

## From Mangaka to Maid - Part 6

By TheSpiralledEye

*Mark goes to a photoshoot and finds himself getting turned on by the camera and the man behind it. Unfortunately, it seems the more turned on he gets, the more 'foxy' he becomes.*

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Mark couldn't believe he was doing this.

He held Kondo's card in his hand nervously, clutching it so hard the stiff cardboard bent. His heart was racing and it was all he could do to stop his tail and ears from bursting out right here in the street. He was wearing his work uniform, lacking anything better. He only had one other pair of female clothes and somehow he thought the sensible blouse and pencil skirt wouldn't be what Shoto Kondo had in mind. Besides, if his tail burst out of that tight skirt it may very well rip it straight off him!

He walked up the studio and swallowed; he was nervous yes but there was also excitement there. It was embarrassing to admit, even to himself but the extra money wasn't even the main reason. He was excited to have his photo taken. He could already imagine it, his new pretty body on glossy magazine pages. Japanese teens everywhere sighing and wishing they were him.

When Kondo had mentioned the price he was willing to pay Mark for a shoot his eyes had nearly fallen out of his head. He was consciously aware that it was enough money for another trip to the mountain, he could stay for a whole week and still have money left over too. Yet the idea made his stomach churn uncomfortably. Loath as he was to admit it, there was a little part of him that wanted to wait. Stay Makiko just a little longer.

The door to the studio swung open and Kondo was there. His dark eyes and stubble gave him a handsome face that made Mark blush. Immediately, his mind went to thoughts of his regular customers, the way they would lay their hands on his bare legs and his mind replaced Kondo's there in their place.

Within seconds his face was blushed pink and his tail was dangling between his legs.

"There you are!" Kondo smiled, "Come on in, let's get started."

The inside of the studio was beautiful, breath-taking even. The walls were dark and lined with art; photographs of women, paintings, even woodblock prints. All from various times in Japan's history. The images were wonderful and Mark felt his eyes go wide, stopping before a woodblock print behind a slide of glass. It showed a kabuki performer and a beautiful woman, hiding behind a fan.

"Lovely, isn't it?" Kondo sighed, "Cost me a small fortune for the original but it was worth it."

"Yes..." Mark breathed, the gears in his head began to turn...a way to fix his awful manga.

He didn't have time to think about that now; his eyes slid over to the main room, where a shiny, expensive looking camera was set up on a tripod. Something about the light gleaming against the lens made his heart begin to race.

"Shall we get started? I'll take a few practice shots in your maid outfit and then we can try a few other things for the ads I have been hired for." Kondo nodded.

"Okay."

Awkwardly, Mark stepped out in front of the camera, tail lashing nervously. His posture was stiff, his hands curled into fists at his side, lips slightly parted. It was as if he'd completely forgotten how to look cute. It felt different being alone with the photographer, more...intimate.

"Come on now," He urged, "Let's start with a pretty pout, can you do that for me?"

This was so humiliating. No man, no matter his form wanted to do a 'pretty pout'; but Mark did. Pushing out his bottom lip further before biting down on it. He winced for a second, his front teeth seemed so much sharper all of a sudden and a second later there was a bright flash of white light.

"Beautiful!" Kondo smiled, "Very salacious without being overt. I love it."

His praise washed over Mark like a wave, making him giggle and bite down on one of his sharpened, claw-like nails. Another flash as another photo was taken and another word of praise from Kondo. Slowly, his nerves began to melt away as he followed the man's

instructions with ease. Each time he was rewarded with a word of praise or a handsome smile and Mark felt himself getting hot under his collar.

“Now, remove the apron.”

Mark didn't think twice, slowly but surely the uniform was stripped away until he was dressed in nothing but his bra, crinoline and knee length socks. Even his skirt had been removed.

“Now, look demure.” Kondo ordered, “But also available, as if somebody just caught you doing something naughty.”

Mark pressed a finger to his lips and did just that. His mind was racing, not just with the slowly building arousal but with ideas. He had been all wrong, he'd make his manga a love story, a woman cursed to become a fox and the human man who she seduces in order to become human again. Yes.

