

The Gift-Giving Expert
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Content warning: Tail vore, heavy bondage, transformation, and just plain weird stuff.

"Is that...no, that's a different one. There's two? Why on earth would anyone need two separate GameStops?"

The curvacious imp groaned to herself as she glanced to a nearby map panel in the middle of the mall's second-floor walkway, hovering her way over. As Lenai studied the image, the backlit, numbered labels of each color-coded store blurred together in her mind. She'd floated from store to store for what felt like hours. After no success finding a gift she was happy with, all Lenai wanted to do was find the nearest bench and slump herself down upon it; it was a desire all too easily fulfilled, given that there were probably only a hundred shoppers in the sprawling shopping complex this Saturday afternoon.

"Ugh, now I know why everyone says malls are a dying breed," she muttered, small hands dragging down her face. "And only a short time before Valentine's Day, too. I know people are all about online shopping, but excuse a girl for liking to browse in physical space." Lenai paused as a passing giraffe gave her a weird look. She stared back until the other mall-goer passed by, then decided to fix her slouch as best as a three-foot imp could on a bench designed for far taller people. It certainly could have been a stare due to imps not being particularly common or due to her usual lack of clothing, every smooth inch of skin on display with only a little magic to hide her more "adult" features, but Lenai found it far preferable to assume she was judging her on poor posture instead.

Having scooted her rump as firmly into the bench's curve as possible, Lenai resumed her moping. "Great, how far an imp falls. Get a few dates with a cute coyote, throw off all your plans to pursue a growing crush on said coyote, and then don't even know what to get him for a Valentine's..."

"-gift?"

Lenai's shot up with an uncharacteristic squeak, the startle having jarred her body into a position hovering a good half-inch above the seat's broad wooden slats. The sudden interruption had come from a strange red and white bird, standing not too much taller than the imp herself. His eyes, even surrounded by dark circles, were positive and hopeful in their shine. Underneath one wing was what appeared to be a satchel of some kind. And attached to the fluffy white feathers that covered his chest and face—an expanse only interrupted by his eyes, smiling yellow beak, and a small red dot at the center of his chest—was a small pin that read "Rivervale Mall — Ari the Delibird".

Narrowing her eyes, she studied the Delibird that had addressed her for a moment before tilting her head. "...mall staff? I thought you all would barely have money to even get mall cops."

The Delibird shrugged. "Well, I'm a bit of exception," he said, a bit of pride leaking through his voice. "Helpful to a fault, and the stores aren't complaining, so they keep me around."

I'm Ari, Delibird and—not to give in to stereotypes entirely, but—gift-giving expert! And your name, miss, would be...?”

“Lenai.”

“A pleasure, Miss Lenai! And you're looking for a Valentine's Gift for a newer significant other?”

Lenai took a breath in, chewing on her lower lip with one of her small fangs. “Let's...call it a regular fling of sorts. I don't think we're to the boyfriend/girlfriend point yet. And I don't think either of us are looking to exclusively have just each other. But really, I'm pretty sure I've looked at most of the stores that aren't pretzel huts and “for her” stores.”

“Oh?” Ari hummed to himself. “Well, I presume that means he's not a fan of wearing dresses then. Good to know!”

Lenai flushed at the idea of Danny in a dress. Then she looked confused at the Pokemon now lost in thought. He didn't seem to find the idea unusual in the slightest, a perspective she'd learned was rare since arriving in this new environment; in fact, most of her early guides were quick to teach her what was taboo or considered inappropriate. However, her expressions softened slightly as she considered his comment and followed him onto an escalator to the ground floor. “Huh. I can appreciate someone who entertains different ideas,” she said aloud, her growing smirk making the bird beam all the more with confidence and pride. “So what's your big plan on helping me find a gift, then? Leading me to the chocolate and flowers places, or pointing out the cheesiest card in the Hallmark aisle somewhere?”

“Nonsense,” Ari dismissed decisively. “The way you were fretting, and based on you describing that coyote as a ‘crush’, I'm pretty sure you're after a more thoughtful gift! Something that sells him on you personally and hits his interests, right?”

