

TwoKinds of Kweh

Commission for Gwen

By

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The following contains: Male fox to female chocobo, weight gain, macro

Read at your own discretion.



“It’ll be a fun outing,” they said. “Everyone is better off learning some basic survival skills.”

Mike was born into slavery, so he could argue he’d already learned plenty of skills to get by in a Keidran friendly settlement somewhere. Plus, he had no idea of the customs and traditions of his fox kin raised in their homelands. It was hard even picturing a series of events where he’d normally be out in the woods having to hunt his dinner.

Yet here he was; two miles into the woods outside of Traces manor practicing snares and tracking with nothing but dirt and tears in his clothes, as well as plenty of twigs and leaves stuff in his tail.

The young fox man grunted his frustration at trying and failing to set a sling trap for the tenth time that afternoon. This was a trick some of the other dog Keidran, Evals and Scythe, hanging back at the mansion had helped drill him on for weeks now. Most of the time his setting was off, with twice the line almost whipped his head off on a premature spring.

At least digging out traps was simpler, if a lot more physically taxing. Mike thought it’d be fun roughing it along a few days near civilization. It sure felt safer now without people trying to kill Trace and, by proxy, most people in his vicinity. Being a free Keidran now did need some acclimating to personal desires and alone time, he had to admit. A shame that ten hours into this personal trial he realized ‘roughing it’ was not his style. There were still enough rations to enjoy nature’s peaceful tranquility before heading back to tell the more experienced friends at least he tried his best.

A loud snap and several cracking branches nearly sent the fox falling into the net trap he’d been busy setting. That still sent Mike into a panic attack since, while his crafting actually worked, his first catch just happened to be sentient.

“Oh, please don’t be a dragon,” he said, trying to pivot around a sling that’d almost been forgotten to get through some brushes towards the sounds of struggling. The fact none of his pits were dug deep enough for a dragon went over his pointed ears in his panic. Still, after getting on the bad side of Bastin magic, the notion of getting on the bad side of creatures literally made of it was terrifying.

It wasn’t a dragon.

Shame that was the only good news when Mike arrived at the falling cage he’d baited with a pile of random odd nuts he’d found earlier. They didn’t exactly hit his

tongue right, but it stood to reason that something in these woods might consider it a decent free meal. A wild animal, anyway, not a...

Mike had no idea what he was looking at.

"This is a joke in very poor taste, kupo! Really poor taste, indeed, kupo! I come visiting this realm expecting some bare minimum hospitality and get this nonsense, kupo? I'll curse the families of everyone in a hundred yalms radius, kupo!"

Well, the weird little bear person was speaking some form of common language, at least. Not that Mike could fully comprehend the meaning or context behind its angry ranting while it struggled against the wooden cage. The fox had gotten used to working on ships and wagons so there was pride that his rope tying skills transferred well to binding sticks.

"Are you listening to me, kupo!?" Shouting so loud it broke into a screech followed by violent shaking from within the cage snapped Mike back to the present. The occupant inside glared up at him behind a rounded pink nose on a short muzzle. "Are you going to let me out, you rude fuzz butt, or what, kupo!?"

"Y-yeah. I'm sorry." Mike hated giving such a pathetic apology with the small person's weird chirping at the end of every sentence throwing him off worse than their appearance. This was certainly no Keidran he'd ever heard of, nor could he rule them as being some kind of dragon in disguise. For a moment he hesitated again at the wisdom of letting an entity of such mystery loose.

The fire behind those solid black eyes told the fox things might get worse if he didn't.

"Took you long enough, kupo," said the white furred creature as thanks when Mike managed to lift the cage enough for them to stroll out. Now out in the open, it seemed even less like a tiny bear child with it stretching out purple bat like wings on its back. From between two ears that rose tall like a bunny was a think antenna that bobbed about with a puffy orange pom on its end.

"Oh, crap baskets," Mike thought, now almost ninety-percent sure he'd caught a fae by accident. That might explain the noble looking suit it wore.

His theory was all but confirmed when the thing flapped its wings and, in defiance of its miniscule proportions even on its small body, started flying around Mike ten feet off the ground. There was little the fox Keidran could do. Fear of inciting a wild beast left him with hands stiffly at his sides with a deer in headlights mindset.

