

Nicholas' eyes flickered open, his head throbbing painfully. His hands scrabbled at his sides awkwardly and felt his sheets underneath him. His head tilted to the side, pressing into a soft pillow. With a long, pained sigh, the rat rose up from his bed, leaning up against his headboard, looking down and pressing a hand into his thick belly. When had he gotten so fat? With nervous chills running down his spine, he threw back the covers to look himself over. His hands pressed against his sides, feeling the fat around his waistline squish into his fingers. Below that, his normally oversized cock had seemingly decided bigger was better. About the size of a baseball bat in length, and just a hair under a soda bottle in width, the massive organ lay peacefully across his thighs, and over gigantic balls that bulged beneath it. He pressed a hand into his scalp to massage his temples, and found himself freezing once more: hair? When had he ever had hair worth mentioning? Long, soft black locks framed his snout, reaching down his chest with ease. The rat took in the sight for a moment, then pulled the sheets over him once again, pressing himself into the pillows.

"Noah? Noah, are you here?" he called, voice quivering a little. His fingers curled into the edges of the sheet, his knuckles turning pale as he watched the door expectantly. On cue, a pair of footsteps came padding from the living room. Noah opened the door quietly, shuffling in as he poked his head around the corner to look over his master.

"What's wrong, Nicholas? Is something the matter? You've been asleep for quite a while." The cougar mumbled, bowing slightly to the rat as he stood over the bed.

"How long?" he responded, head still foggy. He closed his eyes. The extra sensation of sight was a little too overwhelming at the moment.

"A week. I'm sorry I couldn't wake you." The cougar answered, focusing awkwardly on his hands. With some effort, a tea tray appeared, full of warm toast and a hot mug of tea that was set very neatly on the nightstand. "I think you got a hangover from all that power, you know? I certainly didn't expect it to flood in as quickly as it did... uh, hmm. Let me show you."

Nicholas looked over the cougar as he reached his arms out, muscles visibly tensed and strained. He remembered that look: rookie mages tended to make equally stupid faces as they mastered the art... which could only mean Noah was able to siphon from his reserves of power. Or, maybe, he had his own. It was certainly something worth looking into, though as a huge TV appeared on the wall it seemed as though it was a subject to investigate later. An older, tired looking newscaster read the headlines, graphics on show in the background to give the viewer something else to look at.

"The Ministry of Health is once again reminding citizens to use protection as the illness spreads south. If at all possible, sexual contact should be avoided, as there is no known cure or treatment. Magical origins are suspected, particularly given the recent magical disaster that left an entire city in ruins. Experts have suggested that possibly magical contamination has spread and enhanced a common disease, though this is heavily disputed."

"Well, they're half-right, I suppose." groaned Nicholas, rubbing his eyes as he sat up again. He reached over with a shaky hand to pick up the mug and tilt it into his mouth. Long, slow sips of tea made him feel a little better, settling his head and his stomach. "Shit, I feel like I could wipe another city already. I also feel like that kind of power was not meant to be contained in a simple mortal vessel." He grumbled, pushing aside the sheets with a hand and swinging his legs over the end. Mild surprise flit across his features as he realised his feet touched the ground a little quicker than he had expected. Seemingly, he hadn't just grown outwards, but downwards, too. With another little dissatisfied murmur, he took his mug of tea with him, doddering into the living room.

"So. What do we know about the spread of this thing?" Nicholas asked, taking a seat on a leather sofa that creaked under his weight. "Must be pretty good if it knocked me down for a week."

"Yeah, certainly seems that way, though the streets have gone quite quiet. Tends to be cars that

most people get around in, since they don't want to risk having some weirdo jizz on them in the street." Noah said, taking up a post by the window, pulling back the curtain to look down on the street below. "Oh, look!" he added, tapping a claw to the glass. "There's one of them! A weirdo, I mean." Nicholas rolled his eyes and stood, padding over to the glass and looking downwards. Perhaps he was jaded, but the sight wasn't terribly unusual to him. A small, white-furred cat squirmed awkwardly under the solid, muscular arm of a mountainous badger woman. Her tits threatened to spill forth from the t-shirt clinging to her body, the cat's head pressed firmly into the side of one breast that seemed to be trying to swallow him whole. A pair of cargo pants below them looked as though they had undergone some radical repairing, heavy patches on the crotch covering up what had to be a massive cock, unless she was carrying another cat down there. Though Noah and Nicholas couldn't hear what she was saying through the double glazing, the way her eyebrows furrowed along her white-striped face suggested it probably wasn't a pleasant conversation taking place on the street.

