

Maned Wolf TF

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Content warning: Transformation, Maned Wolf, Hammy

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As soon as Talbot came to his apartment after work, he thought about his second job.

It was more of a hobby than a job, though. It did not earn him money, but he hoped it would attract interest in his work. Talbot already got two of his creations online, and they were gaining a surprising amount of love. Once or twice, someone asked if he was open for commissions.

There were several creepy messages, which he kept without deleting them.

Talbot enjoyed creepy stuff if it did not cross a line.

He removed his black coat and tie, hanging them on a hook beside the front door. His coat's front left pocket held his work ID, which he must display before entering or leaving the office. It was dull work, but it paid well enough that he did not need a roommate. As a result, he converted one of the apartment's bedrooms into a computer room.

Talbot entered his computer room and sat on the office chair in front of a desk. He turned the computer on, with the monitor screen waking up. While that happened, Talbot stretched his fingers and wrists, ensuring they were ready for the job ahead. Once finished, he logged in and opened Blender.

He grabbed his tablet and stylus pen and 'drew' with them. For any person stepping in, it would look weird to draw on a flat gray board. For Talbot, he drew in details and textures on the model in the program. It was shaking at first when he tried 3D models compared to illustrating digital art, but a year of practice made it almost second nature.

It was a fun challenge, which Talbot enjoyed.

The figure before him stood on two legs despite looking like it should be on fours instead. Its legs seemed too long and thin to carry the rest of its body, with the torso long instead of short. Because of how long its legs were, it hid that its arms were just as long. It had a tail that only reached its knees. The muzzle and ears looked blocky, but he planned on them taking on an acute shape and a triangle form, respectively.

The top of the Blender menu had the file name 'Maned_Wolf.blend' on it.

Talbot spun his little figure around, checking for anything to smooth out. The anthro maned wolf model still held multiple blobs on its gray body. It did not have many cartoony fur textures, with a splotch of gray texture between its blocky ears instead of hair-fur for example. It also wore

no clothing, with Talbot still debating putting it on when he finished. At the very least, it would not need pants.

Talbot leaned back, admiring his creation, and smiled.

He made a stroke, which somehow caused the model to warp into a W-shape. He blinked and hit the undo before making another rub on the tablet again. This time, it made a zigzag pattern on its torso like it had a massive scar. He undid it and, as a test, gave it a light double tap on the gray touchscreen. It glitched out, somehow expanding the rear while making the tail tucked in between its cheeks.

“Uh. That’s not supposed to happen.” Talbot blushed, undid the effect, and reset the tablet. **“I mean, I don’t think there’s anything wrong with that, buuuuut,”** he added in a deeper, hammier voice. The computer’s popup appeared on the screen’s bottom-right corner, saying the tablet had disconnected. The art tablet’s light turned green for a moment before turning black. He tapped on it a few times, but nothing happened. “Oh, jeez! It died on me!”

Despite his remarks, Talbot pressed the tablet’s power button again. A part of him hoped this was a minor derp rather than its breakdown. It could not die like this when he still needed it. The light did not turn on ever again, confirming all his fears.

Talbot shook his head. “Gah! I need a new tablet.” He picked up his computer mouse and saved the Blender project before closing Blender. He could go to Amazon and get a new tablet from there; he might even find one at a discount. It would delay completing this project, which he needed to complete soon. Making furry VR models would be a fantastic side business to tap into. Besides, he would not be able to create digital art as well. “I guess—” he deepened his voice. “—I **guess I’ll search for a new tablet locally.**”

Already, Talbot thought about how much it would cost. While he did pay ahead of schedule for his apartment and his job made him good money, he preferred not to spend money unless needed. Talbot had seen a friend who always spent money when he received a paycheck. This littered his house with video games he never touched and arts few people would see. As a result, he lived paycheck by paycheck while e-begging.

Talbot refused to fall for the same trap.

“OK. Let’s head to the market.” Talbot nodded.

#

Talbot disembarked from the bus, with it hissing like a cat before driving to its next destination.

Before leaving his apartment, Talbot removed his white-collar shirt and black pants, replacing them with more casual clothes. His black with a white horizontal stripe at the middle fluttered in the breeze. He slipped his left hand into his blue jeans, checking if his wallet was still there instead of pickpocketed along the way. His black-and-white sneakers squeaked on the sidewalk, making him wonder if he should replace them soon.

