.

“Someone came by the shop to sell them a few days ago, and I just couldn’t bring myself to put them on the shelf,” Endra commented. “The use we’ll get is worth more than any amount of money.”

“I hope these things can live up to the expectations you’re setting,” Victor chuckled. “You’ve got me curious though. What exactly do they do?”

“I could tell you,” the kitsune mused, “but it would be so much better to just show you.”

Before Victor could realize what she was doing, Endra plucked the weighty amulet from the box and brought it to his neck. He tried to stop her out of pure reflex, but her tails restrained him with significantly more strength than expected. His resistance evaporated when the chilled metal touched his bare chest however, a wave of sweet submission washing over him. He became acutely aware of how pleasant it was to be in her lap, bound in place by her tails and lavished with attention. The usual joy he derived from such situations were magnified by the bell’s mere contact, and both of them were eager to find out what would happen when she latched it shut. With no protest from her mate, the kitsune did exactly that.

A moan burst from his muzzle as sparks raced across his nerves and seeped into his form, raising the sensitivity of his hide to a level he could hardly bear. His pelt was the first to feel the proper effects of the accessory, though this was only a warm up for what would follow. The pigmentation of his fur rearranged under the collar's influence, leaving him with splotches of pure black on a charcoal canvas. Even though the colors were unorthodox, the pattern was distinctly bovine. Endra grinned and continued to massage him at the sign of positive progress, but Victor was far too preoccupied with the carnal sensations surging through him to notice his cosmetic change.

The fox broke into an unabashed pant as the artifact's magic surged once again, gathering at four discrete points on his torso. The top pair aligned themselves with his sensitive nipples, and the lower pair came to rest below them. His eyes screwed shut in bliss as his chest rose and a second pair of nubs emerged from his fur, endowing him with a double set of miniature breasts. His new additions wouldn't remain purely aesthetic for long however, and soon they began to leak small pearls of creamy fluid while they grew. The miniscule beads evolved into a steady trickle as his hills grew to a significant size, advancing through the alphabet at a rapid pace. The arcane energy fueling his change seemed to fray as it reached a certain size, scattering through his form and adding a plush layer of fat all over. His expansion did eventually taper off, but not before the fully functional milk tanks dominated his softened upper body.

Meanwhile, a raging heat built between his thighs and inched up into his core. The sensation was subtle at first, as if he was simply imagining it, but the lance of sensitivity quickly became something he couldn't ignore. Victor squirmed in her lap as his flesh pinched in behind his sac, shaping into a pair of heated feminine lips. A muscular channel reached into him from the opening, which rounded off into a womb when it reached the proper depth. His muzzle dropped in a soundless moan as his body readily accepted his new anatomy, wiring the freshly formed tissue directly to his pleasure center. The process alone was enough to push him beyond any level of need he had previously known, and it wasn't long before he was dampening Endra's thighs with feminine arousal.

An inferno bloomed in his core as the rest of him caught up with the sudden change, which was stoked to greater heights by the will of the collar. The vaguely bovine fox let out a needy whine as breeding instincts were imposed upon him, compelling him to offer his dripping sex to anyone able to quell the fire in his belly. Endra giggled with the pitiful sound as she lightly teased him, flicking her tails across his leaking breasts and rubbing the small horns that had grown between his ears. The kitsune wasn't cruel enough to cast him into such a state without a plan to help him, but she couldn't resist playing with him for just a little while she had the opportunity.

"I had no idea cows could be so adorable," she crooned. "I should have given you that collar ages ago."

Her honeyed words were only just able to pierce the maelstrom of lust around his mind. Victor fought to grasp his spire or get a paw between his legs while he tried to join her in lose conversation, but her grip was strong enough to keep him chaste. “Why didn’t you,” he murmured.

“Because they only walked into the shop a few days ago,” she grinned. “I got them for a steal too. The elf who sold them thought they were depleted.”

The fox’s investment in the dialogue eroded with every passing second, but he was still at heart a kind creature. “You didn’t rip them off, did you?”

“Of course not. I bought them as jewelry and paid her appropriately. You’re pretty interested in this,” she giggled. “Do you want to track hir down and thank hir personally?”

