

Untitled Tanuki TF (Rough Draft)

By: Firingwall

“Okay, this is just getting hopeless,” huffed Alex as he stepped out of yet another costume store. His frustration was only growing, getting more and more put out with each failed trip he made.

He started walking towards his car, taking off his glasses for a moment to rub his face. *I mean, he thought, it's not like it was going to be easy to find what I wanted. It's not like any costume shop was going to sell one... ugh, maybe I should've bought something online sooner and not wait until the very last minute...*

He shook his head and sighed. What's done is done and there was no going back. His best bet was fishing out an old costume from his closet and just settling for that instead of buying something he didn't like.

Putting his glasses back on and pulling his keys out of his pocket, he reached his car and went to unlock it. “Hey there, long face,” a voice called out, “You look like you got the shopping costume blues!”

Alex stopped what he was doing and looked to the side. A wood door and door frame were positioned up of his car. From the doorway, a green head was poking out. It was a witch with a bright smile on her face, waving gently at him.

His eyebrows furrowed as he muttered, “Ummm... who are you?”

“The name is Beatrice, darling,” she cooed gently, “And I am here to bring to you the best possible costume you can wear! We witches are expert costume makers!”

I don't believe I've heard that piece of witch lore before. Alex thought, scratching the back of his head. However, he merely shrugged. *Witches are magical and probably very capable of getting things done very fast. If they could help...*

“Well... I do need some help getting a costume. It's silly, but... it's a tanuki.”

“OH! Like Super Mario Brothers?” The witch curiously asked.

“More like a tanuki in general, but sure.” Alex blushed, mumbling, “Again, I know it's silly, but... I kind of want to dress like one for a cool costume party my friend is throwing. I think it would be kind of a hit since it's very different than anything anyone else would-”

“Hmmmmmm, tanuki... I got just the thing for that! All I need is twenty bucks and it's yours!” Alex flinched, his jaw slightly agape. It was just that easy? The witch already had a tanuki costume ready to go? It was almost too good to be true.

“I mean, I guess I'll go for it,” he muttered, just in disbelief.

The witch smiled and vanished back into the door. A moment later, she returned, now carrying a large sake gourd. It looked like a sake gourd from old Japanese drawings or that he had seen tanuki carry around stereotypically. However, that seemed to be just it.

He tilted his head, mumbling, “Ummm, where's the rest of it?”

“Oh this is it! Don’t worry! It has everything you need right in here!” she smiled, patting the gourd. From within it, he could make out the sound of some liquid splashing around inside. That’s when it all came together for him.

“That’s a potion, isn’t it?” he asked, his eyes narrowing.

“Perhaps! Perhaps you’ll see! I promise it will be what you need and honestly, do you really think you can get your costume anywhere else so soon?”

...*goddamnit*... Alex sighed, slouching forward and pulling out his wallet. The witch smiled and handed him the gourd, taking a twenty-dollar bill from it. He looked over the item he bought and asked, “So... anything I need to know?”

She pocketed the bill into a dress pocket and stated, “Oh small things. Despite it tasting good, don’t drink too much at once or there will be issues and all that jazz. Blah blah blah. It’s all boring, safety stuff. I’m sure you’ll be fine. See ya!”

Before Alex could ask more, the witch quickly disappeared into the doorway. The door slammed behind her and in a blink of the eye, vanished with a small “pop”. He glanced around the area before looking at the gourd, still in his hands. *Well... guess I got this then...*

Alex sighed and walked into his apartment, kicking the door closed with the back of his foot. He sighed and looked at the sake gourd still in his hands. It felt a little heavier than before now after taking it home, almost like there was more magical sake in it.

He shook his head and headed towards his kitchen. *Time to put you away until the party*, he thought, carrying the item into the fridge, *keep you nice and cool for...*

He paused, looking down at his “costume”. He frowned, his bottom lip twitching. *I... I should probably try this out a little... just to make sure it works and stuff. Not like I have anywhere to be until the party tomorrow anyways...*

Alex shrugged, turning from his fridge and heading to his den, plopping down onto the soft cushions of his sofa. He wiggled a little bit, trying to get as comfortable as possible. He placed the gourd onto his lap and popped the cap on.

He sniffed it gently and suddenly, his eyes widened, and his lips moistened. The scent of the sake was quite exquisite with its enticing aroma. He couldn’t exactly pin down what made it smell so good, but it had its hooks into him.

Despite how much his mouth watered from its delightful scent, he couldn’t help but feel that his mouth was quite dry. It felt like he hadn’t had a drink of anything in days.

He quickly shook his head, mumbling, “Ooof, man, this stuff... better just have my sip get over this...”

He brought the gourd up to his mouth and took a sip from it. The taste was just as wonderful as the aroma is possessed, the hairs on the back of his neck raising. His digits clenched, his limbs trembling. It was positively entrancing!

And just like that, his sip turned into a drink. His drink turned into a large gulp. His gulp turned into large chugging.

Soooooo g-good, he thought, wolfing as much down, *can't... can't stop...*

But, eventually, he had to. He yanked the gourd away and panted heavily, trying his best to catch his breath. “Ooooh m-man,” he panted, feeling a bit exhausted from that, “Sh-she was right. It really does taste that **goood**.”