He shook his head. If they still had life in them, they should be OK.

At least he left his red collar back home. It was embarrassing to explain that to the bus driver one time.

Talbot glanced at the largest store, Target, with its Target logo high on the building. It stood around a few large stores, like a Best Buy behind it. A few smaller stores, like shoes and phone stores, lay scattered either next to the large stores or in rows in the parking lot. Plan A was to check Target first and then Best Buy as Plan B. He let out a small smile, feeling hopeful for his chances.

He passed by one of Target's big balls (he suppressed laughing at that thought) when he paused in front of a store. This strange store stood along the way as part of a series of small retailers. While this market center had multiple small shops, they at least had recognizable brands

like T-Mobile. He did not know this one or seen it the last time he visited.

Then again, he last dropped by here months ago, so things might have changed since then.

Talbot turned to the neon sign above the store, which spelled out **Gaming Goods**. A wooden door hung between display windows, showing games and consoles. Some of them he known like the Nintendo Switch and Super Mario Party; others were more obscure, like the N-Gage and Rama. He blinked at the selection, wondering where the owner got them.

Perhaps the owner was good at finding rare stuff.

Talbot stood there momentarily, wondering if he should check out this place. A huge part of him noted that he still needed a new tablet. Even if this place had neat games, he could not buy them anyway. A shame since it had been a while since he played a new horror game.

He enjoyed getting the crap scared out of him.

Still, it would not hurt if he only browsed the store. Talbot hoped that the owner would understand that needs come before wants. Besides, there was a slight chance of getting a tablet from this place. If so, it would not be a waste of time.

Talbot grabbed the door handle and pulled it open, with a brass bell ringing in response.

Talbot widened his brown eyes as he entered this store. He expected this store to be small, no larger than a McDonalds. Instead, it defied his beliefs by being much bigger than outside. Part of him wondered if it was possible to spot the ends of the store other than the one behind him. It was as though he entered another dimension that was at least as large as a warehouse.

He twisted around, brushing back his brown hair to better see the place. Aisles lay ahead, going on as though endless. Each aisle held toys organized in a theme; one was dedicated to Pokémon plushies, while another had Pokémon Legos. It was almost surreal looking at them.

Part of Talbot wondered if his store held Lycanroc (either Dusk or Midnight) or Zeraora toys.

Gah! He was getting distracted. Talbot spun around toward the door—

“Hello there,” a new voice said.

Talbot flinched, turned toward the new voice, and blinked twice at him. By all accounts, he wore one of the most realistic fursuits Talbot had ever seen. His green eyes opened and closed as naturally as possible, his body too

slim for padding within, and his ears twitched. Golden-brown 'fur' covered much of his body, shiny as though groomed with care.

"Hey there!" Talbot could not stop himself from smiling and approaching this fursuit fellow. He extended his hand, which this person took as a shake. It felt **amazing** to feel how realistic those black beans on his gloves were. "Sorry. I was browsing around. I must say, you did an incredible job in this store. At least, I **assumed that you're the owner here.**"

"Yup! I'm the owner of this wonderful shop! The name's Luke." Luke winked, stunning Talbot. How could he close only one of those eyes? Luke continued, "We have plenty of stuff in stock here! You want a Digimon toy? Just ask, and I'll get one for you! Want a video game like Tears of the Kingdom? We're sure to have it!"

"Heeeey! That's pretty sweet!" Talbot observed Luke from top to bottom. He first noted how well his cyan shirt and navy blue jeans fit him. The second thing was how massive Luke's tail was; it could hold at least one other person in it from its size and length alone. Despite that, his tail twisted and wiggled around at such angles that it would be **impossible** for anyone to be inside and live. "I must

say—” Talbot deepened his voice. “—**That suit looks handsome on you.**”

“Um, you’re welcome?” Luke glanced at his shirt for a second. “I’ve been looking to expand—”

“I’m serious!” Talbot laughed and gestured to Luke’s whole body. “I’ve never seen anything like you before! Why, I bet you’ll be the party of furcons if you ever went into one.”

“Er, that would be a bad idea in my case.” Luke chuckled a bit, which did little to hide how nervous he sounded. “If anyone—”

“It’ll be the greatest idea!” Talbot nodded and beamed with pride. “You’ll be the center of attention! And I bet you’ll get plenty of questions about your fursuit.”

