

No matter how many times Kit walked through this forest, its beauty took his breath away. Just about every other color you could imagine greeted his gaze: there were vibrant green vines dotted with star-shaped white blossoms, bluish-green shrubs that (apparently, naturally) grew into the most fantastic configurations, and red speckled mushrooms so big it took all of Kit's willpower to resist sitting on one. It was a veritable feast for the eyes, as any shape or shade one could desire could be found within the bounds of these ancient trees. The smells were lovely, too. Hints of flowery affection drifted throughout the air, with an undercurrent of crisp evergreen tickling at the back of his brain every time he took a big whiff. The smells were always as fresh as the first time he smelled them, so he sniffed a lot. Even the buzzing of bugs, usually annoying, was more of a relaxing drone within this forest, made moreso by the occasional punctuation of birdsong that floated overhead. There was so much to experience, and yet it wasn't overstimulating. The forest never felt busy or crowded, despite how branches dragged against the exposed flesh of his calves and forearms. Only one word came to mind when Kit struggled to describe this theatre of natural beauty: serene.

As Kit walked deeper into the forest, he noticed a little shrine to his left, far off the beaten path. He made a note of it, as perhaps it was the kind of spot he was looking for, but he continued on nevertheless. What kind of spot he was looking for, he wasn't really sure, but he'd know it when he saw it. What he could say for sure was that it had to be a spot suitable for a short prayer. Said to who, or what, he couldn't really say; it was simply one he *knew* he needed to say. This compulsion had been weighing heavily upon his shoulders for weeks now, and after seeing some depressing news on his feed this morning, it was one he couldn't ignore any longer.

Seeing as Kit wasn't exactly the religious sort, there was only one place he could think of that could possibly qualify as "holy," and that was here. Whether or not this forest had a spiritual history or associated mythos, Kit did not know, but he had walked through it several times in the past, and it never failed to put his heart at ease. In the face of such natural harmony, fear over human-made problems seemed distant, unimportant. There was no doubt in his mind that this was the right place to make his plea--the only question was *where* in the forest to make it. Kit pushed past a tangle of branches, and his eyes widened at the sight before him. He knew, immediately, that he had found the perfect spot.

The path opened up into a small clearing, ringed entirely by trees. A tiny stream, not even a foot deep, cut from one edge of the treeline to the other. It babbled softly through the glade, separating it into two halves, while wayward flower blossoms floated from one end to the other. Small boulders leaned against each other on the bank opposite of Kit, covered in a soft looking moss, while patches of white and purple flowers ringed them. Most of the light in the clearing was tinged green by the canopy of leaves overhead, but a few shafts of defiant sunlight took center stage, illuminating the rock seat before Kit. The sounds of the forest seemed even further away than before. It felt as if even the insects knew not to disturb the tranquility of this place. To call this scene "beautiful" felt like failure on the part of language as a whole. There were no words that could truly describe the atmosphere that pervaded this glade, and the feeling of serenity washing over Kit was so strong it felt alien. The man sighed, and smiled. He had found his spot.

Kit tread lightly through the grass, making sure to disturb as little as he could. He crossed the stream in one long step, and with only one more made his way onto the rock seat that awaited him. After carefully placing his butt atop it, and cycling through a few different positions, Kit decided to sit cross-legged, with his hands resting upon his knees. After another deep sigh, he let his eyelids close, and his body relax. While he didn't have any particular prayer in mind going into this, the words came easily enough.

"If anyone or anything is out there, please hear my plea. There's so much suffering in the world. So much pain. I see friends and strangers both struggling just to survive, let alone enjoy their brief time on this earth." Kit's voice rose in pitch, even as it faltered, but he powered through; he had to.

"I do what I can, but it's never enough. No matter how much I give, or fret, or whatever, I don't see any way out for me or anyone else. There's nothing I can do but watch the world spiral! Please, please, if anyone can hear me: help me help my friends. Help me help this world. I'd give anything to be able to ease my friends' suffering even a little bit. Please, please!"

Kit's cries echoed throughout the forest, the air of tranquility disturbed for the first time since he arrived. He oddly felt guilty about it, but quickly overcame it, remembering why he was here. If there was anyone who could help, he wanted to be heard. *Needed* to be. So he stood up straight, and set his jaw, prepared for whatever consequences awaited him.

A minute passed, and then two. By the time the third had come and gone, Kit's shoulders started to droop, and his resolute expression had softened into a frown. Silently chiding himself for his lack of faith, he straightened up and gave it a couple of minutes longer. The only thing that disturbed the stillness was a nearby rustling, and the wind blowing through the leaves above him.

Kit couldn't deny that he was a little bit disappointed. Sure, he knew that logically, there was no reason to believe literally anything would happen as a result of him calling out into an empty forest, no matter how nice of a forest it may be. Still, something had been tugging at his heart since the moment he had arrived. Some feeling of belonging, like this was the right place to be. Like someone may actually hear him. Kit shook his head, having trouble believing that such a strong feeling could be wrong.