He quivered, his eyebrows raising at the curious sound of his own voice. It sounded a little... deeper than before.

He scratched at his chin as he pondered that, rubbing against his skin... and then against something more bristly. The hairs on his chin and cheeks were thickening and growing faster. They spread over those spots quickly before moving all around his face.

I must be changing! I... I gotta see this. He hurried over to his bathroom to get a load of himself in his mirror, unconsciously bring the gourd with him. He got there just in time to see his face fully succumb to his new hair. Or better put it, his new fur.

Patches of brown fur had engulfed his entire head from top to bottom. Around his mouth and nose, the tip and nostrils of it actually hairless, was a creamy brown tone. Over his eyes were dark brown circles. Everywhere else, including even his ears was an earthy brown shade.

Even his hair was different after that small change. It was bright blonde at first, but from the roots to the tips, the color blackened like charcoal. All color was soon erased, replaced by this new, dark coating.

“Yep,” Alex mumbled, rubbing his face, “That’s definitely a tanuki look for suuuurr.”

He felt his face numb, talking becoming difficult. The hairless part of his nose turned black like ink and bumpy in texture, animal-like in a way. His snout quivered before the tip of it turned upwards, nostrils flaring. Pushing out just a tad, he now sported the snout of an animal, fitting quite at home with his new fur mask.

He scratched his snout, letting out a small sneeze from the sensation. The little sneeze sent a wave through his face, his mouth shoving outwards by an inch or so. And then it stretched further without prompting, extending a few more inches into a nice, stout muzzle fit for a tanuki.

“Tthhaaurt... that looks nice,” he commented, rubbing his mug as sensation returned to his mouth. “Yeah, definitely can’t argue with these results so far. Guess a potion does a better job than a plain, boring costume.”

Costume... He found himself chuckling for some odd reason. The thought of wearing a costume to pretend to be a tanuki seemed so silly. Why dress as one when he could be one?

He shook his head, knocking the thought from his mind. His ears twitched, rounding into a wide, circular shape. They slipped up the sides of his head to the top, twitching gently as they came into place.

Now Alex had the head of a tanuki. He nodded, satisfied so far with the look. *Definitely liking this, but there’s definitely more to be done*, he thought casually, *could use a lot more fur, some neat pads, probably some more weights, and big old squishy balls~*

His brow furrowed. He quickly shook his head again, smacking it a little too. Another weird little thought popped into his mind. Sure, tanukis were known for their impressive packages, but he wasn't looking for anything THAT accurate for the party.

“Heh, sure would make it a lot more fun with a big, swinging package hanging between my legs~” He chuckled again, quickly shaking his head again. He grumbled, setting his glasses on sink and rubbing his face.

Rubbing gently at his face, the soft fuzz upon his hands felt a little weird admittedly. It was like he was petting a fine, short-furred animal, but it was his head instead. He tried putting the odd thought of his mind when a new sensation hit him.

He quickly pulled his hands away from his face and looked at them. Upon his palms, rising out of them were patches of thick, puffy skin. It was skin that was blackening and feeling rather smooth in a way. It looked positively like animal pads.

Then around each pad, thick brown fur, like the patches around his eyes sprouted. They quickly grew up and over his palms and fingers, encasing the entirety of his hands. His fingernails jutted out though, turned black as ink and stretching. They pulled out into a sharp point, forming into claws of sorts.

Alex looked over his hands curiously, wiggling his fingers and getting a feel for them. As he did, the dark brown fur bloomed up his wrist and his arms, extending all the way up his limbs. They came to a stop just at his shoulders.

He frowned, scratching gently at his shirt sleeves. They felt very warm with his new coating and rather itchy. He huffed, mumbling, “Well... I guess fur would have to be-”

Rip. His sharp claws tore through some of his sleeves, his fine fur popping out of the holes. His frowned turned to hated glare and he quickly grabbed the bottom of his shirt, yanking it up and over his head. Well, tried to a bit, the collar got caught around his muzzle.

Stupid shirt!! Using his new claws, Alex ripped apart his long-sleeve top, finally freeing his head from his confines. He let out a sigh of relief, satisfied with the results. *Heh, good. Never really liked that shirt anyways. Plus, no need to cover my body. Don't want all my nice fur getting ruffled.*

His eyebrow raised, but he neither said anything nor shook his head. The thoughts were getting kind of silly, but they weren't THAT silly. It wasn't like tanukis wore shirts typically and... maybe he didn't want to get his pelt all messy?

Speaking of which, looking down, fur was rushing down from his neck and shoulders. It washed down over the entirety of his torso like a raging waterfall, even slipping before his belt and pants. He felt a familiar, fuzzy feeling and heat rising from below soon after.

He smiled pleasantly, running his paws over his body. The sides and back of his torso were covered in fine, earthy brown tone. His stomach and chest though were creamy brown with the pelt feeling much softer, and even warmer. It made him almost feel a little giddy.