Luke’s eyes twitched before he glanced away. “You have no idea.” For a moment, Talbot thought he saw the faintest of red on Luke’s cheeks. He dismissed that thought when Luke faced him. Luke continued. “So, is there anything specific that you wanted to get?”

“Oh! There is one, though I doubt you have it.” Talbot rubbed the back of his head out of embarrassment. “Sorry. When I saw your outstanding suit, I couldn’t help but gush like a fangirl while forgetting what I came to the market

center for.” He laughed. “Now, I’m looking for a drawing tablet. You know, for computers. You see, I’m an artist. At least, as a hobby. I’m currently expanding into 3D avatars. However, my old tablet crapped out while drawing a smexy model, and I need to get a new one.”

“Hmm. A drawing tablet.” Luke rubbed his ‘muzzle’ for a few seconds. “I might have something like that in stock. Just wait here, and I’ll—”

“Oh, you do?!” Talbot shook Luke’s hand, noting how soft and real the ‘fur’ felt. “I’m seeking for a decent upgrade, so maybe something with a screen. That way, I can add more sexy details. Mmmmm~. I would be super thankful for it!”

“Sure.” Luke smiled and managed to break away from Talbot’s grip. “I’ll be back shortly.”

Luke rushed deeper into the store, disappearing into the aisles. Talbot could not help but note how amazing he half-walked/half-rushed, despite being covered head and toe in a fursuit and standing on his toes. He had known people who would trip wearing such suits while walking. He would ask him for advice on creating such a suit if he had a chance.

The rest of Talbot focused on Luke's tail and how lovely it looked on him.

He paced back and forth, imagining himself wearing a fursuit like Luke to work. If he did, it would be something like a Midnight Lycanroc. He had one as a 3D avatar, though with blue eyes instead of pinkish-red. It was the reason why he got into creating 3D models since he loved it a lot. He still needed to figure out how to program it to always wag its tails like the one he brought instead of it being static.

Then again, some folks might get annoyed since at least the Midnight Lycanroc's tail was small.

A scraping sound came, grabbing Talbot's attention. He stopped pacing and saw Luke returning while carrying a few boxes under his arms. Talbot thought that was it until he realized that Luke somehow curled his tail around to carry more behind him. This surprised him since it should be **impossible** to do that, even with the tail having a strong but bendable wire.

Unless that was an actual tail, and Luke was an actual anthro jackal instead of wearing a fursuit.

It would not be the strangest thing since Good Fox Day, even if the 'day' part was a misnomer.

“OK. I found quite a few tablets in the back,” Luke explained. He carried them to the register and set them down. “I collected the ones with the screens, as you specified. They also should be long lasting.”

“**Sweet~!**” Talbot went down on his knees and gave Luke a few bows. “Thank you, thank you, thank you! You made my shopping experience a lot shorter than I anticipated! I bet I’ll be able to catch the bus back home before sundown!”

“Um, you’re welcome.” Luke blinked twice. “You-you down have to bow down to me for—”

“OK!” Talbot jumped back up and studied the products that Luke brought. He knew some brands, like Wacom, but he did not recognize most of them. Instead, they had an animal logo like a fox on the side. He was sure they would be expensive, but if he wished for one that could handle 3D modeling, he would need to bite the bullet. A shame since he preferred to bite squeaky balls instead. “How about this one?”

Talbot picked the one with a yellow cat as a logo. It held the name **PawPixens 4K Gen 3 Drawing Tablet** on the front. It showed an anthropomorphic yellow cat drawing on it, with images flying off the screen. It reminded him of a certain Pokémon kitty he loved.

Perhaps that should be the next thing he drew after completing his 3D model.

Gah! He had so much ideas to draw, but so little time to do it.

“Ah. Excellent choice.” Luke scanned it, and the price popped up in a golden, old-fashioned cash register. “That’ll be \$499.99.”

Talbot winced at the price but reached into his wallet anyway. He selected it and so must commit to his choice. With the nimble hands of an artist, he pulled out his debit card and hovered it over the card reader. It beeped and asked for his PIN number in return. He typed it in and pressed enter while putting away his card and wallet.

“OK.” Luke handed the new tablet over to Talbot. “I hope that you enjoy it.”

Talbot nodded, accepted it, and shook Luke’s hand, feeling those lovely pads again. “I sure will!”

