

Fuku Neko

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Sitting at her desk early one morning, sixteen-year-old Misaki looks at a graded paper, a pre-test taken the day before. The Japanese schoolgirl turns the paper over. She can't help but stress over the upcoming test. She's studied to the point of somehow inducing forgetfulness, and her pre-test's score only drives fear and doubt into her heart. This year has already been difficult for her, academically speaking. Somehow, she needs to figure out a way to turn her waning luck around.

"How'd that one go?" Kasumi asks.

Misaki turns her eyes toward her fellow classmate. Kasumi looks back with an innocent smile. Also a sixteen-year-old girl, the feline Voeldahn is solid black in color, her orange eyes looking pleasantly at the black haired, gray eyed human. Her long hair, pulled into cutesy pigtails, sway as she cocks her head.

"Well?!"

Kasumi looks down at the flipped over paper. Misaki glances to it in kind, her eyes growing wide with horror. Realizing that it's there for the taking, Kasumi snatches the sheet.

"Hey! Give that back!" Misaki yells.

“Well now! ... Oh... Wow...”

Kasumi sets the paper back down, wide eyed with shock.

“Not one word...” Misaki growls.

Kasumi shrugs her shoulders, turning around in her chair.

“I need to turn this bad luck around.” Misaki says with a heavy sigh, resting her face in her hands.

“If someone would let a certain Voeldahn speak, she might have a suggestion.” Kasumi remarks, a smug grin on her face as she glances over her shoulder. “But someone would have to be pretty smart or desperate to listen.”

“Do... Do you have a suggestion?” Misaki hesitantly asks.

“Well since you asked!” Kasumi shouts, swiftly spinning around in her seat and leaning uncomfortable close. “Everyone know that cats are lucky, especially black cats.”

“... Yeah...”

“Well, if you need some luck, perhaps-”

“You could give me luck?!” Misaki asks, interrupting Kasumi.

“No. Heh. I’m a girl. I can only give boys good luck.” Kasumi retorts.

“Wait, this is stupid. You’re a Voeldahn, not a cat.” Misaki shakes her head.

Kasumi’s pointy, feline ears flop back. Her eyes grow as wide as saucers and her wiry tail hangs limp as she frowns, quivering her bottom lip.

"But... I look like one..." She murmurs.

"... Is that enough?" Misaki asks, feeling a tinge of guilt.

"Sure it is!" Kasumi chirps.

"You still can't give me luck, though, so..."

"But my brother can. Kaito's a nice boy. He'll give you luck for sure!" Kasumi exuberantly explains.

Misaki's face flushes. She knows her brother Kaito, as many of the other girls do, both human and Voeldahn. Unlike other countries, humans continue to have a strange relationship with the Voeldahn in Japan; while they treat them as equals on the surface, most humans cannot help believing themselves to be somehow superior. As a result, clandestine interspecies sex is relatively common, but dating, marriage and interbreeding is not. Kaito, a relatively popular Voeldahn with his male classmates, is twice as popular with the female classmates; he's an exception to the unspoken rule.

The dashing black cat boy with dyed ice blue hair is considered desirable by most, and is well known to have actually dated several more popular girls, even one in her class, a year behind him. Misaki's cheeks, visibly reddened at the thought, amuses Kasumi. Her lips curl into a twisted grin, one side of her mouth showing her teeth and a little fang.

"I see you've heard of him." She remarks with narrowed eyes.

"Of course." A blushing Misaki replies. "Why would *he* want to help *me*? He's... Well... He's Kaito!"

"Because he's a sweetheart! Don't believe all the rumors. Although, I will warn you, the giving of luck is an... Intimate process." Kasumi cautions.

"W-what do you mean?"

Leaning over Misaki's desk, the black cat girl whispers into her ear.

"What?!" A wide eyed Misaki asks.

"Hey, if you don't want this bad enough, that's fine. I'm sure your grades will get better all by themselves!" Kasumi taunts her, turning back around.

