

Tanuki Tricks (Couple to Herm Anthro-Tanuki TFTG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Matthew and Jane are visiting a shrine in Japan when they're led astray by what they think is a shrine maiden. Both find themselves shocked to be spirited away to a tanuki village, but even more so when they are transformed into humanoid tanuki to join their community. Endowed with male and female parts, they may not ever want to leave . . .

Tanuki Tricks

It was quite a hike to quite a remote location, and Matthew complained all the way. Jane wasn't deterred by her husband's frustrations, however. She wanted to see this shrine, and it wasn't like the western couple were likely to visit Japan anytime soon. Besides, they'd already hired the boat that had taken them to the island off the coast of Hiroshima, past Miyajima Island (which had been spectacular in its own way) and on to the series of mountainous isles that dotted the coast beyond. They were rugged, teeming with nature, and largely uncolonised even today. But there were still occasional pilgrimages by locals and tourists alike to see the lesser known Tanuki Shrine.

"After we've seen this shrine, we get to do *my* thing," Matthew said, panting as he ascended the steep hill path. "Relaxing in the *onsen*. Just us. Just the two of us. With each other. In the water. Maybe hire one of those places with Mt Fuji in the background. God, that would be good. Doesn't that sound nice?"

Jane chuckled. "It does, sweetie. But you promised you'd come on this hike with me. I want a photo of the shrine. I couldn't find it anywhere on the internet, but it's meant to be vast and impressive."

"It better be, after this hike!"

She just rolled her eyes and continued. She knew her husband, and so she took no offence. He'd complain and whine occasionally, but would always go along, just as she would treat him to some bliss the next day to thank him for the effort. Sure, he could be a bit of a frustration at times, but he was her husband and she wasn't looking for divorce anytime soon. Plus, as cruel as it was to think, the hike would at least help cut down on his waistline, which had blossomed in recent years. She was no spring chicken herself, of course. Both of them were in their early forties and beginning to feel those bone creaks and aching muscles that youth would have ignored. Her blonde hair had started to show some grey, and her cute face a few wrinkles that no amount of skin cream could dissipate. Matthew had always been a broader man, but now that broadness was settling in his belly and hips. His dark hair was

also going grey, and his face was going a little redder; too much beer and too little restraint lately.

Yes, the hike would do them good, as would another perspective. That was her thought process anyway. They were here to get away, experience a new culture, and come home changed. That was the plan. And part of that was getting outside their comfort zone and seeing something new, the best of which was now just over the lip of the hill.

“We’re just about there, honey!” she called back. “Right over this summit, and just you wait, the statue shrine is meant to be . . . spectacular . . .”

It wasn’t. It wasn’t at all. A small, faded and chipped statue that could have been made to be a tanuki hundreds of years ago sat in a small clearing over the hill, surrounded by gorgeous but overgrown trees. Several disappointed tourists were already there, taking photos and trying to hide their own frustration. Matthew arrived next to her and sighed, exasperated.

“Are you kidding? *That’s* what we came to see?”

“I don’t understand!” she said, looking at the dismal sight, the locals giving small honours to the otherwise sad little shrine. “I heard it was enormous! Or at least beautiful! Or both!”

“It looks tiny. And sad.”

“Ah, that is because this is the accessible shrine, not the true tanuki shrine.”

The pair turned to face the newcomer who had somehow slid up right next to them. It was a shrine maiden, her hair long and dark, her gorgeous kimono robe lined with images of brown and white tanukis in impressive Japanese stylisation.

“There’s another shrine?” Jane asked, hopeful.

“There is indeed,” she said. “I sense that you truly wish to see it. It requires further travel, if you are willing to take it on.”

“Oh God, please no,” Matthew started, but Jane held up a hand.

“Of course, we’d love to see it. Can we?”

The woman was quiet for a moment. “The shrine is usually off-limits to visitors, but . . . exceptions can be made for those who are worthy.” At that, she looked into Jane’s eyes. “Or who have . . . potential.” At that, she looked at Matthew, who frowned, feeling awkward under that strange gaze.

“Potential?” he asked. “What in the heck does that mean?”

