

Just getting the swimsuit out of his bag was already a victory for Jeremy, who'd been struggling with the idea of going out dressed like that for... a while. In between him convincing himself that his body wasn't "right" for that sort of swimwear or the ever-present compunctions regarding what everyone else would think of it, 'twas difficult for the young man to find the courage required to buy himself a traditionally feminine bikini instead of the more expected swimming trunks; as he did so, however, he found that each successive step became somewhat easier, quite the contrary to what he had expected. Rather than a series of barriers, each increasingly harder to traverse, it would seem that every action he took towards his goal propelled him further and faster towards his destination, even if it wasn't the smoothest of rides. He'd be lying if he said that it had been easy, or anything other than nail-bitingly complicated at the best of times, but in the end, he was at the beach, getting ready to put on a bikini, in a changing room with a bunch of other people... and, amazingly enough, no one was actually reacting to what he was doing. It felt weird, after spending so long stressing out over the prospect of these nebulous "others" judging him for daring to operate outside what they expected him to do, to suddenly see absolutely nothing of the sort; for the first time in his life, Jeremy found this detached apathy not only worked in his favour, but actually *emboldened* him further, as now he knew that he wouldn't have to worry about the judging gaze of others. With a smile on his face, he thus finished putting the bikini on, packed every non-essential into his bag, and turned to face the exit, slowly making his way towards the threshold one step at a time. There was still a voice in his head, telling him that he was making a grave mistake; that he would walk out and the whole world would put him down for what he was doing, that he would regret choosing *this* of all days to show himself like he truly wanted to. And yet, for once, this voice didn't cripple him like it used to, nor did it freeze him nearly as hard as it used to be capable of; there was some stiffness, sure, but nothing like the sort of near-paralysis that he often found himself affected by whenever he tried to push his limits... though this one felt somewhat *different*, even if Jeremy couldn't quite tell how. It didn't feel as icy and chilling, but rather warm and oddly inviting, as if his body was holding itself back before the curtains were drawn and it was expected on stage; not exactly the most conventional of thoughts, and not one that Jeremy ever remembered having before, leaving him feeling slightly dazed and lightheaded. In a single moment, what had been a momentous victory turned on its head and left him unable to see properly, the world swimming before his eyes as a handful of voices from behind him asked if he was alright and needed help; it was only after he tripped and nearly fell over a bench that he came back to, and even then it required someone else grabbing him before he seriously hurt himself. Just as quickly as it made itself known, the confusion dissipated without any inkling as to where it might have come from, only deepening Jeremy's complete bafflement, not to mention adding so many questions onto the growing pile that he found himself wondering whether he should even keep thinking of going to the beach at all; clearly, there was something *physically* wrong with him, because even in his worst moments his stress hadn't done anything like this to him. For his head to suddenly stop working properly, he should... probably see a doctor, right? That's what people did when they thought they were physically ill, they went to a doctor, or just sat down and rested; honestly, the

latter option felt like a much better one, all things considered, doubly so seeing as he *was* right outside a beach, so why not make good use of it? After letting everyone around him know that he was perfectly fine, even if it did need him anchoring one of his hands to a nearby wall just to keep his balance, Jeremy once again turned towards the exit to the changing room, more determined than ever to see his journey through to the end, though not as certain about why exactly he was supposed to do it to begin with.