"Reminds me of your new girlfriend." Smirked the rodent, prodding at Noah's side. He huffed, flicking his tail as he thought of the massive hermaphrodite rabbit he had a hand in creating... well, and how hard it was to get industrial quantities of cum out of one's fur. With an irritable grumble, he took one last look at the badger as she disappeared into a block of flats, wondering if she was equally as messy as Cerys.

The badger in question hoisted up her pants as she lumbered up the stairs to her apartment, her feline captive squirming and struggling to no avail against an arm that was thicker than his body. Dents and bends were scattered periodically across the handrails where she had put her hand down a little too firmly, or settled her weight a little too much against them, and the sight only put a malevolent smirk across her face. That was power, the way the environment just bent to her. The world was too small for someone like her, and she intended for it to be smaller still. Approaching her front door, she knocked twice. Gently, so as to not put her fist through her front door and invite lesser beings into her domain. The door swung open to reveal a svelte fox in the nude waiting for her, his slight form rather overshadowed by the beast ducking under the doorframe.

"M-mistress, back so soon?" He simpered, padding gently behind the mustelid mountain.

"Close the fucking door, moron." She growled in return, slinging the cat in her arms into a heavy pile of cushions across the room. Soaring with a surprised yelp, he landed with a muffled thump and a wheeze, slowly picking himself up as yet more thin and effete figures attended to him. The fox tottered off to close the door behind them, his mistress regarding the room as she ran a powerful hand through her short hair. The small apartment had been converted into a harem, with comfortable pillows scattered around the apartment for the men and women gathered in the corner. The scent of mating filled the room, the raw musk of fucking hanging heavy in the air with her own standing out most of all. Before, it would have gotten her dick hard, her libido fired up. Now? Simple background noise. She was perpetually horny, these days, with her colossal cock ready to ruin someone at a moment's notice. Perhaps she'd have to take care of that now, to relieve some stress. With a low growl, she thudded over to the gaggle of furry bodies, folding her arms under those thick breasts and affecting a heavy frown.

"Look here, asshole. You think you can just take from me?" she snarled, sitting down onto a thick pile of cushions. She grabbed the cat by the scruff of the neck, pulling him into her lap and turning him to stare up at her. Behind him, the rest of the gathering took a couple of steps back, worry creasing their brows. "I share my gift with you, and you think that you can just fuck off and do whatever you want?" Beneath him, her cock throbbed powerfully, aching to be used. To teach this insignificant little bug a lesson on loyalty. She jabbed her finger downwards, pressing it into the cat's

dick and twisting the tip in cruelly, her claw dragging across the skin painfully. It was certainly no match for the rest of him, however; the huge cock was far out of proportion to his scrawny body, hanging to his knees and thick to boot. "I give, so I can take away, runt. You'd think you'd have a little loyalty to your fucking goddess, no?"

"Y-yes, Victoria. Mistress." whimpered the cat, his tail tying knots behind him as he tried his hardest not to squirm in her grip. "I'm so sorry, I just wanted to enjoy it for a while."

"Oh, right. Yes, that sounds great. Just go out and mess around with that big ol' kitty dick of yours." she snarled, taking it between finger and thumb. "You owe me, bitch." Like a landslide, she shifted forwards, the cat finding himself caught between her and the carpet. The heavy bulge in the front of her trousers weighed down on him as she shuffled out of her clothes; t-shirt thrown carelessly into the corner, trousers expertly removed with the help of two nervous subordinates. With no known pair of underwear currently in manufacture for the sheer size of her thick, black-fleshed cock, there was nothing separating her and the whimpering feline beneath her. It wasn't so much the fear that was turning her on, but the rush of having so much power. She savoured it, hands digging into the carpet as she rocked her hips forward. The sheer weight of the organ felt as though the cat were being pinned by another person, and knowing that there was so much more weight held in reserve didn't do anything to settle his spirit. His heart slammed in his chest as he waited for that familiar feeling to wash over him, for the mistress to take her cut.