"I just... That's... Kind of..."

"You need a luck infusion. What better way to get it?" Kasumi asks, glancing over her shoulder.

An admittedly intrigued Misaki pauses, thinking it over. She's long eyed Kaito from afar, as have many girls. However, she's also a virgin, a fact that Kasumi, an acquaintance of hers, knows all too well. While the offer is extreme, it appeals to her in a somewhat twisted way. Many superstitions and rituals have strange, even downright insane prerequisites; this could lend to its credibility. Misaki's thoughts race to Kaito, and the proposed arrangement. Biting her bottom lip to keep from visibly grinning, Misaki slowly and subtly nods her head. Kasumi's lips curl into a sinister grin, her little fang protruding once more.

"Good. I'll tell him at lunch."

Unable to focus for the rest of the day, Misaki suffers through the ticking of the clock. Kasumi occasionally glances back to her during class, rather amused by her plight. No sooner does the clock strike twelve is Kasumi on her phone. Misaki hovers over her shoulder, seeing Kaito's picture and what could only be a sibling term of endearment beside it.

"Ahem?!" Kasumi draws the phone to her chest. "Go! I've got this, sister!"

Obeying the cat girl, Misaki leaves the classroom with her bag and heads outside to eat lunch. Sitting by herself, as her best friend decided not to show up to class, Misaki stares at the blades of grass. After some time, a shadow comes into view. Looking up, her gray eyes bulge as she stares up at Kaito. His spikey, ice blue hair sways in the soft breeze, as does his tail. With hands in the pockets of his slacks, he stands before her, a little smile on his face.

“Misaki, right?” The seventeen-year-old asks.

“Y-yeah... I’m, that’s... Yeah.” She stammers.

Flushing, she briefly averts her eyes.

“How did you find me so quick?” She softly asks.

“My creepy sister’s up there, stalking you.” He replies, pointing a thumb over his shoulder.

Leaning to one side to see past him, Misaki’s brow lowers, her expression blank as she stares up at the second-floor hallway. Sticking out of a window, Kasumi waves both arms at her.

“Hi! See?! I’m helping! I’ve got your back, girlfriend!” Kasumi screams from the opened window.

“What are you doing?!” A random student asks. “You’re going to fall!”

“Mind your business!” Kasumi snarls. “Anyway, good luck! Haha!” She continues to shout at Misaki.

Kaito sits down beside her, crossing his legs and leaning forward on his forearms.

“So? I hear you’re not doing so well.”

“Just a run of bad luck.” Misaki sighs.

“It sounds more like a marathon, according to Kasumi.”

“Heh.” Misaki giggles. “I guess you could say that.”

“Need help with that?”

“Maybe. I mean, it’s not just some little spell.” Misaki begins.

“I know. It’s about as serious as it gets, but it works.”

“Have you done it before?” Misaki asks.

“Once, to Yuki.” He answers.

“But Yuki’s popular!”

“She wasn’t last year, which is when I helped her.” He coolly retorts.

“Oh...”

Looking at his gentle smile and feeling his pleasant aura, Misaki is still hesitant. However, having admired Kaito for some time, and having failed to acquire a boyfriend before certain thoughts began to weigh on her, she simply cannot help herself.

“Okay. I’ll do it!” She replies, trying not to sound too excited.

“Here.” He hands her a little slip of paper. “My house, tonight, whenever it’s convenient for you. Kasumi will leave us alone; she knows better.”

“What about your parents?”

“What parents? My dad works ninety hours a week, and our mom passed.”

“Yeah, I recall. I’m sorry. My parents work a lot too. I’ll be over by six.” She says with a smile.

"I'll be waiting."

The rest of the day passes even more slowly for Misaki than the hours leading up to their meeting. As she approaches the house on the outskirts of their town, her stomach churns from nervousness. She struggles to find the strength to ring the bell, only for Kasumi to aid her, exuberantly ripping it open before she can ever touch the button.