It would seem that most of his motivation had flushed away from his mind, leaving only a blank space where once had been a million different possibilities. He still *wanted* to do it, but the core reasoning for it eluded him somehow, enough that he had to stand there and wonder why it was they had even left their house that morning. Could it be that whatever was wrong with him had affected his memory somehow? Had he knocked his head against something and was now suffering from amnesia? All of those and many more *didn't* go through Jeremy's head as he shook it and walked forward, convinced as he was that everything was fine and there was no reason for him to worry about anything; it was nice, being able to effectively decide that there were no complications whatsoever even when this was clearly false, especially considering how *hot* he already was. The outside was sunny, warm and pleasant, and yet even before he walked out into the light, the young man already felt as if he'd been baking in the heat for hours on end; sweat poured down his brow and back, his limbs shook and trembled... but he still walked, a wide, goofy-looking smile on his face as he did so. Despite everything telling him that he was making a grave mistake, in spite of every piece of evidence his body was gleefully giving him that he should *stop* and do something about whatever was taking place, Jeremy still put one foot in front of another, this despite the fact that the distance between him and the door out to the sands didn't actually seem to be getting any shorter. Mayhaps he wasn't actually moving and everything was just an hallucination brought about by some *really* spoiled milk, or maybe he *had* fallen and was in the process of imagining everything as a very lucid dream, but that walk towards the exit was the longest one he'd ever had the pleasure of undergoing; pleasure, because whatever was happening to him was nothing short of *delectable*, the sensations he felt at the surface of his skin truly shining through as some of the most extreme, yet most overwhelmingly delicious ones he had ever felt. He couldn't even walk straight, what with his legs quivering so much at whatever was happening to him; it felt as if his very blood was replaced with aphrodisiac, leaving him quite literally unable to process anything other than pure pleasure, and if his vision was any indication, it was only going to get worse. The tunnel he was looking through only became narrower with each passing second, and though the voices had returned, courtesy of onlookers trying to help, Jeremy paid no heed to them, for the rest of the world had to see him, had to see how *good* he looked in a bikini. Little did he know that his body very much agreed, as did the rest of the universe it would seem, for both of them decided that this body, this physical form of his that the young man had spent such large amounts of time fantasizing over possibly changing, was in need of some serious renovation. After all, Jeremy had done the hardest part, that being to bring himself to purchasing and wearing that two-piece

swimwear that had, for some reason, been turned into a single-piece slingshot bikini when he wasn't looking, so it was only fair that muscle memory and instinct take over from there, if only to give him a small taste of what was to come. Did he not, ultimately, want to "fill out" the bikini? Did he not wonder what it would be like to have the sort of body that such an item of clothing was designed around, one possessed of *bounce* with each step? It was a long-term plan, sure, and this current outing was meant only as an exercise in building bravery, but he'd already been so brave that it only made sense to skip ahead a couple of steps and finally give him what he so dearly wanted; what a shame, then, that Jeremy was too out of it to appreciate as his body began to be sculpted, its overall form changing in front of everyone's eyes, much to the shock of all those present inside the changing room. They had expected the young man to stumble and fall again, not for them to stand up straight and start moaning as their waist slimmed and their hips flared out, as if their midriff had just been pressed by an unseen deity who had turned their body into moulding clay; with each inch that Jeremy lost just above the waist, he gained one just below, giving him a plump, bottom-heavy figure that was only made better by the small amounts of fat being diverted from his upper body and deposited straight into his rear. Within moments, he wouldn't just have a flat, uninteresting butt; rather, a legitimately perky set of cheeks, one that only got fatter and thicker with each passing second. His legs, too, began to widen, though in just the right proportions that they would look *full*, compelling even; none would be able to look upon them and not want to sink their hands into their self-evident softness, so much so that Jeremy himself took to groping those things in order to feel as his hands had to slowly open up more and more in order to grab less and less. With teeth gritted, he tried to open his eyes, forcing himself to look down and actually observe what was going on, only to be rewarded with the sight of a cleavage blocking the view.

It happened so quickly that Jeremy had to spend a few seconds trying to process what he was seeing right in front of him; long had he wondered what it would be like to have tits, and plenty of times did he openly daydream about the possibility, maybe even stuff a few balls of rolled-up paper in a bra in order to simulate the strain it would have on shirts, if nothing else, but nothing could've prepared him, for the suddenness with which he was granted his wish. It was as if his brain hadn't yet been given the chance to truly understand what was even there, so much so that his new bust felt somewhat numb to the touch... for about five or so seconds, before the backlogged sensations came pouring back in and suddenly Jeremy found himself kneeling on the ground, keeled over from the pleasure and so *desperately* trying to hold back from screaming at the top of his lungs for someone to come fuck him already. It was a raw desire, his libido having skyrocketed for no discernible reason, and he'd soon find himself rubbing his legs together in the hopes that it would do *something* to quell the rising heat he felt between them; he hadn't even noticed that what he used to have on there had vanished, leaving him perfectly smooth and featureless, at least until the transformation began to work its magic to create something brand new and much more amenable to the sorts of wants and desires Jeremy had swimming around in their head. At the very least, rubbing their fat thighs together was enough to sate them somewhat,

