

From Mangaka to Maid - Finale

By TheSpiralledEye

Mark finally confronts the Kitsune who changed him into a woman but things don't go the way he expects.

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Mark found solace in the rhythmic sway of the train, hoping the motion would help ease his anxious mind as it raced like the car along the track. His gaze drifted to the window, the scenery flashing past like snapshots of a distant dream. After so much planning and so much effort, he was finally on his back back to the mountain to end this. Yet he wasn't full of the righteous fury he expected all those weeks ago. Instead his stomach was churning with anxiety and indecision. His tail threatened to burst out but he managed to hold it back. Barely.

As time passed the mountain came into view; silhouette shrouded in a soft mist, growing closer with every passing minute. It beckoned to him, its majestic presence both captivating and intimidating. He knew deep down there was a chance he wouldn't even find the pool again but he had to try.

The memory of that fateful encounter with the Kitsune resurfaced, vivid as if it happened yesterday and he bit his lip. His full, feminine lips that were so pretty and felt so lovely. He opened the window and let the cool country air blow on his face and whip his long black hair. The air became crisper, and the scent of pine filled his nostrils, mingling with the aroma of steaming ramen from the train's dining car.

Once he had his old body back he would be able to think clearly, it was the magic that kept him so conflicted. It had to be.

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Mark's boots crunched on the rocky path as he ascended the treacherous slopes of the mountain, branches and sticks scratching at his soft skin as he pushed through. The air grew thinner, and a cold breeze nipped at his cheeks, and he felt his nipples stiffen under his thin blouse. He was determined to find the secret path that would lead him to the enchanted hot spring where he had first encountered the Kitsune even if he had to stay out here all night.

The trail was steep and unforgiving, yet Mark pressed on, fuelled by the memory of the Kitsune's piercing gaze and warm smile. He still didn't know what he would do once he actually found her. Instead he focused on the task at hand. He navigated through dense foliage, using his hands to steady himself on the occasional protruding rock or twisted root. The climb was arduous, but the allure of the magical hot spring spurred him forward.

As he trudged higher, the mist swirled around him, shrouding the surroundings in a veil of mystery. His breath came out in shallow puffs, mingling with the wisps of fog. As he turned around he noticed the path behind him seemed to fade, hidden by the mist. The day had been clear before this and his heart began to race; perhaps this was a sign of something more magical than just mountain weather.

Finally, a break in the trees revealed a hidden trail, barely discernible to the untrained eye. Mark's heart quickened with anticipation. A small, familiar faded sign greeted him. This was it, the entrance to the path that would take him to the magical hot spring. With renewed determination, he veered off the main trail and ventured into the depths of the forest.

The foliage closed in around him, casting dappled shadows on the forest floor. Mark's senses sharpened, his every step cautious and deliberate. He listened for the rustle of leaves or the faint sound of trickling water, hoping to catch a clue that he was on the right track. The silence was broken only by the distant call of birds and the gentle whispers of the wind. As he focused he felt a burning atop his head and he let his fox ears grow, expanding his senses so that he could hear even the lightest touch of birds feet on the branches above.

He sighed, feeling somewhat relieved and let his tail slip out as well. It felt natural out in this forest to have his more foxy self come forth. Without even realising it a thin layer of fur began to spread across his entire body, and his face began to shift into that of a full anthro fox. The fur itched beneath his clothes and he had to fight the urge to remove them and walk naked through the fog. With his lovely red coat he wasn't even feeling the cold anymore.

And then, as if guided by an invisible hand, he heard it—a faint, melodious trickling sound. His heart leapt with joy. It was the sound of water, the unmistakable sign that the magical hot spring was near.

As he emerged from the dense foliage, he beheld a sight that took his breath away. The magical hot spring, nestled in a hidden clearing, shimmered under the dappled sunlight. Steam rose from its crystal-clear waters, carrying with it an enticing fragrance of wildflowers and warmth. Mark's eyes widened with anticipation, his heart pounding in his chest as lanterns lit themselves around the pool, bathing the whole area in warm golden light.

“Well...look at you, even more beautiful than I imagined.”

The voice echoed around the pool; voice soft and sensual. He recognised it instantly of course, the Kitsune herself. Yet she didn't appear. He looked around desperately for her, not wanting to be taken by surprise but his eyes found nothing but fog in the darkness.

Mark looked down to the smooth water and gasped; seeing the tall and graceful woman staring back at him. Her long, flowing locks were the jet black and cascaded in waves around her slender shoulders. The fur that covered her body a beautiful burnt copper colour shimmered like flames in the lantern light, each strand seemingly infused with a magical essence.

