

The Yokai's Gift

Man to Kitsune Woman TG

For Rowan Roach

By TheSpiralledEye

Feeling down on his luck and stuck in a rut, thirty-five-year-old Noah decided to use up all his sick days and travel to Japan in search of fulfilment and purpose. All he finds are tourist traps and a growing sense of dissatisfaction. That is, until he stumbled upon a strange, abandoned shrine and the beautiful maiden who works there. After confiding in her, the woman reveals herself to be a kitsune and, wanting to help, transforms Noah into one as well, a female one to boot! Now he must navigate the yokai world, learn to use his magic and find love and purpose along the way.

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Part 3

The next few days passed much like the first; playful flirting with Muta, practising his new transformation powers and trying to get the hang of transforming objects. Akane only had to slap her palm down on a leaf to turn it into anything, really. Mostly fake money, which was how she made her gold. The two of them huddled beneath a wooden stand, watching the street vendors near a small shrine sell tacky knick-knacks to tourists. Akane nudged him.

“See that?” She whispered, indicating to one of the sellers. “He’s overcharging those poor people. Those charms are worth maybe two hundred yen, but he charges almost eight hundred. Half of them just have random kanji on them; they don’t even mean anything.”

Noah felt his face burn and thought of his abandoned suitcase back at the hotel; he had at least three of those he’d bought in Tokyo. The seller had told him they were handmade by his grandmother. Something he now doubted, given that this seller, all the way out here, had exactly the same ones.

Akane grabbed a mouthful of fake leaf money and slowly crept towards the man, slipping the bills into his cashbox and quickly taking a pile of real ones in return before slinking back.

“In a few hours, those bills will turn back into leaves.” She told him smugly. “Serves him right. Now you try.”

Noah snuffled back into the bushes, bushy tail in the air and slammed his paw on a handful of leaves, concentrating on the distinctive look of yen notes. Nothing. He tried again, and again, until finally, there was a little poof of smoke and they appeared.

"Better be quick, I don't think they will last long." Said Akane, "No offence."

Noah grabbed the money and ran, looking for an easy mark. There. An older woman with the thickest glasses he'd ever seen was manning a stall selling little charms, her cashbox was on the ground, easy pickings. He crept forward on his soft paws, silent as an owl, before a sharp pain in his tail made him yowl. The money in his mouth poofed back into leaves and the old woman jumped in surprise.

"What? Is that a dog?" She adjusted her glasses, and Noah felt himself being dragged back into the bushes. Akane had him by the tail.

"Ow!"

"Shhhh! Come on." She hissed, leading him through the underbush and back to their ginkgo forest. "That little old lady is sweet; she works hard at those charms and charges a fair price. We shouldn't swindle her."

Noah felt a guilt tighten his guts; he hadn't considered whether or not she deserved it. All he was thinking of was those fancy meals Muta charged an arm and a leg for at his tea house and how, if he grabbed enough, they might be able to have a proper dinner and afford a night's rent at the same time. Yakitori and fish skewers got old after a few days.

"Next time, tell me before you go biting my tail." Noah pouted, turning back into his humanoid self. "Is this seriously all there is? Scraping by stealing pocket change so we can flirt with Muta for another night? We both have magic, can't we do something better?"

"Well, it's fun though, isn't it? Sneaking around, giving cheats their just deserts?"

"I wish I could afford dessert." Noah pouted again, "Or a proper bed, I am sick of tatami mats. You gave me all these soft curves, and they bruise easily!"

"Oh." Akane pressed her fingers together, "I'm sorry...tell you what, I could maybe do a few quick jobs on my own and earn enough for some taiyaki, does that sound good?"

"Being turned back into myself sounds good," Noah grumbled, heading back toward the village portal. "Do whatever you want."

Noah knew he was being unfair, but it had been a hell of a week and every time he complained Akane just laughed him off. It was easy for her, she hadn't had her entire life turned upside down by a trickster. He looked back over his shoulder and felt a stab of guilt watching Akane's ears droop, but forced himself to keep going. Good, she needed a wake-up call. What sort of person went around transforming random men into women anyway?

He wandered the streets of the village aimlessly, not wanting to go back and get growled at by Muta. It was surprising how quickly he had gotten used to seeing other yokai

and spirits. Not even the giant oni thudding down the street gave him pause anymore. Somehow, perhaps it was instinct, he found himself in front of a red wooden temple, lit up with matching red lanterns, with a golden sign reading 'The Fox House'.

"Hey, you, finally come to be a real kitsune?"

