

From Mangaka to Maid - Part 4

By TheSpiralledEye

Mark realises that every time he gets flustered he grows a fox tail; now he must face working at the cafe without getting turned on or embarrassed; which is much easier said than done.

The rest of the shift went in a blur; he sat with Aya and Hiromi, smiling, serving customers as best he could in the desperate hope that he would impress Miss Sayaka and get the job. All the while though, he kept thinking about that tail; what had made it appear? What if it happened again? He spent the next few hours walking on eggshells, every time he stood and bowed he feared it would reappear. When the shift finally ended his feet were aching in his mary jane shoes, a thin sheen of sweat from nerves had dampened his crinoline and Mark was ready to apologise for any comment he ever made about working in cafes being easy.

He was tempted to collapse into the first chair he saw back in the break room as Hiromi escorted him and Aya out but he thought better. Aya looked pristine, even relaxed, he couldn't let her win. His eyes fell upon the pile of papers that was his manga, still sitting on the make up table where he left them. He was doing this for art.

The sharp clack of heels on hardwood alerted them to Miss Sayaka's presence, having apparently followed them out.

"You both performed adequately." She said without a hint of a smile, "Aya, you are a natural and have the looks to make up for your lack of experience. I have no doubt you will make a fine addition to our little establishment once you are fully trained."

The woman beamed and Mark felt his heart sink. Yet more bad luck; he'd humiliated himself flirting with men and dressing up like this for nothing now.

"Makiko, you showed promise as well, your improv skills were quite impressive. " Mark blinked in shock as she continued, "You're a little stiff, but once we have those muscles relaxed I am sure you will be able to earn a place here."

"Does that mean-?"

“You are both welcome back tomorrow. Yes.” Miss Sayaka said stiffly, “Do not rest on your laurels. You still have to prove to me that you are worthy of this job. I really only need one more girl so you two will need to work extra hard to convince me to keep you both.”

The threat was there, cards on the table. Aya’s eyes met his; they were full of fire, she would not be shown up easily and Mark suddenly got the sinking feeling he may be in over his head.

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Mark slowly closed the door to his tiny apartment behind him and collapsed his back against it. With his eyes closed he slowly slid to the floor, he barely had the energy to stand. Today had been the most exhausting experience of his life and he felt totally drained, physically, emotionally and mentally. Another rejection, the hopelessness of his situation, the cafe, it all seemed like far too much for a single twelve hour stretch. Not to mention the tail incident. He was so tired, yet stress filled his every nerve; it made him feel hyper aware of his surroundings and impossible to relax. Everything seemed to grate at him; the itch of his stiff, slightly damp clothes, the sound of a tap dripping in the bathroom, the feel of his now long hair tickling his nape, the sound of his own breathing. More than anything, he just wanted to sleep and not have to think for a few hours. Then, he could wake up fresh in the morning and try to come to terms with everything that had happened; he simply did not have the mental capacity to do it now. Standing took so much more effort than it should have but he managed to walk to his futon, slowly unbuttoning his blouse as he went, each pop of the buttons making him want to flinch. He tossed the clothes to the ground until he was fully naked and breathed in relief; his world was still buzzing but at least the scratch of his clothes was gone.

More than ready to sleep he settled himself down beneath the blanket of his futon but found, to his utter annoyance, that he could not sleep. The stress of the day was still weighing on him; his mind in that awful stage of exhaustion where it kept racing no matter how hard he willed it to stop. After several minutes of tossing and turning he threw off the blankets and laid on his back, eyes squeezed shut. He tried to will his breathing to slow but instead became distracted by the extra weight there. The last few days since the change he’d been fully focused on his manga and survival, he had not stopped to really explore his new body. Now, even with his eyes closed he could feel his new breasts rising and falling with each breath and he could feel the slight stiffening in his nipples as they were exposed to the air.

A thought occurred; there was one way he could force his brain to relax. A huge hit of endorphins followed by the blissful post orgasm haze was a surefire way to make his brain stop buzzing; in fact, it wouldn't be the first time he'd used such a tactic but...the idea of masturbating in this new female body was slightly intimidating. He'd never been the type to feel guilty about rubbing one out but somehow it felt...naughtier as a woman. Like he was doing something wrong. His mind wandered to his beloved manga, crumbled by the door where he'd collapsed. Maybe Mr. Ideyoshi was onto something, maybe a few sexy scenes wouldn't go amiss and this could be...research.