"Eww! No wonder you people here are so rude, kupo. You are absolutely filthy, kupo!" The creature whirled around Mike, giving a tug at his tail and inciting a pained yip. "Your clothes are filthy and unkempt like as savage, kupo. And this fur isn't even that well-groomed, kupo."

"Hey!" Mike tried to step away, only to find the little things grip was alarmingly strong for its size. He tried shaking his hips a few tips attempting to dislodge his tail, causing the little white creature to swish around the air like some awkward butt flail. "Let go of me. Please. I'm sorry I trapped you."

"Weeeee!" The little guy wobbled side to side in its effortless hovering, still never releasing the fox's tail. After a few seconds it shook its slightly large head for a bit of needed clarity. "Good to know you have a sense of fun, kupo. And at least you know some manners, kupo. That's some redeeming qualities, kupo. Still, it's not enough for me to forgive you for this cruel treatment, kupo."

"W-wait. I said I was sorry. What-YEEEEOW!!"

There came a crackling sound as the tiny creature's hands shinned with multiple lightning sparks. The energy from which drove directly through Mike's fur and up the spinal link of his tail. The pained yowl he let loose could be heard for a mile as he jumped forward. To his astonishment the little creature did let his fluffy appendage go this time, giggling while it flew in an aerial summersault of victory.

Mike whimpered, rubbing at his rear around the base of his electrocuted tail. Every last hair on the dense push had become bristled. The vertebrae drew stiff from the attack, making it nearly impossible to twitch on command. Yet, there wasn't any sense of burning or even the smell of smoke.

"Aah!?" The weirdest pushing sensation asserted itself against Mike's lower back, prompting his chest to thrust out in an arch with hands on his butt. Just like trying to stretch out an ache. Shame it did nothing to ease the drilling sensation in his pelvis. There was a second to catch his breath before the attack struck him again. He looked back over his shoulder down there and let out a louder cry both strained and alarmed.

The fox's tail was shrinking. With each rhythmic pushing against his rear another section of his spine receded back into his body, drawing the fifth limb up his legs in a slow climb.

"What's going on?" he said in shaky words, but looking to the flying animal creature dancing mockingly through the air probably meant he wasn't going to get a direct answer.

Over half of Mike's tail had dwindled away when the true terror of the situation started to manifest. From out of the thinning bush of fur poked numerous quills. While muscles and bones were receding, they grew at an exponential rate in stark contrast, thickening with rich barbs that shimmered a brighter orange than his signature copper red. He ran a hand through the increasing protrusions, gulping at their soft, silky texture. They were soon overwhelming his natural fox fur until his tail was little more than a short nub of thick muscle supporting a large bushel of giant feathers above his butt.

If the panicked twitching of his diminished tail didn't cause the plums to flutter in his palm, Mike would have found this new tail impossible to be his.

"WARK did you do to me?" he shouted, and then gasped. Hands flew from his backside to his muzzle trying to comprehend the sing-song avian chirp he'd let out.

"I'm going to help bring a bit more culture and grace to your world, kupo!" The little demon flapped its wings, bringing it down to discharge energy into Mike's legs. "Maybe together we can introduce everyone to a species with some dignity too, kupo."

"Hey now! I...I've been transformed enough times b-by weird magic in my life." The fox squeaked as he tried to back away. Despite his best efforts, whatever spell this angry little thing was casting pierced his resistance. Magic flowed into his legs, seizing up the muscles. "Aaah! M-my paws!?"

Mike stared down at the ground with muzzle hung open. His toes clenched in anticipation before the force filling them caused his feet to stretch out. Digits melded together, flesh flowing with each extra inch gained until her only had two thick digits diverting into a V shape. Once minor claws at the ends grew to enormous talons that curved into sharp points. Before he could even comprehend this bizarre mutation, an ache in his heels brought attention to a third toe growing out in the opposite direction for better prehensile gripping.

Things only got worse from there when the fur on his shins molted. Bright yellow scales began poking through balding patches, coating the skin of his altered feet before crawling its way up the shins before stopping at the knees. Mike struggled to find his words realizing that his paws looked exactly like a bird's feet now. Combined with the bundle of feathers swaying at a tail, that gave him a concerning idea of the creature's intentions.