Still, it wasn't a total loss, Kit thought to himself. He may not have received the help he wanted, but being here still felt therapeutic. He didn't often get a chance to sit down and appreciate the beauty of the world. Maybe that's what this impulse was really all about. Yes, that made sense, Kit decided. No one was ever going to answer his prayer--he just needed to let go of all the tension that was building up, and having been here before, he knew this was the perfect place to do so. Feeling much more relaxed, and much less disappointed, Kit prepared to slip down from his stoney perch. The first step was finally opening his eyes again, and the first thing he saw when he did so was the cartoonishly wide smile of a tanuki.

"Oh, good. I was starting to think you fell asleep," the tanuki said with a quick chuckle.

"Holy shit!" Kit was a whirlwind of limbs as he scrambled to get himself away from whatever the hell was in front of him. Forgetting everything about preserving the idyllic beauty of the glade, he spilled his ass onto the ground, kicked up a bunch of dirt as he

scurried behind the rocky throne, and squatted in a bed of flowers, taking cover behind the rocks. The floating tanuki watched him the whole time, its amusement apparent.

"Was it something I said? My breath?" The tanuki laughed, somersaulting in the air as he held his shaking belly.

"Just kidding, I know I smell great. See?" He took a position as if he was laying on his belly (though his low hanging gut and nuts ruined that illusion a bit), with his head resting on his paws. He floated over, and unceremoniously burped in Kit's face. Kit's face instinctively pinched in anticipation of what he imagined the smell would be, but the wave of animal breath never washed over him. Instead, it smelled like... Tea. A freshly steeped oolong tea, in fact. With the barest hint of sake, and floral notes to boot. It was, somehow, delicious, and Kit was embarrassed to find himself sniffing more than once. The tanuki looked quite pleased.

"How did you..." Kit began, unsure of how to finish of the question. At the moment, hundreds of ways to end it were flying through his head, and they all seemed rather pertinent. The tanuki, moving himself into a reclined (but still floating) position, answered in a nonchalant tone.

"It's easy when you're a god, dude. Especially when you're a god of harmony and pleasure. See?" He floated over again, practically crashing into Kit this time. He smushed his cheek against the human's as he wrapped his fat, furry arm around Kit's neck, and before Kit could pull away, his paw was on Kit's shoulder. The man opened his mouth to ask what this self-proclaimed "god" thought he was doing, but that's when the paw on his shoulder began to dig into his shoulder, and all that came out was long, low moan. Within seconds, it was a struggle for the human to remain upright. The warmth that radiated out from that paw turned his muscles to jelly, and the comfort they brought turned any protest in Kit's mouth into a shameless moan of pleasure. It didn't even take a minute of shoulder massage before Kit was leaning into the tanuki as good as he was getting it, his trepidation all but forgotten.

"Man, you've got a *lot* of tension in your shoulders dude," the tanuki said as he pulled away, "No wonder you came to me. You need my help more than I thought!" He floated back into position in front of Kit, laying on his side this time, with an expectant look on his face.

"So, how can I help you my man?"

Kit was dumbstruck. He had no idea how to proceed, let alone process all this ridiculousness. At least he wasn't as scared as he was a moment ago, though. As strange and crude as this supposed god may be, he had an unmistakable air of sincerity about him, and the concern he showed when massaging Kit's shoulders seemed genuine. Kit shook his head to quiet all the different questions still rattling about in there, and focused on what he did know.

What he knew was that there was some sort of magical creature that looked like a tanuki floating in front of him. He was a few inches (Or maybe a foot? It was so hard to tell with all this floating.) taller than Kit, and so wide he was double Kit's weight at least. The tanuki's gut was just so big, every time he idly scratched it it wobbled in front of him like a beach ball. And his nuts were even more massive! Kit was trying to be polite about it, but those things were so huge it was harder *not* to look at them. Every time the tanuki shifted they swayed back and forth, practically demanding the man's

attention. They just looked so fuzzy and comfy. Add a dick just as big and thick to match, a fat pair of haunches, a huge tail, some cute moobs and a face that was all smiles, and Kit had to admit, if there was such a thing as a tanuki god, this is probably what he'd look like. The tanuki, growing impatient, scooted over in Kit's direction (making little "pootpootpoot" sounds as he did so), and placed his hands on Kit's shoulders. He pressed his snout to Kit's nose, and gave him a little shake.

"Hellooooo, ya in there bud?"

Kit reflexively pulled back, and the tanuki quickly let go in response. For the first time since Kit met this creature, he looked troubled.

"Oh, I'm sorry! I forget you humans have uhh, whatcha call it, 'personal bubbles,' I think? Am I gettin' in yours little guy?"

Kit could not believe how nice this creature was being, and had to pinch himself a third time to make sure this wasn't just a pleasant dream. Now the tanuki was accommodating him for his personal space? What kind of god did he call himself? A harmony one, right? Maybe he wasn't just blowing smoke up Kit's ass.

"It's uhh, no big deal," Kit replied, and he could feel his cheeks get flush as he did so, "You seem uhhh, cool."

"So it's no big deal," the tanuki asked, still looking incredulous.

"N-nah, no big deal, go ahead."

"Really?"