Already a hand was wandering to his hip, resting there just inches from his new pussy as it began to warm at the thought. Maybe instead of the hero defeating the evil Kitsune woman he could seduce her, yes, that could work. His hero could lift up the edges of her kimono and slide a finger between her folds just as he was doing now. Warm pleasure pulsed between his legs and suddenly, there was a familiar pressure just above his tail bone. He cried out as in a puff of strange yet subtle smoke, the fox tail appeared once more. In shock Mark was up, kneeling on his futon with his knees apart trying to twist around to see his back. It really was a tail, red and bushy, sporting from his back just above his peachy ass. His fingers were still between his folds, a low, pleasant warmth still spreading there. Mark bit his lip; remembering when the tail had appeared earlier today when he got flustered.

Could it be...?

He began to slide his finger between his silked folds, moaning softly as his tail twitched in pleasure. He took his other hands and stroked the soft fur there; the touch sent tingles all the way up his spine and spurred him on. A familiar pressure appeared atop his head and then another puff of smoke. His hand jumped from tail to skull only to feel two soft, velvety ears with sharp points. Perhaps it was his imagination but he swore he could hear the faint tinkling laughter of the kitsune in his ears.

His mind immediately went back to all the hentai manga he read when he was younger; all those busty anthro animal and alien girls with their huge tits and blushing faces. The realisation that he looked like that now made him groan and finally, he pushed his finger inside his pussy for the first time. Inside he was wet but the walls were textured, rough and oh so sensitive. He plunged his finger in and out, then added another as the fur on his ears and tail stood on end. After a day of non-stop stress he was finally experiencing something wonderful and he couldn't stop even if he was growing animal ears. His insides coiled and tightened, forcing his back to arch as he got closer and closer.

“Ah...ahhhh...ahhhh!!”

His insides clenched and ecstasy washed over him in a wave; his vision turned white and he actually fell forward with the force of it. He laid face down on the futon, feeling his tail slowly swish from side to side as the residual pleasure pulsed within him as he withdrew. After a moment, the ears and tail vanished from his awareness and a quick inspection showed they were gone once more. Mark swallowed, sleep already threatening to take him now that he was swimming with endorphins as well as exhaustion. That trickster, of course she hadn't just made him a woman, she'd made him a freak.

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When he woke the next morning Mark was surprised to find he felt fully rested, almost energised as morning light filtered over his eyes. For a few blissful seconds he hovered in that state between sleep and wakefulness, totally relaxed before the memories of the last day crashed down upon him. In an instant he was sitting, pressing a palm against the smell of his back. No tail; and no sign there ever was one. He knew better than to dismiss it as exhaustion though, that tail really had appeared and given the situation both times he had a sinking suspicion he knew why. There was only one way to know for sure though.

With a deep breath he closed his eyes and imagined Takuto. Squashing down his embarrassment at being attracted to another man Mark tried to remember how it had felt when Takuto had smiled at him, how flustered it had made him. Almost instantly, as arousal began to stir inside him that pressure appeared and once more a bushy red fox tail was between his legs. A groan escaped him; that fucking bitch of a fox! For a moment he let himself be angry before forcing the rage down; it could be worse, all he had to do was...not get turned on. Simple enough now that he knew to keep himself in check. He could still get off in the privacy of his own little apartment too so it wasn't as if he had to totally abstain. He didn't have time for this anyway.

A glance at his clock showed it was only two hours until he was due down at The Rose and something told him being late was not going to be endearing. Putting on his maid outfit still felt strange but he was at least glad for the slightly puffy skirt; if his tail appeared at least he could try hiding it inside the crinoline. He brushed his long, silky black hair and stared at his reflection. The maid who looked back at him was certainly beautiful but she was hardly stunning. In fact, with her straight black hair and plain face he looked positively simple. He remembered what Miss Sayaka had said the day before and gulped nervously.

He needed this job. He needed the money if he was ever going to get his manga published and afford another trip out to the lake to find the Kitsune. There was no other

option; he had to go all in. That meant makeup and hair styling. His masculinity could take the hit and he took solace in the fact that nobody but himself and that fox knew what he really was. He was down to his last few yen though, he barely had enough for food for the next few nights let alone buying expensive things like make up. He also didn't want to risk getting caught shoplifting; the last thing he needed right now was a criminal record. No, there had to be another way to get makeup without paying...

The cafe! He felt like smacking himself in the forehead; all the girls who worked there surely had makeup they bought along for touch ups. If he could just get a few moments alone in the break room he could help himself. He would put it all back of course and then nobody would be the wiser. Once more he looked at his manga; letting the sight fill him with determination. His art was worth this humiliation, so it was worth a little pick pocketing.

