

Gifts Repaid

By Victor Waite

A commission for Doom7951, owner of David

David explores Golden-Tail's blessing and the confidence boost that came with it, leading him down a path of hedonism that leads to Golden-Tail collecting her dues.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Hyper Human Male, Wardrobe Malfunctions, Hyper Hips, Public M/M Sex, Cum Inflation, TG, and Pregnancy. If that sounds like fun, read on~

David stared into the mirror and scrutinized his reflection. The image looking back at him seemed different, but the more he looked, the more he thought he simply imagined it. He stroked his chin, running his fingers along sharp cheek bones to its gentle point. The man dwelt on his smooth skin for a moment, drawing his attention to a possible culprit, but he dismissed the idea quickly. His face was the clearest it'd ever been, but it wouldn't raise suspicions on its own. He rubbed his forehead and ran his fingers up through his brown hair, briefly revealing his hairline. It was similarly pristine, despite the fact he'd yet to shower, but again, it was a detail unlikely to catch his attention at a glance. Another minute passed while he analyzed himself, leading to a dismissive shrug. He fetched his phone from his bedroom and took a picture of himself, hoping to compare it to older photos later and pinpoint what bothered him. For the moment, he had better things to worry about.

David brushed his teeth and cleaned himself up for the day, then took on the arduous task of getting dressed. Despite his best efforts to maintain a functioning wardrobe, he couldn't keep up with the compounding gifts granted by a certain vulpine fertility goddess. He plucked a shirt from his closet and gracefully slipped into it, then retrieved a pair of shorts and underwear. The man paused and prayed for the cloth to hold, then stepped into the first unlucky garment. His boxers drew tight around his thighs as he pulled them up, and they thankfully remained intact over his broad hips. They clung to his bottom-heavy figure and left nothing to the imagination, perfectly contouring to his somewhat feminine curves. He wiggled his rear to even out how they stretched, and though his underwear was tight almost to the point of discomfort, they held without tearing. It was a minor victory, but it inspired confidence nonetheless.

That confidence faltered when he stepped into his shorts, however. Without the benefit of elastics, the garment only fit just past his knees. David wrapped his fingers around its waistband and hopped in place, hoping to conquer his clothes with the help of gravity. The new approach worked until he reached the widest part of his thighs, where he spilled over the rim of the shorts in a soft muffin top. The man tugged and pulled with all his might, making imperceptible progress each time, until he finally reached a break point. He couldn't help but grin as the fabric laboriously slid over his figure, but his expression inverted at the sound of a loud rip. He instantly flinched and let go, sparing him the pain of squishing his balls against himself or irreparably damaging his shorts. A dejected sigh tumbled from his lips when he easily pulled them up to his waist and fastened them in place, then flaunted himself in front of the mirror and searched for the tear.

Despite the rip, the khaki shorts clung to his figure like spandex and accentuated his bulge and curves. They were far from the first thing he'd made form-fitting, but fortunately he'd grown accustomed to the attention won by his figure. The man's thoughts drifted as he recalled his first outings after his change, many of which involved encounters that left him a blushing, stammering mess. He wasn't sure if he'd learned to appreciate the catcalls out of necessity or desire, but in either case, he openly basked in the lascivious attention. David's mind returned to the present when he finally found the hole in his shorts. Rather than reveal his pert ass as he'd feared, the gap ran down the outside of his thigh and showed the

boxers underneath. He debated how practical the garment was in that state, but a spot of creativity spared him the pain of attempting to change his outfit. The man found a pair of scissors and cut a similar hole into the opposite side, masking the malfunction as a fashion statement. He'd need to replenish his wardrobe in the near future, but he could go out without exposing himself. At least, not any more than he wanted to.

David leisurely walked through the park, swaying his hips from side to side with his gait. The sun in the clear sky above warmed his skin, but not as much as the stares of onlookers heated his cheeks. He grinned subtly and looked around to catch his oglers, striking most of them with embarrassment in the process. Still, he managed to find others as lecherous as him with surprising frequency. A dragon groped the air as he passed, earning a wink as he sauntered by. A husky swatted the air in front of him and bumped his hips, planting seeds of public fantasies in his thoughts. Though he appreciated their courting attempts, David didn't find a reason to stop until a gorgeous avian seized his attention. The blue jay's plumage caught sunlight and scattered it across his figure marvelously, highlighting the contours of his toned figure. It also drew the eye to the significant bulge between his thighs.

