

Along Came a Fox

By

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This copy of the Adventurer's guidebook will help you learn both the history of the guild itself as well as the various creatures that have been encountered by other members. East to Elithor lies the Central Wilds. An ancient land that has now been taken over by nature. It has been the Adventurer Guild's goal to explore the region, uncover its mysteries, and eventually create a trade route between Elithor and Yolis.

Cool air rushed through untamed grass and wild trees as birds flew high against a painted sky. Rolling hills, fields of wildflowers, and large forests covered much of the landscape. Small idle pools and flowing streams dotted the region, and, like the rivers coursing through the land, powerful currents of nature's own magic. Ancient spirits have made this region their home, living among the beasts, birds, and aquatic life.

Admiring the liveliness of nature, a man walked alone. He bore a strong young face with blond hair that reached his shoulders and flowed freely in the breeze. His white overcoat fluttered, revealing blue jeans and a black vest bearing a red gemstone hovering in its center. The soothing wind hitting his sweat-stricken face gave him some relief after a long day's travel. His tired eyes spotted a rock slanted towards a nearby tranquil pool. Sensing his aching feet, he trudged over to the cold rock and sits down, taking in the peace around him.

Just above the water's surface, some fairies danced with dragonflies while others rested on lily pads. The young man looked down to the glowing gem that dangled over his chest, smiling as he fidgeted with it. He then turned to grab his shoulder pack and pull out a notebook. He opened to the first page; eagerness made his hands tremble about what to write first. He could

write about his early morning, his initial walk here, or maybe about his team. After some thought, he settled on adding all three.

“Field Journal Entry 001 06/05/xxxx

My name is Harold Usev, historian and prou...” he scribbled out that last word, seeing as not exactly an accurate description of himself, *“newly hired member of the Adventurers Guild. After many months of seeking work to pay off my debt, I was hired to join the guild as part of this expeditionary team. I’ve long dreamed of working with such a well-respected group, though I always believed it to be just that: a dream. Now, not only is my dream a reality, I also get to be among the few lucky souls to explore this rich and beautiful landscape. A region that I had only ever known through books, academics., and hearsay. It’s truly a blessing from the Divine themselves that I am currently here,”*, his smile morphed into a frown while his pen slowed to a stop, *“I just wish it were with better company,”*, he wrote before placing his pen down again.

Harold took a minute to collect his thoughts about early morning. He didn’t want to judge his team harshly; it was best to be honest with himself. He began detailing the team he got assigned to by the guild.

“My colleagues are pretty well-rounded and exceptional in many ways. Jack is a mage with a penchant for archaeology; my guess is he wants to find some ancient magical artifacts. Gabe is also a mage but is more focused on history like I am. I remember on the truck ride to camp him mentioning some ruins he spotted that he was going to explore, hope he’s doing well. Lynx...,” his heart skipped a beat as his brain painted her likeness in his mind, *“Lynx is a lovely individual whose specialty is geography and medicine. She’s also a seasoned veteran within the guild. While I appreciate my team’s professionalism and expertise, I find their capacity for*

conversation and teamwork... lacking. Jack has been too preoccupied with a rare artifact he had been brought along, Gabe straight up left as soon as the truck arrived, and Lynx was more focused on surveying the area. She did though make somewhat of an effort to hold a conversation. I don't entirely blame them, being out here you don't want to miss a chance to see something truly extraordinary. Still, we will be here for a month. I hope I'm able to get to know them to some extent. Especially Lynx...", his mind immediately recounted his early interactions at the Jerico region outpost. Lynx presented herself as extremely intelligent and super cute.

Despite this, the young adventurer doubted he would be more than friends with her. With an accepting sigh, he returned to his journal aiming now to add more than just personal reflections to his field report. He erased the mention of Lynx, *"So far from my findings, my assigned area doesn't hold much in the way of ancient architecture. It's been mostly wildlife of diverse types. I should reinforce how much nature has truly made this place its domain. Despite being only 30 mins away from the nearest town. Mother Earth could care less, with its vast forests and bodies of water covering much of the landscape, completely unaffected by civilization. Already I passed numerous ponds that were home to different fish and water spirits. I also saw all kinds of wildlife, though I wonder if some were spirits in disguise."*, Harold took a minute to hold his gem necklace that dangled around his neck. A ruby red crystal that, according to his late grandmother, was capable of detecting magic. When he approached the various ponds in the area it would glow brightly, indicating that spirits were close. It also glowed near some grazing deer though he was not too sure which was a spirit, considering none of them reacted.