"HAI!!! COME ON IN! HE'S RIGHT UPSTAIRS!"

Kasumi grabs her wrist with her clawed hand, pulling her into the house, slamming and locking the door, and dragging her swiftly up the stairs in a matter of mere seconds. Swirling around so that she's standing behind Misaki, Kasumi rests her palms on her shoulder blades and pushes her down the hall. Reaching a door, she leans forward and knocks rapidly, before sliding it open. Misaki trembles as Kaito sits in his room, dressed in much nicer and more traditional clothes than he wore at school. A black and blue accented montsuki-haorihakama wraps around his athletic form.

Standing to his feet, the five foot and eight-inch tall boy is six-inches taller than her. His tail swishes hypnotically as he approaches her. Reaching out, he caresses her cheek with the backs of his clawed fingers. She closes her eyes, feeling the warm, soft fur on her skin. Misaki steps forward, as if under his command. He slowly slides the door closed behind her. Kaito gently nuzzles her face with his short, feline snout, his flat, black nose tickling her flesh.

"S-so... W-when do we s-start?" She nervously asks.

"Right now." He softly replies, a hand resting on her upper arm as he kisses her cheek.

Still quite inexperienced with boys, Misaki shies away. Kaito cocks his head, looking to her with a very gentle expression.

“If you aren’t *complete sure* about this, you can go. No hard feelings.” He suddenly says.

“... Are you sure?” She sheepishly asks.

“Mhm, but if you don’t go now, you’ll never be able to, just so you know.”

“What are you saying? I won’t be able to change my mind later?”

“No.” He shakes his head. “It’s not that *I’ll* do anything; the desire for my luck will simply cloud your mind the further we go. This is your last chance to walk away.” He explains.

“... Do you really need to cum in me?” Misaki asks.

“Of course, I do. Don’t you want my luck?” Kaito coolly retorts.

“Yes.” Misaki nods.

“Then I need to cum in you.” He insists.

“Shouldn’t you wear a condom? You could still do all of that, but then I wouldn’t risk getting pregnant.” Misaki suggests.

“That would block the luck. Besides, as lucky as I am, you won’t get pregnant.” Kaito suavely explains, gently nuzzling her face with his snout.

“Well...”

The tension inside of Misaki is overwhelming. While she’s nervous and afraid, having never done this before, especially not with a boy of Kaito’s caliber, she cannot help but be curious. In a startling move, as if possessed by a demon, her hands reach out and grab Kaito’s head. Leaning in, she kisses him deeply, attempting to slip him her tongue. Stumbling back from surprise, as much as from her level of force, Kaito nearly trips. He wraps his arms around Misaki on impulse, quickly dragging her down with him. They fall back onto the edge of his nearby bed, her body over his and her chest pressed against him.

He can feel her perky, B-cup breasts jutting into him as she continues to kiss him. It takes several seconds before Misaki regains total control of her own body, and by then, the anxiety is over.

"I *really* need that luck..." Misaki growls, grinning sinisterly at Kaito.

"Oh god..." He squeaks.

"I had no idea how much until this moment! Don't even think about holding out on me!"

She pulls open his garment, revealing his athletic chest beneath it. Her hands stroke the warm and incredibly soft fur that covers his body. Reaching up his hands, he swiftly unbuttons her blouse, as she still wears her school uniform. Peeling the shirt from her body, he looks at her pale human skin, her milky breasts held within a tightly fitting bra. Her gaze, now lustful, locks with his own as she unclips and pulls the bra off for him. No sooner than the light brown flesh of her nipples are exposed, he leans forward and licks it.

"Ahh!" She gasps.

