

Harsh white light slowly filtered into view, Nicholas coughing and choking as he awoke. He gripped onto sterile white sheets as he felt as though he were falling, hands shaking from weakness and fear. Shivering, he blinked the sleep from his eyes, nothing to fear from the quiet hospital room he found himself in. Thick, rune-covered plates were screwed onto the walls, more than a few scorch marks joining them. It seemed he was in an isolation ward: quarantine for magically unstable. With a heavy groan, he pulled himself to sit upright, the monitors and IV lines jiggling. He sighed a long, ragged sigh, wiping a little abyssal goo from his mouth as he looked for any of his possessions. No clothes up on the side, no phone, wallet or keys... he reached out with magic, snapping up his chart from the end of the bed. As he stretched out his arm, he felt a sharp pain in his chest as blue energy crackled and the lights shorted out. His chart flew into his hands and the little rat hacked and coughed up some shadow-coloured ooze, doubled over in agony. Making a note to lay off the magic for a while, he wiped his eyes to look at the chart, a blurry mess. He grit his teeth and swore under his breath: his glasses were probably ruined along with his clothes. For that matter, along with the rest of his hometown. He frowned and pressed his nose into the paper, screwing his eyes to try and read the hazy print. They had no name, no address, no date of birth, not even an accurate list of symptoms. They had him down as a victim of the incident, it seemed, diagnosing him with sympathetic magic instability. He tossed the chart to the end of the bed; there was nothing sympathetic about his condition. Nicholas pulled the sheets up around him, curling up a little and closing his eyes. He could figure out a plan later.

The sound of knocking at the door awoke him, a frown creasing his face as he struggled upright again. A white figure loomed into view and Nicholas' hands gripped the blankets tighter, heart thudding hard in his chest. The door clicked shut as the figure approached his bedside, something shiny in his outstretched furry palm: a pair of glasses.

"Hello, Nicholas. It's me, Noah." said the albino cougar, voice low and conspiratorial as the rat put on his glasses, the world coming into focus again. "I've been waiting for you to wake up for a while, now. I didn't dare stick around, in case they linked me to you too closely."

"They don't recognize me, Noah. Look, if they remembered who I was, I wouldn't be in a hospital; I'd be in the fucking ground. Not that it matters, I can't do any magic without coughing up my intestines." grumbled the rat, waving a hand dismissively.

"You're running on empty, sir. Most of your recent conquests have gone to feed the Abyss, and-"

"Not so loud, cretin! Do you want to tell the world who I am?" snapped Nicholas, interrupting. His fur bristled visibly, eyebrows furrowing as he snarled at the cougar.

"S-sorry, sir, I was just saying... ah, that you need to 'feed' a little more to get your strength back up, otherwise you'll eat yourself up. You need power to fuel what you've got left." Noah muttered, passing the rat a pad of paper and pen. "You know what these doctors are like, Nicholas. They won't funnel souls into you to keep you ticking." Nicholas nodded softly to himself, grunting in pain as he took the pad of paper and spread it across his lap, uncapping the pen and testing it, scribbling a red spiral onto the page.

"Alright. Let me just write out something here... Noah, you hereby agree to give me your soul in exchange for a complimentary pat on the shoulder and a 'Good Job'. Sound fair?" said the rat, smirking as he compressed dense legalese onto the page.

"Er... no, not really, sir." Noah whimpered, peering over the page and trying to decipher the complicated text. The rat grinned, a rattling laugh escaping his chest as he coughed up a little more black ooze.

“Just fucking with you. Urgh, pass me a tissue. No, I plan on giving you a much more interesting offer that means I can work from my bed. Not that I intend on doing any actual work, mind you, I’m just going to lay down here and relax.” He wiped at his face with a tissue offered by the cougar, making precise and neat strokes across the page with his pen. He couldn’t afford to make any mistakes with such a power deficit, being as close to running on empty as he was.

He wrote, Noah keeping watch on the end of the bed for any nurses or doctors poking their snouts in, but nobody came. The rat seemed to be either low priority or high risk, and he really couldn’t blame what must be overworked and under-rested medical staff from spending more time than necessary keeping an eye on the dangerous magical chain reaction occupying a warded room.

