**Fox**

Awakening

I woke up I knew it was morning but I must have slipped under the covers in my sleep, because the light was filtering thought a dark mass that was covering my face. I could tell by the feeling of the cover on my face that something was different, my face felt weird. There was a strange smell all around me, kind of like a strong sweaty smell, it was stronger than anything I had smelt before. I tried to move the cover but could not move my fingers. I cried out for help but all that all I could hear was a strange barking sound.

“ArrrAArrkkkkaaa” I cried.

I wiggled around in bed, I was on my back my arms and legs seemed shorter and less mobile then I felt something completely forerun. Something was protruding out from my back where my but should be and between my legs. It was a long fluffy tail. Just then the cover was removed. As light overwhelmed my eyes I heard a gasp. As my eyes adjusted I saw myself for what I was, A RED FOX!

I must have somehow transformed or been transformed into a fox. Standing over me was my sister holding the cover. I had shrunk out of my pyjamas which were lying above and below me.

“AAAAAAAAaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaaa!” Shrieked my sister.

I could smell things, hear things, and see better than before. I could understand the people taking around me, mostly my family but they did take me to a vet and I could understand them as well. However, I could only reply nodding or shaking my head. I could also understand some other animals. My dog reacted to me strangely, I could understand the odd word and so could she. We also picked up on each other’s stents and body language. It was like speaking in a code or slang but each of us was using different slang.

She sniffed at my but then tilted her head. “Pack leader?” she yapped.

“Yes, I think.” I tried to reply.

“Smell him not fox.” She wined and nuzzled me.

My cat hissed and clawed at me, that meant he wanted me to stay away but I would have known that as a human any way.

I took to living in the garden, from birds I could understand “Danger” and “go away” but that was all they said around me. I instinctively knew how to dig and hunt. Killing and eating mice and other small animals was strange at first and my family fed me as well.

The mice would squeak and scream they called me “Orange one” and mainly begged me. “Don’t eat me. Don’t eat me.” In their high-pitched voices. Some were so small I would swallow them whole and hear them scream and feel them wiggle in my belly.

The Rabbits were harder to catch and called me “Bane”. I had to tare them to shreds the moment I caught up with them or they would get away so they never got a chance to say anything else.

My family kept Chickens, They would not come out if they spotted me so I kept away from them, they called me “Long nose” and would shout it repeatedly as a squawking alarm call until I went away.

I dug a den in the wooded area of my garden. It was basic but my family gave me a dog blanket to drag down into it. It smelt of my dog and home, it was very comforting and familiar.

Loneliness

Shortly after this I met other foxes. They were real foxes and could tell somehow that I was once human. I could understand them as clearly as I could understand humans and they could understand me. Foxes are not sociable, and they mainly shunned me.

Rejected by the one group I could really talk to I began to feel lonely and my family noticed. They spent more time outside with me. Telling me what was happening in the world. The still had hope that this was temporary and were looking for a solution. Each month I would be checked by a vet working with a scientist trying to explain the transformation. My family told friends that I was studding abroad.

In this time, I developed an odd friendship with my dog. She still recognised my sent as that of a member of her pack.

As a Labrador she was much bigger than me and was able to teach me like a pup how to function as a canine. She called me “Walkies” as that was my role to her as a human. I tried to teach her my real name but could not make words that she would understand. Every time I tried to talk with her more eloquently than a few basic words she would cock her head which meant “I don’t understand.” I could not call her the name we had given her besides she insisted her name was “Good Girl.”

When spring came she noticed a change in sent and I noticed a change in her sent. One day my family were all out and she had been left in the garden to keep me company for the day.

“Walkies, you want mate?” She asked. “Good Girl no make pups but need mate too.” She informed me and she presents her backside to me lifting her tail and lowering her head to the ground so I could get a good sniff of her crotch. I knew she had been spayed. I hadn’t felt horny since I turned however today it was all I could think about.

I took one sniff, her sent told me “mating willing reproduction impossible.” In my sexed crazed state that was all I needed. My cock slid from it’s sheath and she lowered her rump more so I could get on top.