Victor tried to verbally defend himself, but a teasing stroke along his spire robbed him of coherency. The only sound that escaped his throat was a cross between a whimper and a moan, which brought a heavy blush to his muzzle.

“What do you say we get back on track, hmm,” Endra purred. “I haven’t shown you what mine does yet.”

With an expert display of dexterity, Endra wrapped the belt around her waist without disturbing her mate, burying the glimmering buckle under her paunch. The artifact began its work as soon as she closed its loop, filling her body with a magic that complimented that of the collar. Her fur stood on end while a wave of sensitivity radiated from her soft midriff, and a low murmur of pleasure resonated in her throat as Victor squirmed against her. For a few seconds the friction between their fur was blissfully rewarding, almost strong enough to cast them over the edge of climax by itself. The whirlwind of bliss was disappointingly short lived however, waning as Endra’s transformation began in earnest.

The color drained from her pelt as the initial flood of magic distributed itself, sweeping her blonde fur down the color spectrum until it was pitch black. Only her white tail tips retained their original hue, and it took Victor a moment to realize that he was still cuddled up to the same kitsune. Her pelt clung to its fluffiness however, leaving her with a coat that only resembled a bull’s in pigmentation. Endra took a moment to admire the change once it had swept entirely across her form, contemplating whether or not she should make it permanent. It was a good look for her, but she wasn’t confident it matched her personality. The image might paint her as more intimidating than she actually is, which would be interesting in bed but may be bad for business.

Her musing was interrupted by a bolt of pleasure through her mind, the herald of the next stage of the belt’s enchantment. A light moan of mixed lust and curiosity tumbled from her muzzle as the leather band’s magic shrouded her once again, but this burst did not settle at her skin as it sank into her. Endra’s muscles gently pulsed in unison at the artifact’s command, each

time swelling just a hair passed their former size. Her arms and legs became much more toned during the magical workout, but core retained its softness. It seemed that the accessory was only intent upon adding muscle mass as opposed to reducing fat. The kitsune reveled in her growing strength before the spell had completely run its course, nearly crushing her mate between her hardened arms and hidden abs in a testing embrace.

Victor wheezed in her hug and struggled to free himself, and he was ironically successful thanks to the source of her might. Endra's hold was broken by the onset of the trinket's parting alteration, which was shaping up to be the most potent. An intense warmth germinated at the crux of her legs, and the beginnings of her masculinity sprouted from her pelvis. Her heated flower was partially eclipsed by a small sac, but the coverage became more complete as her male reserves developed further. A similarly sized shaft rose from her darkened fur in tandem with her growing testes, technically completing her hermaphroditic transition. The kitsune was already leaning to adore her new additions, and it was clear that there would be more for both of them to love very soon.

Endra's hips gyrated as the last of the artifact's charge converged on her member, compelling it to grow at a blissfully agonizing rate. Her masculine pillar pulsed and throbbed in time with her heart beat, each expansion ever so slightly larger than the corresponding contraction. The result was a slow-burning pleasure that rapidly ate through the kitsune's self-restraint. Victor only noticed her increasing length once it pushed up between his thighs, wedging itself in his silken fur and soft fat. It took him a moment to figure out exactly what it was, but its nature became intensely obvious when Endra matted his pelt with her pre. Her fluids also made the contact between them more complete, plunging her into a feedback loop of increasing bliss.

Endra ground against his dampened fur when she was long enough to brush the back of Victor's sac, which served the dual purpose of pleasuring her and teasing him. The kitsune's cloudy goo coated the sensitive pelt of his orbs, the heat of her desire leeching into him through the vulnerable region. Her aim became even less precise as her need continued to grow, but her increasing length brought her closer to her mate's virgin slit regardless. The smaller fox's groans took a desperate edge while the heat in his womb reached volcanic intensity, encouraged by the presence of a maleness that could fulfill his need. The growth of her spire was far too slow to keep up with their mutual desires, but eventually she reached a size that allowed her to part his lips.