“Alright, Noah, how’s this.” murmured Nicholas, scribbling a signature at the bottom of the page and capping the pen. He pushed forward a contract and leaned back, taking his glasses off and resting them beside the bed. “I can’t have a constant stream of visitors here, mainly because I can’t be bothered to deal with the public while I’m ill. I thought maybe I could get you to recruit more eager little batteries... but you can be kind of timid at times. Then I had a better idea; why not create a contract that spreads itself? It’s a sexually-transmitted curse that uses the act of consent to ensnare people, so congratulations; you’re the first mortal incubus. I’m afraid it’s a little on the weak side, so no network of mind-controlled minions. It will, however, make the general population a lot better looking. More importantly, it’ll help me get back a bunch of raw power, and perhaps I can use that to protect myself from Abyssal interference.” Noah raised an eyebrow as he stared over the contract, and then tapped his fingers together, carefully.

“So I have to go out on the pull, sir? You mean, make a harem, or...” Nicholas brought his hand over his face, sighing deeply.

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Noah. Grow a spine.” sneered the rat. “You need to fuck exactly one person, and the curse will do the rest. Of course, if you can get more, I’ll be grateful.” He said, sliding the contract across to him. “Now please agree to it, so I can get back to sleep. If you could get them to bring me a cheese sandwich, too, that’d be fantastic.”

Noah took the contract in his hand, clenching his fist around it. It dissolved into fibres, then disappeared completely, falling to pieces as the cougar opened his hand. Both the rat and his servant lurched in pain, blue energy sparking like a downed power line as Nicholas sunk his teeth into his pillow to stop himself yelling out in pain, Noah’s knuckles wrapped around the frame of the hospital bed as he whimpered in pain. The cougar felt his body twist and contort and grow to suit the whims of the contract, a sudden light-headedness making his knees weak as he felt a tugging on his hips. He bit his lip, flushing deeply as he noticed his cock swelling in more ways than one, arousal and growth taking their toll on his composure as his slacks began to tent. His shaft bulged against the fabric, trying its hardest to escape as it swelled thicker and fatter; the averagely-sized feline dick becoming a monstrous two-foot cudgel. Beneath that, his balls gave an ominous gurgle, plumping up like the heavy dick above them, fat and fuzzy fist-sized orbs. The thick black of his corrupted cock contrasted against the bright white of his fur and the pale, pallid albino skin over the rest of his body as it surged against his waistline, a vicious beast trying to break free of its chains as it oozed and dribbled. Wracked with pain, Nicholas shivered and curled into a ball, taking the sheets with him as he ignored Noah clinging onto the bedframe, muscles reshaping subtly to make the distinctly average feline into a muscular icon of sex appeal. Washboard stomach and chiselled forearms crept across his body, a distant second place to the show occurring below the belt. Noah wheezed and panted, slumping to the ground as he fought the urge to play with himself, fiery libido tickling at his consciousness

counterbalanced by the cool tile floor beneath him. A few last crackles of lightning were dulled by the glowing runes screwed into the walls, the room calming down as the magic settled. Groaning, the cougar pulled himself upright, leaning heavily on the bed as he peered over to his rodent master splayed out painfully under the sheets.

"Sir?" he whimpered at a near whisper, eyes fixing nervously on the lifeless, motionless body spread across the bed like a broken twig. Slowly, the rat's mouth opened, dry lips sticking together as he coughed up a jolt of lightning with ragged, gravelly breaths.