Lenai gave a hum. This bird, eavesdropping aside, was pretty dang good. “Actually, yeah. On the money with that one.”

“Right!” Ari cheered, “So what've you got, then? What's his name? What's he like? Whereabouts is he?”

“Well,” Lenai began, breathing in as she looked over the escalator's side, “His name's Danny, lives in a house near Greencreek. I suppose he likes...food. Quite the, uh...large stomach. Enjoys little things to play with, but kind of distractible. He's also very goofy and...affectionate. Lots of interests, lots of love to give.”

Ari nodded along, face not showing a hint of judgement. “And I've not seen too many like you around, so you're probably new to being around here. I suppose that'd make sense, what with the lack of attire yourself.”

“I'm decent enough!” Lenai retorted with a grin, feeling more at ease with the customer service bird. “Besides, you're one to talk.”

Ari returned the grin. “I have a pin. Also, I'm naturally fluffy. But I digress! What are your interests, then? Now that you're around here with all sorts of new things.”

A silence fell between the two small creatures, leaving only the background hum of conversations echoing through the building. The pair had left behind the escalators, slowly making their way down one of the other wings of the mall on the ground-floor. Lenai glanced back at Ari, the kindly attentive Delibird not once breaking eye-contact. Eventually, she was forced to grimace. “I, uh...I'm interested in him?” The grimace deflated quickly after, though, as

she was forced to sigh. "I don't know. I like being liked. Attention. The unusual. Surprises. I've not had a lot of time to figure out hobbies."

Ari tapped one wing tip at his chin. "Hmm...I see now, yes! That would make it difficult to shop for a gift." The Pokemon's forward progress stopped, the waddling bird leaning back against a large potted palm in the middle of the walkway. He hummed, the gears turning in his head. "...well, what sort of activities do you do together?"

Lenai's cheeks began to redden, the light grey of her cheeks doing nothing to hide the growing embarrassment. "Um, well, uh...dinner dates? And some, uh...recreational activities." "Oh! I get it."

The imp's eyes narrowed, the lack of any change in expression on Ari's face forcing her to lower to the ground, bare feet touching upon the cool tile floor. "Um, I...I don't think you do. Our, uh, flings...they've been a little more than sex."

The Delibird continued to nod, listening to the imp and not showing any sign of any embarrassed reaction whatsoever. Her mouth twitched into a grimace, believing him to have missed the point even despite her clarification. "It's, uh..." she whispered, "I don't think it's a normal type of relationship? His interests are...surprising. And sudden. I kind of get swept up in them. In a good way, I think."

By this point, the two were eye-to-eye, Lenai's voice down to a volume likely swept away by the natural noise of a sparsely-filled mall. But Ari kept nodding. And Lenai couldn't bring herself to say any more, having the good sense to know most people would consider the information embarrassing.

"Look, I just...can we get back to the figuring out a gift for Danny that's really me now?"

Ari slapped the side of his plump side, grinning from ear to ear. "Oh, that's easy now! I know exactly what to do!" he said.

Lenai tilted her head, reasonably sure they weren't on the same page. "...you know what store to go to?"

"Not a store!" the Delibird laughed. "I just know you came to the right person for the job! I'll even do it for free, because you're a doll!"

Lenai's befuddled expression continued, her blush hardly dissipating as she found herself missing out a crucial punchline or revelation. Ari's laugh dwindled back into a bright, happy-to-be-here smile, his body relaxing as it did. "Right, Miss Imp," he announced, seemingly dropping his satchel to the floor as he reached both wings to rest on Lenai's shoulders. "I'll go ahead and get your gift ready and deliver it on Valentine's Day to your lovely coyote crush! All you have to do is be you. I'll see you in five days! "

Suddenly, the satchel the Delibird dropped lunged forward, enveloping Lenai's head with what only could be described as a *fwap*. The identity of what she'd presumed to be a loose fabric bag slowly dawned on her as Ari's wings tilted her forward and further in: it had been the Delibird's tail all along! Hollow and undulating to firmly encourage her inwards like a gullet gulping down food, it "slurped" over the imp's shoulders and arms. What vanished from the open mall as a floating imp shopper was replaced by a squirming tail bulge, tight enough to display her gasping, confused expression for passerby to see.