though at the end of the day, a more *thorough* approach would eventually be needed if they truly wanted to feel some sort of sexual satisfaction. This much was the goal for the day, not something as mundane as merely going to the beach and showing off; for whatever reason, Jeremy had been left with the instinctive need to suck on something long, hard and prone to leaving them completely covered in someone else's juices, a thought that became stronger on the forefront of their mind with each moment that they explored their transforming form. It was the only way forward, honestly, especially with the sort of curves that they were feeling underneath their incredibly sensitive fingertips... or maybe it was their body in general whose sensitivity had been driven up to the point where even the slightest breeze would be able to knock them down onto their knees again and again, to say nothing of what some actual fucking would do; it was overwhelming enough on its own that Jeremy had to close their eyes again, no longer capable of processing what was happening if they also had to contend with a visual element on top of *everything else*. Not that they were missing out on much; a body like theirs was meant to be *felt*, to be *enjoyed*, not simply looked at from afar or appreciated as a piece of fine art that should never be touched. No, they were built to be *used*, and it was this thought that gave them the strength to pull themselves back up onto their feet in order to finally get back on the road to the beach itself; surely, if only they were out in the sun, they would find no shortage of eager volunteers who would happily throw themselves at them, using their own hands to heighten the sensations that were already proving difficult to manage without the use of any additional volunteers. Even the touching itself had become increasingly insurmountable, what with their curves suddenly becoming adorned with what was, unmistakably, a covering of soft, almost velvety fur; maybe it was just their regular body hair, made far more sensual to the touch thanks to the massive improvements to their sensory nerve's receptiveness, or perhaps, much like their curves had been seemingly altered to become more in line with what they had once believed was their dream body, then their skin too had been blessed with what they felt it deserved. Rather than a "boring" human body, it would certainly make sense for this phantom force, so seemingly eager to give Jeremy what they most wanted, to provide for a full transformation into a more animalistic aesthetic, even if that would inevitably leave them standing out so much that it would give even the greatest of deviants pause... or would it instead encourage them further, letting them know that their dreams, too, had come true, and that a gorgeous, stunning vixen had come to fill their lives in the hopes that they would fill hers... and her, period, given the kind of gushing already going on downstairs. Not that any of this stopped Jeremy from walking anyway; granted, it was harder than usual to keep their balance when their whole body was rebelling against his control, but at the same time, there was *something* pushing him forward, a subconscious impulse that forced his legs to move in such a way that he inexorably stepped closer to the exit, towards the beach, the wide open world where everyone would be able to see him. A need to be seen, perhaps? A need to *show off*, even, not just stand there and passively attract attention; there'd be plenty of that by itself, which could only mean that extra work had to be put into bringing more eyes onto them, more slavering mouths eager to get up close and personal with a physical form designed to be slobbered over, yet more minds consumed by

pleasure from the moment they spotted a mere inch of Jeremy's new body. All of that, of course, while slowly pushing their conscious mind out of the way; theirs would be a physical form of such magnificence that none would be able to resist it, but it wasn't for *their* own sake. Just as those around them would succumb almost immediately to their base instincts, so too would Jeremy themselves, as their new body wasn't for *them* to use, it was for everyone *else*; the pilot, the person that used to be in control, would be kept around purely as a residual, a vestigial entity that existed purely because it had to exist, while the rest of their body was transformed into the perfect fuck machine: mindless, eager, always excited for more, and never lacking in energy to do whatever was needed to achieve climax at every point of the day. These thoughts consumed Jeremy, even past the point where he stopped trying to fight them; even the token resistance he put up to the torrent of desire was enough to let him know that it would be pointless to try and stop it, and as soon as he gave up and allowed himself to be taken, things were just... so much better. No need to worry about embarrassing himself, no need to have *concerns* or *worries*, just the certainty that the moment he walked out onto the beach, he'd be a new person entirely, a person that everyone around him would *want* to get their hands on, leaving him with plenty of entertainment should he wish to partake of it. And why wouldn't he, when it was so freely given? Especially with how sensitive he had become, to *not* fully throw himself into the maws of self-indulgent debauchery felt downright wasteful, doubly so once the rest of his body began (quite literally) growing in: the fur and curves were the first indicator that something was off, but they wouldn't be alone for long, not when the former male's frame had to be filled out in order to truly reach its maximum potential. Though they couldn't tell, being stuck as a prisoner inside their own body, Jeremy's body thickened with each step they took, the coating of fur growing to cover their entire body until they were unmistakably blessed with the form of a bipedal vixen, and one with some rather exotic colour patterns as well. One might've been mistaken for assuming they were wearing some sort of skintight slingshot bikini, if not for the fact that their nipples were clearly visible, as were *other* bits if one looked closely enough; still, it was enough to attract more attention, and that was all that mattered at the end of the day. That, and making sure that their thighs became increasingly softer and wider, that their waist thinned out considerably and their tits blossomed into hand-filling sizes... then kept going a bit further until they were covering a substantial amount of their upper torso. All while the sensory feedback played merry hell with an already-battered brain, leaving the vixen wet beyond her wildest dreams, literally gushing as her nethers were flooded with her juices, leaving the inner part of her thighs *drenched* in what was absolutely femcum, despite the fact that they hadn't experienced orgasm yet... surely. Either that, or what they were going through *was* a climax, their new version of it: rather than a singular event, it had been stretched out so that they could always be feeling its effects, which *sounded* ridiculous, but then again was coming from someone who used to be a human man and was now very clearly an anthropomorphic vixen with curves so exaggerated that he might as well have crawled out of the artwork gallery that Jeremy had saved on his computer back home. The time for logic and reason was far gone; now was the time for enjoyment, which for the newly-born vulpine could only mean one thing: finding the biggest,