"Go. Go get laid so that I can get out of this fucking bed. Tell them to bring me a Sprite with that sandwich." he croaked, slowly turning to lay flat with his joints twisting laboriously like grinding, rust-choked machinery. Pallid and weary, he kept his eyes firmly closed and settled down; sleep quickly taking him back in its arms. Noah was left on his own once again, with only his thick and drooling cock for company. He slackened his belt, brushed off his clothes, and awkwardly shuffled through the door, blushing intensely as the base of his cock leered out from his straining slacks. He warily peered both ways down the hospital corridor, still overflowing from the disaster with casualties laid out on gurneys and swaddled in bandages. Being rather undamaged, he stuck out amongst the crowd; the giant dick did him no favours in that regard, either. He kept his head down, swiftly gliding through the crowded bustle of the hospital wing, ignoring the urging of his hormones to make a stop in one of the toilets with one of the nurses. The curse wrapped its fingers deeply into him, each subtle hint of pheromone or perfume clouding his already foggy head; he screwed his hands into fists, slipping off down the stairs and back into the streets to continue his mission.

The city itself was not much better in that regard. While the exhaust from passing cars blunted the heady rush of pheromones, the people on the streets were much more concerned with how they looked than the walking wounded in the hospital. Noah crossed his arms over his chest, eyes firmly fixed on the pavement to avoid the low-cut tops and short skirts showing a little too much fur for his liking. He crossed roads, averted gaze doing little to avoid the occasional glimpse of cleavage that sent his overactive libido into a fit. Cock wrestling against his belted waistline, Noah's ears turned a deep, embarrassed red. The intrigued glances shot his way didn't help placate his growing shaft, either. Struggling to walk straight, he shuffled quicker towards his apartment with his teeth grit tightly. His keys fumbled in the lock of the outer security door, scratching at the wood as his hands jittered, an oozing dribble of precum rolling down the leg of his slacks as he pushed through the doorframe and let it click shut behind him. Panting softly, he gripped ahold of the bannister, pulling himself up the stairs as his trousers rubbed teasingly into his cock, a deep tension in his fat, thick balls reminding him of a deep primal need to breed. Huffing quietly with each heavy footstep, he noticed a long, white pair of ears turning towards his approach, a thin, petite bunny attached to them. She tilted her head to look over her shoulder, plastic shopping bags in her hands as she selected the right key for her front door, a small smile gracing her features.

"Oh, hello. I don't think we've met." she said, watching Noah clamber up the stairs, resting a hand on the exposed base of his cock in a brief attempt at covering his shame. He shot her a flimsy smile, looking over her lithe frame and powerful rabbit hips. Her thick legs, perfect for... well.

"No, I just moved in recently. My old place sort of... blew up. You know, the magical disaster in..." he murmured, eyes down on the ground as his cock twitched, threatening to break free of its confines.

"You poor thing." she cooed, holding her shopping bags tight to her chest as she stepped up towards him, placing a comforting hand on his shoulder. She could practically taste the sex rolling off him, the utterly blatant scent of pre and the warmth of his cock so close to her. That impossibly huge and

imposingly thick cock. That massive, juicy, fat cock just inches away from her. "I'm Cerys. If there's anything I can do to help you get settled in?" she whispered, leaning into Noah's shoulder and sliding a hand down his chest. It ran across his toned stomach, coming to rest against his own hand, just a hair's breadth from that tantalizing cock and the waves of heat radiating from it with each powerful pulse of his heart. She whined a little, not quite sure of herself: she wasn't usually so promiscuous, so eager to hop onto a guy she'd only just met, but there was just something undeniable in the air that made her burn inside. Silently, she cursed herself for perpetuating the traditional stereotype of rabbits, but she wasn't changing course now. "Anything at all?"

Noah, for his part, wasn't about to reject the offer with every part of his body and soul screaming at him to fuck her on the stairwell then and there. He just nodded bashfully, letting her drag him into her flat. Her fingers gripped hungrily at his arm, pulling and pushing him into her foyer as she kicked the door closed behind her. With Noah fumbling awkwardly at his belt, she tugged him into her bedroom, a single shove sending him sprawling into the bed as she shed her shoes, her clothes. Purring with anticipation, she watched Noah squirm as he tried to turn to watch her, fingers still caught around his belt as he fidgeted nervously with it, the leg of his slacks drenched with pre. With his claws still stuck around the leather, he watched Cerys tut impatiently and slide over to him across the sheets. Smoothly, her fingers slithered around his belt, undoing it and letting his slacks thump against the ground, wallet and phone clunking against the carpet through his pockets. More of interest to the rabbit, however, was the underwear stretched taut by his shaft and wet with precum. She looked up at him with a malicious grin, gently peeling it from his cock like plastic wrap as a heady wave of musk hit her, her eyes glazing over with dirty thoughts rampaging through her mind. She threw it to the ground with a moist slap, climbing onto the bed with knees either side of the poor, overstimulated cougar. Practically purring, she pressed her hands into his shoulders, pressing him lightly into the mattress.