Luke said some words, but Talbot did not pay attention to them. Instead, he looked over Luke’s handsome body and smiled. Perhaps he should make a design just like Luke’s, from his golden-with-a-white-torso fur to his long tail. Already, he envisioned the model like Luke, though without him wearing pants. Then again, as impressive as that tail

was on him, it needed to be shorter since it looked like it should belong to a squirrel.

“—So, don’t be surprised if I come for a visit,” Luke completed.

“Ah, right.” Talbot nodded and grinned. “**Have a lovely day, you lovely jackal.**”

Luke blinked as Talbot walked out of the store with pride.

#

As soon as Talbot reached his apartment, he opened his new tablet and checked it out. He remained careful not to smudge his fingers on the screen itself. It would be silly to get it only to cause either a streak or a minor scratch. As he checked it out, he noted how **nice** it felt against his fingers, as though he held onto an old drawing notebook. Talbot smiled and held it close.

That proved to be a mistake since his fingers rubbed on the screen itself.

Talbot flinched and pulled it back, checking the screen. To his surprise, the display had no smudge marks on it from that simple act. Perhaps it was one of those smudge-and-scratch-resistant screens.

Even so, Talbot planned on getting a screen protector for it.

Once Talbot finished fawning over the tablet like a newborn, he went to his computer room. He turned on his computer and waited for it to load up. Once done, Talbot looked in and connected the new tablet to the computer's port.

The screen flickered for a moment before a popup appeared.

Add a Device

Tap to set up your 23TABATHRÚ

Such a strange name for a tablet, but Talbot has seen stranger. He tapped it, with his computer accepting his new device. Once done, he opened Blender and his maned wolf project. The tablet screen flashed on, with the model displayed on it. He smiled at it, happy to work on it again so soon.

Time to finish it.

Talbot drew with his new stylus, adding details for his maned wolf. Its mane on its back fluffed out while reaching as low as its tail's base. He made the tail itself more defined, like extra fluff. He refined the fluff between its ears

until it looked like hair-fur. He also ruffled out the chest some more.

Boy, it would feel so nice to have something like that.

Once done, he added the colors. First, he gave the maned wolf some black on its muzzle, halfway up its long, triangular ears and mane around its neck and back. Talbot also added black on its forearms, and forelegs. He followed that up by adding an orange shade that dominated much of its body. Next came the crème color on the torso while surrounding the black muzzle on the sides and bottom. The crème also lay on its tail tip. Its vast claws became white as snow, though he bet they would be powerful in real life. The last bit of color was its paws' beans, with them a peach pink.

Talbot added more details, like giving three digits on each hand-paw and foot-paw, before he smiled at the results. "Ah, man. This looks awesome. **Like, really awesome.** I'm sure everyone will love it and want to buy it." He went to save the file. "This will—"

An electric shock emitted from the tablet, zapping Talbot. He gave a pained yelp before almost dropping the device. He caught it just in time and set it on the desk next to his mouse. His fingers felt numb, followed by his toes for

some reason. He flexed them, regaining feeling while doing so.

“O. K? That was super weird.” Talbot looked over his hands and then the tablet. “That wasn’t supposed to happen. Perhaps it’s faulty in some way? Either way, I’ll need to return to—”

He paused when he spotted black fur growing on his fingers. His brown eyes widened in shock, and he tugged on the fur to check if it was real. It remained on, pulling on his skin underneath. It spread down, reaching his palms and the back of his hands. On the palms, it thickened into pads while changing into a pinkish shade. Four of his fingers on each side pressed together, with skin, muscle, nerve, and bone fusing together. Talbot watched in stunned amazement, with only two fingers and a thumb on each hand. When he gasped in shock, huge white claws grew on his fingernails. He pressed one against his desk, scratching it without any effort.

“Woah!” Talbot flinched in bafflement. “How is this happening?!”

His shoes felt tight as if they had shrunk by a few sizes in seconds. Talbot turned down and gasped, with three huge white claws on each foot ripping through the front. The back of the shoes also ripped apart from how much his

feet stretched out. His toes, three on each foot, stuck out and wiggled. Black fur already covered them, spreading up from his ankles. His feet also stretched out until the only possible way to stand up was to arise on his toes.

Talbot ripped off the shoes and socks and stood on his feet-paws, feeling the plush-like beans underneath.

As the fur spread over his four limbs, he felt them stretching and thinning like a rubber band. His thighs became lanky, giving plenty of room for his pants. The pants' leggings pulled up, showing more of his legs. His height grew by a few inches because of how long his limbs stretched out. It felt strange, like a pulling feeling throughout his body. At least he could reach further down his thighs without bending down.

