



A Midspring Night's Dream

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The vixen wandered through the forest, guided by a hypnotic scent. The air was thick with spring fertility, but one aroma in particular rose above the rest. It drew the fox to its source like a siren's song, and her body was already preparing for what she would find. A smoldering need built in her core and suffused her form, igniting twin heats between her thighs and quickening her steps. The lust-addled fox soon found the font of the haze, and her eyes glossed over as undiluted chemical desire poured into her nostrils. Her member rose to full attention and gave a hearty throb as she approached the matronly rabbit, and feminine juices ran down her thighs in miniature rivers. Soft moans filled the clearing as the bunny stroked her equine spire and beckoned to the fox, and her blissful cries rose in volume when a hefty egg dropped from her slaving lips. The vixen's voice joined hers as she accepted the laquine's offer, and the melody of their pairing rang though the woods as she took the brood mother's length...

Sandra jolted awake as her flesh resonated with pleasure, and she rubbed the sleep from her eyes as the aftershocks of climax rippled through her. Her bed sheets squished and squelched as she sat up, saturated with almost eight hours of unbroken lust. The vixen's pelt didn't fare much better, matted with a combination of her fragrant honey and musky pre. There was no question that she needed to take a shower and do laundry before she started her day, but a groggy glance of her clock showed that she didn't have time. She hauled herself off the mattress and to the bathroom with all the urgency she could muster, intent on cleansing her fur before going to work. The herm was sure her boss would be more upset with her for reeking of heat than being a few minutes late, and with her choice made she drew a steaming cascade of water.

She let out a sigh of relief as she stepped under the stream, but she didn't have long to savor the experience. Sandra reflexively grabbed a bottle of shampoo, lathered up a healthy dose in her paws, and began scrubbing the night's lust from her russet coat. Surviving a heat was nothing new to the herm vixen, but this was easily the strongest one of her life. It took constant focus to keep her paws from drifting to her thighs, and the slightest touch elicited almost uncontrollable urges. The suppressants she had bought didn't seem to help much either, but she continued to take them regardless. The store wouldn't take them back anyway, and maybe she could convince herself they worked. Through a feat of willpower she cleaned herself without giving into her carnal needs, and she hastily towed herself off before she lost her resolve. The plush fabric running over her skin was unfortunately enjoyable however, and her legs trembled with unfulfilled desire by the time she finished.

Sandra ignored her dampening thighs and bobbing cock as she grabbed her suppressants, pouring a few of them into her paw in the same motion. She swallowed the pills with a swill of water, then returned to her bedroom to get dressed. The maddening heat in her core cooled only slightly in response, and she still couldn't decide if it was a medicinal effect or merely a placebo. Regardless, the light relief was enough to get her mind off of sex and provide the dexterity

needed to continue her morning. The fox slipped an absorbent pad behind her sac in an attempt to control her fertile scent, but she would likely have to change it multiple times throughout the day. Her panties held it in place once she had slipped into them, and the thin strap around her waist pressed her length to her flat belly. She had learned the hard way that her spire could not be trusted to stay in place, and all she could hope to do was keep it pinned against her. The vixen crammed herself into her bra next, and once that was in place her work uniform went on over everything else.

She let out an annoyed sigh when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror, and she made a note to ask about getting a new set sometime today. The tight shirt comfortably hugged her waist without highlighting the bulge of her hidden cock, but the fabric was stretched to its limit around her bust. The same could be said for her hips, and while constrictive clothing did wonders for her figure, it would make her job needlessly difficult. It was something she could put up with for the day however, and maybe the discomfort would guide her thoughts away from her desires. With this in mind, she gathered her belongings and headed for the door. If she hurried, there was still a slim chance of making it on time.

Sandra struggled to clear the fog around her head at the request of the feline before her, but it was a fight she could not win. All she could think about was jumping the counter and planting her needy sex on the cat's muzzle, and imagining that rough tongue delving into her passage made taking her order impossible. She had shown surprising patience with the vixen at first, likely out of sympathy of her troubles, but her tolerance was wearing thin after five minutes of repetition. Finally Sandra managed to punch the cat's order into the computer, and she excused herself as soon as she paid. Through her lust-addled haze she declared that she was going on break, and she dashed to the restroom with all the speed her weakened knees would allow. The room was thankfully empty, allowing her the privacy to resolve her issue.

The vixen groaned when she noticed the wetness seeping into her jeans, and she peeled them off with careful haste. The scent of her lust poured into the small room and filled it completely, but that was far from her biggest concern. Her pad completely soaked through with her feminine honey, rendering it useless. Worse, that was her last one. There was nothing to keep her desire from freely running down her thighs, and her boss would have her hide if she left during the lunch rush! The conundrum was almost enough to take her mind off her gnawing desire, but the thought of her manager returned her to the root of her problem. She would love to have the wolf take out his frustrations on her, bend her over on the front counter, rip down her pants, and take her right there for everyone to see~

Sandra caught herself just as her fingers dipped into her sex, pulling them away to the revolt of her body. Her hips involuntarily bucked to prolong the touch, bringing her throbbing shaft into the path of her digits. The light touch coaxed forth a spurt of pre, which arced through

the air before splat thickly against the mirror. Once again she found the strength to deny herself, but her resolve wouldn't last long if she stayed by herself. The vixen wiggled her hips as she pulled her pants back into place, the sensation of moist denim against her sex eliciting a pleased tremor. The garment wouldn't do too much good without an absorbent buffer, but if she could survive for just an hour, she could take an early leave. Her pussy clenched and her member throbbed at the thought of what she'd do to herself once she was home, and she quickly left the restroom before she lost herself completely.