Harold's pen resumed scribbling when a sudden rustling noise made him jump. The sound was too sudden for him to properly pinpoint the source. His eyes scanned the area around

him. Seeing only the tranquil pond and foliage surrounding him, his wary hand slowly went to the left side of his hip gripping the leather hilt of his sword.

FWOOSH!

A small spear flew past him, making his blonde hair sway from the wind. A band of small, big-nosed goblins suddenly emerged from some bushes screaming, wielding crude blades and hammers. Harold produced a short sword from his sheath in response. His heart pounded as they charged him with overwhelming numbers.

Harold swung first, instantly decapitating one goblin that got too close, but left himself open to two other goblins thrusting their spears, each making its mark. He cried out in pain as blood started leaking from the newly made wounds. He swung again but missed once more, leaving an opening for a hammer to smack his back. Pain blossomed across his body on impact. He swung once more, missed yet again, and got punished with two more stab wounds to his leg and a third to his side. Panic set in as he saw the goblins surrounding him and getting a bunch more good hits on him. His mind raced; beads of sweat ran down his face as his eyes darted around. The sound of metal tearing through flesh halted any current thoughts.

Pain was wracking Harold's body and the grip on his sword was failing...if he was going to die; he wanted to go down swinging. A goblin charged him with a spear, getting a good stab into his side. The creature's reward was a boot to the face. Two more goblin's came in with hammers, landing heavy blows against the man's back. He swung his sword in retaliation but not only missed, he sent his sword flying into the woods. Now emboldened, the man's attackers pounced; Each getting hits before a goblin nailed him in the nuts causing him to fall to his knees. The sounds of soft whimpering were all he could muster before his head was bashed by the same

goblin. His fall was swift, the only noises he could make were pained groans that were drowned out by the cheering of the band of goblins, until no more sound reached his failing senses.

A few seconds later, the goblins began ransacking the young man's body. Taking from him his gold pouch and personal valuables. One goblin reached for the red jewel that laid on the grass, until a sudden rustle stopped it dead in its tracks. They all heard it, something that rustled in the bushes before moving to the tree lines above them.

"Come on out ya bloody! -...", one goblin could say before an ear-piercing screech and flash of claws silenced it completely. Two goblins charged the beast but were met with two tails that looked like orange flames. Their bodies went sailing before loudly crashing into a row of trees so hard that their spines splintered into pieces. Three more goblins followed suit only to have their heads clawed into ribbons. The last goblin tried to run, only mustering two steps before a row of sharp teeth snapped down onto its head. It couldn't scream, none of them could. In less than a minute, the band of goblins became nothing more than small, bleeding, broken corpses. The beast scanned the area with its beaming red eyes for more threats, when none presented themselves, it rushed to the broken man.

Its heart rushing as it saw the pool of blood forming by the man's head. Fear gripped it until it saw his chest weakly rise and fall, replacing the initial emotion with one of panic. He was alive, for how long the feral spirit could not tell. Only that the human needed help soon or he will leave this world. With great care, the creature carried the man on its back using her tails as stabilizers.

"Don't die on me human...please", its feminine voice pleaded.

Fox Spirits: These curious and playful creatures are known to observe humans from afar in their animal forms. Should a fox spirit approach and reveal itself to you, it's usually seen as a sign of trust. Most reports of fox spirit encounters show they can be fierce yet kind. Other reports tell us these lovely spirits of nature may also have a mischievous side to them. Should you ever find yourself facing one, Hope that it likes you or pray that it just wants to play and that it will be fun for more than just the spirit.

The ice-cold talons of death were fast approaching Harold's spirit as it floated along in an inky black void. The events of his life played before him. Moments of love, loss, joy, and pain were all presented in a ray of light that brought him peace. He watched the reel play out the memories of that day, when he left to join the guild. He remembered his excitement when he got accepted into the guild, only to have that moment be overshadowed by when he got picked to take part in the Jericho expedition. Then he saw the battle that led him here. The goblins ambushing him and taking cheap hits and swipes and then...his pelvis and head twinged in a numbed sensation. The warming sense of life left as quickly as it came, leaving him with nothing. Was this really it? He thought as if his mind pondered the realization that is plaguing him.

('This can't be it!'), He wanted to do so much more! See more! Experience more! His looked around for anything, an exit, a way to return. He screamed but heard nothing. Just Silence as a small light began to appear in the far distance, the sight would make him cry from despair if he could.

('B-but I-don't...'), His ethereal eyes looked out to the void for an answer that he already knew, but didn't want to admit. The Reaper was nigh and soon the young man would enter the heavens above. Fate, however, had other plans for him.