Victor melted in her lap when the first quarter inch of her girth spread his passage, his tunnel rejoicing as it was finally given something to suckle upon. Endra's control of the situation deteriorated as she gradually reached into him, the cascade of previously unknown pleasure bypassing her self-control. Her mate was not faring much better, and with no one to direct the flow of their copulation, recently implanted instincts took the reins. The bull-kitsune tightened her hold on Victor and bucked her hips at a feral pace, causing the couch to groan in protest as

the fox bounced on her thighs. The cow-fox could only moan and writhe in bliss once Endra took him, unable to muster or coordinate the strength to free himself. He was completely a her mercy, but the thought of resisting her was miles away.

The speed of Endra's thrusts increased once she became more accustomed to the belt's gifts, and after she gained momentum there was no stopping her. The sofa shook and creaked in dismay as they repeatedly taxed its springs, but it ultimately supported their cyclic loving. Victor bounced just out of sync with his zealous mate, adding a couple of extra inches to his rapturous rise and fall. Coupled with the kitsune's unfettered growth, it ensured that there was never an idle instant between them. The motion also sent ripples through his heavy breasts, freeing quadruple streams of milk with every impact. Endra was more than happy to help him douse their floor in the sweet fluid, but her squeezing was distracted and largely ineffective. Still, Victor appreciated the massage and support.

The bull-kitsune's ministrations became more refined when she fell into a more stable cycle, and her tails ventured where her paws couldn't reach. Victor's exhalations of bliss caught in his throat as her fluffy tips found his nipples and mercilessly fluttered across the sensitive skin. Milk streamed from his reserves in impressive volumes as he "naturally" reacted to her stimulation, the rivers of his released fluids becoming a flooding torrent. An alabaster pond rose in the middle of their living room thanks to Endra's ceaseless brushing, though neither of them cared about the mess. Every one of Victor's rippling expressions of pleasure echoed back into Endra through their carnal connection, more than motivating her to forget about the puddle and step things up.

Victor's eyes drifted open as Endra lifted his breasts, and they widened in shocked pleasure when her blunted claws found his teats. He was given no time to react as she brought one of his nubs to his muzzle, reflexively taking it between his lips before realizing his actions. A muffled moan of satisfaction rang behind him as Endra did the same, and both of them drank from his expansive reservoirs. It only took a second for him to learn why Endra loved feeding him, and his sentiments quickly aligned with hers. He was more than happy to be the one suckling in the past, but he had no inkling of the intimacy associated with the other side of the act. Endra's thrusts faltered for an instant as she reached the complimentary conclusion, but they did not slow for long.

Both vulpines were jolted from their stupor when Endra finally bottomed out in Victor's passage, each of them shivering with a perverse thrill. The kitsune gave a testing bump to be sure it wasn't a fluke, and once again his cervix tingled with light impact. The sensation was utterly bizarre to the fox, not quite painful not quite pleasant, but Endra accepted the event with pride. She lifted him just enough to avoid battering the muscular ring with her ensuing thrusts, releasing his breasts and wrapping her arms around his plump middle. Her cheeks flushed when she felt his hide bulge out under her touch, a blatant sign of how much she had grown and

changed. She had reached a size that would put the majority of males to shame, and she intended to make that fact obvious to her mate.

Neither anticipated the surge of sensation that flowed from Endra's redoubled efforts. Her hips blurred as she threw herself to the belt's carnal desires, though her own needs had long since aligned with it. The kitsune's lust reached new heights while her fingers played over the bulge in her Victor's soft midsection, the thought of being so devoted to pleasure sending a shiver down her spine. A similar torrent of sentiments cascaded over Victor when his paws joined hers, but his thoughts were not nearly as coherent. His desires had also twined with his respective artifact's, but the impact this had on him was significantly larger. He lacked Endra's experience with magic and strength of will, and he was influenced by both enchantments.

The submissive fox aided his mate's efforts as much as his position would allow, but it was token compared to what Endra could do. For a short while Victor was content to revel in her lust, but the longer their coupling drew on, the greater his need became. The heat in his core was no longer held at bay by her cloudy pre alone, and shameless desire for her seed supplanted his quest for release. His feminine muscles clenched and rippled around her breeding pole to better meet this new goal, and the payoff was immediate. A thick globe of seed collected at the top of his passage as Endra tumbled into climax, unable to flow around her spire or delve deeper into him. The pressure on his cervix grew with every subsequent throb of her spire, and it was only a matter of time before something gave.