"Yeah, you're, heh, nice to hug anyway."

"Great," the creature said, bursting with renewed enthusiasm. He pulled Kit into a hug, planting the human's face right into his soft chest, while his huge balls and nuts smothered the rest of Kit's body. Kit was trying not to think about how oddly cute, not to mention horny, it was.

"So, as I was saying, what can I help ya with?" The tanuki pulled back, letting Kit get a chance to breathe. He didn't let go, though. It seemed that now that he had Kit's full endorsement he was reluctant to take his paws off the human. Oh how his paws wandered.

"Help me with, what exactly?" Kit gulped as two tanuki paws dragged along his neck. Everywhere this creature touched, the tension melted away.

"With your prayer, dude! The one you made a second ago."

"Oh, right, that." That seemed like it was days ago at this point. So much was happening so fast. Plus the way he was rubbing Kit's beard at the moment was making it hard to focus on anything else.

Anyway, this tanuki, this god, wanted to grant Kit's wish? Kit started to ask for more details, but thankfully the tanuki was chatty enough to fill in the blanks for him.

"You mortals' wishes have been getting pretty depressing lately," the tanuki said, his tone getting slightly less cheery, even if the hand pinching Kit's nipple lost none of its enthusiasm, "Used to be that all of ya were wishing for stuff like castles and forever feasts and magic swords and other fun stuff like that. Weren't always the easiest wishes to deal with, but they were fun." The tanuki flicked something out of his teeth as he finished. Whatever it was, the moment it hit the ground a beautiful flower sprung forth.

"Now it's all, 'my kid needs medicine,' or 'just one month's rent,' or whatever. Sad *and* boring!" The tanuki shrugged his shoulders at Kit, as if expecting the human to

return his “what’s the deal with that” kind of look. Kit simply looked horrified, so the tanuki continued, after a quick yank of Kit’s love handles.

“And now, I hear what has to be the saddest wish I’ve heard in my eternity of existence. ‘Help me help my friends?’ What the hell is that? I just don’t understand you humans like I used to,” he said, looking distraught, “So, how do *I* help *you*?”

“Excuse me?”

“You said you wanted me to give you the ability to help your friends, right? Well, I don’t understand human problems,” the tanuki looked oddly embarrassed by his confession, “You’re all so unpredictable, and get hung up on the weirdest shit. Plus, there’s a *lot* more of ya than there was even a millennium ago. How do you expect a god to keep up? There’s a big difference between one billion and seven billion humans.” The tanuki gave Kit a light slap on the cheek, which turned into an affectionate kiss. Afterwards he threw the human a big smile.

“So, what’s plaguing humanity right now kid? Lay it on the dotted line for me.”

Every time Kit thought he had this god figured out, he was thrown for another loop. Was there any constant with this guy besides unpredictability? Well that, and a genuine, if oddly detached, desire to help people. Kit shrugged, and decided he might as well give it a shot.

“Well, first of all, almost the entirety of the world’s resources are under complete control by less than a percent of the population...”

Kit tried, he really did. He did rather well too, for the insurmountable task of trying to sum up everything wrong with the world in a few paragraphs. Even so, it only took a few sentences before the tanuki’s mind began to visibly wander, and by the time Kit started to get into how there’s no such thing as a truly safe plastic, the tanuki was nodding off. After the tanuki did a somersault to shake himself back cognizance, Kit decided he might as well call it quits.

“Mm, sorry. Maybe I’m not the best person to explain this sort of thing,” Kit mumbled, shrugging his shoulders. The tanuki returned the gesture and shook his head.

“No no, you’re doing fine. It’s just... Jeez! Like I said, you humans get caught up on the weirdest stuff! I can’t imagine these problems you’re all facing. Seriously, I literally can’t imagine them,” he said, floating up behind Kit so he could hug him from behind, and rest his chin on Kit’s shoulder, “I deal with god problems, like keeping karma properly aligned and making sure the fabric of reality doesn’t get stretched too far. What you’re saying is straight up nonsense to me. I don’t think I know how to help.”

Kit was crushed. It was one thing when Kit thought there was no one to answer his prayer, but it was a whole other when there was, and they couldn’t help you anyway. Kit was trying to keep his chin up, but this was getting unbearable. He was a couple of seconds away from tears when the tanuki gave him a huge hug, and spoke up.

“I *did* have a great idea I’ve been wanting to try out for the past century or two, though, and I think may have finally found the perfect partner for it.” Kit did not know how to take that, and his face showed it. The oblivious god continued, gesticulating as he languished in the air.

“Like I said, I have trouble keeping up with your human stuff. And I’ve tried. Like, a lot, dude. A lot of times,” his snout was pressed against Kit’s nose once more as he said this, and he made the human nod in tandem with him, “I can’t do it. Hate to admit it,

but I can't." Kit wasn't sure how this was supposed to lead to great idea, and the look on the tanuki's face wasn't instilling confidence. Just as he was about to ask the creature to continue, however, that big smile was back, and he was hugging Kit so close he was lifting the human off the ground.

"But you can! You know what's going with humanity, you just proved that."