If she hadn't been drawing looks before, she certainly was now with her attempts to buck off the tail and her muffled yet distinct noises. The mall-goers might've been alarmed if not for three things. First, Ari looked perfectly happy and pleasant, not a note of malice in his expression and a perfectly casual atmosphere surrounding the strange consumption. Second, they noticed Ari's pin, proudly displaying his status and authority as part of the mall. Third, the noises coming from the rapidly gobbled up miss were not entirely ones of objection. In fact, what with how her fingers and toes spread and her thighs pressed together, it almost seemed like she was enjoying it.

So, while a few passerby—especially those who had met the imp or knew her from elsewhere—stuck around to ogle the strange event, many kept walking. Lenai was left alone to feel her hips squeezed down and thighs shoved in afterwards. Ari began to hum to himself, wings teasing the soles of her feet as they slowly and steadily pressed them in, in until those curling toes slipped past the mouth of his “sack”. The resulting squirming bulge descended a few inches further, allowing Ari to once again clench closed the mouth of his tail and stow it under-wing. With Lenai pinned in and closed over, the imp had now found herself once more confined and at the mercy of another's body.

Lenai panted from the familiar yet different heat that enveloped her body. The inside of the fleshy chamber she'd found herself in was moist but eerily smooth. Its motions around her body were strong and demanding, shoving her legs up against her chest as it balled her up tight. The tingling at her skin suggested one process at first, but soon it was replaced by an impossibly tight yet pliant pressure that built around her, encompassing and smothering her sweating body. Her blonde ponytail was matted down, then yanked up, then firmly pressed against her back. Whatever concentration she'd maintained her body's illusions with was long gone, her hands instead trying to reach for her newly exposed parts. However, she found herself increasingly unable to move of her own volition. And yet, she began to feel a pressure down there despite her hands failing to reach.

Ari, meanwhile, simply continued his day. Over the course of the mall's afternoon and evening hours, he helped more than a few other inquisitive customers. His work was utterly unbothered by the detailed Lenai-shaped bulge balled up and positioned and kneaded over in his sack, the Delibird without a care in the world. The Delibird seemed to forget it was even there. One black fox, being guided by the red and white bird down a lingerie isle to seek a gift of his own for the upcoming holiday, couldn't help but swish his tail in curious interest as the balled-up figure's squirms suddenly intensified from some new sensation, its legs tucked and tight against its sides and her moans growing more and more obscured. The fox left with some new panties of a particularly expensive fare just as Lenai's form began to grow stiller and stiller within the bodily satchel. Ari didn't notice; he was too pleased with the particularly generous commission from the store's management for helping with the sale.

Rather than shrink over the coming days, the increasingly featureless bulge grew within Ari's tail. Once every couple of days, he'd give the bulge a poke to feel its progress, nodding at the pliancy and the stillness on the surface. By Tuesday, the bulge began to form a distinctly cube-like shape. By then, anyone who knew the imp had heard where she'd gone to, one grocery shopper or another giving knowing glances to the Delibird as he picked a few necessities for the week off a shelf here and there. One of the baggers even blushed as she snuck glances at the sack. He didn't see anything to be embarrassed about, though. After all, he was helping out a customer himself!

By the morning of Thursday the 14th, Ari had a firm cube within his satchel. At first, he confusedly studied his tail over some coffee. Then, his slow-to-wake brain put the pieces together and left Ari beaming with pride. After a quick online map search and some phone calls, Ari found a bus route to Greencreek Apartments. He observed the quaint residences upon stepping off the bus. Next door to the complex, a house bore the street number he was looking for, a house occupied by one certain coyote. He knocked low on the door and stepped back on the welcome mat, waiting the few minutes for a groggy coyote in boxers to open the door and look down. The very fact he looked down so instinctively made Ari sure he'd gotten the right address.