The tight ring crowning his channel was the first to yield. Loosened by both the kitsune's relentless pounding and his own receptive heat, his cervix allowed her molten seed to pour into his innermost chamber. Victor's middle filled out under her paws as his womb was pumped full of Endra's lust, creating a firm swell amidst the soft rolls of his middle. Hard-wired biology immersed his mind in endorphins while Endra packed him full, launching him into the most intense orgasm of his life. Every muscle in his body trembled in concert with the rapture sweeping through his passage, wrapping him in the whirlwind of a full body climax. His spire throbbed with jealousy as it was caught in the crossfire, but he was in no position to tend to it.

Victor was unfortunately denied the euphoria of a dual orgasm, but in retrospect he wouldn't mind that too much. He was hardly able to cling to consciousness after falling from his orgasmic high, and he worried that any more stimulation would have caused him to black out and lose the moment. The spent fox went slack as the energy drained from his body, but Endra was thankfully there to catch him. Her tails reaffirmed their grip on him before he could fall forward off the couch, and she gently brought him back against her front. The fluffy appendages moved with notably less motivation now that her needs had been met, only seeking to draw out their shared afterglow.

For a long moment they simply sat together and recovered. Both vulpines had been completely overwhelmed by the pleasure delivered by their new equipment, though the

experience seemed to take a greater toll on Victor. Endra caught her breath not long after sliding into post-orgasm haze, and her attention turned back to her mate once she had some to spare. Her paws roamed over the fluid expanse of his middle, gently sloshing the payload about and playing with his soft rolls of fat. Even in exhaustion the fox's passage tried to milk more cum from her, but she had nothing left to give. Her thick length flagged in his depths despite his efforts, slowly softening and retreating from his warmth. Only a few dribbles of seed followed her, the majority of the tide proudly sealed within his belly. The fox disappointedly waggled his hips when he realized the kitsune was withdrawing, but there was nothing he could do to stop her. He hardly had the energy to move, let alone work her up again.

The softly murmuring couple shifted again when enough of Endra's strength returned, giving her the energy to stand up with her lover in tow. The kitsune initially staggered under their combined weight, and she was forced to adjust her grip on the cum-bloated fox to keep her balance. It took a few attempts to find a hold that didn't squeeze him too hard, and she eventually cradled him neatly under her breasts. Victor murmured something under his breath as she brought him upstairs, the wood groaning under their combined weight. A smile spread across her muzzle as the bell around his neck rang with each of her footfalls, and she couldn't help but let out a purr while his middle sloshed with her gait. It was a thankfully short trip to their bedroom from the top of the stairs, one that was made with waning enthusiasm as her second wind tapered off.

Their mattress protested as Endra climbed onto it, dragging Victor with her and tucking them under the covers. A small amount of their mixed fluids soaked into the fabric around their thighs, marking it with residual lust. They would have to wash the sheets eventually, but that could wait until tomorrow. For now, all they wanted to do was relax and cuddle after a well spent evening. Victor nuzzled back into the crook of her neck as much as their position would allow and planted a small kiss on the side of her cheek. He was rapidly losing the fight to stay awake, but the fox was able to get a few words out before sleep completely claimed him.

"We didn't get a chance to open mine," he softly chuckled. "You might have me beat. I'm not sure I can top something like these."

"Don't sell yourself short, hun," she grinned. "We can decide who won after we open your gift."

Endra waited a moment for his reply, but the only answer she got was a light snore. Her smirk widened as she leaned down and returned his kiss, and she stole one last caress of his swollen middle. The soft globe wobbled under her touch and she idly wondered how long he would have it. Longer was better, and she was sure Victor would come around to the idea if he hadn't already. With thoughts of a perpetually swollen lover in mind, she relaxed and did her best to join him in slumber. She was out within seconds of hitting the pillow, and shortly after that she was filling Victor again in her dreams.