The spreading fur changed from black to orange when the fur reached past Talbot's elbows and knees. It felt itchy underneath his clothes, but he resisted the urge to scratch. The last thing he wanted was to be a bleeding mess. At least the prickly feeling faded after a few seconds since the fur sprouted.

The fur changed color when it reached his torso, becoming a crème color. Rather than adding fat or muscles, he slimmed down on the stomach. Talbot blinked, noting how razor-thin he now looked. At least his pants still

fit around his waist, though he would not mind if they did slide off.

Talbot grunted, feeling a tugging on his rear. Bones, muscles, nerves, flesh, and skin stretched out from his spine. It pressed against his pants with increasing strength until it ripped through. Orange fur covered much of it, with the tip a crème color. His new tail stretched out until it reached his knees. Talbot felt his brain detecting his new limb, so he focused on it. His tail wagged in response, shaking off some of the pants' threads.

The fur on his back thickened, becoming mane-like while blackening. It was thickest on the back of his neck, almost like a forest to his fingers. At the same time, the hair on his sides shed off as though winter just ended and it needed to be ready for summer. The remaining hair on the top and back of Talbot's head blackened.

His mouth and nose stretched out, moving forward on his face. His nose blackened even as it changed into an upside-down triangular shape. At the same time, new teeth formed in his acute jaw, with them and his old teeth sharpening. He rubbed his flattening tongue over them, guessing they had become strong and tough enough to chew through raw steaks. Black fur also covered his new

muzzle, with crème-colored fur surrounding it on the sides and bottom.

The orange fur on the very end of his cheeks flared out, becoming thick pieces of fur. His ears stretched out while moving up his head. They took on a long, triangular shape, which he could wiggle and flatten in various ways. Orange and black fur covered the outer sides, while crème fur covered the insides. Talbot closed and opened his eyes, with his brown eyes shifting to blue.

Talbot looked over himself, having transformed into an anthro maned wolf.

“Woah!” Talbot blushed, not sure how to feel about this. A part of him felt shocked by becoming the 3D model he was designing. After all, it was not every day someone transformed into another creature. The rest of him felt excited, and he wondered what else changed in his body. “I wondered if—”

A scratching and breathing fusion sound echoed throughout the apartment. Talbot paused his thoughts, wiggling his ears to figure out where that sound came from. A quick check in the hall showed it became louder, so he stepped through it. He realized it came from the closet when it ended with a clanging sound.

The closet door opened before Talbot reached the doorknob.

“At least this went quicker than one of the last guys who brought my products,” Luke said.

Talbot widened his eyes in shock. “You!?”

“Yes, me. Who else were you expecting? The Easter Bunny?” Luke asked in a teasing tone.

Talbot turned past Luke and widened his eyes further. Rather than his usual supplies of towels, out-of-season clothing, and canned foods, a massive shop dominated that room. It took him a second to realize it was the same shop where he had bought his new tablet.

“W-what?” Talbot blinked at last. While he heard crazy stories, especially the ones involving Good Fox Day (a day he wanted to forget existed), this was insane. He turned to Luke. “Who are you?”

Luke shrugged. “Me? I’m just a humble shop owner of a magical shop. Well, more like magic fused with technology. I did tell you, didn’t I?”

Talbot stepped back while rubbing the back of his neck (the fur on it felt so good). “I, er, may have been distracted while you were explaining things.”

“Lelehehe.” Luke laughed and shook his head. “Figures, especially since you **didn’t try to act all hammy.**” Luke snickered at his own joke. “The magical technology that powers this shop was once made by the Athrú people a long time ago. Most are gone, with a few remaining, but their creations still live on. They’re a silly people who enjoy transforming others, including themselves. As such, it isn’t that much of a surprise that even their technology would eventually transform others; hence, my products transforming buyers.”

Talbot flinched, finding that this explained so much. Still, he asked, “So, you’re not wearing a suit?”

“A fursuit, you mean?” Luke laughed again. “Lelehehe. No. This is all real fur, being a victim myself.”