It was Kinuyo, the woman from the other day. She was wearing a loose-fitting kimono that showed off just enough skin to feel scandalous. Her lips were painted red, her skin powdered white, but her hair fell loose around her shoulders, and she smiled.

"I am curious." Noah admitted, "Why doesn't Akane live here?"

Kinuyo laughed. "Because she can't afford it! A real kitsune earns at least a few thousand yen a day, but Akane can barely scrape together one."

I blinked in surprise, and Kinuyo giggled and reached out, taking both my hands in hers.

"Oh, you silly little fox. Come on, shall I show you how a real kitsune earns her keep?"

Her eyes glittered with mischief, and I felt my heart stutter in my throat; there was something almost intoxicating about Kinuyo's face, it was hard to look away. She took me inside and into a thin hallway. The sliding ricepaper walls did nothing to block sound; they barely even provided modesty, and I could see the silhouettes of people, kitsune women mostly. All of them naked, many of them with company. Moans and soft whispers filled the air, as well as the distinctive smell of sex.

"Oh!" I gasped, face burning, "T-this is a brothel?"

"Among other things." Kinuyo giggled, "We provide company, of all kinds. Everybody knows Kitsune are the wittiest conversationalists, the finest dancers and the best lovers."

She pressed her body against his, and Noah felt it respond instinctually; his nipples hardened, and his pussy clenched. Kinuyo seemed to know somehow and smiled wryly.

"No shame here, darling, want to give it a try? Then afterwards we can go run, be free together."

Noah's mouth was dry; he'd never had a woman come on to him before, let alone one as beautiful as Kinuyo.

"I don't know..." he muttered, "I've never um, I have never been paid for..."

"Why don't I give you a lesson first?" She whispered, taking his hand and pushing back one of the sliding doors. "Free of charge."

"I...I..."

"Your eyes say yes." She said huskily, letting her kimono fall open a little more, exposing her large, soft breast. Noah took a step forward without even thinking about it, hand outstretched. It had been...a long time, and Kinuyo was offering herself; he may have had a woman's body now, but he was still a man, and what man could resist such an offer?

The door closed by itself, and suddenly, the beautiful kitsune was on her knees in front of him, slipping her hands beneath the short skirt of his kimono-style dress and cupping his ass hard enough to make Noah gasp.

"Now relax." She whispered, "And focus on what I do, remember the movements..."

Her tongue slipped into his folds, and Noah let out a shaky gasp. Pleasure, sharp and soft, all at once filled him. Kinuyo's tongue pressed over his clit in slow, sensual motions. Circling the nub before sucking at it gently. Noah bit his lip, trying desperately to keep the gasps and moans trying to escape his mouth at bay. But it was impossible. A pleased cry escaped, and once he started, he couldn't stop.

His legs trembled as Kinuyo began to speed up, sucking and licking his clit as her fingers massaged his pachy ass. Noah gripped her shoulders, aware that the entire building could probably hear him as he moaned her name. Then, a finger found its way to his hole; Noah whimpered; her tongue was already so much that he couldn't handle more pleasure. He had no choice, two fingers pierced him and began to scissor, stretching his inner walls in the most delicious ways.

The ecstasy got stronger and stronger until Noah couldn't handle it anymore. His whole body shuddered, and pure pleasure washed through him. Kinuyo didn't stop, though; she kept fingering and licking, the movements driving Noah wild until finally she showed him mercy and stopped.

"And that is why we make so much gold." She said huskily, wiping her mouth. "One hour is all I need to make enough gold for room and board here."

Noah was still reeling; had that really just happened? He felt dizzy; he'd never cum so hard in his life. And Kinuyo did that every day? And got paid for it? For a second, he imagined himself in her position, getting to make love to beautiful women who cried out his name and earning more gold in an hour than he had the entire week with Akane. The idea was...oddly tempting.

"So you just make money with sex?" He managed to say after a moment.

"Oh no, I make just as much the usual way. Want to go have some fun?"

Kinuyo adjusted her kimono, hiding away the soft breasts. Noah felt a stab of regret; he had been so overwhelmed by her tongue that he hadn't even touched them. Kinuyo seemed to read his mind and giggled, giving him a wink.

"Maybe after we run for a bit, shall we go trick some humans?" She asked, "I bet Akane has you doing petty jobs that barely earn you anything."

Noah blushed, thinking back to the handful of notes she stole that morning. He felt a bit guilty not defending her, but...why should he? She was the one who had gotten him into this mess, and by the looks of it, the one keeping him in it. Was there really any harm in

spending some time with Kinuyo? Maybe she would even teach her the tricks he needed to turn back into himself.