Before the chill of mortality finally claimed him, a being draped in robes appeared before him in a cloud of smoke. Its form was covered in darkness, the only things visible were its fiery orange hair and golden eyes that gazed warmly at him.

(‘Your end is not here mortal...’), the being spoke in a feminine voice, yet its mouth didn’t move.

Before his sight could focus adjust, it raised a large, clawed hand and pulled him closer. The outline of its massive bosom became visible, and he suddenly felt something plump enter his mouth. Light started expelling from the being’s face smothering chest. Warmth and life was returning to him, filling his very being before he disappeared in a radiant flash of light. Now alone, the feminine being stood there in the empty void, its twin tails swaying while bits of liquid light dribbled from its bare bosom.

(‘May your judgment prove true my dearest daughter’), it spoke before turning around and disappeared in another plume of smoke.

Tired nerves started to awake as Harold’s body came back to life. His muscles and bones ached, and fatigue had made him unable to even open his eyes. Hazy memories and murky images clouded his mind as consciousness and feeling slowly returned to him.

(‘W-what hap – GAH!’), The sensation of a thousand needles assaulted his hands reflexively making them close into fists. He then felt something soft and pillowy bulge between the fingers of his right hand. He heard a soft moan emanate just below his chin... he wasn’t alone. This was confirmed even more by the body wide warmth that blanketed his front.

(‘W-where am I? What was that noise?’), these questions swirled around his barely conscious brain. Panic set in and until he opened his eyes, he wouldn’t be able to calm down. He

focused hard, unconsciously squeezing the soft object in his hand, eliciting more sounds that he now thought sounded more sensual in tone. He felt strength return to his eyelids and eventually...

The first thing to grace his blurry vision were two red triangles silhouetted against a brown background. Confused, he focused his gaze till the two triangles became ears, specifically fox ears. He followed the ears down till he saw something with fiery red hair that ran down...

(‘W-Why am I naked?!’), Harold’s bare chest was visible for the entire world to see. As his body continued to wake up, his brain was struggling to explain his current predicament. That’s when the nerves in his lower torso kicked in, thankfully coming back peacefully unlike his arms and hands. He felt something fluffy between his bare legs that was also covering his buttocks, it felt like a...tail?

(‘Fox ears? Tail?’) the gears in his head were turning till he heard the being softly yawn before wrapping its arms around his one arm that was grabbing its... that’s when it clicked.

(‘A-am I spooning a fox woman? A-and am I just groping her boob?’), the thought made his dick hard and since he was naked, his member rammed into the sprit’s soft butt. She grimaced before waking from her own slumber. Panicking Harold attempted to get up, but a quick twinge of pain made him falter sending both him and the fox woman tumbling to the floor. Old pain blossomed again making him groan as the fox woman scrambled to get up.

“Grrr! I-Im sorry I-...”

“I-its ok...” The fox woman spoke before scrambling to bring the man back to the bed. Her arms reached around his bare torso which soothed the man’s pain a little. Together they walked back before sitting down.

“I-Im sure you must be really confused right now, w-why don’t we start with introductions!” The fox girl’s tale curled on the bed as her nervousness filled her body, “M-my name is Emarou! A-and um...” Harold nodded as his body recovered from the fall. His response made Emarou’s tail wag, slapping her guests bare bum. When he turned to response his eyes were graced by the woman’s bare form.

Harold’s eyes first saw the fox woman’s face. A petite nose resting between her different colored eyes; the left a baby blue and the other a golden yellow. Two pale orbs proudly hung from her slender torso, their soft bottom heft stopping shortly at her exposed stomach. Her red hair fell down to her waist meeting her tail that was very much foxlike in appearance. His eyes then drifted to her pelvis; her modest hips and her delicate lips were exposed.

“C-can I get you anything? Tea? Food? U-um...” The fox woman voice trailed off when she noticed her guest wasn’t paying attention. When she followed his gaze, she didn’t make a sound, but her face blushed a bright red.

“I see you enjoy my appearance.” She spoke which snapped the young man out of his trance. He stammered for an apology but faltered when she started giggling cutely. It seemed his awkward perviness brought some joy to the fox woman.

“When Mother Materia created me, she made me this beautifully perfect body. You honor her by seeing me as attractive.” She then gestured to a stone statue depicting a feminine figure with its arms stretched out and large bosom proudly displayed. The statue and Emarou’s words made the young adventurer curious.