Unfortunately, things didn't improve for the vixen when she returned. A line grew from the register as the first of the lunch crowd trickled in, and the added pressure to preform didn't help her focus in the slightest. The female patrons she could stumble through with enough time, but her shaky rhythm came apart every time a male stepped in front of her. A wave of primal impulses washed over her mind the instant she caught their scent, and almost all of them picked up on hers. The majority simply tried to get their order through and ignore their building arousal, but more than a few wrote their phone number on a bill before giving it her. The gesture went entirely unnoticed by the vixen however, who was devoting what little willpower she had left to self-control.

The cost of ignoring her natural urges piled up quickly, and within ten minutes of removing her heat pad, Sandra's pants were saturated with lust. The growing damp spot was thankfully hidden behind the counter, but it was visible to all of her coworkers. None of them came to relieve her, of her need or her position, and her basest compulsions only became more obvious as time passed. The vixen held onto the counter to keep upright on her lust-weakened legs, and the accompanying posture did not help her situation. Her breasts were prominently displayed to anyone that approached the register, and her tail constantly flagged behind her. The more forward guests had trouble restraining themselves as her potent pheromones wafted through the building, and her fellow workers were subjected to the worst of it. The fast-food restaurant slowly ground to a halt as everyone within became drunk off her heat, and the ensuing drop in productivity captured the attention of her manager.

The office door flew open in a display of power, and the wolf within stormed forth. The edge in his stance blunted as the thick cloud of lust enveloped him, and the canine's nostrils flared as he reflexively tried to place the scent. The typical aromas of food preparation had been subverted by vixen heat, a fact his body learned became aware of before his mind. His pants strained around the growing bulge of his spire as he wandered to the front of the building, and by the time he placed the smell, he was unbuttoning himself. What little resolve Sandra clung to melted as soon as his length flopped forth, and her strength returned just in time to jump at him. The wolf easily caught her, and he wasted no time giving in to their needs. The sounds of tearing fabric filled the room as the two tore at each other's clothes, and in a matter of seconds they were clad in nothing but their fur.

The wolf roughly grabbed the vixen and bent her over the counter, putting her muzzle at the next customer's waist. He hilted himself in her needy depths in one swift stroke, bumping into her cervix and knocking the breath from her lungs. She could do nothing but moan when he launched into a flurry of thrusts, the grey canine pouring every ounce of his strength into his hips. Neither of them were going to last long at that rate, but they didn't care. Sandra was finally getting what she needed, and there would likely be follow up rounds after this. Her muzzle dropped in a low groan as the canine's knot began to swell, adding another burst of pleasure to every blissful cycle. The lizard at the register seized the opportunity to join in, sliding his twin spires across her tongue. The vixen did her best to service the male at each of her ends, but there was only so much coordination she could muster.

Sandra yelped with surprise when she was abruptly jerked back, and she raced towards climax as the wolf's bulb inflated to its full size. The increased girth was the exact trigger her body was looking for, and her passage hungrily rippled in preparation of his release. His short thrusts kept her teetering on the edge of release, but surprisingly the lizard was the first to succumb to pleasure. A low hiss joined the restaurant's chorus of pleasure as his lengths pulsed with glee, firing twin arcs of alabaster goo across her muzzle. Undiluted musk poured into her nose as the reptile bucked his hips, and the vixen's response was immediate. Her pussy tightened around the wolf as orgasm crashed down on her, and a groan of bliss resonated in her chest as she relentlessly milked him. The lupine howled and eagerly obliged, flooding her passage and womb with weeks' worth of virile ball batter. The vixen's cum painted the side of the counter as her belly swelled around the canine's load, adding yet more musk to the humid atmosphere.

There was only a brief in their threesome as they came down from their mutual peaks, and within minutes they were rutting in full force once again. Similar scenes played out across the restaurant as other patrons followed their example, plunging the establishment into a no-holds-bar orgy. Sandra was at the center of it all, and just as she sparked the debauched festival moments ago, she kicked off its next stage. Her yips of bliss gradually melted into chirrs as her lupine boss jackhammered away, and her russet coat lost its color as she suckled from the lizard dual lengths. Her ears grew out and flopped down over her eyes while her muzzle shortened, and her black nose took on an adorably cute pink hue. In case the ears didn't make her transformation obvious enough, a pair of buck teeth grew in and delicately grazed the reptile's spires with each pump of his hips. Despite the drastic changes befalling the vixen, they continued to saw in and out of her as if nothing was happening.