"Um, I don't think-" Kit was cut off by a fat furry digit pressed against his lips, the tanuki setting him down.

"Nope nope nope, now's not the time to be humble. I may have not been able to understand a word out of your mouth, but that little speech proved it. You've been thinking about this weird stuff a lot."

"I mean, I guess, but-"

"Plus, that wish you gave? That was all I needed to hear. Most people's wishes are selfish," the tanuki crossed his arms, waving one of his paws in a dismissive way, "Which is fine, I get it. Being a human seems pretty stressful. Every so often you get a selfless wish, but it's still self-serving in some way. Again, no judgement." Kit found himself fixated on the way the tanuki's thick tail flicked. Like everything else about the creature, it looked unbearably comfortable.

"But yours," the tanuki said, squishing up Kit's cheeks, and looking him right in the eyes, "Yours had to be one of the most selfless wishes I ever heard. I could feel the sincerity in your voice, in your words. It was beautiful, dude." The smile the tanuki was giving Kit was making the human blush so badly he had to turn away. When he turned back, the tanuki was gone, only to reappear behind him, on his side once again. His giant belly was pressed up against the back of Kit's head, and it was taking every bit of willpower Kit had to keep his head from falling back into it like a pillow. Luckily for him, the tanuki wasn't having any of that, and reached around to press on his forehead, forcing him into his plush gut.

"Here's the deal, dude. I need an emissary. Someone who not only wants to help humans, but understands them, too. So, interested?"

"Uh, what would that entail, exactly?" Kit asked, having read too many fairy tales to accept such a vague deal with enthusiasm.

"Nothing too big. I transform you into a tanuki like me, and you spread harmony and kindness with the power my form gives you. And if there's any big problems, like, huge, huge problems, you can call on me directly, and we can figure something out. Easy, huh?" He waggled his brow in Kit's direction, and the hand down the neckline of his t-shirt traced little spirals across his chest.

"I mean, it does," Kit began, trying not to feel too guilty, "But I don't know. I want to help, but that sounds like a pretty big deal to me." He couldn't bring himself to look at the tanuki's face, and his tone sounded unsure.

"I don't want to dive into something I don't really understand, I guess?"

"That's cool," the tanuki said without missing a beat, "I completely understand my man." He slid through the air around to Kit's front, his gut and balls smacking Kit gently across the cheek as he did so. He stood up in the air in front of Kit, and the smile on his face, while less enthusiastic now, was no less genuine. He took Kit's hand, and squeezed it tight.

"I know how hard big changes are for you humans, so don't worry about it. Think about it if you like, I'll leave the offer on the table." As usual, Kit could not believe the patience of his host. He suddenly decided that for once he wasn't interested in overthinking it--he knew that he already knew what to do.

"You know what? I'll do it."

"Wait, seriously?" the god said; the dumbfounded look on his face was priceless.

"Yeah. I mean, it won't hurt, or keep me from interacting with other humans, will it?"

"Nope."

"Sure then. You're right, being a human sucks."

The tanuki burst into laughter, pulling Kit back into another hug. It took him a minute to finally calm down, but Kit didn't mind. He'd never heard such happy laughter in his life, and it was making the hug feel extra warm. For the first time, Kit hugged back.

"Naw dude, I didn't say humans suck, just that you're stressed. But don't worry," the tanuki's eyes opened back up, and the glint in them sent a shiver of anticipation through Kit, "I can help you with that." Kit didn't get a chance to ask what that meant. As soon as he was done speaking, the tanuki pulled Kit into a deep, sloppy kiss.

Kit thought the tanuki was being lewd before, but boy was he wrong. Five minutes ago he was being downright chaste compared to now. His tongue cradled Kit's as his drool slid down the side of the man's mouth, and his hands were grabbing at whatever part of Kit's head and chest that he could reach. His belly and balls bounced lewdly against Kit's body as he dragged himself up and down the man's front, and that thick tail took turns wrapping around each of Kit's chunky thighs. It took Kit a moment to realize he was no longer supporting his own weight, and that he had no idea how the tanuki was keeping him upright. After a long lick up his neck by the most velvety tongue he'd ever felt in his life, Kit decided that it didn't really matter. One thing was still gnawing at him, however.

"Hey," Kit said, pulling his lips off of the tanuki's with reluctance, "What's your name?"

"Huh?" The tanuki froze mid-kiss, taken aback by the question.

"Like, something to call you? I don't know your name. Mine's Kit."

"Oh, right, names! Thank you Kit," the tanuki said, tapping his chin as he thought, "Names..."

"Do you not have one?"

"Oh, I do. I have so many, it's hard to decide," the tanuki snapped his fingers, and gave Kit another winning smile, "How about you call me 'Bud.'"

"Bud?"

"Yeup."

"Well, thanks Bud."

"No, thank *you* Kit," Bud replied, a hand sliding up under Kit's shirt. He rubbed it with both hands, and Kit could not help but moan from the sensation. The touching Bud was doing before was simply relaxing, while this was bordering on euphoric. Kit didn't noticed the boner he was sporting until Bud started grinding his ass across it.