It had been quite an interesting arrangement at first. The badger who he had spotted waiting at the bus stop every morning had put on a bit of height, her doughy physique replaced with hard, sturdy musculature. Sneering, she asked him if he wanted a part of it, to feel the rush of growing bigger and better. It was suspicious, to say the least, but the news had been talking about such things recently. About gorgeous women and perfectly sculpted men appearing, about curses and magic and things that were over his head. Why not take the risk? So he came home with her to find some slender little things already waiting, presumably to grow big and strong like her. The badger leaned over her kitchen table, and made them a devil's deal. She would give them the power to steal the size of others, like she had done, and in return they would give her a cut of the takings. To help them make up their minds, she had sapped them of their own size. A few inches, just to make a point; she didn't need them, but they wanted to be on her side, lest they face the consequences.

And although they managed to reclaim their stolen size at first, it wasn't an arrangement that particularly suited them. They had to fight to stay one step ahead of her demands, stealing a few inches here and there through casual hook-ups, and from other sex-addled freaks that the infectious curse had spawned. That, and avoiding retribution. Most people weren't very happy about having their size stolen, and their own power was so much weaker than Victoria's. Draining size was a real effort; unlike her effortless siphoning, they had to concentrate and struggle for every inch they stole.

It wouldn't do to have the servant outdo the mistress, after all. Leaning forward, Victoria pressed her weight into the squirming feline below with her palms pressed flat against the mass of dick between them. The hot and heavy mass began to grow hotter, the cat's skin beginning to tingle with each imposing throb against his body. Like smoke rising from a fire, the cat felt himself drifting away, his essence scooped up by the eager badger leaning on him. His struggles died down as inch after inch withered away from him, the badger's massive dick growing heavier still against him. With a cruel laugh, she pressed her weight in further to roughly grind the cat into the carpet. Each guttural snigger rolled through her muscular body, thudding into the cat below. Her weight smeared him into the floor, his head swimming with the heady musk and the relentless pressure. Quiet gasps escaped his jaws, the sharp breaths doing little more than filling his lungs with that mind-clouding musk. "Let this be a lesson to you all, worms." Growled the mistress, leaning backwards and sitting down

with an imposing, weighty thump. She wrapped her arms around the base of her cock, pulling it up and off the tiny cat with a wicked smirk. His limbs twitched either side of it, a whole foot of his height cruelly stolen away and added to the massive badger's already huge frame. Self-satisfied snickers rumbled forth from her wide, powerful chest. Shuffling backwards, she splayed out into a thick pile of cushions, meaty arms grabbing a few of her shrimpy followers up to sit them on her stomach, against her dick. Growling with happiness, the cat laying burnt out on the rug recovering, she pointed to a raccoon laying half-asleep in the corner.

"You. Go get me a slice, it's your turn. You too." She added, practically purring with deep rumbles of satisfaction, a jab of her claw pointing out a timid husky kneading her hands together. The pair gave each other a worried look as they slowly rose to their feet, gathering together coats and shoes while the monstrous badger lay in the back of the room.

Massive, chunky paws slid across the carpet, thick black-furred toes scrunching together as expert hands teased the base of a colossal cock that dwarfed any of the people surrounding it. A slinky leopard kissed into the badger's arm, worshipping the powerful muscle beneath the coarse but well-groomed fur. Each effortless movement and pleased twitch of the behemoth brought him along for the ride, the iron-hard muscle enjoying kiss after kiss. He savoured the rich, musky scent of the fur and the potent odour of testosterone and sex from that cock throbbing idly in the air behind him. A jackal lay between the badger's massive breasts, rubbing into them softly and grinding his crotch against her solid abdominals. Those huge and heavy furry globes rocked from side to side as she shifted, jostling the badger's jackal cargo and grinding his snout into the thick, soft breasts. Each deep rumble rattled through his body, an unintentional display of power that left him shivering with arousal. Three thin bodies were wrapped up in their devotions to that towering shaft, their hands gliding across her imposing cock and their mouths pressing in to provide tender kisses and delicate licks to make that beast grow thicker and fatter. Standing on the mistress' solid thighs, they slid their bodies against the sensitive organ to hear her satisfied growls, to feel the four-foot slab of scented shaft throb in ecstasy. Underneath them, caught between the cushions and the crushing weight of her beanbag-sized sack, a dragon soaked up the warmth. Periodically having to come up for lungfuls of hot, musk-drenched breath, the reptile generously massaged her thick balls with both hands. His long tongue laid lavish licks across the merest fraction of their overpowering size, the meagre gesture nonetheless accepted with a graceful groan.

