

## Kitsune Kagome's Mischief

A cursory glance at the peaceful, feudal village made it appear like a calm place free of worry. However, this serene atmosphere took on a more uneasy tone upon approaching the house in the far corner of the settlement. The building was fairly sizable, created from the immense funds given to an up and coming group of demon slayers. While the village was thankful for the safety their presence created, the same feeling was not shared with the mischievous leader of the team.

Sitting with the back door open, Kagome sat back and enjoyed the sight of the sun sinking over the horizon. The once relatively normal, 18 year old high school girl had gone through a series of drastic mental and physical changes thanks to a curse from a spirit known as the kink kitsune. Her petite body had been replaced with one made up of toned muscles covered in a thick pelt of black fur. Though she had lost her feminine curves in the process, she had been given a set of nine, bushy tails and a quite girthy manhood to make up for it. Glancing down at his body, Kagome couldn't stop a smile from showing on his vulpine muzzle and his pointed ears from flickering as he admired himself basking in the dimming rays of the twilight.

Hoisting a cup of sake up to his parched lips, Kagome was about to drink only to stop as his ears picked up something moving behind him. The person tried to be stealthy, slipping through the sliding door and making their footfalls as gentle as possible. Despite the intruder getting closer and closer, Kagome was certain that here was no actual danger posed to him. He could recognize the pace of the person's footsteps as one of his companions. Rather than prepare his claws for a fight, he merely sat there and drank his booze as a paper charm was placed on his back.

“Sorry, to say,” Kagome said as he finished his drink, “but it looks like that was another dud.”

Looking over his shoulder, Kagome snickered at the expression on Miroku’s face. Reaching out with a clawed hand, Kagome ran his nails through the monk’s short, black hair as if he were petting a small dog. In turn, Miroku let out an exasperated sigh as he stood up to brush out the wrinkles in his black and purple robes.

“No difference at all?” Miroku asked.

“Does it look like it did anything?” Kagome asked, gesturing towards his body before giving his girthy cock a squeeze. “Why are you trying to change me anyway? I’ve long accepted this as my new body. I just wish you and the others would finally get the picture that this is who I want to be.”

“It’s not just your physical form that’s the problem,” Miroku explained. “The spirit’s influence on your behavior has led to the less than savory ‘pranks’ you keep putting us through.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Kagome replied, barely trying to stifle a chuckle.

“Then I suppose you have no idea what’s happened to Sango’s lost underwear?”

“I may have an idea,” Kagome said, his eyes momentarily glancing over at the drawer he had hidden the undergarments in. “In the meantime though, I think I have a way to take care of her little issue. And I do believe you’re just the right person to help me.”

Though Miroku recognized the glow of energy that permeated around Kagome’s fingers, there was little he could do to stop what came next. He and the others had become accustomed to the kitsune’s special type of mischief, transforming them into various shapes and sizes to fit Kagome’s desires. This experience didn’t help the monk from stopping the cursed energy from

spilling out of the kitsune's fingertips to strike him directly in the chest. Reeling back from the impact, Miroku clutched his hand against where the energy had hit only to feel his fingers go limp.

"What did you...do...to..." Miroku trailed off, finding it hard to speak as his mouth was sewn up.

"I'm merely replacing what Sango lost," Kagome commented, his form looming ever higher above Miroku as the monk began to fold in on himself. "I think you should make for a suitable replacement for her panties."

Miroku's attempts to run away or at the very least scold Kagome were deemed useless with the dainty material that made up his body. Approaching the transformed monk, the kitsune man took it upon himself to put the finishing touches on his work. Folding and bundling up the fabric further shaped Miroku into Kagome's desired form. The black and purples that once made up Miroku's robes were replaced with the same, pastel white that adorned Sango's missing underwear. Kagome managed to make Miroku into an exact replica of the panties just as his ears picked up a familiar set of footsteps walking outside the hall.