His lips wrap around her areola, his tongue playfully teasing it before he switches to the other breast. Meanwhile, Misaki pulls his sash from his male kimono, pushing off his robe before slipping off her shoes. Leaving on her skirt and panties for the moment, she grinds against Kaito's groin, still covered in the fabric of his robes. Unwilling to stall any longer, she desires Kaito and his luck. Rising to her feet, she pulls away from him so that she can swiftly drop her skirt and panties, revealing her dripping wet, virginal flesh. A hungry Kaito licks his lips.

He stands to his feet, dropping his clothing down to his ankles as well, before sitting back down on his bed and leaning back. Misaki starts with wide eyes at the charcoal colored flesh of his feline member. Stiff and throbbing, she wonders what it tastes like. Moving as though she's lost all self-control, she bends over, her buttocks and loins fully exposed as she sniffs, nuzzles, licks, and then sucks Kaito's throbbing cock.

"Oh, damn! Mmm! You *really* want that luck!" Kaito exclaims.

Turning her eyes up to him as her head bobs slowly up and down his shaft, she can't even nod her head. Her mouth, so full with his girthy penis, can't even manage the faintest of smiles. Her tongue swirls around the head and her hand cups his heavy testicles; it's the closest thing to a 'yes' as she can give him at that moment.

"Well, don't keep me in the dark, Misaki. I want to see where I'm putting all of this."

Finally, she flushes and feels a tinge of nervousness. Standing up, she pulls her mouth off of Kaito's exceptional phallus, letting it flop against the dry fur of his toned belly. Turning around, she rests her hands on her butt cheeks, carefully spreading them as she leans gently over so that he can see her innocent vagina, having never once been used up until this point.

"Wow... I've never seen such a good looking pussy!" He chirps.

"Really?" Misaki asks, her face flushing.

"Oh yeah!"

Taking his hands and placing them near her own, he leans in, first sniffing her loins. He sighs with relief at her sweet, almost floral

aroma. First, he gives her a little lick, and then another. It isn't long before his tongue swirls around and covers her clitoris, only to dive deeply into her vagina and quickly repeat. She isn't sure how, but soon she finds herself lying over Kaito as he relaxes, flat on his back. Her head bobs up and down his rock-hard cock, while he gleefully laps at her virgin pussy. Soon, neither of them can stand it. Misaki can't wait to feel a male penetrate her and relieve her of her innocence, and Kaito can't wait to feel her envelope him as he steals it.

Lying her down on her back, he crawls up to her, kissing her passionately and with tongue as he fondles her breasts with his clawed hands. Kaito is exceptionally talented, never once hurting her, no matter how rough he is. Misaki groans as he grinds the underside of his slimy phallus against her nether lips, teasing her. It drives her insane; she wants it now, and he's holding out.

"Come on, Kaito. Please!" She begs, a hand squeezing his ass.

"Alright. Just so you know, this part will hurt a little, but only for a minute."

His soft voice eases her mind, just as his soft touch and warm kisses ease her body. Pressing the head firmly against the opening of her love tunnel, Kaito grunts as he squeezes his penis into her. Misaki grits her teeth and winces, feeling a sharp stinging and soreness as his large organ, bigger than she was expecting, stretches her vaginal canal and breaks her hymen. Diving deep into her, he gives her little time to dwell on the pain as he makes her a woman. As he'd promised, only moments go by before the pain has been flushed away, replaced entirely by a body quaking pleasure that she couldn't even imagine.

"Nnf! Ahh! Nnf! Nnf!" She groans and gasps.

"Nng! Nng! GGGRRRAHH!" He growls, thrusting faster and more aggressively.

Sheathing his impressive package within her, she soon feels the boy's tight scrotum and heavy testicles smacking into her firm ass. Her legs cross at the ankles and her arms wrap around Kaito's body, clinging tightly to the boy as their bodies radiate heat. Misaki's pale skin begins to glisten as she sweats, while the ever moving Kaito's fur becomes damp and matted. A strange musk, like that of sweat, floods her nostrils. However, for some reason, she's only further aroused by it. Is that what mating smells like? Because if it is, she likes it. Her fingernails claw at Kaito's back as he pounds her quivering flesh, gasping and panting for breath with each hard ramming of his hips.