"Alright."

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The two of them travelled through the gate and down to one of the local Fuji shrines. Noah was still buzzing from that last orgasm. They transformed into their fox forms, and Kinuyo's dark eyes gleamed as they walked up to the shopping district outside the shrine.

"Ready?" Her voice was sly and musical.

He nodded, though a knot tightened in his stomach, but Noah found he wanted her approval. Her confidence made it feel as though she carried the whole sky around with her. Plus, he was curious what a 'real' kitsune was like.

It was still early, sellers were setting out their wares, children were already racing toward the sweet stalls, and travellers passed in and out of the gates. Human voices blended into a gentle, bustling hum. Noah felt a pang in his chest; he'd been one of those humans not long ago. Kinuyo nudged him with her muzzle.

"First lesson: find someone distracted. Someone ripe for a little fun."

She pointed her snout toward a small boy clutching a paper cone filled with candied plums. Before Noah could respond, Kinuyo leapt from behind the wall and trotted toward the street.

As they approached the boy, Kinuyo flicked her tail and a thin ripple of foxfire shimmered across the ground. To human eyes, it would look like a sudden wobble in the cobblestone.

The boy yelped, jumping back. His cone tipped, plums tumbling into the dust, right into Kinuyo's waiting jaws. She balanced one on the tip of her tail, tossing it high and catching it theatrically.

"Hey!" The little boy cried and Kinuyo growled, making him drop the rest of the cone and run screaming for his mother while she gathered the rest of the treats up.

"That was a little mean..." Noah said, trotting up to her as she flicked him a candied plum. "That kid couldn't have been more than five."

"So? Trick's a trick, hun. He'll survive. Humans always have plenty. Besides, it's fun. That's the whole point." Kinuyo laughed, "Come on, let's earn some extra cash, hm?"

She melted back into the side streets, and Noah studied as she showed him more tricks. How to summon a small gust of wind to knock off a woman's hat. A spectral tapping sensation that made a security guard glance over his shoulder in confusion. Harmless, mostly. But then they reached the charm stall, and Noah felt his stomach twist.

It was the same old woman from this morning; she must travel between selling spots. Carefully, she arranged rows of protective amulets: wooden foxes, paper talismans, polished stones. Her hands trembled slightly with age and tiredness. It must have been a long trip for a woman her age, driving between places to sell.

Kinuyo narrowed her eyes playfully, "Easy pickings."

"Wait-"

She conjured a flick of foxfire that rattled a nearby sign. The old woman looked up in alarm. In that heartbeat, Kinuyo swept her fluffy tail across the stall, sending a handful of coins tumbling to the ground. Kinuyo snapped up a few, summoning a little pouch to carry them in, but left half on the ground and the old woman sighed and she creaked to her knees to try and gather them.

"Why did you do that?" Noah hissed, grabbing Kinuyo by the tail and dragging her behind another stall. "There are plenty of charlatans or liars here we could have stolen from...why even steal if you earn enough with your body?"

"Why? They're humans. They lose things constantly. We're just helping fate along."

"It's not right. She's old. She needs that money. If you have to steal, why not take from somebody who has too much?"

Kinuyo rolled her eyes, "You sound like Akane. Kitsune aren't meant to play by human rules. Trickery is who we are. If you apply stupid rules, you'll never earn enough to live at Fox House. At least not without spending all day on your back and it gets old after a while."

"Give me those coins. I am taking them back."

She stepped closer, a growl in her voice, "If you want humans to like you so badly, go sit in their inns and eat their scraps. But if you want to be one of us, you need to stop thinking like them. And Akane."

"Kinuyo... I don't know if I want to cause trouble like this."

Kinuyo blinked, her smile faltering for the first time. "You will," she said, brushing past him. "You just haven't learned how to enjoy it yet."

"Give me the coins."

"Ugh, fine."

Kinuyo dropped the pouch and jumped up over a fence, disappearing back toward the portal. Noah turned and picked up the pouch of money in his mouth and turned back toward the old woman crouched on sore knees, searching for missing coins she would never find. Midday sunlight felt suddenly heavy on his fur, as though pressing his guilt into the ground.

Slowly, he wandered to her and placed the pouch at her side. She blinked in surprise, regarding him a moment, then smiled.

"Well, who says foxes are cheeky? Hm, thank you, little friend."

Her weathered hand reached out to pat him when a woman screamed.