Kondo was creeping closer, the camera was off the tripod now and in his hands and he knelt only a few feet away. Mark swore he could smell him; heady and masculine; so fucking hot.

That heat inside him began to expand outwards and for a second he swore he could hear the tinkling laughter of the Kitsune as a blush spread across his cheeks. A moment later Kondo reached out and took his soft, velvety fox ear between his thumb and forefinger.

“These feel so real.” He said in a hushed tone, “So soft...”

He began to rub the thin, sensitive skin between his digits and it was as if he'd lit a fire between Mark's legs. He couldn't help himself.

“Ohhhhh, oooooohhhh...”

He crooned and moaned though he knew he shouldn't, it just felt so nice. Kondo's thumb was rough and the friction sent shivers down his spine.

“...Yes, make that face again.” Kondo breathed, sticking the camera back in his face.

Mark looked right at it, eyes heavy lidded and mouth agape before letting out another wonton moan. The camera flashed and his pussy clenched in time.

“I...” Kondo cleared his throat, “Would you mind doing some nude shots, I have a personal artistic project you’d be perfect for, I’ll call it ‘The Seduction of the Fox’.”

Oh, that sounded like such a bad idea but Mark couldn’t help but nod. He wanted Kondo to touch his ears again, that had felt so heavenly. He slowly removed the rest of his clothing, not feeling the least bit nervous anymore as Kondo set up his camera on a timer and returned, tie loosened to reveal his smooth chest.

He ran a hand down Mark’s back to the base of his tail where it melted into his skin but didn’t seem surprised.

“I knew it, I knew it couldn’t be a costume.” Kondo breathed in wonder.

“Oh...do that again.” Mark begged, ashamed at his own lack of self control, “Please.”

Kondo stroked down his spine and along his fluffy tail making the hairs all puff up and stand on end. It made Mark’s whole body shudder as the camera clicked and wetness began to form between his pussy lips.

“M-my ears.” He whimpered.

“Ears? Does it feel nice when I touch them?” Kondo grinned, “like this?”

He began to rub circles using his thumb and forefinger again and Mark wailed. It was like having somebody touch his clit and his hips began to buck against the floor.

Click. Click. Click.

The camera was capturing everything, there was now a record of just how horny he was and Mark felt himself flush deeply. He needed to stop, he would stop...in a minute or two, he just needed a little more of that lovely sensation that came from having his ears played with.

“Nnnngh....ah...ahhhhh...”

“Are you getting turned on by my camera?” Kondo whispered, Mark shivered and bit down on his lip to stop himself from answering.

His eyes were glued to the lens, being dazzled every few seconds as the flash went off.

“I think you are.” Kondo chuckled, rubbing his ears harder and drawing out another wail. “It’s okay, don’t be shy.”

A hand came to rest on Mark’s bare hip, only inches from his burning pussy. He knew how nice it felt to touch there, and Mark felt his mind slowly turning to hot mush. The pleasure radiating down from his ears was making his pussy pulse and quiver, desperate for stimulation. He had to stop, had to stop...

He couldn’t, Kondo’s fingers pressed into his warm mound and Mark was lost. Moaning as those fingers slowly parted his folds and began to stroke; up and down, up and down. Pressing against his clit and swirling around it in time with the motions on his ears.

Click. Click. Click.

Mark’s vision was flashing white. With every click of the camera he felt the pleasure increase, the pressure going higher and higher until he was forced to hold onto Kondo for dear life as his hips rocked against his fingers.

“That’s it my little fox,” He hushed, “You’re getting close aren’t you?”

“Y-yeeeeees...”

“Then cum for me, little fox; and make sure you look right at the camera. Cum for me...right...now!”

Mark couldn’t help himself, he didn’t want to obey but Kondo’s finger pressed down hard on his clit and his body responded. With a great wail he shuddered, squirting pussy juices onto the floor as he came hard.