“Mother Materia? Who is this Mother Materia?” his voice was filled with curiosity of this entity. His question made her shocked but also eager to share the knowledge of her creator with her guest, with a human.

“She is the mother of all land beings, and the reason you still breathe.” the fox spirit responded. She then gestured to a statue that sat on a wooden table near the bed. The statue, large bosom and paws looked familiar to him. Was that this Mother Materia? He never heard of a figure like this in any religious texts or depictions. Could this be a lost deity? Or perhaps a –

“Gah! Nnngh!” Harold’s head throbbed with a dull pain. Reminding him of the hammer blow he suffered earlier. The fox woman turned her whole body towards him; her face showed a look of concern.

“Are you ok?!” The fox woman anxiously

“Y-yea im fine, g-guess the pain hasn’t completely went away.” He responded holding his head.

(‘Mother curse me! I should have grabbed the pain reduction salve. Hmmm come on Emarou think! think! think!’) Emarou sat there before Harold’s concerned face snapped her back. Quickly she turned on her charm by kissing his forehead. Her tender lips pressing against his aching skin before pulling back as they formed a smile.

“Better?” Harold responded with a nod and a dopey grin. She smiled before sitting down beside him. Neither could believe what was happening, though both were happy that this was real.

“He-he *cough* Uhh well a pleasure to meet you Ema...Emru...damn!” He cursed with embarrassment. Emarou giggled at the man’s demeanor, sensing a bit of awkwardness she often finds charming in humans.

“Hmhm, you can call me Em,” She spoke warmly, showing her guest that he did not offend her. Her words brought a smile to his face which she was delighted to see.

“Usev...Harold Usev,” The young man extends his hand in a friendly greeting, a gesture that the fox woman stares and smiles obliviously.

“W-well Em may I...” Harold zoned out when he then looked around the room around him while Emarou sat patiently. The space they were in looked like the inside of a tree. There were four lamps, each holding a bright crystal illuminated the interior. The furniture was sparse, only a few portraits of nature spirits similar to Emarou, the table with the statue, and the bed on which he was sitting. It felt so surreal, like something from a fairy tale.

“W-where am I?” Harold said with astonishment.

“You are in my home...” she said plainly while her guest continued to admire his surroundings “When I saw you fell, you were dying, and I had to do something. I was so scared you perish.” Her voice was soft, but Harold could sense the seriousness rich in her tone. He was speechless, not only was he spared from death. He is staring at the creature who saved him. A sudden sensation of spikes jamming into his back made him groan in great pain.

“Madam’s teeth! Are you ok?” The fox woman said concernedly before rushing to his front. Her massive melons filling the space between his thighs.

“I-I’m *err* I’m fine – I think my back is still in pain from those damn goblins. He chuckled till he looked back at Emarou’s cute eyes, each sparkling like gems.

“L-let me massage it then” Before he could object, she rushed behind him. Her body moved with such grace he thought she was part elven. Soon the pain in his back melted away as her soft hands rubbed and rolled his aching skin. Her technique did more to alleviate his pain though, with every painful nerve replaced with a sense of pleasure and bliss. Unaware that his small dong was rising from the fox woman’s sensual touches, something she sees when she peaks over his shoulder.

“You have a lovely manhood, c-can I touch it?” The absolute blatant remarks of the fox woman left Harold stunned in disbelief. There is no way, in all the heavens and hells, that this spirit of nature just complimented his small dick.

“I Uhh umm...,” The young man struggled to produce a response. Caught between wanting to say no because they just met, but at the same time...

“I understand humans prefer to engage in such acts when they feel more comfortable. I apologize for being so bold.” The fox woman returned her gaze to his back, her smile unwavering. That did it for Harold as he felt unsure when he will meet another woman this direct and compassionate.

“No need to apologize, y-you can touch, I-it is just... I just never had anyone compliment my uh,” his insecurity burning in his throat.

“... I just wish it was bigger,” The young man looked forward, unsure if his words just killed the mood, or just evoked pity. That’s when she quickly returned to his face, her beautiful eyes sparkling with reassurance.

“My kind are capable of changing sizes using our inherit magic. So, we care not about the size but rather who it belongs to. So, again, Harold Usev, you have a lovely manhood!” she repeated with a confident simile. The endearing yet odd compliment made the young man blush.

“Well, I could say the same about you Em, you look like a golden sunset in Spring or fresh leaves during Autumn,” Emarou’s smile lit up brighter upon hearing such kind words. In all her life, she’d never been truly complimented like that. She was often too scared to approach humans, opting to watch them from afar.