With Miroku tucked underneath his arm, Kagome slid open the door and peeked his head out of the room. Just as he had expected, what he saw was Sango stomping her sandals against the wood in frustration. Seeing the way her body shook with a fury that ruffled the fabric of her green skirt and pink kimono, Kagome found it wise to knock on the wall to get her attention rather than risk sneaking up behind her. Hearing the tapping of Kagome's claws, Sango whipped around her waist length, dark brown ponytail to cast her angry glare at the kitsune.

"You look a little tense," Kagome commented. "Is everything alright?"

“No,” Sango said with a huff. “Someone snuck into my room last night and took all of my underwear. Even the pair I was wearing at the time. YOU wouldn’t happen to know anything about this, would you?”

“Are you really blaming me?” Kagome asked, clutching his chest. “Especially after I just saw Miroku scamper off with a bundle of your missing underwear?”

“HE WHAT!?”

Pushing past Kagome, Sango forced herself into his room and swiveled her head back and forth. “When I find him he is so going to get it.”

“Hold on,” Kagome said, placing his hand on Sango’s shoulder. “Before you head out, you might want to put a certain something back on.”

With a wide grin, Kagome held the transformed Miroku aloft between his fingers. Recognizing the shape and color, Sango snatched it from the kitsune man and lunged behind a changing screen. Amidst the sound of Sango’s mutterings of how she would get her revenge on Miroku, Kagome was delighted to hear her slip on the cursed pair of panties. Patiently waiting with a cup of sake in hand, the kitsune man watched as Sango came back out with a disgruntled look on her face.

“How does it feel?” Kagome asked.

“That pervy monk must have done something to them,” she replied, tugging at the undergarment through her skirt. “It feels like they’re trying to sink into...certain areas.”

“Glad to see Miroku can still keep his priorities straight,” Kagome said, his wide grin more than enough to clue Sango in to what was going on.

“Change him back, now!” Sango demanded.

“I don’t see why” Kagome said as he poured himself another cup of sake. “This is too entertaining. Besides, you don’t seem to have such a high opinion of him anyway.”

Sango stomped her foot as she glared at Kagome. “You better make that perverted monk appear in this room as his normal self soon or else I’ll-“

“Fine, fine,” Kagome said, holding up a hand in defense. “Your wish is my command. Now hold still.”

With a snap of his fingers, Kagome sent a bolt of cursed energy towards Sango. Rather than hitting the living underwear, the shot splattered across Sango’s chest. As the curse spread through the woman’s body, she started to run towards Kagome in an attempt to stop the kitsune’s mischief. Unfortunately for her, it was already too late.

Sango stopped to let out a yelp of pain as the tight panties around her crotch were snapped back by the emergence of a certain something. Ignoring her hair beginning to shorten up and her breasts sinking into her chest, she reached down to remove her skirt. Upon pulling back Miroku from her waist, Sango was left stunned as she beheld her newly grown penis and testicles.

Leaving Sango to stare at his masculine features, Kagome decided to go for a walk. On the way out, he made sure to take one last look at his latest victims. He had to pat himself on the back for being able to so accurately recreate Miroku’s body, down to Sango having his same hairstyle and jawline. Pleased with his little prank, the kitsune left the two of them in his room to enjoy their new forms while he sought out another bottle of sake.

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With a flick of his wrist, Kagome tossed in another morsel of sugary goodness into his maw. Chewing on the delightful sweet, he recalled how generous the villagers had been to give him such a wonderful gift. Granted, he was sure it was more of a peace offering than anything. No doubt word had spread about his little pranks and there was a good amount of people who would rather not be his playthings. While he had no intention of using his abilities on anyone other than his friends, he would let the rumors linger for as long as it took for him to build up a sizable collection of gifts.

Swallowing another tasty treat, Kagome gave a wave towards an approaching Sango. “Hey there. Do you want one?”

“No, I do not,” Sango replied, venom clinging to her words.

“Are you still angry about the underwear thing?” Kagome asked. “I changed you and Miroku back. No harm done. In fact, I think you should be grateful to me for giving you two a chance to grow closer together.”