Suddenly, Misaki tremors and squeals. Her eyes roll back and her back arches. With arms reaching outward for anything to hold in the distance, they bend back and grip the sheets. Kaito grunts loudly as Misaki orgasms, her once innocent vagina clamping down on his member like a vice.

"Oh, fuck! NNGAHH! Sooo fucking tight!" He grunts.

Misaki can't even answer in words, barely able to breathe through her pleasured wailing. Slowing his pace, he suddenly stops. A panting Misaki looks downward at him, her arms up and holding tightly to a pillow behind her head.

"I need to uh... Change your position..."

"Why?" She manages to ask.

"Because I... Er... If I give you my luck too fast, it'll... It'll be weak! Yeah... If you want strong luck, I need to last longer than that! Changing it up helps me give you really good luck."

Misaki chuckles. By now, she's almost positive that he's lying, but the pleasure she feels is just too good to let slip away so easily. If

he wants to keep going, holding out as long as possible, why should she stop him?

“Yeah, hff, okay.”

“Good girl. Roll over.” He says with a sly grin, twirling a finger in the air.

With Kaito's assistance and that of a few pillows, Misaki soon lays on her belly, her butt facing the black cat boy. He gives her firm ass a few good smacks, even taking his substantial member and thwacking it softly against her butt. Without further delay, they both grunt as he stuffs it back into her awaiting pussy, stretching her nether lips as he dives back into her. With hands on her slender waist, just above her hips, he soon plows his cock into and out of her, his heavy balls softly tapping her clitoris with every thrust. Grunting, groaning and gasping, Misaki couldn't have imagine anything ever feeling this good.

Listening to her lover's vocalizations assures her that he feels the same, even though he's had other women. This only empowers Misaki, making her feel both more feminine and more desirable. Her fears and worries wash away as she simply lies there, enjoying the free pleasure that he's providing. Sometimes he leans against her sweaty back with his damp chest and kisses her face, while other times he kneels behind her and holds tightly to her waist or hips. Sometimes his thrusts are slow, other times fast, but he never stops moving. Within minutes of working her body, Misaki feels yet another orgasm blast throughout her.

“Ahh! Ahh! AAAHHHH! GGGAAAHHHFUUUCK!” She growls, wincing from the incredible pleasure.

“NNGGAAHH-SHIT! Oh damn!” Kaito exclaims, holding in place. **“You're going to snap it off if you get any tighter!”**

“Sorry, kitten.” She coos, teasingly wiggling her butt.

“That’s alright, babe. That was a complaint.” He winks, his pelvis swaying along with her own.

Eager to move onto something else, Kaito rolls Misaki back over, quickly diving back into her dripping wet hole. Once fully sheathed within her body, he pulls backward and sits down, his tail swaying gleefully as Misaki wraps her legs around his waist. Familiar with this position, having seen cleaner versions in several magazines, she rests her hands on his shoulders and kisses him deeply. Kaito’s taken aback by how affectionate her kisses are, feeling a warmth in his chest as a result. Though for him this is just carnal pleasure, her passion makes it somehow even more enjoyable.

Kissing her back, he grips her buttocks tightly, directing her to buck and grind against him, his member still buried deep within her. Now striking every spot she has as his organ rubs around her love tunnel, both teens find themselves propelled to their climax like a rocket. The less experienced Misaki cums first. Sitting atop her lover, Kaito struggles to keep from doing the same, focusing on absolutely anything else, even attempting to imagine a fat, male teacher naked to calm himself. Thankfully, he succeeds. Panting like a dog, the cat boy knows that he can’t draw this out much longer.

“Alright... Hhf... You’re ready for my luck.” He says with a grin.

“Mmm, lucky me.” Misaki winks.