“I mate with Walkies. Walkies my choice, now he like me, mating possible.” She yapped.

My cock slid in to her excepting pussy, it seemed too big. She was too big but she would do, I needed to mate. It was hard for me physically because of her size and my lack of experience. It was hard mentally. In my mind she was still my dog and I was still a human, it felt wrong both mentally and physically but I needed it and she wanted it.

It was not long until I came, I felt the new sensation of the knot in my cock swelling. It felt like I had an erection trapped in tight underwear as well as an erection slipping out of a moist dog pussy. I was not knotted to her as it had not gone in, the angle was wrong.

We mated a few times that spring whenever the family left us alone. Come summer and we both went back to hardly thinking about sex. She would nuzzle me more and be slightly defensive of me even around the rest of my family. I still longed for a proper two way conversation and to be human gain, However I would never forget that I fucked my dog.

Vicky

In the winter, I met a Vixen who found it fascinating that I was human, she was also happy to share the easy food my family left out. I decided to call her Vicky. I would still interact with my family daily we had worked out a system for more complex conversations but the real back and forth I could have with Vicky was what I had been craving.

She moved into my den and helped me improve it. She asked endless questions about the humans but mainly why she couldn’t eat the chickens or kill the cat. I was glad to explain all about my human family and their feeling towards the animals, saying they were like children for us to look after. I explained that the chickens laid eggs and that keeping them alive meant we always had eggs to eat.

“…So you are saying you don’t eat the chickens once because you can eat the eggs everyday?” Vicky summarised her understanding.

“Yes.” You confirm.

“Humans are so smart.” Vicky remarked.

My dog met her. First, she tried to chase her away from me but I stopped her. I tried to say that she was a friend and was helping me, but it got a bit mixed between species. She looked at me with understanding and a bit of sadness and said to me. “Walkies find mate like you, she pack now, she stay.” She stopped trying to chase her off.

“You mated with her last season.” Vicky stated.

“How did you know?” You asked.

“The way she acted around you and her sent on you. Was it weird mating with someone you see as a pup?” She asked.

“A little.” You replied embarrassed.

“Well you have me now, human.” She replied.

“My name is William.” You reply forgetting that you are talking to a fox.

“Name?” She asked confused. “Is that a human thing, Is that why you keep saying Vicky, you’ve given me a name. Explain.”

“Yes, humans have a word that they use to identify themselves as they can’t tell by sent who is who. Since you don’t have a name, I gave you one. Vicky is a common name human give to vixens.”

“Human’s can’t smell, how odd.” Vicky replied misunderstanding.

“They can but not very well, they are better with verbal communication, so we have names not scents.”

“The dog was raised by humans so she sort of understands names, she thinks her name is Good Girl.” You tell her.

“How odd. Tell me more.” Vicky replies inquisitively.

You head down into your den that you now shared with her. The dog blanket was still there a bit torn up and dirty I was filled with your strange sent and Vicky loved it.

Vicky taught you better hunting techniques which became useful in the harsh winter although the two of you also relied on your family’s food offerings. You tried to teach Vicky to understand what your family was saying but she only picked up key words like you did with the dog.

Spring

Towards the end of winter Vicky started acting odd. “Your cleaver and experience it last year, you know what spring brings.” She asked you.

“I know the mating season is coming up, do you want to have pups with me?” You ask.

“I do, very much. I want my children to be smart and cunning like you and good at hunting like me. However, do you want to have pups with a fox. You said it was weird mating with Good Girl last year. You are still human inside, your sent, your name your cleverness all say so.”

“I have been a fox for two years and the humans have no clue how. I love you; you have didn’t shun me like the others.” You reply.

“Then when spring comes, we will mate.” She declared.

One morning you were returning from a night hunting with a rabbit in your jaw for Vicky. Then you felt it hit you, the urge to mate. You retuned home to find Vicky rolling around in your blanket making funny noises. The den stank of sex and arousal.

“William!” She used your name for the first time “I need you!” She begged.