The feeling of tension ceased along with his angry white assailant's magic assault. Mike flexed his muscles, trying to get a handle on wiggling a toe coming out of the back of his feet. Having Y shaped toes didn't cross his mind as well. Otherwise, Mike wouldn't have tripped and fallen flat on his face after trying to turn for an escape attempt.

"Hey! I'm not done with you yet, kupo!" The thing scolded as it floated above Mike's sprawled body. While the fox Keidran was busy hefting up onto his heads and knees, the other being raised a tiny paw to inject some more magic into his raised behind.

"Hooooo gods!" Mike seethed through his clenched fangs, fingers digging up clumps of dirt with their involuntary folding into fists. Tension returned under his skin with the massive input of energy, though the pleasure that rocked his loins with it had caught him off guard, to say the least. He heaved heavy breathes through his teeth, leaking drool down the length of his fuzzy chin trying to ride through the stimulation flooding his lower half. It only took a few seconds of this for his cock to slide out of its protective sheath and swell into a throbbing erection tenting his trousers. "Oh...oh no!"

A tight pinching back there let Mike know his loins weren't the only thing swelling up. Fighting through the most intense pleasure he'd ever experienced outside mating

season, the fox forced himself to look back. A strained whimper escaped his hips, but there was little else he could do. The fabric smoothed out around his legs before puffing tight around bulking muscles. Their definition bulging through showed some powerful, yet rounded thighs softened by ample amounts of fat.

Loud cracks of bones popping out and reattaching were compounded by the short burst of seams tearing. Mike had been turned into a vixen once before so watching his butt swell a feminine hump into his pants was, sadly, a bit familiar. However, the expansion of this hips quickly reached the span of that one time and continued pouring much larger. The common cheap pants couldn't hope to contain so much fat amassing behind the changing fox, tearing wide gashes across the span of his backside to let soft flesh covered in orange down to bulge through.

"O-oooooh!" Mike gasped, reaching a hand back to squeeze at his massive right ass cheek. It was getting bigger than a war horse, yet softer than any pillow he'd experienced. Just the touch of his fingers tickling the many small feathers across its broad curves elicited a hard twitch in his cock, leaking a spurt of pre into his pants. "Hmmmgh! W-what is? Wa-wa-wa-WARK!"

Before he could brace for it, every muscle in Mike's pelvis gave a hard flex. His eyes shut closed hard enough to draw tears, baring teeth in a growl that broke into a chirp. One final growth surge overcame everything from his hips down to his avian feet, exploding what remained of his damaged pants into a rain of little cotton pieces in the process.

"Kwha! Haa! Haa! Kweh! Haa!"

The release of his plump, feathered butt into the open air nearly sent Mike into orgasm right there. Strained groans were interspersed with sensual chirping that didn't sound like any bird he'd ever heard before. Somehow, he managed to keep hold by a thread, enough to come back down, if still pained by a throbbing knot.

Mike let gravity pull the heftier weight in his massive hips into a roll that put him into a proper sitting position. All the thick padding that'd been imposed back there gave his seat a drastic lift that made even the grassy dirt feel like a cushioned mattress. Seeing himself as a fox Keidran with everything below the waist as some voluptuous bird woman three times his size was beyond surreal. Claws caressed over the enormous span of his backside and the thick girth of his hips, enjoying the silky feeling of his down in spite of the situation.

"Ooooh goodness!" Both his sets of fingers came to rest on the erected mast of his cock. The still vulpine phallus and furry sack stood out among the sea of bright orange feathers like a tower in the desert.

"Yes. You are coming along nicely, kupo!" The little creature floated down into Mike's peripheral after having enjoyed the results of his magic. "Now let's take care of that distracting little thing down there, kupo."

"No. Wai..."

But the annoying little person was already recasting its spell, right onto Mike's dick. It gave off an involuntary pulse that sprayed pre all over his fresh thigh feathers. Strained yips and warks filled the woods with Mike's struggle to control himself. The stimulation erupting from his groin as magic coursed inside his pelvis was too strong for him to hold on for long.