(‘Mother Materia, thank you for giving me the courage save this man’) The fox woman jumped to give the young man a hug that made Harold blush.

“Something you should know, you are the first human I had the courage to talk to. When I saw you in that clearing I could tell you were special.” Emarou spoke sweetly before moving her head back to face Harold’s. She then felt her guest’s small dick poke the lower end of her belly; an idea came to mind.

“You know that same magic can work on other races. Since you seem uncomfortable with the size of your manhood, would you like me to change it?” Emarou cooed, her steamy breath caressing his skin like a hot towel. Harold’s only response was to drop his jaw and nod rapidly. It made Emarou giggle again before she got up to go to the other room.

“Be right back!” Her giddy words made Harold smile. She turned to walk, and he saw her cute butt jiggle and her tail wagging before both disappeared behind the wooden door. Harold sat there for a minute before Em returned with a glass bottle filled with purple liquid. Her face was awash with excitement. Harold’s was too but he wasn’t sure what would happen next. Regardless

he was willing to go along with. Best case scenario: He gets a bigger dick that both him and Emarou get to play with. Worst case: He gets a hand job from a fox spirit.

After pulling with exaggerated effort, Emarou popped the lid off. The sound bounced around for a second before it was quickly replaced by her squealing with joy. She then knelt down in front of Harold and his cock, taking a second to gaze upon it as she placed two of her fingers into the semi-solid liquid.

“Do I still have your permission?” She spoke giving a sly smile to her guest.

Harold looked at the cute woman holding a cure for his lack of size. She looked back up with those gem-like eyes that were filled with confidence.

“Go for it Em, give me a cock you and I can both enjoy.” Harold spoke with matching confidence.

The Fox woman hopped to, wasting no time applying the lotion to his member. Initially running her two fingers over his still hard cock. Her individual digits were smooth and gentle as silk. Each skilled at covering Harold’s manhood in a thin coat of purple lotion. He suddenly jolted when he felt his masseuse touch his balls. Memories of his sack being smashed with a hammer made his survival instincts kick in, until he saw Emarou’s sparkling blue and yellow eyes.

“I’m so sorry! I forgot you got badly hurt there...” Emarou spoke, looking down with guilt over causing her guest pain. Harold then placed a hand between her furry ears making them twitch. When she looked back up, she saw her guest’s face; warm and comforting, qualities that made her heart skip a beat.

“It’s ok,” Harold smiled at the fox woman making her smile back. He began to move his hand back but was quickly intercepted by Emarou who promptly placed his hand back where it was. Emarou’s eyes darted around looking nervous. It was clear to Harold she wanted to ask him something regarding his hand.

“Do you want me to pet you?” Harold inquired, though seeing her eyes instantly lit up, he already knew the answer.

“YES! I-I mean - Yes please,” She corrected though her voice sounded almost pleading. Such a beautiful face was difficult to say no to, so the young man happily obliged. His hand began coursing through the fox woman’s silky red hair, making occasional scratches that made her chirp and coo in delight. He chuckled at the innocence of Emarou; hearing her make such sweet noises made his heart throb.

She went back to finish putting the finishing touches. Soon enough, her guest’s pale privates was now covered in a layer of purple.

“Hehe, so do we – Oooh gods!” His words were pleasantly interrupted by Emarou’s hands wrapping around his cock.

“The lotion works through rhythmic physical touch,” She spoke as her hand started gliding up and down Harold’s small dick, “And I’ve seen that this sort of hand gesture is pleasurable to men like you, correct?”, he nodded, overwhelmed by the bliss being pumped into his brain. The only issue was that his cock barely poked out from her palm. At that moment, her guest let out a small moan followed by her fingers barely pushed outward. A smile formed on her soft face as the lotions effects were starting to take hold.

What was originally the size of her middle finger was now longer than her hand. She wasn't sure how big Harold wanted, opting to just let the human tell her when to stop. Regardless, she was enjoying every second of her pleasuring her guest.

Up above, Emarou's ears were picking up subtle sighs and gasps from Harold. She blushed from hearing such lovely sounds coming from the young man. She then looked up to see his face in rapturous ecstasy; eyes glued shut and his face contorted to a dumb grin that had a line of drool visible. She giggled, imagining what her guest could be thinking about.

Harold's pleasure filled mind was struggling to comprehend such a miraculous turn of events. Just a few hours ago he was fighting for his life. Now he's receiving a hand job by a sexy and kind fox spirit who promised to make his small cock bigger. A bunch of emotions were swirling through his brain but one stood out: Joy. Joy, that his first day with the Adventurers guild led him here. Joy that he met Emarou. Joy that...well a hot woman was playing with his junk. He then let out a loud moan as he thrust his pelvis forward, followed by a substantial growth spurt making his cock reach his knees.