But Jane was already pushing past him, as the shrine maiden was turning away. She led them along a winding path, some parts of which were so well-hidden they would have been practically impossible to find without a guide. The woman did not give her name despite several probing questions, simply stating that she was a ‘nameless maiden of the forest’ before continuing to lead them on. Matthew muttered under his breath, but just at the

very moment that he was about to complain aloud and demand the maiden take them back out of the forest, they came to a sweeping clearing, at the centre of which was a magnificent shrine that was easily over twenty feet tall and immaculately well-kept. This one was obviously a tanuki, and it was covered in trinkets and baubles and offerings of plants, all of which together back it an appearance of thick fur, much like a real tanuki.

“Holy cow,” Matt muttered, looking up at the shrine.

“That’s what I came here for,” Jane said, snapping a photo. “It’s incredible.”

“This is just part of it,” the maiden said. “If you wish to see the true Tanuki shrine, and experience transformation and transcendence, then follow me. You know what the tanuki represent for this place, yes?”

Jane smiled. She’d done her research. “Of course,” she said, folding her arms in a satisfied manner. “They represent freedom. Pleasure - sexual pleasure too. Fertility. Virility. And mischievousness, naturally.”

“Naturally,” the woman said, half-turning to give a smile that was similarly mischievous. “If you wish to embrace these qualities, come touch the shrine.”

“Embrace these qualities?” Matthew said. “What in the sam hill does that mean?”

“It means when in Rome, honey,” Jane said, before stepping forward to head to the shrine. The maiden waited patiently there, her hand upon it.

“This is an honour few outsiders are allowed to receive,” she said as the pair placed their hands - eagerly for Jane, reluctantly for Matthew - upon the shrine’s surface. “Are you ready?”

“Ready for wh-” started Matthew, but suddenly the statue glowed, filling with unnatural golden light that drowned out his surroundings. He tried to remove his hand, as did a surprised Jane, but it was damn impossible: it was as if his hand was glued to the surface of the shrine!

“Hey, this isn’t funny! Is this some kind of trick or what!?”

“No trick,” the shrine maiden said. “But it is time for you to meet my people. They are very much looking forward to having you join them.”

“Join who?” yelled Jane, confused as to what was happening. “Oh God, the statue is pulling me in! Matthew, help me!”

“I can’t, it’s got me too! Like quicksand!”

The surface of the statue rippled, the shrine literally absorbing them into its surface. The married couple tried to wrench themselves away, but struggling only made the process quicker, and in mere moments they were sucked into the shrine entirely, absorbed into the tanuki’s big belly.

The spike of terrible fear lasted less than a brief second, however, because in the same time as it took to register that they might actually *díe*, the couple were spat out the

other side of the shrine, and seemingly into a new world. Jane stumbled forward, tripping over Matthew who in turn tripped over her. They took a moment to hurriedly disentangle themselves from each other, but as they did, their surroundings became a lot clearer.

They weren't in the same place as they had been moments ago. In fact, they didn't even look like they were on the same planet, or same timeline, anymore. The clouds were too pristine, the sky too pink and purple and orange in its gorgeous hues. The mountaintop village they were now surrounded by was far too whimsical, like something out of a Studio Ghibli film: the wood construction was unbelievably smooth, the homes small but, well, *homey*, and with numerous vines and flowers and greenery growing from them in a chaotic yet beautiful manner.

"Where - where are we?" Jane said, turning to her husband. But then she gasped again, because the man she was with was no longer her husband, at least not the husband she had known for a long, long time. "Matthew, you look younger! You look twenty years old!"

"And you look the same, Jane! You've lost all your wrinkles! Your figure is beautiful! Your chest . . . uh, well. That looks good too."

"And you've lost your waistline," she mused, having to conceal a smile, even among the insanity that surrounded them. She wasn't lying: Matthew had once been a deeply handsome man, with broad shoulders, a lantern jaw, and eyes that were filled more with a cheeky confidence than the constant complaining he exuded now.

She had changed also, and it felt remarkable. Much like Matthew, she had regained her lost liveness, as well as her once-perfect skin. She had been quite the looker when she was twenty, and to feel that fresh pertness in her breasts and trimness in her waist was wonderful. Even better for the pair of them was the fact that they felt full of energy, more energy than they'd had in years. Far more energy than they'd *ever* had, in fact, unless one counted when they'd been kids.

"What has happened to us?" Matthew asked. "Where is this place?"