"Oh, I don't know what it is about you, but..." Cerys trailed off, lowering her body into the massive feline shaft beneath her, savouring the look of shocked stimulation on Noah's face as his hands gripped into the bedcovers, claws dug in tight as he writhed in pleasure. Precum slathered her body, her thighs becoming slick with both his and her fluids. Groaning with needy impatience, the rabbit pulled herself upright, positioning herself upright and above the cougar's third leg, that arm-thick cock drooling like a hungry beast. She lowered herself onto him gingerly, ignoring his whimpered protests as her pussy grazed the thick head of his shaft. Thick was an understatement, even: horses were thick, the cougar was... synonyms escaped her as she pushed downwards despite all reason telling her not to, blind and aggressive lust clouding her judgement. She felt his cock pulse heavily against her, sliding deeper inside. She couldn't explain it. She didn't want it explained. She just bucked heavily into the cougar, milking him for all he was worth with powerful thighs grinding him down into the mattress. With rumbles of satisfaction above him and the sheer intensity of the rabbit's fucking, Noah found himself a little trapped. Enjoying himself, perhaps, but trapped nonetheless.

Short of breath and wracked with pleasure, it was a little too late when Noah started noticing the changes around him. The air grew thick and heavy, a crackling of magical energy surrounding the rabbit. The signature electric blue of the rat's aura turned to a deep royal purple as the rabbit continued to pound into him, each thrust paralyzing him with nerve-tingling sensation. Each smashing of hips against hips felt a little heavier, a little more punishing. He barely noticed her light

breasts swelling thicker and thicker, her body filling out with powerful muscle and bountiful curves. Out of the corner of his eyes, he watched waves of growing flesh ripple across her, surging into muscle and fat with a dull purple glow underneath perfectly lustrous fur. The heat of her body became just as confining as her steadily increasing weight, as Noah felt her radiate warmth like a running engine. With a deep, rumbling growl, she placed a thick hand against his chest, the Amazonian rabbit seemingly out of breath as she stopped, the cougar still hilted deep in her. Panting a little, he looked up, swallowing nervously as he felt something slither along his stomach. Breasts that eclipsed his head obscured his view as his chest began to feel hot and sticky, thick fluid dripping down his sides.

"A-are you okay?" he whimpered, holding onto the sheets again for security as he felt her body shift, like a living earthquake sliding powerfully across his puny frame. She reared back, letting him take her in in all her glory: nine foot of powerfully muscled yet voluptuously thick rabbit with breasts you could get lost between, a thick hand nursing her girthy, heavy, overwhelmingly huge cock... oh. That shouldn't be there. She grinned toothily, lost in her own self-pleasure, her cock still throbbing that little bit bigger with each heartbeat. Still pinned beneath her, the thighs either side of him immovable, he could do nothing to extricate himself. Timidly, he reached upwards, rubbing at the head of her dick.