You felt your cock emerge and harden. Leaving the rabbit just inside the entrance you approached her as she presented her vag to you. It was dripping with arousal she gasped as and you thrust your cock inside. You rutted her, gently nipping her lovingly and you thrust. It was not long until you felt the tension and released you cum inside her. You felt your knot swell locking you inside. As you waited for it to release she ate the rabbit you had brought her.

Over the next hour, you still had a vague sense of time even after two years as a fox, you talked about human mating techniques. She found the idea of oral sex odd as and the idea of sex for fun even odder but was most confused about the idea of contraception.

“So you are telling me humans are in heat all the time?” She asks.

“Not quite but they can have babies most of they month and do fell a small need for sex every day or so depending on mood.” You explain.

“So they lick each other and put stuff on their penises?” She cocks her head in confusion. “why not just have pups?”

“Because there are too many humans and they are hard to feed and find human dens.” You try to explain. “Also, it feels really good.”

At this point you become unknotted.

“Show me. Make me feel really good.” Vicky explains.

“It might not work for foxes all the time but since you are in heat I will give it a try.” You reply.

You lower your snout to her swollen vulva and sniff her sent. You begin to get hard again but ignore it. You instead delve your tongue in and start lapping like you now do when drinking. You gulp down a mix of your excess cum and her juices and it drives you wild. You lap and lap as Vicky screams in pleasure. What it would sound like to a non fox you can only imagen. To you it sounds like “Yes, Yes Oh Yes Oral sex feels good, OH Yes Ah ah oh Yes!”

Over the next few days you mate frequently. Vicky starts to demand that it ends with oral. You do all the hunting and bring your families food down into your den for you the share with her.

Her heat dies down and she only demands oral sex ever so often and lets you fuck her a few times as well as she knows it feels good even though she already has pups on the way. Two months later she gives birth to a litter of 6 pups.

They could understand humans as well but their instincts were stronger. Their mother taught them to hunt, dig and avoid danger. Despite the nick name I gave her, Vicky was wild and would not go near my human family or let the pups near them. She was defensive of our pups as was expected. She wanted to know about humans but not be a pet. She trusted the food they left but not them themselves. The pups were very smart and learnt quickly.

In this time the scientist also found a gene in my DNA that he thought caused my transformation. He was working on creating something that could control or reverse it.

Transformations

It was another year before he perfected it. Vicky had taught me more about hunting and I relied less on my family. When the scientist told me about his discovery of a way to turn me back to a human, I was reluctant at first. He then told me that I should be able to change back based on injections of certain enzymes that set off a cascade of changes. From then on, I lived a double life as both a Fox and a Human.

My brow hair changed to become permanently redie-orange and I had to lie to most of my friends. The government was most interested in my transformation and in exchange for the data I provided they set up an alibi for my two years as a fox. My dog still acted more friendly to me and I found that even as a human I could understand what here and Vicky were trying to tell me even if I couldn’t hear words while I was human.

Eventually the truth came out and I became a poster child for animal rights groups. I rote a best-selling book on my years stuck as a fox. I also rote a book on the psychology of animals but it did not sell as well. As I spent most of my time as a fox living of the prey I hunted I managed to become rich saving money on food and living expenses and put most of it towards animal rights charities.

I had a second litter with Vicky and managed to convince her to let me raise a boy and a girl while in my human form and I allowed scientists to study their biology, DNA and behaviour.

They were able to tweak the formula and I was able to turn them both into human children. The scientists were amazed but they told me that this change in them was permanent and it would only work on my children, not other foxes. They were the only two I change. They were practically feral to start with but quickly learnt. They missed their mother and It was hard for me to raise them even with the help of my human mother (since I still lived at home or in the den in our garden). I named the boy Dax after the Shapeshifter protagonist. I named the girl Trixie as she retained her fox’s playful nature. They somehow could still speak to their mother and other foxes as humans once they were old enough to learn to talk.

This is where I leave the story for now. I am a happy human/fox with many human like fox children; two fox like human children; a loving but wild fox mate and a very confused dog.