

## Alternative Ending - Choose Your Words: Vixen Edition (Woman to Anthro Fox-Girl TF)

**By FoxFaceStories**

*An alternative ending where the spellbook is not destroyed and Trent is able to cancel out the other animal traits. Unfortunately, poor Abigail is stuck as an anthro vixen sex goddess with the same need for breeding.*

### Alternative Ending - Choose Your Words: Vixen Edition

Abigail moaned. She was overwhelmed. She was transformed. She was horny as hell, and trying to fight it. Trent had managed to get her back to their apartment, but her bestial desire to fuck her fiance was out of control.

“P-please f-fuck meeeee!” she cried, rubbing her milk-filled breasts. She now had three rows of them, and each was bigger than her head. They, along with her enormous, pulsating udder, practically dominated her figure, making her body unwieldy. The desire to breed, to be mated, to get *knocked up* by her lover was getting stronger and stronger, making her fox tail flicker from side to side, and her foxy ears prick up continually at his every intonation. She moaned as he replied, savouring every word of his.

“Abigail, just wait! I swear I can find a spell in here to reverse this. I know I can!”

“You’ll j-just change too. You can try later! Please, I’m so, so fucking full of milk, I’m going to b-burst! I need you to *breed* me! I want your hands on my big, sensitive ass! I want you to rub my fur and grab me by the horns and just fucking . . . FUCK ME!”

She managed to lurch forward to him, her many mammaries wobbling and bouncing with her movement. If she could just pin him upon the bed, let him taste her milk and rub her body, then she just knew his cock would get hard for her. Hell, if he just said the right words, then she knew her body could make the right hormone or pheromone or *something* to make her utterly irresistible.

But instead, her fiance summoned reserves of dexterity she didn’t know he had. He managed to move to the side even as she landed on the bed. Her six breasts, each the size of a volleyball, compressed painfully on the mattress, pouring rivulets of milk upon the fabric.

“OHHHHHhhhh!” she moaned. “Please!”

“I’ve got it!” Trent cried. “Just hold on, I think I just need to say this bit.”

“I need you to be hard for meeeee!” she cried, turning and reaching out to rub his manhood. “Please, change me to be yours! I need your b-babies!”

Her stepmother had done this to her. It was all her fault. She had stripped down naked, not even her perpetually sexy lingerie covering her now.

“I wish you could turn me on right now,” Trent said, examining the words as he backed against the wall. “I wish that, I do.”

Another ripple of power, another change. New organs formed instantly within Abby, glands that pumped erotic pheromones from her fur, targeted specifically at her fiancé. He breathed them in even as he read, and he began to exhale more deeply.

“Oh, oh God. Wow. Um . . . is it hot in here?”

She wagged her tail, beckoning him to join her. She was bloated and furry and laden with milk-filled mammarys, but she knew she was enticing to him now, even her cow horns were making her look erotic and exotic at this point.

Trent swallowed. “Oh God, I did something. I made it so that . . . wait! I can fix this.”

But Abigail was rising, rubbing her lowest pair of breasts and then squeezing her middle pair together. Her foxy tail waved back and forth as she moved seductively towards him, her udder slapping against her thighs with every step. Somehow, to Trent, this was now completely sexy.

“Please, Trent. I want you. I want you to mate with your sexy animal girlfriend. She’ll be an animal in bed for you, I swear I will, and you can drink my sweet, filling milk. As much as you want.”

Trent was now ridiculously hard at this point, and struggling to concentrate. Still, even as she advanced towards him, he shifted his gaze back down to the words in the spellbook.

*‘Renounce, reverse, and reshape. Take back what was ch-changed. Undo what was given. Retreated what was cursed. Let the speaker now take back all that he wishes, and leave all that should remain. May this magic reform you in the speaker’s words into the true form he desireth!’*

He had bumbled through it, but managed to finish the last line just in time for Abigail to place her lips against his, her many mammarys pressing upon his chest. His cock was hard, and she rubbed her body, undoing his pants so that her lowest pair of breasts were hugging his dick, practically stroking it off for him.

“I know you want me as your sexy animal fiancée,” she moaned in his ear, her own fox ears brushing against his head as she said it.

