

A Perfect Fit

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(Late Inktober 2019 Prompt, Day 18: Misfit)

Content warning: Public nudity, exhibitionism, stealth sex, detachable parts, implied watersports.

The town had slowly grown accustomed to the strange black and white imp's presence. When they first saw him floating down the road into town, many residents believed him to be an evil spirit or demon. In their defense, most supernatural creatures with absurdly over-sized genitalia in their culture were seen as tricksters at best. However, his embarrassed demeanor and soft voice quickly soothed the braver individuals. The town tailor provided a child's kimono for his use, and the imp gratefully accepted. However, despite its bottom drifting inches below his feet as he hovered here or there and as amusing as its broad sleeves were on his small arms, the town was always keenly aware of how its bottom pressed forward between where those legs dangled.

Sarei found that the shift in his reception from fearful to bemused didn't really help. While he had earned enough trust to do small errands in exchange for food or small items, most townsfolk found him too humorous to be taken seriously or too lewd to be associated with. He just didn't fit into their peaceful lifestyle; he was more spirit than person to them. While this obviously left him somewhat stranded in the town and unable to find information on what he ultimately sought, his main regret was that this left him incredibly lonely.

At least it's a beautiful town, he thought as he sat on one of the larger stones in the well-tended town garden, watching the brook burble over its rocky bed. In the privacy of the verdant glade, often unpopulated in the early afternoon, Sarei had pulled up his sleeves and the bottom of his only clothing. In part, this was to dangle his toes in the cold, babbling water and free his hands to touch the grey stone's smooth surface. However, he couldn't deny how good it felt to have fabric not pressing down against his long, girthy cock or shading it from the warm sunlight. It did seem, though, that both the confining fabric and the sun's rays stimulated it, the shaft maintaining a semi-hard aroused state, its head bobbing in the air in front of him.

"Well then," a voice behind him spoke, soft yet firm, "I see the rumors were right. Welcome to our world, my heavily-endowed imp."

Sarei flushed, hands moving to cover himself and mouth opening to justify himself. As he reached, though, a delicate hand caught his arm, squeezing just firmly enough to discourage without being uncomfortable. "No no," the voice sweetly chided as the imp slowly looked over his shoulder, following the immaculate white fur of the arm up to its owner, "no need to cover

yourself. I'm simply glad you possess the full package. You wouldn't believe how boring the raccoon dogs around here are with all their size invested solely in their balls."

The smile on her face made Sarei gulp nervously. The woman laughed in response. "Let me treat you to my services," she insisted. "At the very least, you can get out of that kimono and let me press the wrinkles out."

This was how, at the behest of an unknown woman, Sarei found himself amid a large, quiet house, naked once more and kneeling as politely as he could on the provided cushion at the tea table without pinching or crushing the large organ between his legs. The length flaccidly hung over one of his ankles, drooping over the entire curve and dangling the tip against the bamboo mat. It was as polite a position as he could manage with his kimono having been taken away.

He glanced outside through the open sliding screens to the sand and rock garden, the delicate landscaping, and the high estate walls. He glanced back inside at the room's decor: strangely flirtatious icons, pastoral paintings, a shamisen, a neatly-made, large floor bed, and a complete tea set upon the table. It was clearly the home of an extremely well-off individual, far more wealthy than anyone in the nearby town. *Either she inherited something, Sarei figured, or she is extremely good at whatever she does.*

When the hallway's screen slid open, it revealed the woman who served as his host. Clad in a bright red silk kimono with golden flowers with a bright red camellia tucked behind one of her tall ears, the woman clearly had no issue displaying her wealth. Golden jewelry adorned her tall ears' piercings, but the bleach blonde hair rivaled the gold's air of luxuriousness; it flowed all the way down her back without a speck of dirt or split end to be seen. The kimono hugged her body and displayed a lithe, gently-curved form that Sarei thought more beautiful than the small stone and wood icons in the room. Behind her waved multiple tails, each bright white length waving gently behind her in ways that made their number impossible for the imp to count. Both her smile and eyes were reserved, both half-shown in equally enticing ways upon her vulpine face.

Comparing her to his three feet of curvy, disproportionate impress, his awkward shifting, his short, messy rust-colored hair, and his confused expression, Sarei had never felt more outclassed than right then.

The woman knelt across the table from him. Silently, she took each implement on the table and, with a linen cloth, wiped each before Sarei. As he watched her precise motions, she collected a fine powder from out of a caddy with a bamboo scoop and gently transferred it to a shallow ceramic bowl. The hot water, still potent despite her having left for quite some time, was

soon poured atop. Her eyes rarely left his, never faltering even as she whisked the tea into a fine mix. Finally, she bowed, handing the bowl to the imp.