Victoria shivered, the simple movement rattling her passengers and sending them scrambling to hold on as their comparatively tiny hands clasped onto that broad, veined cock or her imposing musculature. That shiver turned into a heavier tremor, with her devotees knowing what was coming. Reading her body language, they worked harder, putting their backs into appreciating her entirety with their mouths, their bodies, their souls. With a ground-shattering roar, the effete figures grasping ahold of her cock for stability felt an almighty ripple run through it like a quarterback smashing through their ranks. She dug her heels into the carpet, her massive legs easily tearing up the carpet as the dam burst. Like the cork bursting free from a champagne bottle, a solid geyser of cum spattered into the ceiling. Another followed, then another, each carving a dent into the plaster where it hit, before splashing down into the carpet and onto the warm bodies surrounding that massive dick. Their arms and jaws burning with effort, they took a moment to recognize the cold burn of their size being siphoned away. Even as cum still oozed from the tip, Victoria's imposing shaft began to straighten up again, standing erect and tall as though daring the rest to do something about it. She muttered to herself in a deep, bass voice, tongue lolling in between inaudible words as her hands gripped into the pile of pillows around her. Her body began to swell even thicker; her muscles bulging with stolen power, her paws pushing out across the tattered carpet as her toes curled in sheer delight. A sigh escaped her jaws as she felt another shiver running through her body

and more thick spurts of jizz blasting from her cannon of a cock. Viscous, stringy ooze descended lazily from the ceiling, pooling into the carpet. The badger tilted her head back, reclining and relaxing into the mound of pillows, barely paying any attention to the dragon still caught underneath her, his head pressing into her cunt with slow, heavy licks and his chest caught under those massive, warm balls. She lifted her arm, giving it an experimental flex and grumbling happily as she saw the thick swelling of her bicep, the sheer power in her arms. A warm smile crept across her face as one of the slightly-shrunken supplicants reach up, trying to wrap his arms around the beastly muscle. He pressed his face against the short black fur, kissing softly into her arm as he murmured worshipful nothings into it. With a wry snicker, she let it relax as she laid back in the pile of pillows, allowing her few followers to pay their respects with their tongues and their bodies.

In the cold outside world, the husky and the raccoon wandered the streets idly. Tugging up their hoods and casting nervous glances down the alleyways, the pair made slow progress. Before, it hadn't been too hard, but with people staying indoors? Finding people to pinch an inch from wasn't so easy. Frustrated, the pair leaned up against a wall, the husky taking an e-cigarette from her coat pocket.

"You think we should just, like... break into someone's flat?" sighed the raccoon, self-consciously adjusting a strand of hair. His slender fingers twisted around curly grey-brown locks, his sharp little teeth nibbling on his lower lip. His eyes darted across the empty streets and the curtains drawn over the windows of the apartments above, his soft breathing unnaturally loud in streets that used to be brimming with noise.

"C'mon, you want to be like one of those lust-drunk savages? We're capable of thinking, we might as well enjoy it while it lasts." replied the husky with a long plume of vapour. She stretched her arms out above her head, joints clicking a little as she worked the kinks out.

"Easy for you to say." came the huffed reply. "You've got a good four inches on me, which is four inches more of safety from Mistress." The raccoon scowled, pulling his hood up over his head and burying his chin into his chest, arms folded tightly against his body.