"Mmm, I gotta admit, I love your human bodies," Bud pulled on Kit's gut a bit, letting it fall and wobble, "So immutable. It's weird, but really fun. Gotta enjoy it while I can, 'cause that's gonna change."

Bud dived in snout first, and began to make out with Kit's belly button. Kit's hands were on his head in no time, desperate for something to hold onto as he squirmed with pleasure. Everywhere that Bud's fur met Kit's flesh was ecstasy. Somehow, Bud felt so much softer than he looked, and the fat that laced his tall form conformed perfectly to every curve on Kit's body. Every time the tanuki's tidal wave of chub washed over Kit the human gasped, goosebumps a constant across his skin. He was rock hard now, and he was enjoying himself far too much to remember shame existed, let alone feel it. He moaned into the tail that batted at his face as Bud dragged his snout against his pants tent, and the moans got a lot louder whenever the tanuki gave him a few jerks through the fabric. It's like the tanuki could tell the exact moment that Kit's orgasm began to build up, because the second it did he torturing that portion of Kit with affection and moved elsewhere. The man was a sweaty, moaning mess in no time.

"Mmm mm m," Bud muttered, jerking his own massive dong while his nuts bounced on Kit's chest, "Let's get this show on the road." Kit pulled his face out of Bud's nuts.

"What do you mean," he asked, panting all the while.

"Watch this," Bud said with a mischievous grin. He turned around and crawled over to Kit's shoes, smearing sweat and pre across his clothes the entire way down. After a moment of deliberation, he grabbed Kit's left tennis shoe.

"What're you-Oh, ooohhh!" Bud started to dig his fingers into Kit's shoe, and somehow, Kit felt it. Even weirder was that it felt really, *really* good. He knew that Bud's fingers were rubbing into his shoes, but instead it felt like the tanuki was rubbing directly into his foot. Not only that, but his foot was feeling bigger. Wider. Longer. Getting longer, by the second, actually. There was a sudden, tearing sound, and Kit's eyes popped open. He looked down just in time to see a the tip of a huge tanuki paw burst out the front of his shoe.

"Holy shit!" Kit's relief, and surprise, were enormous. At no point in the process did he feel any discomfort, and yet when he felt his new foot push out the edge of his shoe, the relief was indescribable. It felt like his foot had been waiting to burst from these confines his entire life, and now, thanks to Bud, it finally did. The feeling was intoxicating, and Kit was now outright excited for more. Bud could tell, and promptly pulled the rest of the shoe still on Kit's foot off as easily as a banana peel.

"Enjoy that, Kit," Bud asked as he opened his mouth wide, and started sucking on Kit's new gigantic toes. Kit's response came in the form of trembling groan as his paw digits flexed in Bud's mouth.

"Cool. Let's see about that other one, then."

Same thing as before, but no less pleasurable. Now that he knew what was coming, Kit spent this time really focusing on Bud's hands. He pushed and molded the muscle in Kit's foot so easily, and it was tingling with pleasure in an instant. That pleasure built up, and just as it reached its apex, That's when he realized another kind of pressure was build as well. With a sudden "pop" as the threads in his shoe gave way, Kit's other new paw burst forth. This shoe was in even worse condition than the first,

and fell off without provocation. As Bud switched his position so he could push the soles of his paws against Kit's, Kit finally got a good look. Paws, only a teensy bit smaller than Bud's, flexed against the other tanuki's feet. They fit so much better than Kit would have expected, and threading his massive paw digits with Bud's felt, well, right.

"Mmmm, good start," Bud said, moving Kit's feet around with his own, "But what next? Oh!" Bud floated up, and up, moving over until his titanic ass loomed directly above Kit.

"Give it a rub, Kit. It'll be great, I promise."

Kit sure didn't need a promise like that to go for an ass that luscious. He immediately pushed his hands right in, and shivered from the sensation. It was glorious. The fattest, roundest, warmest ass Kit could have imagined. As he groped, he racked his brain for something he could compare it to. Silly putty, or some sort of fuzzy balloon filled with gel? No, he realized, as he watched the cheeks bounce hypnotically before him: this was pure ass. Nothing compared.

Kit was so enthralled with Bud's rear that he didn't notice his hands start to change, at least at first. As he pushed his mitts deep into Bud's asscrack, the warmth surrounded his hands flowed down his fingers. It relaxed the muscles in his palms, and soon it was a fight to keep his arms aloft. Still, it got easier and easier to hold that ass. An amount of fat that felt insurmountable moments ago fit into his palms so easily, like it belonged there. Fingers that sank into the deep layers of fat a second ago buoyed across the surface with newfound thickness. His hands felt warm, so warm, and the urge to spread that warmth was building up inside him. When Bud pulled his ass out of reach, Kit got a good look at his hands, and saw big tanuki paws instead.

"Yesss, oh that's good, they're gorgeous," Bud said with adoration, taking one of Kit's new paws in his, "You make for a really hot tanuki Kit. Probably because you were such a hot human, huh?" Bud laughed and gave Kit's belly a quick smack. There was a rumble in Kit's gut, and after a sudden, large burp (That smelled great, somehow?), Kit's gut seemed bigger than before, his shirt unable to contain it. The skin was a lot darker too, fuzzier in fact. When Bud noticed, his eye lit up, and he gave his huge hand a quick rub. He floated above Kit, gingerly setting his hot nuts just below the man's gut.