Sango gritted her teeth, managing to barely contain her anger as she took a deep breath. “Kagome, this has gone on long enough. I’m aware that your condition makes it hard for you to control certain tendencies, but you can’t keep doing things like this to us. It’s only a matter of time before you do something you regret.”

“I have no idea what you’re talking about,” Kagome replied, popping another sweet in his mouth. “I’m having so much fun, I don’t see a reason for me to stop. There are so many acts of mischief flowing through my head it feels like I could burst at any moment.” Swallowing his candy, he paused to shoot Sango a mischievous smirk. “That being said, if you have any ideas for future pranks, I’d be more than happy to listen. I’m sure you still have some pent up aggression towards Miroku. Especially after he sunk so deep into your—“

“That’s enough,” Sango spoke up to make the kitsune man stop. “If you won’t change your behavior, could you at the very least do something about your appearance?”

Swallowing his treat, Kagome stood up to show off his furry body and the manhood dangling between his legs. “What’s wrong with the way I look?”

“Considering how the villagers have been treating you lately, the least you could do to return the favor is wear some clothes when you’re out in public.”

“And keep them from gazing at my glorious figure?” Kagome asked, waving about his cock to make his point. “That would just be cruel.”

“Please. Think of it as making up for both their gifts and constantly changing our bodies.”

Kagome scratched at his chin. Turning his gaze between Sango and his dick, he considered his options. After some careful thought, he gave an affirmative nod of his head.

“Alright, I’ll give it a try,” Kagome said, delighting in the smile of relief on Sango’s face. “On one condition though: you have to help me.”

“Wait, what do you mean?”

Sango got her answer as Kagome swiftly shot her with a blast of his cursed energy. Like Miroku before her, the demon slayer’s body began to flatten out and be replaced with fabric. Amidst the panic felt by seeing her form change, she managed to remain cognizant enough to recognize the hues of black and red adorning her body. Realizing she was becoming a copy of her demon slaying outfit did little to prevent her from finishing up her transformation into a skintight body suit.

Taking a moment to marvel at his handiwork, Kagome picked up the recently transformed Sango and began to put her on. The squeeze was tight, mostly because the kitsune

man had tried to copy Sango's proportions for the outfit. With a bit of grunting and old-fashioned elbow grease, he managed to slip into the skin-tight suit. Though he was impressed with his handiwork and abilities, he could tell Sango did not share his opinion by the way she vibrated against him.

"I don't know what you're so mad about," Kagome said as he wandered about the room to look at himself in the mirror. "I'm the one that's stuck in this thing. Don't understand how you do this all the time. Especially with how tightly it pinches certain areas."

In his pursuit to remedy his discomfort, Kagome slid his claws along his suit until they reached his groin. A second glance at his crotch area revealed that the thin material left very little to the imagination when it came to his manhood. In the hopes of better adjusting the living fabric surrounding his package, Kagome began to squeeze it and pull it along the length of his shaft. Though his intentions were merely to make himself more comfortable, a surge of pleasure shooting through both his and Sango's bodies were enough to make the innocuous action take on a different purpose.

Heeding the urges of his libido, Kagome continued to squeeze and grope at his manhood. Soon enough, the body suit was further strained as the kitsune's cock reached it full erection. Grasping the length of his girth through the fabric, Kagome proceeded to vigorously rub along the length of it. The sensation of Sango's material sliding up against his dick brought a unique sense of pleasure that led them both to the inevitable.

With a howling cry Kagome reached orgasm, the load of cum erupting from his tip to fill the confines of the body suit's crotch area. Leaving his tongue hanging out of his mouth, his ears picked up the sound of Sango's own labored breathing as her body tried to contain the mess Kagome had made. Brushing drool off of his muzzle, Kagome kept his hands around his wad of



semen as he shuffled out of the room in search of something to clean the two of them up. At the very least, the sounds of lingering euphoria echoing through his mind made it seem that Sango wasn't too angry with their impromptu moment of intimacy.