"Danny Boyle?"

The coyote dopily smirked. "That's me. What's up?"

Ari released his sack-tail, dug his wings in, and removed the object he'd been carrying. "A very happy Valentine's from a Miss Lenai!" he cheered, his happy expression growing only happier as he watched Danny's face stretch into a grin at the announcement and box: a pink cube patterned with faint hearts, wrapped in red ribbon down the middles of each side and tied in a bow on top of the lid. "She requested my help in getting you a gift that showed what you mean to her!"

Danny eagerly took the gift, not satisfied to wait one second for a cute imp's gift. The ribbon fell to the floor with minimal effort, and the top was dropped to *thunk* against the swung-inward door and ground. Something inside the box shifted. His green nose twitched as he grinned, a familiar few scents reaching his canine nostrils. Inside, a thick foam shell disguised the gift entirely until Danny set the box down upon the living room table and slid them up and out.

When Danny removed one of the foam halves, he clapped his hands together and squeaked. "Oh, it's perfect!" he called back to the Delibird, waving him into the house to see his own handiwork.

Lenai was firmly fitted within the remaining foam half, unable to move even with the removal of the piece that previously squeezed tight against her face and belly. Her mouth was stretched around a ball gag, her fangs keeping it solidly in, a pink heart coloring the exposed rubber and shining with her drool. Her head was fitted with a pink latex hood, one that left her ears, eyes, and entire mouth and jaw uncovered. Her arms were sheathed together inside something behind her back, judging from how her shoulders were turned, and her legs were tucked up, knees against her sides, to provide full vision of what she'd previously cloaked in illusion. Her small breasts left nowhere for her hardened nipples to hide, and her mound positively glistened with what arousal the foam hadn't soaked up and scented itself with. Inside her mound was stuffed a thick plug, solid rubber, firmly wedged and buzzing from an internal motor. Danny had little doubt there was something similar in her packaged ass, too; it wouldn't be hard to find out, as the foam shell had an open "window" at the bottom for her plump, pliant rump to be seen even while enclosed.

The gifted imp's ease focused on Danny and Ari, the two gleeful at her appearance, and let loose a befuddled grunt from behind the gag in her mouth; her cheeks, exposed, showed off a beautiful rush of color from the embarrassment. If Lenai disliked or regretted what was happening, she wasn't able to show it, and the two observing men were happy to think she didn't. Danny had a particularly sizable bulge in his boxers now, a cock-tip peeking out from one leg of his boxers as it filled out. Ari, meanwhile, seemed to not find anything sexual or wrong in

the act whatsoever based on how proudly he stood, watching the Valentine's Day reactions without a single sign of lust or perverse glee.

"Hey, do you want breakfast?" Danny said to the delivery bird, gesturing towards the kitchen. "Least I can do for such great customer service."

"I'd be delighted, Mister Boyle! And a pleasure to make your acquaintance. I'm Ari."

"Please, call me Danny."

Lenai's eyes slowly widened in alarm as Danny replaced the foam half, her guttural moan cut off as it sank over her face and body once more, tightly clinging around every inch of her. Danny didn't help as he accidentally flipped the foam shell upside-down, sliding it back into the box and leaving her twitching sex and firm ass—which had indeed been also plugged with thick, vibrating rubber—exposed and trembling in the open living room air. The blood rushed to her head, dizzying and disorienting her even further in her new flipped position. Maybe she would be left for a few minutes, maybe hours, but Danny wasn't cruel enough to not use his perfect gift before the day was out. And neither the coyote or the imp would have their kinky relationship any other way.

The Delibird, however, simply sipped at the offered coffee and munched on some buttered toast as he discussed significant others, plans for the day, and a possible double-date in the future. Although he had yet to deliver his gift for Rosel, his Smeargle girlfriend, Ari already considered the day a success. He had, after all, proven himself to truly be a gift-giving expert.