fattest cock around and wrapping her lips around it. There wasn't any room for debate there, as the whole point of the transformation had been to attract a suitably proportioned boytoy so that she could feel what it was like to have her throat stretched out... or at least, she assumed it was. There was something else nagging her, a voice in the back of her head that kept trying to say something that didn't have to do with sucking dick or being plowed in full view of everyone, and as much as she didn't want to pay attention, it was hard to ignore a part of herself that seemed intent on not going along with the plan. Then again, the easiest way to get around that was to keep walking; she was already outside the changing room, fully in the nude and exposed to the world, so the best way of improving the odds of finding someone brave enough to fuck her in public was to just keep walking towards the mass of people on the beach. She felt like calling out to them, screaming obscenities at the top of her voice in order to entice whoever may want to come to her to actually step up and do so; under normal circumstances, she would've done just that, screaming at the top of her lungs about how hard she wanted to get railed or how much she needed a dick to split her in half. Unfortunately, whenever she tried opening her mouth, it refused to do so; or rather, her jaw certainly moved, and her facial structure changed to let her make noises properly, but her lips kept getting in the way. They were so easy to ignore before, what with them just *being* there, that the vixen failed to notice how they'd been plumping up (quite literally) under her own nose, presumably in preparation for what they were meant to do; couldn't suck a dick without a proper pair of dick-sucking lips after all, and seeing as she was after the *biggest* cock on the beach, it stood to reason her plump smoochers should be somewhere in the same ballpark when it came to sheer size. Now, did this mean that talking became effectively impossible thanks to how bloated and meaty they became? Absolutely. Did it also mean that any attempt at speaking anyway would result in a large amount of spittle flying outwards, not to mention the constant drool trickling down the sides of her neck? Also yes. But, while Jeremy might once have considered this to be a slight problem, their new self saw it as, if nothing else, then at least expectable; of *course* her lips were that big, how else was she supposed to service the huge hunk that would inevitably come to sweep her off her feet and promptly bend her over a railing so she could be fucked like an animal? Besides, it wasn't as if she needed to talk anyway; the only sounds needed out of her were whining, moaning and occasionally mindless shouting, not *words* or *sentences*. In fact, why even bother thinking in those terms at all? Why waste valuable mental processing power in understanding language when instead she could focus entirely on what was *truly* important: cock, and rutting. Those were the last two concepts that the world allowed the vixen to retain, before the rest of her mind was thrown down the gutter and promptly memory hole'd out of existence; even if Jeremy were to somehow wrest control of their body back from whatever force had taken it, assuming of course they even wanted to at that point, there wouldn't be much left for them to use... and what was, would rather quickly revert back to the state it was supposed to be: mindlessly seeking out the nearest shaft to shove into their mouth, because why would they do literally anything else? By that point, the vixen was already on the sands, feeling the heat coming off from underneath as her bare paws left small prints behind her, the brainless beauty stumbling her way towards an