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The day had started off with a rush of excitement as alarm bells rang throughout the village. Recognizing it as the demon warning, Kagome and the others were quick to suit up for combat. When they arrived at the entrance of the village, the sight of the encroaching figure filled them not with unease or fear, but of relief. After all, it was always nice to see a familiar face.

Any chance of a friendly reunion was hindered upon the wolf demon Koga finding out the nature of Kagome's condition. Even still, he had followed the group into their house and sat down to share a meal and some information. The more he was told the exact nature of the kitsune man's story, the more his pointed ears twitched. Baring his fangs as he flipped about his black ponytail, he pounded his fists against his legs to garner the attention of the room.

"And you're saying that you enjoy being stuck like this?" Koga asked, his tone a clue for Sango, Miroku, and the others to leave the room to give Kagome and him some privacy.

"Pretty much," Kagome replied. "Don't know why everyone freaks out when they first hear the news. We keep running into demons all the time. It's only after I change into one when you all start acting weird."

"I've never seen a curse do something like this," Koga said, gesturing towards the kitsune man's muscles and exposed groin, "especially to my precious Kagome. It's almost like you're a completely different person."

“It’s still me underneath all of this,” Kagome corrected. “Although I will admit, I’ve become a little looser thanks to the kink kitsune’s influence.”

“So you admit that it’s controlling your body!”

Kagome scratched at his chin for a moment. “It’s less control and more coercing me by showing me everything I’ve been missing out on. So liberating to just be myself through harmless acts of mischief here and there.” Showing off a toothy grin, he stood up to grasp his cock. “Not to mention all of the pleasure this body provides for both myself and others. Would you like to see what I mean? You might have a change of heart.”

Koga was left flabbergasted as he took a few moments to understand what Kagome was suggesting. “You can’t be serious. There’s absolutely no chance I’ll agree to-“

“That’s just what I thought,” Kagome said, silencing him with a swish of his tails against the wolf demon’s face. “You may act like a big, bad wolf, but deep down you’re just a scared little pup.”

Gritting his teeth, Koga stepped forward to be within a few inches of Kagome’s face. “Fine, I’ll take your wager. Show me everything you can do. I can take it.”

Kagome let out a giggle. “Alright, you asked for it. Just don’t break on me. It could make things messy.”

Placing his palm against Koga’s chest, Kagome allowed his cursed energy to flow into the wolf demon’s body. Koga’s look of determination faltered as he felt his body become limp. Ever so slowly he began to crumple to the ground, a side effect of his mass being replaced with latex rubber. Falling to the floor in a heaving mass, Koga was further modified by Kagome shifting him around with his toes. The constant kneading and pressing shrunk down the wolf

demon into a thin small circle. Lifting up the transformed Koga, Kagome grinned as he admired the tiny, cartoon wolf she had placed upon the living condom.

“What the hell is this?” Koga shouted, his words only audible to the mischievous kitsune.

“You agreed to take on anything I could dish out,” Kagome said, waving around the wolf demon’s body. “I figured this would be the best way to test that theory. Let me go ahead and call in my assistant. INUYASHA!”

A few moments later, Inuyasha came bursting into the room. His eyes looked back and forth as his white furred ears twitched in search of danger. Upon seeing Kagome standing in the room with the condom between his claws, the half-demon eased up and brushed away the strands of his long white hair that had fallen on his red robe in his rush.

“What’s going on?” Inuyasha asked. “Is that Koga?”

“Correct,” Kagome said, waving around her captive. “He said he could take whatever I could give him. I’d be more than happy to meet his desires if you’d be willing to meet mine.”

Koga let out a huff. “You’re completely insane. Inuyasha would never-“

In defiance of Koga’s words, Inuyasha willingly stripped himself of his clothes. Stepping towards Kagome, he showed little hesitation as he presented himself to the kitsune man. “I’m ready when you are,” he said, a demure look on his face that looked nothing like his old self.

“What the hell did you do to him?” Koga asked as Kagome placed his hand on Inuyasha’s chest.