Bird feet curled their toes until they looked like a second pair of fists. Mike's still fox hands groped at the ground in the blind overwhelming pleasure, ripping up chunks of grass with each spasm. Organs shifted inside his pelvis; some he couldn't recognize utilizing the extra room his expanded hips had made in the process. Slowly the mana made noose tightened around his prostate, swelling his knot to its fullest as he felt things reach their peak and promptly break.

"WAAAAARK!"

There was no way for Mike to stay silent during what was easily the best orgasm of his life. Hot Keidran splooge fired over a foot through the air in such hard blasts it decorated his plump bird legs and the ground between them like rain.

It didn't even stop after the first two or three pulses either. Again and again, he felt his whole manhood flex and tightened in such intense squeezes trying to milk every last drop of cum out of him.

"Wark! Wark! Wark!"

Even after his shaft was reduced to dry heaving the contractions wouldn't stop. Pleasure shook through his pelvis until Mike flopped back a helplessly wiggling mess on the ground. That was when the magic truly got to work; deflating his shinning red knot little by little with each pulse as if a balloon was losing air. Once it was all but smoothed out, the foxes dick itself began to shrink, pulling back inside his loins fast as quicksand. The poor man wasn't coherent enough to appreciate when his dwindling manhood vanished entire inside its loose sheath, becoming little more than a hard nub.

He did have the pleasure of experiencing another orgasm when a suction from between his legs drew in his balls, however. The last bits of loose skin covered in white fox fur sunk into the sea of feathers. A second later the flat area of his groin split vertically, forming a tender mound of lips out of what remained of Mike's sheath. While he felt himself hollowing out down there, a lot of leaking moisture began to permeate the area with a feminine scent.

With the changes to her gender fulfilled, Mike could finally rest where she laid on the ground, drool leaking from the sides of her muzzle from her heavy panting. Thanks to having nothing but raw estrogen pumping through her body, the changes to her upper half proceeded in earnest. Fur became overwhelmed by an army of tiny yellow feathers scaling her waist, conquering her chest and back.

"Mmmph! Wark! Yes! More!" Heat rushed into Mike's pecs, drawing hands over her nipples. Fingers teased at them, enjoying the way every brush or tug sent a bolt down into her dripping snatch. The fine layer of tiny feathers parted with the gentle rise

of growing areolas. The bare patches of brown skin became rounder than teacups, tipped in nipples thickened to the size of pebbles that were already leaking a different kind of moisture. "Kweh. More. More! Mo-WARK!"

Mike's prayers were answered when the flesh around her enlarged assets shifted and rose back against her palms. Copious amounts of fat and developing glands filled out her stretching flesh. Mounds filled her grasp and continued bloating beyond what her fingers could grasp. within a minute she'd become bustier than any female Keidran she'd ever met.

And still the large globes on her chest continued to grow. Tears erupts across her strained shirt trying to contain them, but even it could do little to stop their march. Mikes massaged them from bottom to top in slow strokes, relishing how there was so much more volume with each pass. Eventually there was a loud explosion of ripping seams and feathered breasts the size of cannonballs spilled out and down either of Mike's slimmed waist.

The fact sporting such an awesome pair of mammaries for an avian defied everything Mike knew about nature went unnoticed in her lust. Her hands did everything they could to stroke, knead, and milk her chest. Their rapid expansion had made the flesh extra tender, and every time a drop escaped her erect nipples it was like a miniature orgasm of release.

"Gah!? What?"

Tension ran down Mike's arms almost in time with the feathers pouring over her shoulders. She pushed into a sitting position, which was made harder with so much frontal weight sagging towards her belly. She held up her hands, watching in awe at the way they warped and stretched. Fingers lost their claws while becoming thig and rounded, almost matching the particularly large feathers fanning out from her forearms. It was almost like she had grown wings, but she still had really large thumbs that would make manipulating tools a, objectively, easy feat.

"Mmmph! S-so good. What? Wark!?"