increasingly more alarmed group of people, who were *definitely* not ready for someone like her. They'd been listening to her shameless, whorish moans for a while by then, and while it was undeniable that a few had stepped up precisely to watch, the vast majority were still trying to come to terms with what in blazes they were looking at... that is, until a couple of them decided to force the issue and make good use of what was obviously an eager fucktoy. Clearly, if the vixen was walking towards the waterline while completely naked, sporting curves that would give adult movie stars pause, bearing a set of dick-suckers of such plump magnitude that even the most depraved of breeders would flinch at the sight, all while drooling over herself and audibly begging for something to fill her... well, what else were they supposed to do, stand there and watch? If they did, it was likely that someone else would take the opportunity out from under them, and *then* they'd have to wait for their turn on the fuck machine, which by that point would be thoroughly spent and used up. Not that this was at all remotely true; unbeknownst even to Jeremy themselves, this new body of theirs was possessed of near-endless reserves of stamina, having been built from the ground up to fuck and *be* fucked. In fact, if anyone was at risk of being spent, it was the myriad of prospective suitors all steadily approaching the vixen, who believed themselves to be much hotter shit than they actually were; there were so many more of them now that the first brave volunteers begat even more chancers, and they would all be left gasping for breath long before the vixen was anywhere *close* to finished herself. Such was the way of things, and once more, not even for her own sake, for being capable of going so many rounds without pausing wasn't something she did for herself; there was pleasure in it, sure, but the point was to service others, and her ending up completely draining them of any energy was more a result of her being the perfect breeding toy than it was her extracting any extra pleasure from it. Hell, by the time the third candidate came around, practically shoving the last one out of the way so they'd have easier access to those colossal pillows stuck on the vixen's face, the vixen herself was practically insensate even by *her* standards, left with her muscles limp and her face drooping as all willpower and muscle control left her completely. There was nothing there but a marionette, its strings to be pulled by whoever happened to be closest, a doll to be positioned and used up as her owners wished... owners which only seemed to be growing in number the longer the spectacle was allowed to carry on. Perhaps the same force that had transformed Jeremy had turned every man in a mile radius into an unthinking machine driven entirely by instinct as well, because even the vixen had to recognize that the amount of luck she was getting was *entirely* at odds with how she recalled people acting normally. Even in the best of days, she wouldn't be capable of just walking onto the beach and having *dozens* of people ready to use her like she was begging to be used, and yet that day she had even more! It felt that for every one she outlasted, three more appeared, eager to see if they could reach the end second, each fooling themselves into thinking that they were capable of competing with someone whose physical form was designed from the ground up to *never* need rest, to *always* be available, to *forever* be fuckable. The vixen, however, wasn't going to do or say anything about it; she had what she wanted after all, a beach full of eager suitors whose sole concern was to stick their cock in her mouth, occasionally double- or triple-teaming her with a couple of others who felt like they wanted

something a bit more traditional. She was *surrounded* by them, a veritable crowd, faceless and indistinct, with herself in the middle ready to be turned around and used up, again and again as she was passed between her lovers like a cheap cum rag... precisely as she wanted it.

Hours. That's how long she was there, before the last person in line was done with her. Hours of being showered, stuffed, filled and coated with spunk, hours of having every muscle in her body bent and overused until she was left a near-broken mess, her back to the cooling sands as the sun had long-since given way to the moon, shining brightly above her and making the glimmer of cum on her fur all that more obvious. Hours, after which the vixen was... not exactly satisfied. Not that she could be, of course; hers was a body to be *used*, and part of that meant that she could never truly reach a point where she'd had enough. Rather, it was a crescendo, a continuous one that lasted for as long as there were dicks to be sucked and cocks to be bounced on, whereby the vixen would feel a pleasure high of escalating intensity, always at the brink of breaking, yet never going far enough to truly fall apart. Such was her burden, which she would gladly bear; who else would provide such a valuable service to the community, after all?

It was with a smile that this last thought crossed through her head; with everyone properly handled, she could finally allow herself to fall unconscious from the strain, safe in the knowledge that, if need be, those around her could just fuck her while she was under. It was important to get some rest.

For tomorrow was another day.