"What are you ooohhh that's it, yes okay do that." Bud stuck the tip of his huge cock into Kit's belly button, and began to hump. Bud never got deeper than the head, but that didn't stop him from making every thrusts as long and drawn out as he could. It was a ridiculous, nonsensical sensation, but Kit didn't care. Warmth, powerful and pleasurable, pushed out across his gut with every thrust, and it only took a few before Kit was begging for more. The human's gut was big to begin with, but in Bud's hands, it felt titanic. It sloshed and rolled so easily against his massive balls, and every time his fur rubbed on Bud's it felt electric. He could feel the fur move across his belly like a wave of bliss, and his gut was now so big his shirt could not hope to contain it. It tore off just as painlessly as his shoes, and another loud tear told him his pants weren't fairing much better. Kit didn't realize he was humping as well until he felt his orgasm start to build once again. He might have gotten off, but Bud's humping slowed, and then stopped, and he pulled off, with Kit humping nothing but air. He didn't have to look down to know what just happened, but he did anyway.

There was his new gut, colored with rich mocha fur and jiggling no matter how hard he tried to keep it still. There was no word for it other than glorious, and dragging his new paws across the fat felt divine. He could have spent who knows how long enjoying his new paws and gut, if Bud's giggling didn't draw his attention.

"Heh, I was gonna save this part for last since it's so hot, but it looks like *somebody* was a little too eager." Bud laughed, elbowing Kit's gut. Kit was about to ask him what he meant, when a couple of rude paws gave him the answer.

It was hard to tell with his massive belly in the way, but Bud's paws confirmed what Kit thought he felt--his balls were gigantic. Enormous. Almost worrying so. His dong got bigger as well. A *lot* bigger. Practically as big as Bud's which was classifiable as a battering ram if anything. Kit needed to cum pretty bad at this point, but feeling those massive fuzzy nuts bouncing in Bud's hands made him afraid of what would happen if he did. Bud, as if reading his mind, gave him a devilish smirk from behind the top of his gut.

"Careful when you cum, by the way. These things don't really have a 'low' setting, if you catch my drift." He winked, and gave Kit's new nuts a squeeze. Kit yelped, and an amount of pre more than twice the size of his old orgasms spilled out across Bud's paws and his nuts. Bud licked it up in one quick motion, smacking his lips lasciviously. When he was done, he leaned an elbow on Kit's gut, giving him the classic bedroom eyes look.

"Mmmm, lookin' good hot stuff. I bet you'd look even better with a snout, though."

He didn't give Kit a chance to respond, but Kit was ready for him this time. Their lips locked, and the two began to roll through the air as lust overtook them both. Their big guts bounced and pancaked across each other as their nuts constantly collided. Kit's pants finally gave up the ghost as Bud's tail dragged across each asscheek; in seconds his ass had exploded outwards to more than twice its original size, with fur sliding down it and whatever flesh was left on his legs. The tail came immediately after, just as thick and luxurious as its predecessor's. Bud's hands cupped Kit's chest, and squeezed his nips, and he could suddenly feel the cold sting of a nipple ring, but he didn't care how. It felt good, and it felt even better when he mashed his nip against Bud's and the other tanuki hissed into his mouth.

His head was the last thing to change, and Kit could feel every second of it. It felt amazing. Bud's paws dragged across the bare flesh on his neck, waves over sensitive fur left in its wake. Kit's ears didn't seem to disappear, and he definitely didn't feel them move, but suddenly they were on top of his head, and Bud's fat fingers rubbing across them made him want to howl. It felt like Bud was pulled out of the kiss, but no matter how he pulled back, their lips kept contact. It felt like Kit's face was being massaged, but in reverse, somehow? He couldn't describe it, but it felt fuller and more relaxed than it ever had before. When Bud finally did pull himself out of their kiss, Kit smiled, and then smiled wider; he loved how it felt to grin with his new snout. He gave his new tail a testing flick, and shivered with joy.

He was the spitting image of Bud now, at least for the most part. He was a little bit smaller, in both size and height, and his fur had slightly different markings. For instance, Bud's fur didn't end in paw socks, but Kit's did. Plus, Bud's junk was as dark as the rest of his fur, but Kit's was as creamily colored as his belly. Besides that, the

only difference was Kit's scant clothing, the only remnant of his once human existence. He was no longer decked out in his human garb (as it was laying around them in tattered shreds), but instead wore a loincloth that left nothing to the imagination, as well as a single thick gold nipple ring, and a necklace of prayer beads. He looked the part of tanuki emissary perfectly. At least, Bud must have thought so, because they were now on the ground, with Kit in Bud's lap, and the god couldn't keep his hands off of him

"Mmmm, dang your moobs are nice dude," Bud said, kissing up Kit's neck, "Mm, I could play with you all decade." He nipped at Kit's ear, and Kit groaned. The new tanuki shamelessly rubbed his dick, spilling more pre onto Bud's foot paws.