Cerys snapped out of her reverie, eyes flickering downwards to the cougar. The room seemed much smaller than it had been a moment ago, her long ears brushing the ceiling as she knelt into the edge of her bed, the frame creaking worriedly under her weight. Breathing heavily, her eyes flickered over her body. Her divine body. Cerys ogled herself hungrily, from thick biceps swelling with power to thick shaft swelling with arousal and anticipation. The cougar stuck beneath it, wearily squirming into the heavy organ in what was either an escape attempt or an attempt to pleasure her. The fat, tense breasts that could probably suffocate the not-so-big cat, were she to roll over onto him. She didn't really have much to say to the unfortunate feline, her hand rolling into his shoulder and gripping tight, squeezing the joint painfully as she rocked her hips, feeling her sensitive cock slide across the cougar's taut stomach, the soft fur brushing delightfully against the thick but delicate organ. Her enraptured rumbles mingled with Noah's whimpers and groans, his own oversized cock still finding itself lavished with attention with each thrust the behemoth bunny gave him. Precum surged forth from his cock in lazy, thick waves, each movement of the giant above him teasing him to his limits. He felt so pent up he could hardly see, a hazy fuzz of pleasure fogging up his head as he gripped mindlessly at Cerys, aimless fistfuls of fur and gropes of powerful muscle all he could get a hold of. His back trembled, his voice quivered, the scent of musk and heat encompassing him all too much to bear...

He came to a moment or so later, face plastered in still-warm cum as he groggily set himself upright, glancing towards the massive rabbit in the corner idly toying with both cunt and cock. She noticed him stir, raising the corner of her lip in a wry smirk.

"Oh, good, you're awake. Was worried you'd died, or something." She sneered, standing and bowing so as to not scrape her head off the ceiling. "Come on, get out of my house, so I can find someone with a bit more stamina. Maybe someone who can fit that massive beast you gave me." She added, rumbling with pleasure as she scooped the cougar up off the bed with one massive arm, pulling him to his feet and pushing him out the door. On tottering, shaky steps, Noah tried to pull up his slacks with fingers fidgeting at his belt, dripping with warm goo as he very carefully took the steps down one at a time, a slick trail left in his wake. A slick trail picked up by a curious delivery boy, a lean

skunk puffing his way up the stairs as he pressed his hand into some sticky goo, still warm from its owner. With a scowl, he raised his fingers towards his face, a sudden impulse bringing his hand to his mouth to lick it off. He blinked, curiously staring at his pristine fingers. What the fuck was that about? Why would he put an unknown, deliciously scented and unusually erotic sticky substance into his mouth? Common sense and powerful magical pheromones fought over the unfortunate delivery boy's brain, a placid grin spreading across his face as he tottered up the stairs, his body changing with every step. His steps turned into an uneasy waddle, his cock hardening, thickening, lengthening as it began to leak liberally, drizzling a thick and heady goo down his shorts. Working on autopilot, the skunk pressed the door buzzer to complete his first delivery, fishing around in his bag for the correct package, claws clumsily snagging on the various bits and pieces within. His eyes glazed over a little as a mink answered the door, a petite, effeminate guy wearing delicate loungewear. The skunk watched his nostrils flare, his eyes tilt downwards and boggle slightly at the sight. Matching his gaze, he looked down to spot his outrageously sized shaft straining at his belt, the massive arm-sized cock wrestling with his shorts. Peeling his eyes away from the black, veined flesh, he looked back to the mink.

"I have a package for you," he said, the words not quite his own as he slipped his thumbs around his belt, pressing his hips forward as though the oversized cock needed any more emphasis. A stray glob of cum dripped audibly into the wooden floor, the mink's expression turning from disgust, to confusion, to very obvious arousal. He swayed forward on giddy legs, rising erection cupped by his thighs as he found himself pressing a delicately thin hand into the skunk's bulge, gripping ever-so-gently to watch him squirm in pleased pain.

"I don't know what shitty porno you got that from, but I will let you fuck me." He replied with a sneer, hooking his fingers around the skunk's belt, pulling him through the doorway.