Sarei did his best to bow in return, gulping once more to try and stop himself from saying something in return. He took the bowl and lifted it towards his face, although a wave of guilt washed over him as he drank; the vulpine host was clearly stifling a giggle. While there was a delicate sweetness to the brew's initial hit, Sarei wasn't overly a fan of the bitter taste that lingered in his mouth. He handed the bowl back to the woman and, as she paused in curious silence, finally couldn't resist. "Um...it's good, thank you."

The vixen's giggle coaxed a potent blush from the imp, although she did relieve him of the bowl. "Thank you for your kind words," she responded, "but I do prefer honesty in the future. Your forehead tensed...I assume you have not had ginseng before?"

"I don't even know what ginseng is," Sarei admitted, sheepishly rubbing the back of his head.

The woman gave an assuring smile. "It's an acquired taste. But it *is* a taste I am sure you don't have many reasons to acquire." Spinning the bowl, she looked at the slight moisture where the imp's lips touched. "But...you do not seem to know of the way of tea, either. I suppose this does confirm you are not a local spirit. Admittedly, a little of a relief, since I have little knowledge of your kind. I would hate to be embarrassed by not knowing a local."

With Sarei's eyes finally making their way back to meet her gaze, she took his confused silence as permission to continue. "I am a local breed," she said, flourishing a hand to herself. "They call my kind kitsune, but my name is Michi Yua."

He tried on an honest smile at the introduction. "Um, a pleasure. I'm Sarei. "

"The pleasure is mine, too," she answered, tails waving as she placed her lips over where Sarei had placed his and drank deeply of the tea. She sighed with satisfaction as she set the bowl down. "Mm. See? I have stolen a kiss from an otherworldly visitor."

Sarei might have been slow on the uptake sometimes, but even the imp could tell that—quite from his unknowing faux pas—she had knowingly violated protocol. The hunch seemed proven when she licked over her upper lip and let her smile stretch a slight bit wider. "I, um...don't understand."

Michi snickered. "You have a painfully tame mind for such a lewd body, Sarei." Leaning forward, the radiant kitsune and her calm blue eyes stared deep into Sarei, drifting only so far as to appreciate the exotically gold sclera before locking on those red irises. "Tell me...is there anything you truly like about that gift between your legs?"

He couldn't help glancing down at his lap where the flaccid slab of cock stirred slightly. Shifting where he knelt upon the cushion, the mere brush of his thigh underneath it made its head bob as if expressing interest to grow even more pronounced in this seemingly civil moment. "I mean, it does...feel good," Sarei admitted, shame drawing heat into his cheeks, "and I have found a couple of people who liked me having it. Even if they wanted to use it more than I did." He forced his eyes up, trying to breathe in and give an air of steeled confidence. It didn't particularly work; Michi only saw a boy playing at being stern. "But I don't want to be defined by it! I just want to get to know people and be...normal, you know?"

"I cannot say I do," Michi replied, waving a hand dismissively. "But tell me...what is more important to you? Not feeling its presence and pleasures constantly, or not having other people see its presence and pleasures constantly?"

The imp swallowed his pride to answer. "I...guess the second. I mean, I can't say I...dislike the first...too much."

His host's smile stretched even wider, eyes narrowing as they focused on her prize. "I see. Then I have a proposition for you," the kitsune hummed. "Would you like to hear it?" Sarei dumbly nodded, and Michi continued. "You can let me hang onto that wonderful gift of yours. Whenever and however long you want, I will hang onto it. You can return and get it back whenever you want as if nothing ever happened. ...but, as long as I have it, I get to use it however I want without any complaints from you."

"However...you want?"

"Mhm," Michi responded., "However. I. Want." The way her lips deliberately shaped each of those words made Sarei feel as if he'd been punched in the gut, and the delighted and sweetly sinister tone to her voice stirred his shaft into bobbing slightly into the air. The vixen delighted in watching how the imp squirmed at that, thighs tensing, hands trying desperately to push the hardening member down or shift his balls into a more comfortable and less stimulating position. She didn't relent, however. "You get to meet people without swinging your dick around in obvious view, and I get a toy. You'll still feel it. It'll still work. You'll still squirm and show those embarrassing red cheeks and squeak and whine like you probably do any time you just can't help yourself, but nobody will know it's because I'm having the best time with your family jewels and royal scepter. And that's really the main thing you want, right? People not knowing?"

Sarei only confirmed her presumptions, whining as his cock **throbbed** with desire, hands too weak to stop it from at least lifting its head a good few inches above his knees, the top of its glans now grinding the edge of the tea table. The smooth black flesh caught the afternoon light as it spilled through those open screen doors, and Michi didn't bother hiding the lick across her lips. The imp was even treated to the sight of her shifting upon her own seat, hips swaying side to side in an obvious tell of sexual desire.