And it was true. She could tell it, and so could he. Whatever fantasies he’d once had about making her normal again, of using the magic book, had become twisted by the new growth of her pheromone glands. His ideal woman was changing, and his face showed the struggle of a man fighting - and failing - to win a battle against a new set of desires.

“I do want you,” he managed. “But not like this. But - oh God, forgive me - not like the old you either, Abby. I’m so s-sorry!”

She pulled back, confused by what he meant, and she saw just enough in his eyes to understand that one final transformation was taking place, and it wouldn't be making her human again.

"Trent - oh no - what have I done!?"

But then the ripples of power began, and her body reshifted once more. Her cow horns melted away, her mammarys reduced in size, losing their milk. Her udder retreated entirely, which she was thankful for, and her hair even lost its platinum blonde colouring. But other changes remained or increased:

Her fur became even furrer, turning a bright orange, except across her stomach down to between her thighs, and upon her calves and forearms, where it became white. Her fox ears grew a little, and her tail too, and her feet reformed, cracking and reshaping to become a pair of raised fox-feet, complete with animal-like paws.

"Nngghh! Oh God! Oh, Trent, wh-what are you t-turning me into! MMHM!!"

The pleasure was unreal, even as the discomfort rose. She writhed, nearly tripping on her own feet, and only some kind of bestial instinct allowed her to keep herself upright; that and the counterbalance provided by her large, fluffy fox tail. Claws extended from her fingers, which had turned a dark brown that bordered on black at the tips. The same was true of her feet.

"I'm sorry! Whatever last change made me think about how hot you were as a fox girl, and now you're . . ."

"Becoming a- - nnggh! - a fox girl for r-real! Ahhhh!"

She rubbed her furry breasts, of which six still existed, though thankfully had shrunken from their massive size. Her upper pair was still large, perhaps DD-cups, while the ones below them were full C's, and the lowest pair modest B's. They bounced and wobbled on her naked chest - though perhaps being this furry made her *not* naked, in a sense - and she didn't have enough hands to contain them, though at least they were smaller. Her nipples were noticeable, however, and were dark in colouring. She grunted again as her face pushed forward yet further. Her horns were gone, but another facial change was taking place, one that was even more pronounced - literally!

"Holy shit, Abby, you're growing a snout!"

She grabbed her nose, trying to force her face back in. But there was no use; her entire jaw and skull was changing shape, a vulpine snout extending, teeth sharpening, whiskers forming, and even her nose altering to become the wet black tip of a fox's face.

"Nghhh! Ughh! EEURGH!"

For a moment she lost control of her voice, simply panting like the half-canine creature she was becoming. Her tongue lengthened, only adding to the effect, and soon a series of strange growls and whines emitted from the transforming woman. She pressed her

body against Trent, helpless to these final changes, until at last they were done, and the magic settled. She breathed heavily against her loving fiance, scared of what he might think of her, and they remained in that holding position for some time.

“Abby,” Trent finally said. “May . . . may I see? Please?”

Slowly, she raised her head. Trent’s back was near the wall mirror, and so she witnessed her new face at the same time as he did. She was . . . surprisingly beautiful, in an ethereal, fantastical way. Her eyes were still human, and her snout was not so long and angular as to be entirely animalistic, which was what she feared most. Instead, she looked like a humanoid fox, or a fox-like humanoid. She twisted her lips and face, and found that she could mimic regular expressions rather easily. Of course, there was also another matter . . .

“Abby? Are you okay? Talk to me. Wait, can you talk?”

She experimentally tried. “I fffink I cahn tahk. Wahhht a thekond.”

She smacked her lips, stretched her longer tongue.

“There, I think I’ve got the - the hang of it.”

Her voice was a little rougher, a little raspier. It also had a seductive, sultry tone, almost like a femme fatale. It was appropriate, because as much as her body had changed yet again - this time becoming a sexy, multi breasted fox girl with orange and white fur and everything - she still wanted Trent. Badly. So, so fucking badly.

“I’m sorry,” Trent said again. “I swear I didn’t mean for this, Abigail. I’ll find a way to turn you back, but-”

She pressed him against the wall. “But *nothing!* I’m a goddamn fox girl now, Trent! A fox girl!”

“It was just such a turn on for me! I can’t explain it!”