Her facial features were delicate and refined, with a slender, pointed nose that twitched with curiosity. As she moved, her lithe, fox-like tail swayed gracefully behind her, matching the movements of her body with an elegance all its own. She was still Akiko, his female form but she was something else as well, something otherworldly and bestial.

“A true kitsune,” A voice cooed, “So lovely, I knew I made the right choice.”

She brushed past him, having somehow managed to sneak up behind. She lowered herself to the edge of the pool and dipped her long legs into the water with a coy smile. She was naked; her perfectly smooth skin reflecting the lights.

“I'm...a kitsune?” Mark gaped, “Does that mean I have magic?”

“In a sense, you can shape shift but not much else.” His host giggled, “I'd be a fool to give you too much power.”

“But why?” He gasped, trying to remind himself of his goal of becoming a man again but his own reflection kept distracting him.

“Why not?” She shrugged, “This is fun and besides, I wasn't lying before I really am lonely.”

The naked woman wound her arms around his leg, holding it close and Mark felt his blood pressure rising.

“Haven't you been having fun?” She continued, “Life's more fun as a kitsune.”

“I can't stay like this!”

“Why not?” She pouted, “You look delicious.”

The kitsune ran her sharp nails down his inner thigh, pressing the tips into the light trousers and easily cutting the fabric. Mark knew he should pull away but the feeling of the cool night air brushing against his bare skin and her fingers so close to his pussy had him frozen in place.

“We can seal the deal if you want.” She whispered, “Spend a night with me here and I can make you a kitsune forever, with full control over your ability to transform. You can keep working in that maid cafe and doing all the sexy photoshoots with your sugar daddy photographer friend.”

“How do you know about that?”

“I can look like more than a fox and a woman, darling.” She purred, slowly cutting away at his clothing, “I've visited and watched lots; as a person, a bird...all sorts of things.”

The idea that she had been watching this entire time shouldn't have been surprisingly all things considered. Mark tried to swallow again but found his mouth had gone dry. This was certainly not the righteous revenge he had been envisioning.

“You like being this way don't you?” She continued, standing now to slowly slice away at the seams of his blouse, “Being a hot chick. You secretly love it don't you. Sure I gave you a few compulsions to get you started but eventually you started doing things all on your own.”

Her voice was like honey in his ears, sweet and slow moving. Mark could feel his heart beating hard against his ribcage. He didn't want to admit it, not even to himself but she was right. Being a maid, dressing up and having all those men fawn over him...it was intoxicating. He loved how hot he got being the centre of attention and that photoshoot....he wanted it again.

“Relax, give in. Stop letting your pride get in the way.” The kitsune whispered, pulling the sleeves of his shirt off, “Have some fun.”

Her hands snaked across his furry chest, stroking the smooth, short hair that covered everywhere, including his breasts. His nipples poked through, pink and hard and he whimpered as she teased them.

“Now focus.” She whispered, intertwining their tails, “Feel your magic, show it who’s in charge.”

He didn’t feel like he was in charge right now. In fact he felt completely out of control, yet he did as she said and felt the fur slip back beneath his skin. His tail and ears stayed, only because he wanted them and the Kitsune grinned wildly, her eyes alight with mischief.

“Come.”

She pulled him down into the warm water and he shuddered. He was really going to do this; he was going to become a kitsune for life. The more the Kitsune’s hands caressed him the surer he became of the choice; what did he had going for him as Mark really? An ugly haircut and a manga career that was going nowhere. As Akiko though, he had everything, sex appeal, a job, even a few friends. Not to mention the most wonderful pussy that was currently being stroked.

He let his head fall back as the Kitsune played with his body, giggling as she nipped at his shoulders and slowly slid a finger up into his hole. He tightened around her finger and she chuckled.

“We fox ladies have quite high libidos.” She whispered, trailing her hand through his long, dark hair, “You’ll have to get used to that, though I don’t think you’re complaining.”

“Mmmm...T-that’s nice.” He shivered as she twisted her finger inside.

“I made you, darling.” She whispered, “Of course I know the best way to make you scream.”

She punctuated the words by pressing the pad of her finger into his G-spot and making him see stars.

“Can’t have you getting too used to men, I want you to come back and visit me *often*.”

“I will.” He moaned, hips bucking against her as she added a second finger.

“You promise?”

“I-I promise!”

She pressed her thumb into his clit.

“Pinky swear?”