The showy avian watched David approach with similarly appraising gaze, and his brow arched in approval. Chemistry developed between them immediately, propelling their conversation toward a sexual goal. A large tree near the edge of the park stood out as an ideal place to realize their shared desire, and they dashed towards it with the subtlety of a freight train. The shrubs surrounding the tree granted them just enough privacy to conceal them without ruining the park's atmosphere, and the tree's broad trunk would easily support them. The blue jay arrived first and parted the bushes for David, ushering him into the shaded glade. The man swiped the bird's hips as he passed, teasing his growing bulge before he followed him inside. The avian traced a finger over David's broad hip and pulled him into a deep kiss, then spun him around and pinned him to the sturdy bark. David pushed his ass back into the blue jay's crotch and wiggled his hips, more than inviting him to continue.

The blue jay hooked his fingers into David's waistband and tugged, but failed to drag it more than a few inches. He tried and failed again before backing off to let David deal with it. The man blushed and apologized for the size of his hips, unclasping and unzipping his shorts as he did so. He twisted his hips and forced the garment down just far enough to expose his cheeks, then reset his grip on the rough tree trunk. The bird slapped his ass with one hand and stroked himself to his full length with the other, drawing a bead of pre to his tip. He gingerly painted his partner's entrance with his lust, then smoothly plunged into his depths. David's breath caught in his throat as the blue jay hilted himself and let out a wavering moan when he gradually withdrew. The man adjusted his hold with the bird's next thrust and tightened it as his partner established a steady rhythm.

Sharp slaps filled the clearing as they lost themselves in baser desires, and they

threw caution to the wind. David moaned and goaded his avian partner on, coaxing out a dominant undercurrent. The bird sank his fingers deep into the man's generous hips and drove his lust with every muscle in his body, threatening to slam his partner into the tree with each pump. Their breathing grew heavy and ragged as the blue jay maintained his relentless pace, adding another voice to the chorus of their shared desires. Heads and ears turned to their hideaway as the bird neared his climax, but those who pieced together what they were up to lacked the nerve to confront them. The bird addressed the issue when he leaned over David and placed a palm over his mouth, improving both his hold and angle in the process. The man's knees buckled on the next slam of the blue jay's hips, sapping his strength with a well-aimed burst of pleasure. David's stamina gave out shortly after, and he desperately grabbed at his cock to point it away from his shorts before he fired the first of his lustful volley.

The blue jay's endurance ran dry when the man's passage rippled with climactic bliss, milking out hot jet of avian lust. The man squeezed his eyes shut and latched onto the tree as his pleasure redoubled, struggling to keep himself and his partner from collapsing to the ground. His grip thankfully held until they drifted into a shared afterglow, and they only briefly savored the moment before cleaning themselves up. The bird relaxed his grip on David and languidly withdrew his cock, releasing a small torrent of his own virility. He squeezed his partner's ass one last time before he stepped away, startling his recovering partner and teasing out a final streamer of cum. David allowed himself a moment to rest and collect himself before standing up fully, grating his muscles time to contract and prevent anything from leaking out. He quickly surveyed his clothes to ensure he hadn't ruined them, and he sighed with relief when he saw he hadn't. The man bounced on his heels and pulled his shorts back up, and he found the blue jay dressing himself when he turned around.

They exchanged phone numbers and parted quickly, and the man tried to plan the next part of his day as he reintegrated into the park. His thoughts lingered on his encounter as he readjusted his gait, however, and a heated blush tinted his cheeks as his actions sunk in. A small part of him acknowledged he should be ashamed of desecrating a public park, but the part of him that enjoyed it overrode his reservations. His arousal stirred the more he thought about the experience, and a shiver ran up his spine with an aftershock of bliss. David's cock pulsed in his shorts and threatened his zipper, and it drove his carnal needs through the roof before it passed. He added "quickened recovery" to his running mental list of changes, and he began to wonder what else may be in store for him. The faint rumble of thunder in the distance interrupted his musing, though it saved him some planning. Within the hour, it would be a fine day to go to the movies.