"I have no idea," Jane said, looking beyond the lower tiers of the village to the gorgeous forests below, the geography so different from where they'd just been. "But I don't think we're in Kansas anymore."

"Indeed, you are in Tanuki Village," came the familiar voice of the shrine maiden. "A magical place belonging to our unique kind. One you are welcome to join and be changed by, just as you wished by following me to the hidden shrine."

She was behind them, but something had changed about her. Her eyes were larger, and her hands were hidden away. Jane saw a brief flourish of them, only to notice that they were darker, as if she were wearing fur gloves of some variety. Her nose too was darker, though part of her face was hidden beneath her hood. Cautiously, the woman stepped closer to the maiden.

“This is . . . a place of magic? A tanuki village? I don’t understand.”

The shrine maiden smiled. “You will. Allow me to show you. Allow *all of us* to show you.”

And with that she made a high-pitched whistling sound, an animalistic call that surely no human voice box could ever replicate. She flung back her hood, causing Jane and Matthew to gasp at what they saw: the woman’s face was growing *fur*, and more than that it was extending to grow a snout.

“I am a true tanuki shrine maiden!” the strange creature declared before making another animal call. “Bask in our glory, and take in the sweet smells of our virility and fertility and be changed!”

She flung aside the robe, revealing a much lighter dress that was conforming to a set of changing dimensions. The woman’s breast grew, becoming quite pronounced, but her fur also spread, marking her as a beastly creature that could only be a humanoid tanuki. A long, bushy tail exploded from her backside, while her ears shifted to the top of her head. Impressively long legs were revealed by a slit in her dress, which was part kimono but much more revealing. Her feet now ended in padded paws, the fur thick and dark there, and oddly attractive in their shapeliness.

“What on Earth?” muttered Matthew, unable to look away.

“She’s like some kind of - some kind of tanuki woman!” Jane declared.

But she had spoken too soon, because as the shrine maiden gasped with relief, her body taking on what was evidently its *true* form, something became very obvious between her thighs. The hanging front skirt of her kimono-like dress bulged forth as a very male set of genitals formed. The two humans’ eyes bulged as they stared, and then bulged yet larger as two large furry balls also formed behind the shrine maiden’s new penis, visibly from the high slits of her revealing dress. They were massive, easily three or even four times the size of a human pair, if not even bigger, and the fur coating made them appear even larger still.

“She’s a man,” Matthew said, taking a step back.

“Not exactly!” the shrine maiden declared, pulling up her skirt so that the rejuvenated married couple could see her equipment on full display; she wore no under-things at all. Her cock was rather large, but her balls were immense, just like the famously (or perhaps infamously?) large testicles of an actual tanuki. Her arms finished changing, and her snout was fully formed. But her breasts did not shrink away, and as she lowered a furry paw to shift her penis, both Jane and Matthew were able to see that she still had her female parts as well.

“You’re . . . both,” Jane marvelled.

“Indeed!” the shrine maiden said excitedly, lowering her skirt again so that her equipment was - barely - covered. Well, her furry manhood, or at least her balls, were still

able to be seen due to their sheer size and the way they hung. “Now I can make proper introductions. I am Shrine Maiden Akari, and I watch over the shrine that links your world to ours. Welcome to Tanuki Village, where we spirits live between the life of human and animal, enjoying the forms you see before you.”

She thrust out her now-large chest proudly, adopting a pose that seemed to display both her magnificent curves while also suggesting the very prominent male appendage between her legs. Matthew found it hard to look away, and so did Jane. For all the creature’s strangeness and odd hermaphroditism, there was something undeniably beautiful and enchanting about her, from her thick yet soft fur to her entrancing shape to her animal glee at their surprise. Her large tail swayed behind her, poofy and excited, and she stepped towards them, allowing her hips to sway in a shockingly sensual manner.

“This can’t be real,” Matthew spluttered.

“Oh, it is,” she said, her voice taking on a more demure tone. “And so are all of them.”

She took them both by the shoulders, her claws sitting lightly on their skin, and spun them around with ease. Both Jane and Matthew gasped yet again. Without a single sound warning them, the whimsical homes of the tanuki mountaintop village had emptied, and dozens of them had stepped out from their decks and doors and burrows to stand proudly beneath the ethereal sunlight. Some wore clothing, others were scantily clad, and others still were completely - and proudly - naked. Some were coded as male, others more as female. But all of them had both male and female parts, and all of them were tanuki-people just like Akari.