Mike nearly jumped in fright when trying to talk caused several of her vulpine teeth to fall out. There was no blood or even discomfort. They simply popped out one after another in a steady rainfall, made faster when she tried feeling the inside of her hardening gums with a shrinking tongue. The notion still caused her large pointed ears to fold back and, suddenly, Mike could no longer move them again. With a bit of awkward groping with her wing-hands, she found the fox ears had completely vanished back into her head, leaving only small holes hidden under the sweeping layer of feathers puffing out of her skull.

"Ooooooh!" Mike grimaced from a pressure building in her jaw, but despite her best efforts, her lips couldn't stay closed. The bones thrust forward to push her mouth open with a slightly curved point of shinning brown. The growth continued despite her efforts, moving her muzzle further and further back until it'd been completely replaced

by a large bird's beak. A once black nose was reduced to little slits resting at the base between her crossed eyes.

"Wow!" she spoke with surprising clarity for having a mouth drastically different to the one seconds before. Both wing hands felt along the smooth curved top of her beak as Mike gave it a few test clicks. "Dang. That was really amazing."

"It better be, kupo!" The floating white creature swatted its pom out of its face sounding as grumpy as ever. It was actually very pleased with the thick, peared shaped chocobo woman it'd created, but didn't want to give her any validation for its hard work. "Maybe that will teach you other worlders a bit more class, kupo. It's not every day I just use such a strong spell to-HEY!"

The fuzzy bear bat thing had been so busy enjoying its own power that Mike had plenty of time to stand and clamp both her wing hands around its tiny body. Even without fingers the size of handle bars, she somehow possessed a monstrous level of strength. No amount of fluttering and squirmed could get the creature's body to budge in her clutches.

"I said," Mike started, the fire behind her wide, bird eyes enough to make the smaller mythical creature regret many of its life choices. "I want MORE! Wark!"

"Unhand me this instant, you..." Dizziness washed out the creature, eliciting a gasp. It was like the spell it'd used to transform Mike had been activated again, except so much stronger and, more panic inducingly, out of its control. "W-what are you doing, kupo!?"

"I don't know," Mike said happily. Her tail feathers fanned with her delighted shiver at feeling the energy tickle her being once more. There was a surprised 'wark' and she staggered slightly. After a slight adjustment to her stance, the chunky bird's beak twisted into a devious grin at realizing she was getting taller. "But I really like this!"

"S-stop! Kupo!" the white being struggled and smacked at Mike's wing but the fact those feather hands were getting larger by the second made it even more difficult to escape her grip. Somehow, it'd formed a base of ether inside Mike that she was now using to keep them permanently tethered.

And her insatiable hunger had a much stronger will. It was sucking up all the ether it'd brought over into this world with the force of a whirlpool. Maybe packing a bunch of spare crystals if pure ether hadn't been that great an idea.

"Waaaark!" Mike paced in mini-circles to keep from tripping on her own growing feet. She was already creeping past ten feet tall and with each passing second of growth her feeding on the little guy's connection to mana increased in intensity. Sharp bird talons pierced holes through the Forrest ground like the dirt meant nothing. Her butt and breasts sloshed about with the new way her body moved, possibly getting even bigger than their initial fatty proportions. "This is so cool! I love this, little guy."

"I'm so happy for you, kupo!" the creature's acidic sarcasm meant nothing with him getting so small Mike only needed three fingers from one hand to keep them pinned to her. "Please let me go, kupo!"

"Never!" Mike squawked that turned into a roar as her head inched above the tree lines. Without giving them a chance to brace, the little creature was shoved into the space between her breasts. The girth of her hill-shaped mounds kept them tightly squeezed in place for easy feeding. "I can't wait to show Evals what you can do. He'll make a great hun, wark!"

She pivoted around on one bird foot, hitting a hundred-year oak with her hip with such force it snapped at the trunk with a loud crash. The growing chocobo didn't pause to even give it thought, assuming she heard it at all when surpassing forty feet.

Now that there was a clear view of the town and Trace's mansion beyond it, she set out in a happy walk towards home to report a successful nature outing to her friends. Each step pushed off in a delighted skip that caused her subsequent landings to generate massive tremors for miles around.

Not that townsfolk going about their daily routines needed any help noticing the enormous bird woman filling up the sky the closer she got to them.

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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