Emarou's smile grew brighter seeing and hearing her guest enjoying himself like this. When Harold fully presented his growing cock to her, her mind recalled another memory. Another pleasurable act she saw a dragon woman give to an elven man. Excitement swept through her body, though she initially she was afraid to ask him for permission but then recalled what Harold told her: *Go for it Em, give me a cock you and I can both enjoy.* Her eyes gazed at the object of her fun standing tall and filling her hand more and more. It was simply immaculate, a far cry from its original size. Looking up, she sees her guest reveling in his growth.

“H-Harold...I’d like to ask you something...”, she felt nervous, like she was interrupting his fun.

“S-sure *mmmgh* - *haaa* a-ask away Em”, Harold’s voice was a mess of overwhelming pleasure and excitement, yet he retained his kind tone. His hand, still rubbing the top of her head, moved behind one of her ears to give a small scratch. She completely melted in his grasp and forgot what she was going to say, until her eyes stared at the massive pole that was mere inches from her nose. Then, as if her body was hijacked, she licked the tip of his cock. She was immediately overcome with shock and was about to apologize when she heard her guest give a loud moan.

“*Mmmmgh* w-wow Em! Didn’t know you liked to do that. T-that felt really good, I - is that what you wanted to ask?”, Emarou stood there pale faced with fear gripping her heart. She could only give a shy nod to her guest as she prepared for retaliation, “C-could you do that again?”, Harold’s voice was dripping with nervousness while it made Emarou beam with excitement. Her head moved up and down so fast both thought it would fall off. He was astonished at the answer, he truly was in paradise. He got up as quickly as he could to kiss Emarou on her head. The act was so sudden that she didn’t have time to react, she just sat there as her face turned redder than a fresh apple. Her grip tightened around his swollen member, alighting his nerves with a hundred sensations that made him moan loudly.

“E-Em a-are you – *Mmgh!*”, Harold was once again cut off as Emarou locked her lips around his cock. Having her plant kisses and occasionally lick with her wet tongue. The young man nearly roared in pleasure as his dick erupted several inches upward making it long enough to reach the floor. His balls meanwhile engorged as the faint sound of churning liquid could be heard by his masseuse.

Gurgle!

“Mmmgh Em I-im gonna!”, The young man gritted his teeth as his balls tightened. A second later, a long stream of cum erupted over her head. Most landed on the floor while the rest ran down his elongated shaft. In the middle of his release, Emarou’s tongue was mid-stroke when a particularly large glob tickled her taste buds.

(‘Mm? Mmm! B – Blessed Madam! What is this - this...’), Emarou couldn’t finish her thought before she started furiously licking his pale tower clean of his seed. The rapidness of her tongue made him grow several more inches in just a few seconds. Her stomach growled as it craved for more. She stood to lick up the cum that landed on the floor.

(‘T-this liquid, i-its soo good! I-I need more...I NE- ‘)

“NNNGH!”, Suddenly, she felt a sudden rush of warmth enveloped her already generous bosom before being overwhelmed with the sensation of a thousand hands caressing her soft tit flesh while her nipples buzzed. She got up just in time to witness her boobs growing at an astonishing rate. This wasn’t from any magic she was aware of. No spells or lotions, this was caused by something else. That’s when she turned to Harold, his panting caught her attention along with his elongated cock that dripped with more of that delicious liquid.

(‘M-more...’) Emarou’s mind was slowly overtaken by a craving she never had before. She jumped to Harold’s cock with rapid strokes, kisses, and licks that were driven by newly found craving. Her sweet, innocent nature was replaced by one of feral hunger and want. A rush of sensations filled Emarou’s core. Her sparkling eyes slowly became slits enflamed with passion, her delicate hands grew larger, her nails and canines lengthened, and four tails suddenly sprouted from behind her growing large and long.

Emarou started to use every part of her feral form to make her guest erupt like a geyser. Both her hands were large enough to wrap around the trunk like shaft while her tails rubbed the young man's balls. Her sucking became stronger, more frantic, as if she was sucking water out of a hose. Any instance of precum was immediately lapped up by the hungry fox woman. The young man's massive cock gained another few feet in size, pushing her back and making her fall on her butt. She continued ravenously sucking on her guest's cock without a single care. Only stopping when she saw his cock was now bigger than her own head. To solve this, she used her magic to make her mouth grow big enough to fit the entire head.