“Let’s just say that I’m not the only one who has gained a new perspective on the wonderful gifts this curse has bestowed upon me,” Kagome replied, once more letting his energy flow to alter Inuyasha’s form.

The half-demon's toned chest gave away to a pair of soft breasts that enveloped Kagome's hand. Inuyasha's bountiful bosom was accompanied by a curvy rear to give him a well-defined hourglass figure. As Kagome proceeded to grope Inuyasha's tits, his voice gained a more feminine tone to match his puffy, pink lips and locks of golden blonde hair. Raising up his dainty fingers, Inuyasha slid them down his body to tease at his newly formed womanhood in preparation for what was to come.

With a single push, Kagome managed to get the bimbofied Inuyasha down on her knees. "Mind helping me put his on?" he asked, waving about the Koga condom as he brandished his rigid cock in front of Inuyasha's face.

"Yes master," Inuyasha replied, her entire body shivering in anticipation as she unrolled the condom and placed it on the tip of Kagome's cock.

Opening her mouth wide, Inuyasha wrapped her lips around Kagome's manhood to help slide the rest of the condom down the entirety of his shaft. Through this mere act, Kagome was delighted to hear a euphoric moan echo in her mind made up of Koga's voice. More than eager to see if the wolf demon was true to his word, Kagome snapped his fingers to get Inuyasha down on all fours. Pressing his wrapped up cock up against Inuyasha's womanhood, Kagome waited until his sex addled partner gave the nod to continue.

With a rough thrust Kagome shoved his cock deep inside of Inuyasha's dripping pussy. Reveling in the moans that came from his partners from the mere act of insertion, the kitsune man wasted little time jolting his hips back and forth. Each penetration filled the room with a cacophony of euphoric cries from Inuyasha to go with the unbridled ecstasy of Koga echoing through Kagome's mind. Sinking his claws into Inuyasha's bubble butt, the kitsune man gritted his teeth as he tried to resist his own feelings of pleasure for as long as possible. Pushing both

himself and his partners to their absolute limits, Kagome let out a low howl as he finally released his load of cum.

Kagome's climax was the final push needed to get Inuyasha to find her own release. Riding out the lingering shivers of Inuyasha's ecstasy, Kagome was sure to let out each and every drop of his cum. When he finally saw fit to pull away from Inuyasha, it was to marvel at the large, drooping lump in the condom that tightly held onto his load of semen. Carefully removing the condom from his member, Kagome tied it off to keep his gift inside of Koga as he lifted him up to his face.

"So, what did you think?" Kagome asked.

The response he got was a garbled mess of indecipherable words. Even though he couldn't understand exactly what Koga was saying, he could still feel the lingering pleasure that had taken over the wolf-demon's form. Grinning to himself, he placed Koga on a nearby table for safe keeping.

"Just sit there and rest for a while," Kagome said, rolling about the stuffed condom before returning to Inuyasha. "I'll change you back in a bit. Before that, I have to give my favorite partner a few more rounds as a reward for being such a good girl."

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Gathering around the Bone Eater's Well, Miroku, Sango, and Inuyasha tried to think of why Kagome had announced out of no where that he was going to make up for the various pranks he had pulled on them. The promise had been that the kitsune man had come up with a way to transport not only himself, but everyone to the modern day era. As to be expected,

Miroku and Sango awaited the moment that Kagome used this set up to spring yet another trick on them. Inuyasha was less concerned, secretly mumbling to himself with excitement as he pondered what surprises Kagome had in store for them.

In spite of the group's expectation, they eventually found the kitsune man sitting on the edge of the well. Upon seeing his comrades arrive, Kagome leapt onto the ground and waved about his tails. The toothy grin on his face didn't help with Miroku and Sango's suspicions.

"About time you all showed up," Kagome said. "What took you so long?"

"We wanted to make sure we were prepared for the journey," Sango said, gesturing towards the sacks of supplies upon her and the others' backs.

"You've told us many stories about your time," Miroku added, "but we still don't know what we'll need to be prepared for."