"Mmf, right, need to tell you your duties. Can't get *too* distracted." Bud said that, but his paws didn't stop groping Kit for even a second. His tone got slightly more professional, however.

"So, here's the basics. You can bring immense pleasure from physical contact to all your friends and family. If you want to bring someone good luck? Have them rub your belly. That's the power move," Bud traced a finger around Kit's belly button for a moment and licked his the side of Kit's open snout, "You can change your body more or less at will now, though you can't do it to other people. You're my gofer, not a god yourself, important distinction." His cheek pressed against Kit's, and he made the other tanuki nod with him again, because, to him, that was good enough confirmation that Kit understood.

"What else... Oh yeah, if someone sucks, like, needs to be taught a lesson bad, you can give them bad luck as long as you give them a look of pure venom. That's powerful stuff, be careful." For the first and only time since they had met, Bud looked serious.

"Gotcha."

"Good," Bud immediately went back to rolling Kit's belly folds in his paws, "Besides that, your job is to make people happy, help them out, spread harmony, and if you've got a really big problem, come it me. Just uhh, try to keep it simple, right? Like, tell me who to curse or what mountains to move or whatever. I can't stand all these human details." Bud suddenly lifted Kit up with ease, and now they were face to face, their guts pressed so tightly together the fat spilled up to their necks. Kit tried stifle the moans that came from how good it felt. Bud didn't.

"Ooh, mmmf, that's good dude. So uh, yeah, I think that's everything. You're practically invincible now, and definitely immortal. Don't need to eat or sleep unless you wanna, but dang does it feel good," the look on Bud's face implied he might spend much more time doing those things that he probably should, "So, any questions?"

"Can't think of any."

"Really?"

Kit bounced his head back and forth for a moment, shrugged, and shook his head.

"Nah. Seems pretty straightforward to me."

"Sweet!" Bud looked tremendously relieved.

"This is new territory for me too, so I'm not sure how this'll work. We'll figure out something though," Bud waved a paw dismissively, and then the other reached up to grab Kit by the chin.

"Business talk over. I wanna do you a solid."

"What?" Kit only half heard him, because Bud's hands had gone back to rubbing Kit's chin and grabbing his snout.

"Shouldn't I be giving you something? Like, tribute, or something?" Kit was serious, but Bud laughed, and shook his head.

"Naw, you're the one doing me a favor, so I wanna return it. Hm," Bud rubbed his chin, that horny smirk from before back, "That said, if you want to think of it as tribute, that's hot." Kit looked confused, so Bud leaned in close, his voice a whisper.

"I wanna fuck the rest of that tension out of ya."

Kit didn't know what that meant, and did not care. It felt like years since he last got off, and he rubbed one out this morning. His big dick shot another big spurt of pre against Bud's stomach.

"Fuck yeah."

"Heh, nice," Bud said, pushing Kit onto his back. A bed of flowers sprang up and caressed every inch of Kit's beautiful new body.

"Relax, big guy, I've got ya."

Bud lifted up Kit's fat thighs with ease, and slid in behind him. Warmth pressed against his ass cheeks, and pushed on his asshole, causing Kit to squirm. A few minutes ago, Bud's gigantic cock against his ass would have made him sweat, but with his new assets, it felt like they were made for each other. The heat Bud's nuts were putting off filled Kit's hips with pleasure, and his dick jumped with every gentle nudge to his backside. Kit gasped, as he felt heat push up his ass. He sank into the ground, looking blissed out, and Bud's hips began to rock.

The god fucked powerfully, but tenderly. Kit could feel every little bit of Bud's thick dick push up into him, and every time it did, Kit's prostate shook from the stimulation. Still, his hands glided across Kit's body like a longtime lover, and every thrust was so slow and methodical there was no discomfort whatsoever. Kit's body ached as he thrashed on the ground, the mountain of fatty tanuki calmed only by his god's tender kisses across his belly and chest.

It didn't take long for Kit's orgasm to build up. It felt like he had been on the verge of it forever, and he made no attempt to hold back. Bud could tell, and words of encouragement began to drag across Kit's fur as deftly as Bud's fingers.

"That's right dude. Cum all that tension out. All that stress. Let it all go, Bud's got ya now."

After a few more splashes of Bud's guts across his own, Kit's body began to go taut. Heat was pushing through his ass, up his body, pushing out to the tips of each paw. His dick started to ache, and his hips began to spasm. The whole time, Bud kept up his methodical rocking, only getting barely faster, and more forceful. Kit felt a paw on the back of his head, pulling him up. His snout was mere inches away from Bud's now, and the tanuki god looked at Kit with nothing but love.

"Cum, hot stuff." He pulled Kit into a sloppy kiss, and the acolyte gladly obeyed his god.

It was a lot of cum. A *lot*. It just kept coming, too. His dick kept spurting, and spurting, huge shots of cum, that fell on top of his gut and Bud's. It hit Bud in the snout

too, as well as Kit. It started pooling on the ground beside them, as Kit's new dong continued to go off like a geyser.