"There it is! That's the fox that attacked my son!"

Noah felt his whole body freeze in place as security guards appeared, nets in hand.

"Quick! Catch it!" The woman cried, holding her son to her chest. It was the boy Kinuyo had scared. Noah froze: he couldn't transform back into a kitsune woman in the middle of the street! Even if he wanted to, the magic wouldn't come. But those men with their nets were creeping closer, ready to stick him in a cage and take him down to animal control to be put to sleep!

A loud yowl broke his fear for a moment, and Kinuyo stood on a nearby fence. A sudden gust of wind knocked the men down and the old lady with them. Noah felt bad, but there was no time to help her. He turned and fled. Jumping over the fence with Kinuyo just as he felt the brush of nets against his back paws.

"Run!" Kinuyo laughed, speeding through the streets.

Noah's paws pounded the pavement and his lungs burned as they ran. Two red streaks across the cityscape until they burst into the forest. Kinuyo was *laughing*, as if they hadn't almost gotten caught. They dashed through the trees until the golden ginkgo leaves started to appear, and then finally they slowed to catch their breath.

"Oh, that was close!" Kinuyo giggled, "Fun though."

"Fun!?" Noah cried, "That was...cruel! Not to mention we almost ended up in a cage!"

"You worry too much! It's the adrenaline." Kinuyo said, pouncing on him and sending the two of them tumbling down into a pile of golden leaves. Their bodies transforming mid-roll, back to their humanoid forms.

"Here," She whispered, "Let me relax you."

Before Noah could argue, her fingers were between his legs.

"Oh!"

He tried to stay angry, but the blood was already rushing in his veins and Kinuyo's fingers were working him. After the terror, the warm pleasure was so welcome. So as hard as he tried to stay angry, as much as he wanted to want to say no, he didn't. Instead, he stretched out his body and arched his back. Kinuyo used her free hand to open his shirt to suck on his tits as she fingered him. Noah felt all his worries disappear in a wave of pleasure that made his hips roll desperately.

He came quietly this time, but instead of awe, this orgasm only left him with a feeling on lingering guilt. Kinuyo's smile was wry and arrogant, but it left him feeling cold. He remembered the sweet old lady and her charms and his guilt grew.

“Come on, you can afford a room at the Fox House now.” She smiled, not a hint of guilt in her eyes about all the trouble she caused, or the danger she’d put him in. All of a sudden, Akane biting his tail this morning felt a lot less serious.

“No thanks.” He said, handing over the money, “I’m going to go find Akane.”

“And go back to that tea house?” Kinuyo screwed up her nose. “And that fat tanuki? Fine, if you want to follow in that failure’s pawprints, don’t let me stop you. Just don’t say I didn’t warn you when you end up on the streets!”

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It was late by the time he returned to the tea house. Muta wasn’t manning the front for once, but Noah could hear him laughing down the hall. A quick peek showed him pouring tea and serving snacks to a beautiful woman with scaly skin. A yokai with a lot of money by the looks of it. He was glad; he didn’t feel like flirting with the tanuki for another night.

He made his way up the stairs. His body was betraying him; with every step, his feet ached from running, and his pussy still ached pleasantly from Kinuyo’s touch. With each step, his thighs rubbed together, sending tingles across his sensitive folds. It was strange; he and Akane weren’t a couple, they were barely friends, and yet...he felt guilty for what he did today with Kinuyo. And not just for the cruel pranks.

He slid the door across and found Akane sitting with two small trays at their low table. The moment he stepped in, her ears pricked and she smiled.

“Hey! I was getting worried. Look, I got us dinner!”

Each tray had a bowl of rice, a bowl of soup and a plate with pickled vegetables and roasted fish. His stomach rumbled.

“I know you wanted a proper meal...” She blushed, “So I managed to earn a little extra today, so Muta would cook us something. It’s a little cold, but I know a spell to help warm it up!”

“Thanks.”

That guilty feeling in Noah’s gut got stronger as he sat down and started to eat. Despite his hunger, he picked at it slowly, and Akane’s ears drooped.

“Do you not like it?”

“It’s great, thank you...”

She sighed. “You’re still angry with me, aren’t you?”

“No, actually, it’s just been a big day.”

There was a pause before Akane reached over and took his hand. “Did you want to talk about it?”

Noah wasn't sure, but Akane's hand was warm against his, and the memory of Kinuyo's hands between his legs made him flush.

"Um, Akane, why don't you live with the other Kitsune? Like...Kinuyo?"