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He was fortunate; when he arrived at the Rose the break room was empty; the first morning shift having already started fifteen minutes ago. This was his chance, he had no idea how long he had but Mark wasn't going to pass up this golden opportunity. He sprung for the bags hanging by the side of each make up table and began to dig. Instantly finding tubes and compacts filled with various liquids and powders. Having only a passing knowledge of such things he grabbed only what he recognised; lip stick, concealer, mascara, eyeshadow; then quickly made for the bathroom and locked the door.

After a quick google he found a video tutorial and, playing it as quietly as possible, tried to play along. He became more and more dismayed as he went along, even though he was copying the woman in the video perfectly he couldn't look further from her. His lipstick was smudges, his eyeliner uneven and the eyeshadow positively garish in its hue. He looked like a clown. Then despite how easy it seemed to smudge, no matter how much he wiped at his face with water he couldn't get it off! His second attempt looked even worse with the horrible smudges up base leftover from the first. He began to panic, he was due to start any minute now and he looked even worse than when he walked in!

“Makiko? Are you in there?”

“Just a moment, Hiromi!”

He frantically washed his face, rubbing the skin pink and raw in places but it was no good. His whole body flushed with humiliation. But then, a pressure at his back.

“Oh no! No not!” He hissed to himself just as the tail burst between his legs.

Why? He wasn't aroused! Unless...was it set off by embarrassment as well? That hadn't happened yesterday!

“Is everything okay?” Called Hiromi from the other side of the door.

“Y-yes! Just a second.”

Mark hastily tried to hide the tail inside his poofy maids regalia, feeling more and more flustered with each second.

“Should I get Miss Sayaka? Are you sick?”

“No just....okay.”

He had no choice but to unlock the door and quickly sit down on the closed toilet lid, right onto to the tail which made him flinch. Bouncing it up like a cushion was his only option as Hiromi bustled in only to immediately balk.

Oh yeah, his face.

“I was trying to put on makeup.” He sighed, trying to ignore the way his tail bristled beneath him. “It...didn't work.”

“Oh wow, it really didn't.” Hiromi winced, “Miss Sayaka can't see you like that. Come on, I'll help you.”

Mark swallowed, his tail still there no matter how hard he tried to will it away.

“Could you help me here?” He pleaded, “I don't want to risk anybody seeing me.”

Hiromi gave him a sympathetic look and nodded much to his relief. It was as she was fetching something from the other room that he felt a slight 'poof' between his legs as his tail finally dissipated much to his relief. The puff of smoke sent a gentle wind against his crotch that threatened to bring it back seconds later; though he managed to hold it at bay.

“Here, let me help.” Hiromi smiled, holding up her own makeup, “Stay still and I’ll do it.

Gently she took a damp wipe from her bag and began cleaning up the mess that was his face.

“You must be really nervous, to mess up your makeup this much.” She teased.

“Actually,” he blushed, “I’ve uh, never used it. I...couldn’t afford makeup before but this job is pretty important so I figured I’d better try it.”

“Oh.”

He felt a bit bad lying to her but it wasn’t strictly untrue. He really couldn’t afford makeup right now and before...it just wasn’t a priority. Now that he wasn’t the one applying it he had to admit, this was sort of relaxing. The way Hiromi gently applied the lipstick was almost sensual and all of a sudden, he was very aware of how close they were. She pressed her lips together in a mouth, indicating that he should copy her. He did so and found himself staring at her cupid’s bow. Her lips were a pretty shade of glossy pink; he could smell the strawberry scent wafting off them and before he could stop himself he was imagining what it would taste like to run his tongue across them.

A now familiar pressure began to form at the base of his spine and Mark sucked in a breath. Not now! Not again! He thought unsexy thoughts, desperately trying to keep his lust at bay and breathed a sigh of relief as she leaned away.

“Are you sure you’re not sick? Your cheeks are flaming hot.”

“Very sure.” He whispered.

“Well, you’re all done!”

He turned, grateful for the distraction and gasped. The woman who looked back at him was the picture of Asian beauty. Her dark hair framing almond shaped eyes now lined in black with dark purple eyeshadow. His lips a dark but not overt red and his skin looked even

smoother than before. He was...beautiful. His pleasure was tinged with anxiety though; he was sure to garner attention looking like this. Men would flirt with him all day, maybe even touch his thigh or ass...one wrong touch and his tail would be out for all to see. He couldn't let that happen!

“Hiromi? Makiko? Where are you, the shift is about to start!” Aya called from the other room.

“We’d better get going, tomorrow come in earlier and we’ll do your hair as well!” Hiromi whispered, giving him the okay signs and running out to start their shift.

Mark steeled himself; all he had to do was not get flustered and everything would be fine. How hard could that be?