“So,” the woman breathed, “do we have a deal?”

The imp clenched his eyes shut, trying to find some argument or dissent against such a humiliating proposal. But...he couldn't. Biting his lip and without opening his eyes, he nodded.

That was all Michi needed. She didn't even allow the imp time to process what happened next. Gracefully, she pounced over the tea table, perfect grace not even letting the hem of her kimono touch the top of the tea bowl or caddy. Her hands caught Sarei by the shoulders and slammed his back against the mat. The impact made his arms instinctively reach up and back to brace himself, and his cock instantly shot upright against the woman's chest without anything holding it down. She reached and teasingly bent the fully erect shaft down once more, drifting its head down the silken fabric of her garb until it slipped under and she was fully straddling him. Then, as his eyes opened in shock, she let it rise once more, angling it until the now-dribbling cumslit kissed her mound. “Good,” she said, voice as even and sultry as before as if she wasn't pouncing to fuck the imp below her, “because, in the time between clients, there's no toy I'd want entertaining my cunt more than this one right here.”

Sarei groaned, large ears unable to ignore the *squish* of his cock pressing deep into the kitsune's folds. The woman's haste made the moment less than dignified, the shaft forcing air out with a lurid queef, until she'd buried the whole foot of length inside of her. He clenched his fingers against the bamboo mat but found no purchase in its fine craft, and he marveled at how his tip only barely kissed the cervix within his host despite the moist nether-lips now kissing his very base. “C-Clients? W-what work do you do?” he asked, feebly attempting to salvage some distraction from this overwhelmingly sudden situation.

“I'm not wearing any undergarments and just jumped you after you've speen weeks getting used to a very sexually conservative culture, and you want to talk work?” Michi mused, grinning at the amusing contrast between body and personality beneath her. “Lucky for you, I can talk work without being distracted from a nice fuck.” As if to emphasize her point, she raised her hips and slammed them back down over those last six-inches, coaxing a squeak from the boytoy. “I entertain people. Art, music, dance, tea, theater...I am for-hire company for the well-to-do who have no qualms hiring a kitsune when she has such mastery of her craft.” She ground herself against his groin, feeling the heavy balls trapped between her legs and his, tails whipping behind her enthusiastically. “My entertainment, though, also includes the sexual. The fetishistic.”

Sarei whined as, within Michi, his shaft **sputtered** pre and made a mess far beyond the delicate moistness of the kitsune's snatch could provide. “I guess,” he replied, trying and failing to keep his voice from wavering amid the extreme pleasure and awkwardness, “that explains the no undergarments.”

“Oh no, it doesn't,” she assured him, reaching down to squeeze around his sack and roll the heavy orbs against her palm. “I just removed them when I was pressing your clothes out

earlier because I didn't want to wait to bury your fuckmeat inside me. Undergarments can be such fun, after all. Here, some proof." As she reached forward, raising her hips to once more work the pinned imp's shaft, she slipped a broad pair of women's briefs over his messy red-brown hair and face. As she snuggly tugged them down, letting the fabric stretch over his small nose and mouth, catching the waistband on his small fangs, she slammed herself down once more. If Sarei couldn't smell the scent of sex before, he certainly would with Michi's arousal wafting straight from the damp fabric into his nostrils.

The imp could only shudder an "O-oh..." in reply before the woman began to redouble her active riding of his on-edge dick. Huffing and moaning, Sarei slowly felt his thoughts escaping him. He could feel her fingers reaching below her and encircling his entire package's base, massaging his groin and taint as she hefted herself up and squeezed herself down. He could tell...she wasn't drawing this experience out as she might've for a client. Michi was **milking** him, every last *squish* and *squelch* just a sign of her haste to get him to release. With every sense bombarded with lewd stimuli, Sarei couldn't stop himself even if he had wanted to. A low whimper was all he could provide as his balls tensed and seed began surging forth.

As soon as Michi felt the spunk filling out his shaft, the underside passage bulging with a load of hot seed moving upwards, she squeezed her fingers tight. Lost in his haze, the imp missed the unusual noise that came from his ground. **Ploip!** Michi tugged her undergarment from off Sarei's face and stood up. Sarei's hips were surging upwards, but a distance now separated the two individuals' groins. She stepped into her garment's leg-holes and lifted them up beneath her kimono to her thighs...and waited. She waited for the cute imp's eyes to open and confusedly look to her standing above him.