“Holy fuck,” Matthew said. “This is too weird. Um, this is great and everything, but I think you should let us out. I mean, I’m not complaining about feeling young and vibrant and all. And the air here sure smells sweet. I mean, wow, that smells good. But what I’m trying to say is . . . damn, that is a nice smell. I’m feeling kind of warm. Are you feeling kind of warm, dear?”

Jane swallowed. She was staring at the smiling tanuki people, who were all whispering and murmuring to themselves, their expressions a mix of excited and downright mischievous.

“Yes, very w-warm,” she said, barely hearing what her husband was saying. “Very sweet.”

Indeed, there was a new scent in the air, but it wasn’t the air itself. The pheromones of the tanuki people was now overpowering their humble human senses, and it was serving as a potent aphrodisiac. Their own hormones were going into overdrive, and it was making the pair feel warm, buzzed, *aroused*. Jane bit her lip as her nipples stiffened, pushing

outwards, erect against her bra. Matthew too felt a stirring in his loins, a hardening that confused him.

“H-honey, are you feeling as . . . excited as I am, all of a sudden?”

“Y-yeah,” she managed, gulping as she looked at the tanuki crowd. They were moving forwards now, and several of their more beautiful and handsome specimens were now circling the couple as if they were predators and the humans were prey. But this was suddenly not an altogether frightening situation, at least not in the mortal sense. The tanuki brushed their incredibly soft fur against the couple, who had moved closer together in concern against this intrusion.

“Wh-what are they doing?” Jane asked.

“Simply enjoying the experience of welcoming new members to our village,” Akari said pleasantly. She herself reached out a paw and undid Jane’s headband, causing her now-flowing hair to fall down.

“Hey! What the - they’re touching me!”

Indeed, the crowd was now pawing gently at their forms, stroking and caressing them, even pressing their increasingly naked and furry bodies against the married couple. Matthew tried to push a few away, but his attempts were strangely feeble, especially when he felt them lower their paws to stroke his rising manhood. He grunted, went to say something in protest, but then grunted again as the ministrations continued. It felt . . . nice.

“Do you want them to stop?” Akari asked.

Jane knew the answer should have been ‘yes, yes goddamn it! Stop it and send us back now!’, but the pheromones in the air were making her flush-full of arousal, and the tanuki were only becoming more daring. They rubbed the soft padding of their paws across her chest, and even reached out to squeeze her rear. It made her moan out loud, and soon that practically became a matter of verbal consent: “N-no . . . don’t s-stop. Just a - just a little more.”

“Are you serious, honey?” Matthew asked, though he himself was breathing heavily from the wonderful sensations of the tanuki caressing and massaging his form, even rubbing their genitals against his. “W-we should go back! Mhmm . . . in a few minutes.”

“Yessss, in a f-few minutes.”

“But first the magic of the shrine,” Akari noted.

“Yes, first the m-magic of the shrine,” Jane agreed. “God, this is more magic than I ever would have thought to have s-seen. Mhmmm. I can f-feel something!”

The pleasure rose, but that distinct feeling rose even more sharply. Just above her rear, at the end of her spine, a wonderful pressure suddenly built. It wasn’t painful or even discomforting. In fact, it felt like a wonderful release ready to occur.

And then it did, at the exact moment that a tanuki man embraced her from behind and slipped a paw down her pants, lowering them off of her form. She moaned, but then that turned to a sharp squeak as something *surged* out from above her backside.

“Oh God! Oh God, Matthew! MHMPH!”

“M-me tooooo! UGHH!!”

Large, bushy tanuki tails burst forth from them, swaying impossibly as a new appendage. The pair looked at each other, then quickly reached to touch their own tails, astonished. They could feel them, actually *feel* them.

“This c-can’t be real.”

“It is,” Jane said, looking to Akari, who nodded with a smirk on her snout. “Ohhhhh, God, why is it real? And why d-don’t I want it to stop?”

“Because we tanuki spirits are creatures of purest pleasure,” Akari said. “I sensed the possibility in you both when I met you. I knew you had to see the shrine and have the power to join us. You can fight it off, if you wish. But if not . . . the change will continue.”