“P-pinky-oh fuck! Ahhhh...”

His hands gripped her hips, holding her body close enough that their breasts pressed up against each other. Nipples rubbing against one another as the water made their skin slick. Even the Kitsune was starting to look red in the face and not due to the hot springs heat.

“Touch me.” She ordered, pulling Mark into her lap as she sat with her legs spread on a shelf of rock.

He did so, slipping hand between her legs and slowly stroking her folds while she continued to finger him. Mark rested his chin on her shoulder, burying his nose in her long red hair and shuddered as they continued to finger fuck each other.

Mark could feel his tail growing heavy with hot water as it rubbed against the Kitsune’s at the same time his insides were starting to grow hot and tight. He was determined to have at least one victory against this vixen though, he would make her cum before him. He focused on his fingers, remembering the places that made him writhe and touching them on her. Mark could feel her hips beginning to buck, that smug smile on her face slowly being replaced with a blissed out, pleased expression as her grin turned to an O.

“Ahhhh...ahhhh!”

So close; he was right on the edge but so was she. All he needed to do was give her a few more strokes. He could feel their slickness mixing with the hot spring water as they both tried to hold back but then she gasped. A broken, rough sound that he knew all too well, she was crashing. A moment later the Kitsune let out a howl of pleasure as she came, shuddering against his own body and sending Mark over the edge as well.

He saw stars as his head tilted back and he writhed, squirting against her finger in the hot water. It was even stronger than his orgasm during the photoshoot and he could feel something more. What he could only describe as magic seemed to flow through him and somehow Mark knew he would never be a man again.

He was alright with that.

Epilogue

"Welcome to good morning Tokyo! Today, we have famous idol, model and now mangaka, Akiko Kimura!"

Akiko took a deep breath as she stepped onto the brightly lit stage, the applause of the audience filling her ears.

The host, a charismatic figure with a flair for the dramatic, introduced her to the enthusiastic crowd. The stage lights illuminated her, casting a spotlight on her radiant smile and sparkling eyes. She wore a stylish new maid outfit, complete with bows and rose barrettes; it was her signature style since taking to life as a model and idol. Even after all this time she still loved working a shift or two at the maid cafe.

As the applause died down, the host leaned forward, his eyes gleaming with curiosity.

"Akiko, welcome to our show! We're thrilled to have you here today. Your new romance manga has taken the world by storm and become a bestseller. Tell us, what inspired you to create such a captivating story?"

Akiko's face lit up with passion, her voice steady and filled with excitement. How she had waited for this day.

"Thank you so much for having me! Well, the inspiration for this manga came from my own experiences, believe it or not. I have always had a passion for Japanese history and myths and on one fateful trip to Lake Ashi, I had an encounter that inspired me to write this story."

"And it seems like you've struck a chord with readers. The response to your manga has been phenomenal. What do you think it is about your story that has touched the hearts of so many?" The host nodded, clearly intrigued.

"I believe it's the fact that the main couple are both women. Love is a universal language, but you never see same sex couples in historical fiction these days. It's considered too taboo."

"I know a lot of people have a soft spot for your magical kitsune couple." The host smiled, leaning back in his chair. "Especially the very detailed art you add of their time together. Now, I have to ask, there's a lot of anticipation for the next instalment of your manga. Can you give us any hints about what's to come?"

Akiko grinned, savouring the moment of anticipation.

"Of course! Without giving too much away, I can say that readers can expect even more twists and turns in the relationships of the characters. The journey is far from over, and I'm excited to explore new depths of emotions and complexities. There will be moments that make hearts race and others that bring tears of joy. It's a rollercoaster ride of love!"

The crowd went wild and she basked in the praise. Ever since she changed her manga to a romance and added those magical kitsune elements she had really come into her own. The girls at the cafe had devoured her drafts and this time, when she took it to publishers they snatched it up.

If only they knew the truth; that she was a kitsune in real life! She told people all the time of course, her fox ears and tail were part of her brand, but people always believed it was some sort of persona. Even when faced with real life magic, people were quick to dismiss it.

Cameras flashed as the host insisted on getting a few pictures with his favourite new up and comer. Akiko winked, pouting at the camera with a practised motion.

"Ah, if only I could keep you here all day but I believe you are still working at The Rose Bow? You've made it into the most famous maid cafe in the world!"

"Yes." She beamed, "I do love it there, even though I make enough from modelling and manga now I like to work at least one shift a week. What can I say, Master? I live to serve."

She giggled, winking at the audience and smiled.