"Oh, don't complain. We both know you love it as much as I do." smirked his companion, shoving his shoulder playfully. Her ears perked, the sound of footsteps drawing her attention. Wordlessly, she pressed a finger to her muzzle to shush the raccoon, peering down the street to see who was approaching. Spotting an overweight rat and a gangly cougar as opposed to an obscenely endowed hunk drooling and oozing over the pavement, a wry smile curled across her face. She sauntered towards them, leaning a hand casually up against the side of a flat.

"Hey, boys." she purred. "Either of you want to- ERK."

The rat gave her a bored look as he reached out, sticking her flat against the wall with a little magic. He raised an eyebrow towards the raccoon, who merely wrung his hands and stood where he was. "Take me to your leader." commanded the rodent, before smirking at his companion. "C'mon, it was kinda funny. No?" Noah just shrugged his shoulders, unwilling to have an opinion. A dismissive wave of Nicholas' hand let the husky drop to the pavement with a few gasping breaths, her composure shot as she tried to collect herself. He gestured her forward, back towards the harem.

"W-we were supposed to get some... uh, steal the height of..." stammered the raccoon, pattering after them. With a stray wave of his hand, the rat imparted a foot of height into each of them in an instant, the husky and the raccoon tripping over their own feet as their balance shot out of sync with their bodies. Each towered over the rat, though the husky still found herself a little short of the tall albino cougar. Though he was smaller, they gave him a wide berth and some frightened glances along the way. Something about him seemed familiar in an intimate way, his glare causing their hackles to rise. Unable to quite put their fingers on why, they led him into the badger's den, the scent of sex rolling down the stairwell causing Noah to flinch and hold onto the doorway. Quietly

sighing to himself, Nicholas let his two new friends lead him up the stairs, letting him into the beast's lair.

Victoria roused herself from sleep, sitting up to see her visitors over the swell of her gargantuan breasts. Brushing a dragon out of the way, she was pleased to see her scouts return with a bounty of size for her to siphon off for her own use. The rat they had brought along with them was perhaps more interesting. A new recruit? Nicholas pushed past them to stand before her, resting one of his arms against a paw that could dwarf his torso.

"You look like you're doing well for yourself. I like what you've done with the place." He rumbled, looking around the room. "It particularly appeals to my baser natures." He added with a sly grin, sidling around to the pile of pillows she had splayed out across.

"You want something from me? If you're just here to suck my cock, get in line. Queue is as long as my dick is, so you might be waiting a while." she growled, deep bass rolling through her chest as he stood next to her. Wordlessly, he locked eyes with her, and suddenly her expression changed from indignant pride to wide-eyed shock, her mouth hanging open as she tried to think of something to say. She watched the eerie glow in his eyes, realization hitting her like a rolling wave.

"You... you're responsible for this?" she stammered, thoughts hazy as she tried to figure out how to react, how to take advantage. Nicholas gave her a slight nod, sitting himself on the pillows next to her massive, muscular arm.

"I am. To be honest, I was thinking I'd come here to put a stop to you, but seeing this... well, it'd be a shame to lose out on such an opportunity. You should keep doing what you're doing. Making new little followers, having them spread my blessing." He cooed, reaching over to the thick bicep right beside him, fingers tracing over the powerful muscle and basking in the heat radiating from it. His own dick grew harder, trapped in the confines of his pants, as he looked across the worshippers across the room and the massive pillar of cock they had the good fortune to give their adoration to. "Just keep doing what you're doing, badger." He said, nodding up to her. "Though with one alteration. Just remember that you're no god, and remember where your power comes from." he added, jabbing a thumb into his chest. "I giveth, and I can taketh away. You and yours worship me above all else, and we won't have a problem."

She took a moment to think about it, and with a rumbling sigh, nodded her assent. Lazily, she rubbed at the base of that hip-annihilating shaft, watching the raccoon from before quickly scamper up to help her tease at it. Both rat and badger felt a satisfying glow of happy worship inside them, the genuine love from the raccoon warming them. Reaching out with one massive hand, she shook it with the rat's, her fist engulfing his forearm. Satisfied, Nicholas got to his feet. Brushing himself off, he went for the doorframe, only stopping as Victoria called after him.

"Well, my god, if you ever want to take a ride..." she rumbled, a cheeky, fangy grin across her features.

"Hm! You know, I might just take you up on that, o loyal worshipper."