

Renee's day was a tedious blur of paperwork for the Fur Fag Forces and he was counting the seconds until he could take his leave of absence as a certain rumor had recently caught his attention. It spoke of two subordinates, Roland and Mark, who've been toying with hijinks that truly garnered his curiosity. Unfortunately, attempts to question Roland only ended with the wolf blushing though his silvery fur before politely dismissing himself. Meanwhile, Mark feigned total ignorance on the subject but the gleam in his eyes when questioned gave Renee enough evidence to do a more personal interrogation. After a quick search, he had the address of Mark's place of residence.

The building was only a few miles away. A sparse appearance, with a black oak door being the single distinguishing feature from an otherwise bland house, left the fox feeling somewhat underwhelmed. Renee quickly strode across the sidewalk and lawn before curling his fingers around the doorknob. As he turned the knob, the door slowly swung inward as the fox slipped inside, shutting the door with a soft thud. His ears twitched, listening for anyone or anything moving inside the house. After a minute of tentative silence, Renee began to creep his way down the hall when a most delectable scent wafted into his nose from the left end of the hallway.

He felt intoxicated with the sweet fragrant aroma as he found himself wandering into a modestly furnished kitchen. The source of the aroma soon came into his view, a nice thick slice of cherry pie on a plate. A cherry dribbles from the side of the slice as Renee felt compelled to try just one bite. A fork quickly found its way into his palm, jabbing the prongs into the warm crust and thick gooey center before entering his maw. Rich sweetness seeps along his tongue along with something... faint; a warm sensation spreads from his lips toward his mind. Dulling his senses and thoughts as he eats more of the intoxicating confectionery; the warmth growing in intensity and encompassing his entire body as he finishes the last bite; stumbling from the kitchen, slowly dragging himself into one of the first bed rooms he came across. However, after looking up, he would soon realize the room was not empty. A figure stood before him, with long slender legs and soft white fur. A feline of rather defined and educated distinction stood with a perplexed look on her face, Renee looking to her and her back at him.

"Umm, hello there, you must be the friend that Mark said was coming."

All he could do was nod while his memories slowly faded away and a slight pressure started blossom from his chest. She shook her head disapprovingly, "Well my name is Ashley and I don't think that those clothes suit you at all." Glazed over eyes blinked as the vulpine slowly removed his black and white shirt, then his boots, then his pants, reduced to a mental machine until each article of clothing was off and piled on the floor; A bit of sweet nectar dripped from his cunny down along both thighs. Ashley had already turned toward her closet and shuffled through the clothing within. While she was occupied, Renee began panting softly as two mounds began to develop on his chest as his slender thighs and buttock started to become curvaceously supple.

Ashley's tail waved through the air as she spoke, "So what's your name, Hun?"

He managed to mumble out "Renee! ~", his hands moving onto and massaging the tender flesh as the mounds grew in size. Soon his bosom expanded enough for both palms to grasp ample amounts of flesh and nipple.

Ashley sauntered toward her, quite pleased with the clothing she picked out as well as the makeup set on her end table. She laid out a midnight blue strapless dress on the bed as she retrieved black lipstick, light purple blush, and matching eyeliner. "Here's something a bit more fitting" she said, tossing the dress Renee's way before heading back into the closet.

The fox was snapped out of his revelry as the smooth fabric fell over his face, blocking his vision. He took his hands away from his burgeoning breasts and dutifully slid the garment onto his changing body. His once slender hips widened and his trim tummy began to fill out as his internals shifted to a more feminine form and function; the former transgendered fox had become a full vixen. Renee giggled absentmindedly, rubbing her hips as they grew wider and wider while her butt expanded outward behind her, both serving to fill her dress snugly.

"I almost forgot these" Ashley said as she returned with a pair of heels to match Renee's outfit. She gently guided Renee and sat her down on the bed, then lifted up the fox's feet to slip the shoes onto her one at a time. "Looking good, Hun" Ashley said, grinning. "Just a few more steps and you'll be all ready."

Renee was too enthralled to ask what she was being made ready for as she was led over to a luxurious lit vanity. Her plush rear ensured a comfortable seat as she sat and took in her reflection. Before her eyes her short hair grew out a few inches; of course, to her, hadn't it always been that length? The hormones running through her head, both natural and artificial, were making it harder to remember.

Ashley placed the makeup she had gathered on the vanity table. "I bet you already know what to do with these, don't you?" she giggled and watched as the vixen happily applied the lipstick, blush, and eyeliner that had been picked out for her. Ashley then began to brush and restyle Renee's hair. Renee smiled and watched her reflection as the ends of her hair were fanned out and curled slightly. "There. All done, Hun" Ashley said before telling the vixen to stand and shooing her out of the door and into the hallway. Renee continues down along the hallway when her bosom is grabbed and squeezed greedily upon by two eager palms. "Ashley did a great job with your make over" a pink nose followed by a sleek ebony muzzle grazes her cheek, "But you always look great Rol...Renee?!" Sharp yellow eyes stare in confusion as a sly grin creeps onto his lips; "Well, Renee, since you're here it would be terrible if I didn't finish what I started" said the feline pressing against her backside as he pushes her toward the right hand doorway.

Her hips jiggled against his groin, a thick bulge pressing right back as she finds herself forced into the living room, past the brown felt sofa and onto the plush recliner. As she rights herself into the recliner, Mark moves onto the seat, his legs resting on the arm rest. His right hands finger grasp & tug his fly open while his thumbs pops the button of his blue jeans free. An ebony shaft pokes it way into her massive cleavage as pre dribbles onto the nape of her slender neck. Tip edging toward her lips, "You should still remember what comes next. ~" Renee nods as her lips press against the head as she squeezes her chest along the length of the feline's member. Pre spurting onto her dainty lips as the fox flicks her tongue around the shaft head before lightly suckling. Mark groans, rolling his hips and member into the snug curves of chest; hands moving onto the mounds to squeeze and knead the supple flesh. Soon Mark finds his shaft throbbing between her tight flesh mounds as she forces the member deeper into her maw, tongue rubbing along the length and his dangling white orbs. Her muzzle twists and turns as she slides it in and out of her mouth, Mark grunts in pleasure as he sprays hot feline seed sprays into the recesses of her throat; Renee's attempt to pull away is halted by Mark's hands holding her in place," Oh no Renee, you get to drink down every drop;" Her eyes pleading for air as she does her best gulp down the stream of seed.

Nearly a minute after climaxing, Mark loosen his grip before pulling out and cleaning his shaft against those soft cheeks; a bit lavender swapping around with the warm seed." I apologize for the mess; I've actually been planning this for a while though it wasn't for you." He sighs as he moves off the armrests and seats himself on the couch, "Would you be a dear and get a snack for me. I am famished and would like something to keep my energy up before we continue." Renee excuses herself with a light smile and sultry wink. Mark begins thinking about his originally intended target and how perfectly the plan was going despite the snag when he hears the cling of ceramic on the wooden end table. He doesn't even turn his head as he is handed a fork," Thank you Dear," before sinking the metal into the snack and bring into his mouth, the delectable flavor of sweet cherries flowing through his tongue...