Returning to their original position, Kaito gently lies Misaki backward onto the bed, allowing her to relax her body as he finds a comfortable position for his arms and legs. Now properly mounted, he returns to his work, fervently treating Misaki to all that he can muster. Slap, slap, slap, echoes the sound of his taut scrotum as it drives into Misaki’s firm ass. His tail flails as she wriggles and writhes, clawing at the sheets, his sides and back, and even herself. He licks and kisses her neck, even leaning forward to briefly suck on and lick her breasts.

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahh! Such a, nnf, good kitty! Ahh!” She gasps.

Though he does his best, he’s built up for too long. Feeling her loins growing tighter, Kaito knows that Misaki’s tight cunt will once again squeeze him like a hydraulic press.

“Ahh! Ahh! Ahhyes!” She squeals.

“Nng! Nng! Are you ready?! Nng!” Kaito asks between grunts.

“Ahh! Yes! Please! Nnf! Give me, nnf, you luck, nnf! Ahh!” Misaki begs.

“Nng! Here it! Nng! Comes! NNNGGGRAAAH!!!!”

Kaito throws his head back and roars, wincing from the sheer power of his expulsion. Misaki squeals, her tongue hanging from the side of her mouth as she pants in pure ecstasy. She can feel Kaito’s hot jets of luck invading her, the burning ooze splashing inside of her body and coating her uterus with his wonderous power. Pushing in harder, Kaito drains his aching nuts into the slender human’s quivering pussy, filling the sixteen-year-old to overflowing.

“Nnngghhaah.” He sighs. “Now that was a lot of luck!”

“Yeah?” She asks through labored breaths.

“Yeah. You’re so lucky, Misaki. No one’s pulled luck out of me like that before!”

“Really?!” She asks, her face lighting up as she looks him in the eye.

“Oh yeah.” He says with a happy sigh.

Looking at the clock, the teens see that the entire procedure of luck transference took about thirty minutes. However, it takes Misaki no less than ten before she can even stand up, and a few more before she can comfortably walk. As instructed by the lucky, black cat boy, Misaki slips on her panties right away to hold in as much fertile luck as she can. Luckily, she doesn't have any luck negating birth control floating around, a fact she shares as they snuggle together in his bed.

"Well, you'll be incredibly lucky for some time now, and I guarantee you won't have any worries on your mind for some time." He says with a grin.

"And what about when my luck runs out?" She coos, kissing his cheek.

"You're a special case; I'll see you again, for as many times as you need." He replies.

"That's a good kitty. Thank you so much... For your luck." She says with a wink.

By seven o' clock at night, Misaki leaves. Lying naked atop his bed, Kaito sighs, staring up at the ceiling.

"Man... I think she really *was* the best."

"Agreed!"

"What the?!"

Glancing down, he sees Kasumi peering in at him.

"Where you watching?!"

"... Maybe?" She answers with a question.

"You've got issues..." He says, writing Misaki's name into a little book.

"I didn't say anything!" She replies defensively.

"There! Number thirteen... Oh... Is that unlucky?" He turns to her.

"Eh, she's coming back."

"Right. Going to watch again?" He teases.

"Hey, this was all your idea, Mr. Lucky. Why do I even keep helping you?"

"Because, we trade off."

"Oh, that's right! And it's my turn! Remember, you're the silly one this time." Kasumi sternly demands.

"Alright, alright."

"Now hurry up and get dressed. My favorite boy is coming over soon and I'm hoping this one is a keeper. I actually really like him."

"Aww, does someone have a crush?" He taunts his sister.

"Shut up! My list isn't even half as long as yours!"

"It's still a list..."

"Whatever."

She backs out of his room, returning to her own to prepare.

"Hey Kasumi!" He calls out to her.

"What?" She peeks back inside.

"Good luck!!!" He exuberantly chirps, holding up both thumbs.

"Heh... Idiot." Kasumi smirks.