The skunk didn't even bother to kick the door closed behind him, the pair only making it so far as the end of the hallway before the mink ripped his belt clean off, his claws tearing right through the cum-soaked shorts as though they were sodden paper, the odd tingle of magic teasing at his fingertips. He dug his claws into the skunk's chest, gripping rough handfuls of fur and ruined shirt as he tore away at the skunk's uniform. The pair collapsed into a sticky, cum drenched pile, the skunk's heavy junk leaving him off balance. He flopped into the white-furred mink with an audible slap, cock grinding into the lithe mink's side and coating his silky top with thick, warm cum. The mink curled around, nuzzling his short snout into the end of the throbbing monolith of meat, lapping delicately around the slit of that drooling shaft; a cat who got the cream. Each lick made him feel stranger and stranger, his head buzzing as though he had a good deal of drink inside of him and a stupid grin spreading across his face. His own painfully hard cock seemed to only get harder, brushing up alongside the skunk's stomach, his ribs, and his neck: his balls growing heavy and pulling at his hips. With a mischievous grin, the skunk wrapped his arms around the mink, pulling him closer and pinning his white-furred partner's angrily throbbing dick between him, grinding his body down into the massive cock to feel the mink squirm in inescapable, torturous pleasure. The pair frothed and ground into each other, gentle nips and bites barely registering against the mindblowing sensation those hyperendowments provided, the world lost to them until a heavy thudding and a clearing of the throat startled them out of their lust-soaked trance.

"You're going at it a little noisily," smirked a towering, hermaphroditic rabbit trying to squeeze through the doorframe, thick and fluffy hand wrapped around the door as her ears lay flat against the lintel. "Mind if I join you? My last partner had to duck out on us. Poor little kitty just didn't have

the stamina.” With a grunt, Cerys pulled herself through, thighs flexing powerfully as she maintained her balance, sledgehammer of a cock bobbing ominously over the smaller pair caught in its shadow. Bashfully, the delivery boy got to his feet, the mink instead slinking up to one muscular lapine leg to bask in the musk-drenched sack that lay against it, cooing into the powerful rabbit’s fur.

“Actually, I have an idea.” The skunk replied, a thumb hooked under his jaw as he looked up thoughtfully, bending down to pick up his discarded delivery bag.

A knock at the door interrupted Alice as she browsed the news on her laptop. Seemed like the country had gone to the dogs, what with the recent acts of what the government called “magical terrorism.” The iguana set the warm piece of technology aside on her coffee table, neatly arranging her spines as she headed up to the door. With a click, she unlocked the door and swung it open to reveal a motley crew of oversized dicks and the mammals attached to them, in various stages of undress. A mink swished forward and dabbed her on the nose with a thick glob of cum, smiling sweetly as he did so. The skunk took a step forward, adjusting the belt attached to tattered shorts currently keeping his meaty shaft imprisoned.

“...I have a package for you.” He intoned wryly, the mink sighing deeply as the three of them pulled themselves through the doorway, the iguana looking a little confused and feeling more than a little strange... and strangely aroused, at that.

One garbage bag and a new pair of trousers later, Noah had worked up the composure to drag himself back to the hospital, nervously eyeing the orderlies and the hallways still stuffed to bursting with the walking wounded. For some reason, trying not to look guilty always made him feel even guiltier, his fingers practically knotting into each other as he wrung his hands back and forth. Pushing the door open into the master’s isolation ward, he found him quietly sitting up in bed, peaceably propped up and watching some dry daytime television, the hosts of the show talking to an expert mage.

“Good job.” the rat replied, sipping from a soda can. “I feel halfway normal. Did you bring me any clothes?” he asked, eyes not deviating from the screen for a moment. Noah, ever prepared, furrowed his brow in thought as he brought his hands up to his chest.

“D-did you ask for any? I don’t remember, I mean...” he stammered, chewing at his lips nervously. “I didn’t have any, wasn’t it obvious that I’d need some before getting out of here?” huffed Nicholas, giving the cougar an armour-piercing glare. Grumbling, he pulled aside the covers and tugged at his hospital gown, pulling it this way and that to change its shape, size and colour. The cheap fabric turned into a comfortable pair of jeans and a hooded sweatshirt, the rodent being careful to tug the hood up to hide his features. “Odessa was right. You really do lack initiative.” he sighed, reaching over to the side of his bed, a half-eaten sandwich resting in a plastic container there. Stuffing the last of it into his mouth in a few large bites, he walked towards the door, casting a look back to Noah. “At least tell me you have somewhere for me to stay?” he mumbled, still chewing. The look of worried confusion on the cougar’s face told him all he needed to know, and with a frustrated sigh, he left.