The trio didn't notice what was happening to Sandra until it interfered with their rutting, and the lizard still caught on long before the wolf. The former vulpine's frame shortened as she continued to change, gradually dragging her succulent lips away from her partner's scaled crotch. The reptile's protests were silenced when a cow took Sandra's place at his thighs, allowing the wolf to fully claim her without remorse. A soft squeak of surprise left her muzzle as he pulled her against his chest, nestling his chin between her velvety ears. She continued to shorten in his embrace, but in return her hips flared and her breasts fell through the alphabet. The

continuing alteration was not lost on the canine, and each new feature drew his free paw away from the previous. The final, and perhaps most enjoyable modification arrived after just a few moments, and by then others were showing signs of transformation.

The wolf stroked the former vixen's equine spire as he nibbled on her ears, assailing pleasure center from three fronts. A fourth source emerged as her belly began to swell once more, though not from the wolf's seed. Not directly, anyway. Her swollen, snow-white midriff became more so as her partner's thick cum took root in her fertile walls, but even through the haze of her desire, something felt odd. Sandra had never been through pregnancy, but she didn't need experience to tell that the shapes growing in her middle were much too firm. That weak chain of thought snapped entirely as her lupine partner coaxed her maleness to orgasm. Heavy jets of ivory slime flew through the air with her cries of passion, each burst propelled by a unified contraction of her entire body. The canine growled in appreciation as her walls flexed around his length, motivating him to prolong her rapture. For a solid minute her cum rained down on the other furs of the restaurant turned pleasure den, but they were too preoccupied with their own transformations to care.

Before the distinctly laquine vixen could come down from her high, a new pleasure tore through her. She went rigid around the wolf's now equine length as her womb churned, and a low moan grew in her throat as cervix stretched around an ovoid form. The sensation intensified as the egg's profile widened, and she would have been able pass it without issue if not for the cock plugging her. Her muscles didn't care about the blockage however, and they continued to ripple with blissful regularity in an effort to get the hard shape out of her. The dome of her belly grew as more eggs piled up within, and the growing pressure only magnified the experience. Her partnered reveled in her body's constant effort as well, and the rapid-fire contractions soon coaxed forth another volley of cum. Her egg production rose in response, and within moments the bunnyfied wolf was struggling to support her excessively gravid middle.

In the back of her mind Sandra feared she would burst, and a startling pop seemed to confirm the notion. Rather than searing pain however, blinding pleasure accompanied the sound. Her hips generously widened over the ensuing seconds, and two additional pairs of lips filled the new space between her thighs. She shuddered with bliss as twin passages connected to her packed womb, creating an outlet for the mounting pressure. An orgasmic shout leapt from her muzzle as her trio of cervixes yawned around a clutch of large eggs, and her release was spurred on as they descended. The vaguely canine bunny renewed his grip on Sandra as his shaft was massaged eager muscles and firm masses, and a third blast of seed rushed into the former fox's flexing chamber. The alpha laquine bloated out even further in response to the ivory tide, causing her to roll forward onto her heavy middle.

The motion dislodged her former boss's spurting cock, and another volley of cum rained down on the rest of the restaurant. A token effort showed that shi was too short to climb up and mount the grandly rounded bunny again, and shi bounded off into writhing group to find

someone closer to the ground. Her search lasted only as long as it took her to get there, and she was eagerly welcomed into the warren with dripping cocks and slaving pussies. The transfigured vixen was given a wonderful view of the festivities from atop her egg-bloated belly, and the sensation of laying ensured that her pleasure never ended. Multicolored eggs popped from her triplet of lips at a supernatural rate, and a large pile quickly formed between her spread thighs. The repeated stretch and clench of passing them kept Sandra in constant climax, and each egg emerged with a generous coating of her fluids. Her throbbing cock coated her belly with a steady river of cum, which the other bunnies lapped up like it was the nectar of the gods. There was no telling how long the orgy surrounding her lasted, but things gradually settled down as the former patrons emptied their balls and filled their bellies.

No one else swelled to Sandra's size, but they were well beyond anything natural. Her fellow rabbits added their clutches to the brood-mother's over the course of the afternoon, and by the time they were done laying, the pile of eggs was as big as the alpha-bunny. Curiously their lust didn't persist as the former vixen's did, and with their needs taken care of, they turned their attention to the gravid ball of white fur. Innumerable little paws rubbed over the expanse of Sandra's belly, eliciting groans and cries of pleasure from the immobile bunny. They murmured and moaned amongst themselves as they reveled in her approval, and eventually they discovered a massage that maximized her egg production. Not everyone in the warren could find a place at her swollen middle however, and those that couldn't began collecting all the eggs they could carry.

She distantly noticed her laquiere attendants leaving with bundles of colored eggs held to their breasts, and she instantly knew what they were planning. A shudder ran the length of her spine as she imagined the joy her sisters would bring, the expressions of the furs that would be receiving her spring time bounty. It was shaping up to be an Easter the entire city would remember for years to come, and it was all thanks to her.