(‘More! I-I need more!’)

Harold was doing his best to hold back the flood gates that was his second orgasm. Combining his previous release and his masseuse's rapid attacks set every nerve in his brain into overdrive. His system flooding with enough dopamine to make him drunk on his own pleasure. Still, he could tell Emarou was enjoying herself and so he wanted to make sure she had as much time as she wanted. Though when his cock and balls suddenly grew another foot in size and girth, he wasn't sure how long he could last.

GUURGLE!

When Emarou heard the churning her guest's cum jugs, she quickly rushed to the head where she locked her lips around as much as she could fit while her tails continued rubbing and massaging Harold's cock. Her heart raced with excitement as she felt her cravings would soon be satiated.

GUUUURGLE!

“E-EEEM!”, Harold called out the fox spirit, but his cry fell on feral ears.

Emarou could only make moans and mewls as her frantic stroking made the young man grow another several inches in size. Bulging veins became visible as balls big enough to fill a couch tightened. The rush of fluids were loud enough for both to hear and as Emarou took a deep breath, Harold cried out as he finally came.

(‘MmmBlessed – Materia, h-ere it-...’)

The first round hit the back of her throat hard enough to nearly make her gag. She didn’t have any time to catch her breath though as the flood gates opened up and cum was spraying into her hungry maw like a fire hose. She greedily swallowed mouthfuls at a time, often using her tongue to lick up any straggling drops. Her desires were being fulfilled as the taste of Harold’s cum coated her taste buds. She felt her belly distend from the delicious liquid, yet it still growled for more. Her large hands stroked the shaft trying to encourage it to produce more of that sweet nectar. After a solid minute or so of drinking Harold’s load to the last drop, she popped off.

Emarou placed his massive dick on her chest and leaned backwards with a belly slightly larger than its normal size and hot to the touch. She eagerly awaited the crotch wetting pleasure of having her bust growing. Amplified exponentially from the sheer quantity of the young man’s cum stuffed inside of her.

(‘Mmmgh s-so much-...’)

She then heard her guest groan before she was pushed back to the door by his dick growing. He groaned again, which was proceeded by yet another massive spurt of growth. She was pushed back further and entered the adjacent room and was slammed into a wall with Harold’s dick shoved firmly into her mouth. Her fox ears twitched at a familiar sound, the sound

of waves crashing, the deep churning of liquid, a third release. Her bestial needs quickly returned with renewed vigor, and she seized the opportunity to encourage Harold's tree trunk of a cock. With another passionate wail, Harold grunted loudly before releasing another load into the waiting fox woman.

Emarou's already stuffed tummy bulged further after the initial intake. Sensing she was at her limit, her tails moved to push Harold's cock away but found no give. Completely stuck, she forcibly guzzled down what felt like gallons of Harold's cum that quickly flooded the swelling mass of her stomach. She felt so full that her rational side overpowered her bestial needs. Still, she couldn't stop herself from drinking this sweet ambrosia. While she was indeed a nature spirit, she wasn't sure how much she could endure.

('I do hope this ends soon...I think my tummy might reach the floor at this rate - Hehe')

she closed her eyes and drank away till she felt the last spurt fill her mouth. Trails of white liquid rolled down her face and chin. Just as she was about to pass out, she felt her chest burn with a blistering heat. She knew though, what would follow next. When she shrunk her mouth back to normal, she bit her cum-covered lip as she awaited the mother of all growth spurts.

She first felt her gut recede before her tits lurched forward in a massive burst of growth. Her massive armfuls quickly dwarfed their previous size and filled her vision. Her belly receded again; another rush of swelling that saw her cleavage rise high above her head. The only thing she could see was Harold's cock that poked through her wall of cleavage as it got enveloped by her expanding breasts. She wanted to pet the massive head though she feared of getting hit by another blast of growth inducing seed. Down below, her velvet lips quivered from the sheer intensity of her growth. When her belly receded again, she groaned as the bottom of her tits hit the floor. Her eyes were growing heavy as she no doubt had exceeded her minds ability to

process the overwhelming pleasure racking her brain. She drifted off to sleep, mewling and wincing with every growth.

Harold wasn't far behind as his brain had short circuited from the insane sensation of blowing several gallons worth of cum. His last thoughts before passing out was how lucky of a guy he was.