David browsed the snack bar's menu and mulled over his options while he stood in line. His gaze wandered to his fellow movie goers as they passed, responding to their appreciative stares. Most looked away and blushed as soon as they made eye contact, but a few offered a wink and owned their ogling. One feline in particular followed through with a

lewd gesture, kindling a blush in his cheeks and inspiring a throb in his shorts. The man turned away before he burst out of his shorts, but couldn't completely push the lecherous feline from his mind. He occasionally glanced to the side to check if he was still here, and the cat responded positively each time. Their silent exchange lasted until the feline left for his theater, which David delightfully noticed was his as well. The man briefly wondered if he'd have to compete with anyone else for the cat's affection, but the cashier interrupted his train of thought before it evolved into fantasies. He stepped up to the counter and stumbled through his order, then hastily collected his snacks and drink and followed after the feline.

A grin spread across David's face as he scanned the sparsely occupied room. Aside from the cat, only four or five others had claimed their spots, and they were spread out enough to offer relative privacy. The feline licked his muzzle as the man sauntered up the steps to the highest level, his broad hips naturally swaying with his widened gait. The cat pulled the folding seat behind him down and offered it without hesitation, and David eagerly accepted. The feline looked him up and down with tangible desire, but restrained himself from pouncing immediately. Instead, he struck up a conversation about the movie, which flowed to other topics as advertisements played. They readily warmed up to each other, and by the time the movie actually started, they could have been mistaken for lifelong friends.

The cat traced a blunt claw down David's slim arm and across his broad thigh, then took a teasing arc around his bulge before withdrawing. A shiver ran the length of the man's spine, and he encouraged the feline with a sultry look. The cat lifted the armrest between them away and dragged David into his lap. The man wiggled his feminine hips and teased his impromptu partner while the cat wrestled with his pants, unfastening David's belt and tugging them down over his hips. The garment stubbornly resisted, but the feline wouldn't be dissuaded so easily. He eventually freed David's plush ass in a feat of strength and rewarded himself with a firm grope. The feline unzipped his own pants and released his cock, filling the air with his virile scent. The man rolled his hips against the cat's lap and trapped his lust between his cheeks, drawing a possessive purr from his increasingly brazen hook-up.

His fondling culminated in a two-handed grab of David's hips, lifting him a few inches out of the cat's lap and lining his lust up with his rear. David blushed fiercely when his partner prodded his back door, and a low groan resonated in his chest as bursts of pre lubed him up. The feline gently lowered him with each throb, ensuring a smooth and languid entry. The man let out a shuddering breath when he touched back down in his partner's lap, and his middle bulged with feet of feline lust. He rubbed the cat's tip through his belly and puzzled over how he concealed such a beast, but a slow rock of the cat's hips pushed those thoughts out of his head. His own cock grew and pulsed freely in the open air, dribbling thick pearls of desire down his length. The feline changed his technique before David could adjust, switching between languid rolls and short, sharp thrusts. He traced a claw over the man's chest and covered his mouth with a paw, then murmured something about giving him a proper breeding.

Before David could piece the comment together, the cat leaned out of the seat and rode him to the floor. The man let out a muffled grunt of bliss as the cat rutted him at full speed, stopping just short of slapping his balls against David's thighs. He gripped the seat before him and prayed no one turned around, but his fear of discovery diminished each time his partner's cock squished his prostate. The cat pressed himself against the man's back as he approached the limits of his stamina, wrapping his free arm possessively around the man's middle. He bit down on David's shoulder shortly after, suppressing a yowl of bliss when he came. The man stifled a similar cry into his partner's paw as a rush of warmth flowed through him, setting off his own orgasm. David let lose jet after jet of cum as his belly swelled with his partner's virility, luckily filling his popcorn bucket and avoiding an incriminating mess. His orgasm persisted as long as the cat's, and by the time they finished, he looked months overdue.