She moaned, barely able to control her breathing as her many nipples rubbed against his chest. She traced a clawed finger up his side, cupping his chin.

“I can. Your words made me a total turn on, and this was what you thought of when you made me. And now . . . now I still want you so, so *fucking* bad. Please, fuck your vixen goddess, Trent. Your fox girl needs you inside her so goddamn much!”

And this time, Trent couldn’t resist her, not one bit. Less than a minute later he was naked and on top of her, thrusting into her wet snatch as she moaned in delirious ecstasy, her six breasts bouncing with each rhythmic motion. She wanted him like an animal wanted her mate.

“Ohhhhhhhh, why does this f-feel soooooo right!? MMHPPH!!!”

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*'That's her, that's the one! The fox woman!'*

*'Wait, she's actually real?'*

*'You thought the news was wrong?'*

*'I guess I never really believed. Why is she naked?'*

*'She says she 'has to be,' for whatever reason. Even has a special government allowance for it and everything. Shameful display if you ask me.'*

*'Do you think she's an exhibitionist? Wait, is she pregnant? My word, and six breasts too. Must be quite the litter there.'*

Abigail sighed, turning away from the shelf of books and up to the two commentators over thirty feet away.

"I can hear you, you know," she said, before pointing to the top of her head. "Fox ears." The couple - a man and a woman - blushed deeply, not knowing what to say. Abigail just continued. "Oh, and by the way, I *can't* wear clothes. Literally, they just disappear off of me. I wish I could, but looks like I'll be naked but for the fur for the rest of my days. And yes, I'm pregnant. Early days, but you're right again, it might be a *litter*. Lucky me, but again, that's the life of a fox lady, I suppose. And yes, I have six breasts, try not to be rude and ogle. I'm just trying to check out some books."

She brushed past the pair, on a mission to the counter. Abigail was in no mood for it today. It had been nearly a year since her changes had locked in, leaving her permanently a fox woman. During that time, she'd had to put up with many things about her new state, and not the least of them was the fact that she *literally couldn't wear clothes*. That day, after becoming her new vixen self, she and Trent had fucked like there was no tomorrow, and her urge to be bred by him was mighty. It was a miracle she didn't get knocked up then, because afterwards they were careful about protection . . . at least until three months ago. But after Trent got dressed and they tried to work out what to do, it turned out that she couldn't put her clothes on. The willpower wasn't there. It was like some invisible force was preventing her from becoming clothed again, which made it impossible to hide her furry form. When Trent tried to put clothes on her, the clothes simply turned to dust and crumbled to the floor.

"S-sorry," he'd mumbled again. "I guess I loved the idea of you naked like this . . ."

She couldn't blame him. She'd demanded he use the magic of the words to change her just previously, and it had meant that she now produced pheromones targeted at him. The result was that he was no longer turned off by animal features, and his own preferences had sided with 'naked fox lady.'

She's hidden away at first, but after maddening isolation it was impossible. Her father wanted to see her, and her step-mother Clara wanted to taunt her, the absolute *bitch*. In the end, Abigail had no choice but to go public, and there had been quite the embarrassing media storm as a result. To her own relief, her father did not abandon her, nor did Trent. In

fact, the strange debacle actually meant that she saw her father more often these days, and Clara left in anger and frustration when Abigail's dad let her go. They all expected some revenge magic, but none ever came. Perhaps she had used too much of her reserves. The only confirmation Abigail ever got was a call one day, several weeks after the major headline news about the 'real life naked fox woman' (sometimes the rags called her 'One Foxy Lady!' thinking it was clever).

"Hello?" she'd asked.

*"It's me. It's Clara."*

A chill had run down her spine as she feared what was next.

*"You don't have to be afraid, Abby. I'm letting you all go. I'm on to a new life now with people who actually deserve me. Rest assured, I wanted to just clear up one thing: you are never turning back. I've closed any loophole, and now not even a real spell tome can do anything. Besides, your form is completely locked now, so you'll just have to get used to it. Enjoy being a foxy lady for the rest of your life. I wish you all the best with your future litters. I know you're too much of a horny animal to be careful about protection all the time."*

And then the call was over, and Abigail realised this was her for life. Always furry, always with a tail, always with a strong sense of smell and hearing - those were good at least - and always with six breasts and vulpine face. Trent, at least, was attracted to her, and to judge from when she searched herself on the internet occasionally, so were a great, *great* many other people online as well. She regularly featured near the top of informal '100 Hottest Celebrity' lists, or 'Dear Forum, what figure are you embarrassed to admit you are totally attracted to?' It was embarrassing herself to be on said lists, but also a little affirming too. With her constantly swaying hips, her hourglass figure, and her prodigious bust(s), she had certainly leapt out of a furry's wet dream, as she often joked. Trent was captivated by her constantly.