“Oh.” Talbot blushed further. “I must say, you—” He inhaled and said in a deeper tone. “**You look very lovely.**”

“Um, thank you?” Luke tilted his head before reaching into his pocket. He pulled out a necklace with a blue glowing gem at the end. “This will restore you to your normal human self as long as you—”

“No need!” Talbot grinned wide. “I love this form already!” He scratched his neck. “Though I’ll need new clothes. And perhaps a new collar. I adore collars. Also, is

there a way to 'recharge' that tablet with magic? **Cause I would love to have other forms to turn into. Mmmmmmm~!"**

Luke blinked several times. "Huh. I never got that question before." He rubbed his white muzzle for a few seconds. "Let's see what I can do. I can at least help with the clothes part."

Talbot nodded several times. "Good." He went to his knees and bowed several times. "Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"Er, you can stop." Luke blushed. "I'm not a god or anything like that. I'm just a shop owner."

Talbot laughed and stood up. "Sorry."

#

Talbot the anthro maned wolf sat on his office chair at home, drawing with his stylus.

He could not help but note how the past month flew by. Part of him was worried that there would be work issues. After all, someone becoming another being was unheard of, and some people might not take it well. Still, he went there in his work uniform (refitted to fit his new form, thanks to Luke).

Instead, they proved to be understanding. They gave him the option to work from home, which he rejected; Talbot found that he worked much better in a work environment instead of at home. So, they modified his workspace to fit his new, taller body. His coworkers were more curious instead of worried, asking about how this happened.

He remembered Luke's reaction to getting swarmed in a furry convention, so he kept quiet.

Not that it mattered since the shop moved when he checked on the market center a couple weeks in.

Talbot drew more details on his new 3D model and smiled. People loved his maned wolf model and brought it from him when he put it on sale. Reviews came in, praising it for being detailed while being cute. He read the comments, loving them while taking criticisms to heart. This only encouraged him to create more models.

A popup came from his email's app. Talbot paused drawing, placing his tablet aside, and opened the email. As the email app opened, he rubbed his collar around his neck, which held his name on its tag. His eyes widened a bit while he read this message.

Dear Tal

I saw your custom 3D model of Zeraora, and I must say that it looks great. I love how its 'tail' wagged behind it. Plus, how the claws glowed while emitting sparks. That looks amazing.

To get to the point, I want to get a custom model for my streams. Basically, I want it to be a 3D model of a Midnight Lycanroc. I would like it to at least wear a shirt (preferably with a N64 logo) and jeans and perhaps some shoes. For the shoes themselves, I would love it if they showed the toes.

I hope I'm not asking for too much. It's just something special, especially to tease my viewers that I'll be revealing my face. That'll at least be worth a laugh.

Hope to hear from you soon!

From,

LycanChanger

"Hmm. A Midnight Lycanroc. A handsome creature. Maybe I should become something like it." Talbot smiled and closed the email. **"Yes, a fearsome Pokémon werewolf."** He glanced at the model he was drawing, an anthro snow leopard. "I might give it a shot after this."

A Foxgamer01 Story

Talbot picked up his tablet and stylus and drew on his model more.

The End

Thermis Coldflare will return

About Author

Standing over six feet tall, Foxgamer01 is a writer born in Arizona and currently living in Arkansas. Though he initially wanted to be in the gaming industry, he did not realize until later, after years of playing with random toys and imagining adventures with them, of his gift of being a writer. Even then, it took some computer classes with a dry professor in college that solidified his change in becoming a writer.

Foxgamer01 has been writing, at first through notebooks and later through laptops, since 2009. There was a dry spot between 2013 and 2018, thanks to distractions and work, but he has been writing consistently since. He had written over a hundred short stories and six 'books,' including one collab story.

Foxgamer01 would like to thank fellow friends and writers Greyhound1211, SnekKnack AKA Nick, Tails230, and Kinshou-fox AKA The-Writing-Dragon AKA Huggles. They have been the biggest inspiration for getting him to write. Though Foxgamer01 carried a lot of regret over the years, he would never regret the days he founded their writings, which triggered his desire to write his stories.

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/foxgamer01/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.weasyl.com/~foxgamer01>

<https://furrynetwork.com/foxgamer01/>

I have a lot of great content there that I think you'll love.

Also, if you're interested in supporting me and my writing, please consider visiting my Ko-Fi and Patreon accounts at:

<https://ko-fi.com/foxgamer01>

<https://www.patreon.com/foxgamer01>

Every little bit helps me to keep creating and sharing my stories with the world.

Lastly, if you have any questions or comments, please don't hesitate to contact me at:

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I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!