The lusty pair relaxed as afterglow set in, but they didn't decouple right away. Instead, the cat lifted David back into his lap and up into their seat, where he fawned over his overfilled belly. The man's muscles tightened as his partner's cock softened and retracted, ensuring none of the feline's bounty leaked free. They spent the rest of the film nestled together, though neither of them paid it much mind. The cat let it slip that he'd never had such a stunning performance before, and offered David his number in case he was interested in an encore. He accepted with delight, and they parted ways with anticipation after the movie ended. David's sloshing middle made his trip back home much more exciting, and he basked in the awed stares it naturally drew. His cock throbbed with desire as each look brought on fantasies of pouncing or being pounced on the spot, more than confirming he'd acquired a taste for public sex. A taste he was more than enthusiastic about indulging.

Over the following weeks, David pushed the limits of his inhibitions and inspired hedonism in his partners. The movie theater quickly became a favorite venue of his, where he rarely enjoyed a show alone. His charm and figure caught someone's eye without fail, and within minutes of sitting down, he'd be bouncing in their lap. Even that began to lose its allure however, as the risk and rush diminished with practice and routine. It only took him two weeks to start expanding his horizons. Nowhere was safe from his sexual escapades, and it didn't take long for promising locations to stand out. The local park's open air offered something other places could not however, and he left his mark on a new tree every few days. Digging his fingers into its bark and riding his partners in fresh air sated his appetite for a short time, granting him the presence of mind to notice a side effect of his activity. Regardless of his hook-up's prior output, they filled him to the sloshing brim every time, and each time they did, he drifted closer to the feminine end of the spectrum.

David's smoldering transformation went unnoticed for a long while, but it eventually escalated to a point he couldn't ignore. A pair of modest breasts bloomed on his otherwise flat chest in the span of days, and they continued to grow and keep his wardrobe in peril. His hips and thighs widened beyond anything remotely masculine, tearing through his collection of shorts and forcing him to switch to skirts. The alteration bothered him less than expected, and it came with the added bonus of accommodating his outings better.

Serious concern only crossed his mind after the last vestiges of his manhood left him one morning. A cautious feel between his thighs confirmed his suspicions, but panic or regret never followed. Instead, lust surged through his body at his clumsy touch, suffusing him with the need and stamina to familiarize himself with his new anatomy all day. He'd concluded his change was for the better by that afternoon, and he rushed back to the site that solidified his kinks that evening.

By luck or by fate, he spotted the cat from weeks ago at the theater's snack bar. The feline's jaw dropped at the sight of David's enhancements. He blushed fiercely and hid his arousal as well as he could in front of everyone, but never took his eyes off his transformed companion. The woman leaned forward and blew him a kiss, then sauntered into her theater and claimed her seat. She'd barely sat down when the feline burst through the room's double doors, and he dashed up to her as fast as he could without spilling his snacks. David delightedly offered the seat next to her, and the cat accepted without hesitation. He threw the armrest between them back and helped himself to her figure, exploring her curves despite the judgmental stares of their fellow movie-goers. He laughed meekly and backed off, salvaging their modesty until the lights went down. Under the cover of relative darkness, he pulled David into his lap and buried his cock between her thighs, and she rode him until her middle sloshed past her knees. The pair waited until the room cleared out, when they snuck out into the parking lot and to her car. David barely fit in the driver seat, and she'd likely have a mess to clean up when she got home, but she thanked him with a parting kiss and a promise of more regardless.

As the evening progressed, David noticed her stomach's stubborn refusal to completely deflate. She'd drained most of the feline's cum from between her legs, but her belly dominated her lap long after it should have gone down. Worry briefly swelled in her chest as thoughts of pregnancy came to mind, but she pushed them away with almost frightening ease. The woman eventually convinced herself it was a problem for tomorrow, allowing her to relax for the rest of her evening and eventually fall asleep.

The fog of dreams shrouded her, and when it parted, a familiar place met her. David followed the ornate rug at her feet for what felt like miles, a hike made especially difficult by the weight in her middle. Her endurance thankfully held until she reached the end of the path, where a great throne awaited her. The kitsune goddess lounging upon greeted her with a melodic laugh that rekindled the lust in her core and woke the life in her middle. The growing vulpine kicked and wiggled in recognition of their other parent, and the events of the previous weeks took on a different light as Golden-Tail reveled her influence. A small part of David felt betrayed by the deity's meddling, but the majority of her found satisfaction in how things turned out.

She second guessed herself when she considered the difficulties of raising a kitsune demigod, however.