“M-must fight,” Matthew said, but he was failing already, and literally drifting away from his wife. His cock was hard in his pants, and it took only a little effort for the group of furry tanuki surrounding him to get it off. Of course, they were also intent on getting *him* off, from what it seemed. With each caress and paw and grope and squeeze, his skin began to grow the same terrific fur as the rest of them. His hands shifted as he began to return the gestures without thinking, developing paws and little black claws. A brief shifting in his jaw saw it began to move forward, and the same was true of Jane as well. She held her developing snout, unbelieving what was happening, but by that point she was already lowering to the ground, joining what was increasingly and obviously a large tanuki orgy. Their large furry balls rubbed against her belly, her back, her rear. She felt them fall over her face and she couldn’t help but lick them gently. The taste of them was divine, and so she began to actually lap at them, sliding her tongue along the hard pole of a female tanuki, though of course all tanuki here were female *and* male.

“This is incredible,” she moaned, even as her nose extended further, becoming black and shiny. Her eyes darkened, gaining dark patches like a pair of goggles, or a balaclava, around them. “I want this s-so badly. Matthew, I can’t help it - I need this!”

She looked through the teeming mass of writhing, furry bodies and managed to stop her husband. His ears were in mid-migration to the top of his head, and they were gaining furry points as well. His back was starting to cover in fur, and his chest was . . . swelling.

“Ohhhhh,” he moaned, rubbing and fondling his new tits, which were rapidly growing to quite an impressively plump size. “I need it too! What have you gotten us into, sweetie? Mhmmm . . .”

His voice softened just a little, though despite his new chest he still came across as more male-coded than female, if such distinctions were even relevant to the tanuki village. For her own self, Jane felt her breasts ripen also, becoming rounder and heavier. And furrer too, her nipples becoming a dark grey. It was a good thing too: she was feeling oddly jealous of her mate. Her man. Her husband. She had to correct her thoughts, as they were turning more and more sexual.

“Mhmm,” she whimpered, feeling a tanuki squeeze her chest. One grabbed her by the hips and positioned himself over her. She felt his cock at her entrance, even as her legs altered, feet gaining clawed paws much like her hands. The creature waited, as if wanting permission. She looked again to her husband and so that he was in the same position.

“J-Jane, I - do it! My body neeeeeeds it!”

“Then do it to me too!” she cried, looking back at the tanuki. Her jaw altered again, becoming a full snout with sharper teeth, and a cute muzzle with broad furry hairs. It felt . . . right. Foreign. Alien. Strange. Odd. But right, as if the heightening of the pleasure and the growing warmth in her core were telling her that she was always meant to be a tanuki person.

The tanuki male entered her.

He was big. Really big. His cock stretched her walls, and the animalistic way he mounted her only made it all the more powerful. His heavy balls slapped against the fur of her backside, and the weight of them was impressive. Some new, bestial part of her loved how grotesquely oversized they were, and so she bucked her hips backwards as she was mounted, relishing not just the thrust of his cock deep into her animal slit, but also the way his heavy testes pressed against her.

Matthew was having the same experience also: he was a little more skittish and uncertain, as he had never experienced sex like this. The pheromones, the aphrodisiac, the scents in the air and the feeling of warm, furry flesh all around him, it was all too much. His mind railed against what his body was becoming, against his furry breasts and bushy tail - all of it! - but the pleasure was only growing in intensity and speed, and so his tail lifted aside and made way for the tanuki woman to enter him from behind.

“Please, be gentle!” he said, his voice still carrying that tell-tale whine it often did. It made Jane smile, but then she was lost in her own pleasure as she was fucked again. Matt groaned as he was entered. He had thought it was his rear becoming all slick and needy, but it was only as the enormous cock pressed into his folds that he realised the impossible had happened: he’d grown a feminine slit beneath his cock.

“Oh God, that’s not - mmmhm!!”

He lost all complaints as his slick tunnel accepted the tanuki penis and began to milk it. Soon he was bucking wildly, looking over to his wife, his face now just as animal-like as

hers. The pair were experiencing pleasures they had never known before, and even as they were fucked by new partners they reached out to grab one another's hands - well, paws now - and hold one another. It was surprisingly intimate; as if they were giving themselves over to the group but still sharing their marriage bonds.