He might have stopped earlier, but he got it as good as he gave. It was hard to tell at first, with how mind blowing his own orgasm was, but eventually Kit realized his ass was getting a lot warmer, and a lot fuller. So was the ground beneath him. So was his gut, and it looked like it ballooning a bit too.

"Fuck, fuck, this is so good, I can't stop," Kit mewled, as another rope of cum shot a couple of feet into the air.

"Then don't, dude," Bud hissed through gritted teeth, his hips continuing to rock.

Kit was happy to oblige. He kept cumming for what must have been another minute at least, before it finally began to taper off. Every time Kit thought he was done, another rock of Bud's hips make his prostate light up with sensation, and another slightly smaller shot hit Kit's stomach. Eventually, he ceased. Kit was covered, so was Bud, and so was the forest floor everywhere within a few feet of them. Kit was feeling pretty covered all over his inside too. He had never felt warmer or more satisfied in his life.

"Whew," Bud said, letting out a deep sigh, "Didn't realize how much I needed that. Been awhile since I got to fuck someone. Especially someone so cute." He gave Kit's gut a smack, and it wobbled in a most pleasing way.

"Sorry I cummed in ya," Bud mumbled as he laid down next to Kit. He draped a heavy thigh over Kit's, and the newly converted tanuki twined his tail with his god's.

"Why are you sorry? That felt awesome Bud."

"Heh, well," Bud said, looking embarrassed, "I'm glad, but it was a bit irresponsible. You're still mortal... ish, and I forgot you mortals don't handle my cum all that well. You're probably gonna be really horny for the next few days."

"Oh," Kit replied, unsure if he thought that was a good or bad thing. At the moment, he was leaning pretty heavily towards "awesome."

"Yeah, just ignore it and you'll go back to normal in that regard. Or don't, and it'll probably stick around forever. Your choice." Bud could already tell what Kit was planning on doing, and his smile showed it. The new tanuki blushed, and Bud chuckled and kissed his reddening cheek.

"Cute."

"Uhh, do you need any help, by the way," Kit asked. Bud leaned back, looking surprised.

"With what, dude?"

"Uhm, well, cleaning all this," he gestured to the puddle of tanuki cum they were laying in.

"Oh, that?" Bud laughed, and snapped his fingers. It was gone in a flash, though the warmth inside Kit lingered.

"Thanks for reminding me, I almost forgot. You're gonna cum like that pretty much every time now, so just snap your fingers and think about it disappearing, and it will."

"Oh, thanks for the tip."

"Sure thing dude."

The two held each other in their arms for a few minutes longer, enjoying the sunshine. Bud peppered Kit's neck with kisses, while Kit nuzzled into the fur on his head. They tried to tangle their limbs with each other as much as their guts, dicks, and balls allowed. They rolled in the flowers, exchanging squeezes and licks until Bud leaned up, looking disappointed.

"Well, I've got a few things I should get back to. There was this volcano in the Pacific I really should keep an eye on," Bud rolled his eyes and laughed to himself, "Tectonic forces, am I right?"

"Uh, yeah."

"So, you need anything else, dude?" Bud sat up, and Kit followed, standing up and dusting himself off.

"Mmm, I don't think so. Thanks again, sir."

"Heh, just Bud. We're partners, dude," Bud stood up beside Kit, and pulled him into another half hug. Kit felt himself wilt under Bud's romantic gaze.

"I look forward to a long partnership between us."

"S-same, heh."

"Now get on out of here dude," Bud exclaimed, giving Kit's ass a sudden spank, "Help those humans, they need it!"

"Yes sir, Bud!" Kit shook himself off, and bounded off into the forest, back the way he came.

"C'mere and call me if you need me!"

"I will!" Kit yelled, looking back one last time, before slipping between the trees.

Bud looked on with a smile as Kit disappeared. Once he was sure his new acolyte was out of earshot, he spoked, his tone full of mirth.

"Man, you'd think after all this time I'd have these humans figured out," he laughed to himself, and shook his head, "Well, at least I've got Kit, now. Funny how I keep thinking it's me who needs to teach these humans, when it keeps being the other way around..." He sighed, and let himself fall backwards. The moment he hit the ground, his body disappeared in a cloud of fireflies, which flew off in every direction.

Kit was at the edge of the forest, still trying to figure out this whole "body shifting" thing. He looked like a normal human again, for the most part. No tail, or paws, or fur, or anything like that. Try as he might, however, his gut, and junk, were noticeably bigger. After one more half-hearted attempt, Kit shrugged, and gave up.

"Eh, nobody's gonna notice if I'm a *little* bit bigger, right?" Kit gave his huge ass a slap and shivered from the sensation. He felt his crotch twitch, and the clothes he had just created for himself made a small tearing sound. He didn't look that broken up about it.

"Oh well. Tanukis shouldn't be wearing pants anyway," Kit said with a sniff, "It feels downright unnatural. This human disguise will work well enough."

Kit stepped beyond the edge of the forest, back towards civilization. He shifted his big junk as he walked towards the bus stop, and the tiny tail poking out above his huge ass flicked with excitement.