Heh, yeah, wouldn't want to cover this stuff up... in fact, why not go pantless as well? The thought sent a quiver up his spine, the idea no longer seeming all that weird to him. Again, it's not like tanukis

wore pants either and being more accurate seemed like a good idea. After all, it will make him stand out a bit more at the party.

He undid his belt, tossing it aside, and unbuttoned his pants. He started lowering them, bending over, when he felt a little twitch at this back. He looked over his shoulder, just in time to see a large, puff tail sprout above his boxers. It was about a foot or two in length, brown with black furry end.

His eyes widened as he flashed a big, toothy grin. He wiggled his keister, watching his tail shake happily. *Heh, can't argue with a good-looking tail~*

With that distraction out of the way, he dropped the rest of his trousers, kicking them away. He removed his shoes and socks as well, not wanting any little bit of clothing on him. Without them on, he could see that the fine, soft, brown pelt had rolled all the way down past his hips and towards his feet, which were thicker, four-toed, black-furred paws as well.

He looked completely tanuki-fied from head to toe, much to his delight. Looking at his boxers though, he huffed. *Time to get rid of this and see what I got packin' now!*

He swiftly dumped his boxers but found something else waiting for him. It was a green speedo, all tight around his equipment. He rolled his eyes, stretching it open to get a better look for himself. He now had a large, furry scrotum with a similar fuzzy sheath, the very tip of his tanuki cock barely seen within it.

Alex groped his package, feeling his enhanced balls. They were at least the size of oranges and a quick test of the sheath, it felt like his cock was thicker too. Altogether, he was definitely large down below.

He looked into the mirror and smiled, feeling his face. All he saw looking back with a sort of chubbish tanuki looking back with his handsome mug and nice fur.

“Well, this “costume” looks pretty nice. Everyone is going to be so impressed! I’m going to be the perfect tanuki and nobody is gonna... com... pare?”

His eyes fell back down to his crotch, looking at his package. His small package. He twitched slightly, his hands clenching tightly. *I'm... I'm not really perfect, are I? No. Tanukis are supposed to be big, big and large! I'm neither of those! This ain't right!*

He snorted, feeling angrier by the second. *I'm not perfect at all! Look at this scrawny body! Sure, the mug, fur, and tail are nice, but what's the point without the right balls and bod?! Nuts to this! Time to fix this crap!*

His eyes fell upon the large gourd near him, his hands quickly snatching it up. It felt rather heavy, even heavier than when he first bought it and even brought it home. It was like it was filling and refilling itself.

Not that it mattered that much to him. He quickly popped the lid and started chugging. His body trembled, muscles twitching and bones shaking. His toes clenched; his tail wildly shook its fluffy body. His speedo started getting damp.

He drank and drank, not stopping at all. As he did. His entire body began to rise, arms, legs, and torso packing on extra inches as he rose. He went up by a foot, then by two, and another after that. He quickly stretched all the way to eight, just a few inches away from hitting the ceiling light.

His body didn't just extend, but it widened and bulked. His shoulders broaden to more an American football linebacker size, stretching several inches. His arms and legs bulked, calves, thighs, and biceps bulging temptingly. Even moderate bends would make his built form bulge even more.

While his limbs and most of his built with muscle, something else was happening with his stomach. All the extra chubby weight in his body was building his gut and chest, expanding them slowly but surely. They started drooping, growing wide and heavy. They were soft, but still tough and dense in a way.

Need more.... NEED MORE! MUST BE THE PERFECT TANUKI!!

His crotch shook, a pinkish red tip poking out of his speedo at this point. The soft mass quickly swelled, stretching the last piece of clothing for all its worth. His scrotum grew and grew, its furry mass poking out the sides soon. His junk stretched, inflated, and ballooned more and more until...

Snap! His speedo burst right off, his tanuki parts finally being free from their clothing prison. His balls had swollen all the way to basketball size, his legs and hips adjust to better fit the large size. His cock was fully out and erect, extending over a foot and a half in length at the very least. Pre was already dripping from it.

Eventually, he pulled the gourd away, panting heavily. He set it back down the toilet lid, the bottle still feeling heavy as ever like he didn't even make a dent in it. He wiped his brow and looked at himself in the mirror.

"Heh, now dat's what I'm talkin' about!" Alex laughed heartily. He raised an arm, flexing it and letting his muscles bulge temptingly. He groped his belly and then his balls, shivering both times. Now this was tanuki perfection. Maybe not as usually chubby as a tanuki, but an amazing body regardless.

He chuckled softly, scratching his gut, "Can't wait for the party tomorrow. They are going to flip out over this! I bet they'll be so jealous and envious! 'Oh Alex, why can't I be as big as you'? Heh, I see it already!"

He looked over to the gourd and got a wicked thought. He grinned widely, saying with a big smirk, "Well, who I am to deny them this fun? I'm sure they would love a taste of this sake. They'll get all nice and big. And for those who don't... well, I'm sure I can sneak some of it into their drinks."

The new tanuki man laughed happily, his balls shaking with it. Now he understood why the witch didn't warn him too much about drinking too much sake. This was the best thing to ever happen to him! He couldn't wait for tomorrow and meet and make all kinds of new, handsome friends.

THE END?