"Jane," he said.

"M-Matthew," she managed.

Their hands held tighter still, because one final development was occurring. Even as they edged towards orgasm, their genitals began to swell. For Jane, it was entirely new; an enormous penis began to birth itself from her body, followed by two huge furry balls that grew and grew and grew beyond all measure. Matthew had less of a change, but then he'd already crossed into hermaphroditism and was experiencing the bliss that came with it. Still, the man had always been self-conscious about the size of his manhood, and needn't be anymore: his cock swelled in girth and length, growing darker as well, and his testicles *bloomed*. He could scarcely believe the weight and size of them, and even as he was fucked from behind, he reached a paw-hand back to cup them. They overflowed his palm easily - each! - but were uniquely sensitive. Jane was finding out the same. His cock stirred, becoming harder, and Jane was subject to such a new experience also, finding the blood rushing to her new member.

Instincts rushed forward too. Jane had always been the more adventurous one. She had, in many ways, been the dominant partner. One look at Matthew's searching eyes confirmed the course of action for her, and the tanuki mounting her husband seemed to understand. She separated herself from her mounter, indicating him to follow her. He did so, and she held her large balls in her hands, cupping them upwards to seduce her husband mate.

"Oh God," he said, though it was as much from admiration as anything else. "Yes, yes please, honey."

"Good, because I wasn't going to take no for an answer," she replied. She positioned her new cock at his entrance, loving already how it felt to possess, and then she entered him. Matthew groaned, bucking his hips again, milking his wife's tanuki cock. Her new instincts pushed her forward, and soon she was fucking him with wild abandon, all while her other mate entered her from behind again. They fell to their sides to make room, and during this lovemaking Matthew also found a new mate. This one faced him, and still he couldn't tell if they were more female or male or if that was even important. It didn't matter: he just needed to fuck something with his penis. He thrust into the tanuki, who groaned happily.

"You have been among our quickest converts!" a tanuki said within the crowd.

"So lustful too!" said another.

“And changed so fast!” a third added, fondling Jane’s breasts before shifting to Matthew’s own ripe pair.

“I think we’ll keep them,” said a fourth voice.

“We will,” the Shrine Maiden said. “They have not fought the change, and so we welcome our newest brethren! And perhaps they too, will welcome others, in time.”

What that meant was lost on Jane and Matthew, but then everything was by that point. The sheer ecstasy of being fucked in so many directions, all while performing the fucking, was a sensory overload.

“I’m going to c-cum!” Jane cried. “Both ways!”

“Same!” Matthew cried. “But I don’t want to stop! I love you J-Jane! I’m glad you took m-me here!”

“Me too! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! YESSSSS!!!”

The orgasms came, and it was a mix of male and female climaxes at the same time. One powerful and immediate and overpowering, like a gun blast, and the other gentle and continuous and many, like swarms of butterflies dancing over oneself. The two new tanuki people cried aloud, their voices joining the wailing, bestial chattering of the crowd. They were lost in it, and had become one with it.

They were now, and would forever be, members of the Tanuki village. Neither had a problem with it.

Anjelo always wanted new places to explore. It was never enough. Never. Whether it was danger, or discovery, or beauty, he chased it across the ends of the Earth. Pleasure was best, of course. He’d had many lovers in his time, and always relished more. He’d found a lovely girl in Hiroshima to perform with just the previous night. But now he had hiked to find the fabled Tanuki Shrine on an island near Miyajima, chasing legends that it promised even further virility, luck, and bliss. The result was sad: a paltry little statue of no consequence.

“Disappointing,” he said to himself, turning to leave.

But he was stopped by a pair of figures who had seemingly come from nowhere. Both looked to be Caucasian, interestingly enough, and yet they wore resplendent traditional kimonos and robes, as if they were shrine maiden and holy man. They had to be in their early twenties, and both were surprisingly attractive. As a man who went both ways, Anjelo could appreciate that.

“Can I help you?” he asked.

The woman smiled at the man, before turning back to Anjelo. She smelled very nice. It made him feel . . . warm.

“No, but we can help you, sir. Do you wish to see the Tanuki Shrine? The *real* Tanuki Shrine?”

“Trust me,” her partner said, stepping forward. “It will change your life.”

The End