Kagome let out a laugh. "Oh, you don't have to worry about bringing supplies. Especially not clothes. But before we head in, I want to show you a neat trick I learned."

Upon hearing Kagome utter the word "trick", Miroku and Sango dropped their supplies in preparation to run. Though the kitsune did summon up wads of cursed energy in his palms, he did not push it onto the others. Instead, he placed his hands upon his bare chest and allowed his magic to reform his body.

The shaggy, black fur that covered Kagome's skin receded back to reveal the pale flesh underneath. No longer covered up by a plethora of chest hair, his pecs were free to show off their toned glory to go with his set of six-pack abs. As more and more of the fur disappeared so did Kagome's claws get replaced with human fingers and toes. Despite the more traditional digits, he still retained his collection of nine, bushy tails and the set of pointy ears upon his head. However,

it was still quite the sight to behold as Kagome's muzzle warped into a handsome man's face to properly show off his prideful smirk.

"Pretty impressive, huh?" Kagome asked, his smile going wider as he looked upon his friends' awestruck faces.

"When did you learn to do that?" Miroku asked.

"A while back," Kagome replied, taking a moment to admire himself. "If I wanted to, I could probably change back to my old body."

"Then why haven't you?" Sango asked.

"I said, IF I wanted to," Kagome replied, proving his point by tightly clutching his girthy member. "Should be pretty obvious by now that I enjoy being like this. I don't intend to go back anytime soon."

"Even still," Miroku said, trying to avert her gaze from Kagome's nude form, "I don't think they people in your time will be pleased to see you naked."

"That's why I called the three of you here," Kagome said, once more baring a toothy grin. "Now hold still. This will only take a second."

With a flick of his wrist, Kagome shot out a beam of energy towards Sango before she could run away. The sight of Sango beginning to transform into an article of clothing gave Miroku enough time to turn his back and step a few feet away before he too was hit by the same curse. As he watched the others flatten and become made up of fabric, Inuyasha made no attempt to escape. Trusting in his master's wishes, he held his arms open and closed his eyes as his body was overtaken by the kitsune's influence.

Waiting until the transformations were complete, Kagome began to pick up his friends. Putting the last finishing touches on their new forms, he moved on to the arduous task of actually

putting them on. Struggling more than once to get them in place over his body, he was reminded that he still needed practice making things that were actually his size. Regardless, he was still content with his attire as he looked over his outfit with a hand mirror from Sango's supply bag.

Kagome grinned as he watched the pair of eyes on his shirt swivel back and forth. Sango was left feeling more than a little humiliated by the fact that her own mirror was being used to look over her degraded status. Though Sango couldn't speak, moans emanated from her consciousness as Kagome stretched his muscles against the limits of her fabric body to test them out.

Similar cries of strange ecstasy could be heard from Miroku as Kagome strolled around the field to get a new feel for his pants. The kitsune man furiously waded about his tails as he walked, making sure the hole in the back was wide enough for the appendages to continuously stimulate the perverted monk's body. Rubbing his fingers along the pair of Miroku's eyes located on the front of his crotch, the kitsune deemed his outfit nearly perfect save for one mishap.

Pulling at the waistline of Miroku's body, Kagome stared down to see his beloved manhood bundled up by a skimpy thong. The puff of white across the mostly flesh colored material was dotted by a pair of cute, wolf-shaped ears. Any discomfort the kitsune man felt from the tight undergarment was undone by the look of ecstasy in Inuyasha's eyes as Kagome continued to nestle him against his junk.

"Looks like we're all set to go," Kagome said, snapping the waistband of his pants back and reveling in the collective moans that erupted from her companions. "Hope you all enjoy the trip."



Gathering up his own supply bag, Kagome climbed onto the edge of the well and jumped in. Passing through a glowing shimmer of lights, he soon found himself back in the modern era. As he took his time climbing out of the well, he couldn't stop himself from wagging his tails in anticipation of spreading his mischief in the modern world.