Click. Click. Click.

The camera captured everything, blinding him with white light, or perhaps that was just his eyes rolling back in ecstasy. He felt a tingling all over his body as more fur poked through his skin, coating him entirely in a thin pelt of soft red fur. The pleasure masked the pain of the

change and a moment later he collapsed against Kondo, reeling from the orgasm and now in possession of a fully, furry body.

“Amazing.” Kondo breathed as the camera continued to snap, “Absolutely incredible.”

Mark moaned, half in pleasure, half in humiliation as he looked down at himself; his furry breasts, the soft downy coat coating his legs; just how much further could this change go.

“Y-you can’t tell anybody.” He whimpered as Kondo began stroking his hair, “Please.”

“Why on Earth would I tell anybody?” He grinned, “With you as my personal model, those photography awards are as good as mine. I’ll be considered the best photo manipulator in the world.”

“You want to take more pictures?” Mark whimpered, hating how fun that sounded. Kondo just nodded, popping the film out of his camera and replacing it.

“A lot more.”

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It had taken over an hour for his body to return to that of a normal Japanese woman. Every time the fur began to recede, Kondo had said something flirty or given him a charming smile and it grew right back. Finally though, he’d been able to leave and stumbled home full of humiliation over how he’d just acted.

He needed an outlet, something to distract him and so he’d done what he always had. Dove head first back into his Manga. Rewriting it entirely, he worked long into the night altering the story from a sweeping fantasy epic into a shoujo manga. The tale of a woman who discovered she was actually the descendant of Kistune and now had to face the fact that she was slowly becoming one, complete with the powers of seduction.

Somehow, this all came so easily to him and when he finally put the pen down feeling satisfied he was shocked to see morning light pouring through the windows. He’d been up all night. His shift was starting in just a few hours.

With a groan he took in the bags under his eyes; this was going to take a lot of makeup to hide.

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Kondo's article on the cafe was a smash hit, with an entire half page spread taken up with just photos of Mark. The other maids seethed in jealousy, Aya included as he was promoted not just to full maid but to the Rose level of the cafe. It seemed Miss Sayaka knew what she was doing though because he soon became the most requested maid in the establishment and if people wanted to see the people fox maid, they now had to pay top dollar to visit the highest level.

It was a good thing people were expecting to see his tail and ears now because with all the attention he was getting there was no way to keep them hidden. They burst forth at the drop of a hat now and Mark felt almost drunk on the attention he received. Sometimes customers would even try to sneak a touch under the table and it left him feeling high all day.

He hated to admit it but life was pretty good. Well, except for one tiny problem. It seemed as though his fox side was getting stronger and stronger. Every week when he went for his photoshoot with Kondo he ended up cumming. Most of the time thanks to Kondo's ministrations but sometimes the camera and attention itself was enough. And each time, he seemed to become a little more foxy, sharp teeth, pointed nose; the works. What would happen when he transformed like that in the cafe?

His libido was out of control; he just couldn't help himself even though he knew deep down it was dangerous. He had the money now, yet every time he went to buy a ticket back to the mountain to confront that Kistune he second guessed himself. Did he really want to be Mark, the sad, red headed westerner nobody liked? When he could be Makiko?

His face was starting to appear on billboards and magazines thanks to Kondo's photographs, girls would stop him in the street asking how to become a model; designers and big name brands came knocking asking for him to model for their ads, he even had one invite to go on a late night talk show. It was incredible.

Yet, he was scared. The tail and ears were cute but becoming a full on fox live on tv? Surely that would get him labelled a freak. He needed to find a way to control this power and there was only one way.

Miss Sayaka was reluctant to give him the time off for a holiday when he'd only been working at the cafe for six months (Six months, had that much time really passed?) but eventually she allowed it. He sat on the train, watching the world speed past with his thoughts racing just as quickly. He knew he wanted to confront the Kistune who had done this to him but the question was, what would he ask for? To be turned back into Mark? Or simply for more control in this body? He wasn't sure what he wanted anymore.