"Oh."

Her hand withdrew, and Noah watched her tail flick in discomfort. "I don't really get along with other kitsune."

"Why not?"

"It's complicated."

"I have time."

Akane shifted, her dark hair falling over her face.

"Kitsune have a reputation." She said, "Tricksters, seducers...liars. It's true for the most part. What I said yesterday was the truth; a yokai is their nature, it's just the way we are. But as I got older, I realised...I could be a rickster and a troublemaker without being an asshole. So I started stealing from those who have too much, or who need to be brought down a peg. I only sleep with people I like; I don't just charm whoever has the biggest wallet. It means I don't make as much money, and the other kitsune think it's...weak."

Noah thought for a moment before replying.

"Is that why you transformed me? Because you were lonely?"

Akane's cheeks turned red. "...maybe."

"So why make me a woman!?"

Akane flinched and sighed. "That wasn't me, magic is as magic does, you have to look inside yourself to figure that one out, Noah."

Hearing her say his name with a Japanese flair made heat coil in his gut, only for guilt to replace it a moment later. And what was she talking about, looking inside himself? She was the one who changed him into a woman; it was all her. Right?

"I went to the Fox House today," he said finally, not wanting to think about what she was implying. "I spent some time with Kinuyo."

Akane looked away. The guilt forced words passed his lips, and Noah told her everything that had happened. By the end of it, he felt sick.

"I'm sorry." He sighed, but to his surprise, Akane smiled.

"For what?" She giggled, "Kitsune are natural seducers, I can hardly blame you and...and as I said, tricksters, so in her own way, Kinuyo was just trying to look after you. Teach you to be a proper kitsune so you don't end up like me..."

Noah's mind flashed to that old woman.

"I think I'd prefer being like you." He whispered, and for a moment, the smile on Akane's face morphed into an expression of shock, and the tips of her ears went pink.

Suddenly, a high pitched whistling sound made both of their ears prick, followed by a popping explosion. Then another and another.

"Fireworks!" Akane gasped in delight, "There are two rival Yokai across the village from one another who make them, they must be having another competition, come on!"

She grabbed Noah's hand and led him to the window, but rather than looking out, she shimmied herself up onto the sill and grabbed the rooftiles, pulling herself up.

"Come on!"

Noah bit his lip and followed her up onto the roof. The sun was fully set down, and the sky was dark purple, at least until a firework exploded into a thousand tiny sparkles across the sky.

The rockets shot across the sky, bursts of colour, and even shapes like tanuki faces and cheeky foxes appeared with a few of them. From up here, he could see the whole village: paper lanterns strung between wooden eaves, narrow canals and cobblestone roads, spirits drifting in and out of doorways to take in the show. It felt magical. Akane sat on the sloped roof and tapped the tiles next to her for him to sit.

"You didn't think yokai towns could be this pretty, did you?"

"I didn't think anything could be this pretty," he admitted before he could stop himself, turning to face her instead of the fireworks.

Akane arched an eyebrow, amused. "Careful. Flattery like that might make me think you're talking about me."

He opened his mouth to protest, but the words got caught in his throat. At some point, her hand had slid onto his. Light. Casual. Familiar. Her fingers rested against his knuckles as though it were the most natural thing in the world. It was just like down in their room, except it wasn't. It sent a flutter through his chest.

"Oh," he said brilliantly.

Akane laughed again, the sound bright as the fireworks overhead. "Relax. I don't bite."

"You absolutely bite," he scoffed, "My tail is still sore."

"That was nibbling," she said primly. "Completely different."

Another firework cracked open above them, showering the rooftops in shimmering blue. Her tail brushed against his with a playful flick.

"Besides," she added, glancing sideways at him, "you look sort of cute when you're frustrated."

He swallowed, ears growing warm and a flush spread across his chest beneath the kimono.

"Uh, well..."

"Aw, you're adorable when you get flustered, too."

A firework boomed overhead, but he barely noticed it. All he could feel was her hand in his, her closeness, and the way the sky's brilliant colours reflected in her eyes as they twinkled with mischief.

Noah cleared his throat, trying not to melt on the spot. He was a kitsune now; he could play this game. He straightened his shoulders and looked back toward the sky with what he hoped was the same casual confidence Akane and Kinuyo had.

"If you keep saying things like that," he murmured, "I'm going to think you're interested in me."

Akane grinned. "Maybe I am."

She didn't speak after that; they simply sat in silence, watching the fireworks with their fingers interlaced and their tails brushing just a little too often to be an accident.