This was a good thing too, because she was hella horny for him. Thanks to the nature of the spell, she had ended up as his dream woman in that moment, rather than her original self. And Trent's dream woman had a very high libido, and loved to be fucked by him. Sometimes they fucked three, four, maybe even five times a day, in all sorts of positions as well. She was his vixen goddess, and he often called her as much. Small wonder, then, that the protection had eventually failed, leading to her current state.

"Hello," she said to the counter woman at the public library. "I'd like to check these out, thanks."

The woman was Debra, and she smiled politely at Abigail. "Get some rude comments again? I can kick them out if you like."

Abigail blushed beneath her fur. She rubbed her belly. "No thank you. I'm . . . I just want to get home."

"I imagine so, given that belly. How far along are you, again?"

"Just, um, just three months."

"Geez, Abby! No offence, but you look like I did when I was six months along! Are you sure you don't have a litter in there?"

A further blush, thankfully hidden by red fur. "Um, it is. A litter, I mean. Five or six, we think."

Debra's jaw dropped. "Well, I'll be. I hope you still have time for your painting. I loved that piece you gave me."

"I don't plan to give it up anytime soon. I just have to be more careful. Paint is hard to get out of all this fur."

"I can't even imagine."

"Trust me, you don't want to. I better get back to my husband."

"Fair enough! You tell him he's a lucky man, and to pull his weight!"

Abigail grinned, her smile utterly vulpine, and appropriately so at that. "Oh, he does. Don't worry about that."

She carried the books in a strap over her shoulder. Her six breasts bounced, but she was used to that, and they thankfully weren't painful, just . . . jiggly. More eyes turned her way, but others she knew simply waved. She waved back, her tail swishing happily. She was in a good mood. For one, she hadn't experienced morning sickness in a few days. And two, she had new inspiration for her latest art project. For three, she was in a reading mood, and that always made her happy. And, of course, there was the perennial fourth reason: her loins were starting to tingle and her nipples tense. Her body wanted to be mated, and now that there was no risk, she wanted her husband's manhood naked and inside her, thrusting away and making her one happy fox.

Her phone buzzed, and she retrieved it from her purse - one of the few articles of 'clothing' she could get away with.

"Trent!" she beamed happily as she rubbed her belly by instinct.

*"Abby! Just wondering when you were getting home?"*

"I'm heading back now at a fox woman's speed."

*"Good, because I need your help with something."*

"Not as much as I need your help with something else. Something primal, Trent."

*"Oh. Oh! That sounds very nice. I'll . . . be prepared for you. From behind?"*

"Mhmm, you know me so fucking well. God, I want you to mate me. I want to feel you put a litter inside me."

*"I love it when you talk dirty in your foxy way. You are already with litter, of course."*

"Ahhh, but I just like to imagine. Some rude, shitty people were rude and shitty with me at the library, calling me 'obscene.' I want you to do all sorts of dirty and obscene things

to me, husband. I want you to make me *proud* and *joyful* to be your foxy wife. Can you do that for me?"

*"Fuck yeah, I can. God, I love you. How fast can you get home?"*

She held her belly, geared up with her powerful canine legs.

"At speed? I'll be just six minutes, I'd say. Have that big cock of yours ready."

She hung up, her body burning with arousal.

"Hang on kids," she said, rubbing her stomach again. "Momma's going for a run."

She bounded forward, flying past amused and bemused public members alike. This was her new life, and she may as well make the most of it. In some ways, it was an improvement, even if it had its drawbacks. Sure, clothing was gone. Sure, people always looked her way or treated her as different, which she was. And sure, she was kind of a freak with her own set of compulsions. But she was also wild and free and beautiful.

She was a goddamn vixen goddess, and she was about to be pleased like one too.

**The End**