Some time passed while the two slept away their afterglow. When Emarou had finished her growth, her new size was now easily large enough to fill an entire shallow pond. Her soup can nipples stood tall atop areolas easily larger than dinner plates. Poking between her cavernous cleavage was Harold's cock. Its pink tip was larger than Emarou's own head and its shaft was several feet thick and multiple times longer than the fox woman.

Harold was the first to awake in a haze. Light blinded his vision before things started to clear up and his vision returned in full. The first and biggest thing to greet his vision was his newly grown cock and balls overflowing both sides of his pelvis. A curious hand went to touch it and found the large appendage was real. Confirmed by the near painful pleasure that rushed through his body.

He then looked up to see a sight that nearly made his spent dick hard. Standing tall, erect, and firm were two pink nipples protruding from pale mountains. The young man could only stare at the subtle shifts and jiggles of such monumental jugs. Could...could that be Emarou?

"E-EM! Are y-you, ok?!" His raspy voice called out the nature spirit, unsure if his words would get past the immensity of her chest. If it weren't for his colossal cock, he would run over to her. Her chest continued to move in rhythmic beats indicating she was still asleep. Alas he was stuck and had to wait for the lovely woman to wake up.

“EM! *Grrr* EMAROU!” He called out again, his tongue finally working out the pronunciation of his host’s name.

The fox woman’s ears twitched at the sound of her name. Her eyes slowly opened before slamming back shut again when the thousand nerves in her room filling breasts kicked into high gear. Her loins were set ablaze with her guest’s cock rubbing between her cleavage.

“*MMMngh* B-blessed Madam I...I!”, Her loins squeezed tight before releasing a torrent of her own fluids. Creating a small pool between her boob buried thighs.

“**Nnngh!**”, her cry escaped through folded lips before they parted in panting breaths, “H-Harold?”, her hoarse voice weakly called out her friend while she was still riding out her orgasm. Her titty wall blocked her vision, making her unaware that the young man was already awake and worried.

“Emarou! Thank the gods you’re ok!”, he spoke joyously while getting up, forgetting about the massive pale pole attached to his pelvis.

“*MMMPH!*”, the sudden subtle movement of his dick sent ripples across her milk white mounds, “H-Harold - I...”, Her eyes bulged at the behemoth that was near inches from her, “M-Madam’s eyes! I-Is that you’re”, she stared in disbelief at the size of her guest’s manhood. Her memory tried to recall how it got so big but she only drawing blanks. Guilt quickly settled within her, heavily effecting her thoughts more. She only wanted to give Harold SOME growth, not this.

“Harold! Blessed Madam, I-Im so sorry! I didn’t mean to...”, Her heart throbbed as the fear that she ruined this man with her antics. Warmth filled her eyes as she was about to cry, then she heard a hearty laugh coming from the other room.

“Hahaha, Em its ok!”, her guest laughed again which confused her.

“W-what do you mean!? Your massive! I went too far and – and”, she trailed off looking for more reasons to hate herself for what she did but was stopped dead in her tracks when she heard him laugh again.

“W-Hehe-well yes I am quite...big”, her sensitive ears detected a hint of awe in his voice, “but I remember what I said earlier?”, upon hearing those words, her brain clawed at the haze to find the memory and sure enough the phrase “*Go for it Em, give me a cock you and I can both enjoy*” echoed in her mind.

“Well, I can definitely say we both enjoyed this bad boy”, He stated before laughing again. His words made the massive woman dumbfounded.

“R-Really? You like it?”, Her now single tail started wagging on their own out of excitement, “Y-You’re not mad at me for going overboard?”, her voice trembled, like she just heard the voice of her fox goddess.

“Mad?! Emarou, I am the farthest thing from mad! I just had the best orgasm in my life and now my cock is massive!”, he exclaimed happily. Though in the back of his mind, the very real thought of never being able to move again started to creep in.

“T-that said, you do have a way to shrink me down, right?”

Emarou heard those words and sat there contemplating it. That’s when she slammed her hand on her head with embarrassment at herself.

“Madam curse me! Y-yes, I do have some reversal cream in my cabinet but...umm well”, both knew what that meant but only one was fully aware of the issue at hand. Though she can

control her body and size. She never grew so big and from such a newly discovered method. She was unsure how long it would be before she could start moving again.

“I-It might be a while before I can get it”, She admitted with a concerned giggle.

“Well...that’s fine, guess now is the best time to get to know you and about this Madam”, Harold suggested thinking he could get some useful information while they both waited.

“Huh? OH! That’s right hehe yes – I think after that you definitely deserve to ask about me and about Mother Materia” she spoke politely while getting herself comfortable, “Just say when!”