She waited for him to see his cock and balls, still lodged in her snatch with a smooth expanse of black flesh where they would've attached to his groin, before pulling her underwear up to firmly lodge his endowment within her.

"Mmph, you've got quite the load," she observed as she lowered her kimono and stretched, one hand feeling her abdomen where her womb filled with rope after rope of thick cum. Her formal speech had long since melted away into a shameless and self-delighted tone. "I can't say it's not fun feeling those balls nice and snug against my taint, too."

Sarei mouthed helpless words silently, confused and overwhelmed. He could still feel himself spurting those last weak shots, draining his balls into the eager wetness of Michi's sex. Even as the orgasm tapered off, he felt the tight tunnel clenching around his length. Yet, his hands reached down, brushing over where the cumbersome package and shaft had hung just before, feeling nothing but smooth skin that matched his surrounding patterns. Beyond even that, the refined kitsune woman of wealth and culture was speaking so casually and naughtily. And it was keeping him hard. He could **feel** his shaft ignoring the spent load that now smeared about it and staying firm despite.

“Well then, I suppose that concludes our exchange,” Michi said, readjusting her kimono. She shivered, steeling herself around her new secret pleasure and readjusting her tails to spread and resume their more composed and elegant wave behind her. “Shall I get your kimono and walk you back to town?”

Sarei jolted upright. “W-wait! How do I get it back?”

“Hm? You visit me and ask, of course. But why would you want it back so soon? Do you not want to get to know people first?”

“But like...what if I need to...um...go?” Sarei mumbled, fingers poking together and fidgeting uneasily.

“Then you go,” Michi simply replied. “You could even go while you are talking to someone. No need to be ashamed or limited anymore. Nobody but me will know.”

Sarei stammered, gesturing to his blank groin, to Michi’s hips, and back again. “I, but...you...”

“It would be my pleasure to keep your secret,” she hummed, walking back towards the hallway shutter to retrieve Sarei’s garment. “Anything your wonderful cock gives me I will gladly take.” Before stepping through, she gave the flustered imp a wink. “It simply will mean I will know whenever you’re blushing up a storm.”

The imp slowly floated back into the air, trying to find a reply before the white vixen slipped out of sight, tails drifting gently in the air. “...oh dear, what have I gotten myself into.”

It didn’t take long for the townspeople to notice Sarei’s return. For one, he was escorted by the beautiful kitsune that they considered a valued neighbor. They likely considered her this because they believed her to be a geisha or the upstanding daughter of a wealthy noble. Her poise, immaculate manners, and kind and refined voice all suggested such, after all. Her arm was gently hooked around his, and her musical laughter suggested a warm regard for the town’s supernatural visitor. Sarei looked nervous, but he frequently did.

As a few of the market salespeople curried for the woman’s attention, Michi politely introduced Sarei as her friend and bluffed surprise at hearing they knew of him. “Why, Sarei! I see your upstanding self has made you almost as revered a name as my own!” she would say to the imp she escorted, or she would remark to a person “Oh, you are friends? I am glad to hear we both hold such pure company.”

The more they interacted, the more they gossiped regarding the missing bulge upon his kimono. Had Michi removed him of a curse? Did their minds invent such lewdness on their own? Whatever it was, if Michi Yua spoke highly of him, surely there was no shame in interacting with him now.

Sarei, however, found plenty of shame. Michi had incredible control, and he learned this as she would occasionally give his missing shaft a firm squeeze inside her snatch. She had no qualms doing so while he was mid-sentence, but his flustered expression was taken only to be embarrassment at the sudden attention and the presence of such a beautiful kitsune. Even worse, as they talked with more people, the imp was beginning to feel a warm pressure building in his abdomen. He'd given Michi numerous nervous glances, but she would either pretend to not notice or lock eyes with him knowingly and smile just a bit more.

"See, Sarei?" Michi said, voice even and warm as ever, "You're a perfect fit." The double meaning was clear as one hand delicately brushed the wrap of her kimono.

The imp simply gave a low whine, the feeling of that gentle pressure from outside on his missing parts being too much. He shivered in the air and breathed out, cheeks a potent red as he looked purposefully away from his high-status escort.

While Sarei felt a little warm inside now that he was finally beginning to make genuine connections with people, his loneliness chased away, Michi felt warm inside, too. She smiled, enjoying the lewd sensations and the embarrassment the helpless imp felt. "I am glad I could be of assistance," she whispered to the increasingly relieved imp, bowing before taking her leave.

Sarei couldn't say he didn't feel relieved now. But he certainly would find it very hard to guiltlessly relax for the foreseeable future. *I guess now I know*, Sarei thought to himself as he tried his best to give a smile to those he talked with, *why they were so concerned that I might be a trickster*.