

Nicholas rubbed at his eyes, the heady scent of still-warm jizz slithering into his nostrils as he pulled himself up from the stack of pillows he was draped across. Feeling rather swollen and bloated, he looked downwards to his prominent gut, noting the powerful musculature of his arms, his chest. Turning his head, he noticed nothing but a wall of black and grey fur. Victoria was lying beside him, her beefy arm curled protectively around his body as her massive chest heaved up and down like the tide in a storm. Her breasts, each bigger than his torso, loomed intimidatingly overhead, her half-flaccid cock dipping back and forth with her breathing and dripping with the evidence of her last sexual conquest. Judging by the sloshing sensation and the unnatural bulge in his gut, he could only conclude that it was him, especially as none of her usual harem were around. He pressed a hand into her side, muttering her name and clenching his teeth in mild concern when she shifted, awakening at his touch.

“Urgh, you’re alive.” Like an avalanche of beefy muscle, Victoria shuffled her hips and sent her impossibly thick breasts jiggling. As they jostled for position, she took the her free arm to tease her hair into spikes, and curled the other possessively around Nicholas, pulling him a little closer and patting into that cum-swollen stomach. “You’ve deflated. I fattened you up properly last night, had to roll you around to get anywhere.” She added, smirking deeply as she gazed across his body. “Guess all that magic is good for something after all. Maybe even good enough for a second round, big guy?” A sincere grin spread across her face as she teased at his stomach, claws prodding across his jizz saturated gut. Nicholas sat up on the mound of pillows, back pressing into her beefy arm, and reached over for his glasses, snatching them up with a little magic. They settled on his snout and he pulled himself to his feet, observing the scene of chaos. The floor was saturated with cum, her harem in various stages of undress and having lost a few inches each. Nicholas looked to her shaft, slowly stiffening as she thought of the various depravities she could inflict upon the lot of them, and he let a small grin creep across his face.

“Oh, go on then. I feel oddly invigorated right now.” He replied with a grin, flexing his arms, feeling the new muscle tense up with power. One of Victoria’s massive fingers prodded into his arm, black pad pressing against the stiff muscle.

“Yeah, you’re looking a bit buffer than you used to. Maybe you’ll even be able to win an arm wrestle without having to cheat with magic, hmm?” the badger snorted, rubbing her palm against his face to make him squirm before picking him up in her hands, settling him down at the base of her thick shaft. “First things first, though.”

“First things first.” Nicholas stood up, paws pressing into her hips as he pushed forward to rub into that five-foot long cock, feeling it stiffen up the rest of the way. “Or should that be second things first?”

Across town, another poor soul infected with the curse the rat had spread was sitting on his couch, filing down the claws on his feet. A slender, slinky red fox was lazily watching TV as he preened himself. Black-furred hands and feet with sharp white claws sat at the end of slim red arms and legs covered by the latest fashion. Crisply-pressed black trousers and a chunky hoody lay over his lithe body as he teased at his claws, sharpening the ends to vicious points and polishing them to perfection. The TV warned viewers not to visit town unless it was necessary, due to the possibility of another magical disaster taking place. An expert drawled on about all the signs to watch out for, though by now, it was questionable that the people walking the streets would have to worry about that. They had new priorities – feeding their masters, avoiding sex-crazed psychopaths... or in the case of one particular fox, finding a way to exploit the gifts he had been given by random chance. He plopped his paws down onto the carpet, feeling the thick fabric cosying up to his toes. A grin wrapped across his face as he reached over for his shoes, tugging on the black and white sneakers. He slipped out, the TV still chattering away in the background. He’d be back soon.

The door clicked shut behind him as he trotted down the stairs quietly, sneakers padding into the concrete stairs until he came to the ground floor, where the sounds of numerous couples fucking their brains out could be heard even through the heavy, old front door. He straightened himself up, and rapped his knuckles on the door. With no answer, he did it again. Again. Again. He puffed irritably through his nostrils, a sneer on his face when one of the occupants finally pulled the door open, stark naked with a hot, red erection pressing into his chest.

“Francis?” growled the unclothed lemur, eyes darting around the hallway. “The fuck you want? I’m busy!” he snarled, knuckles curled around the door. The fox could see the signs of the curse on him – dull gaze, pale skin, obnoxiously large genitals. He reeked of sex, and from behind him, Francis could hear rough, messy fucking. The fox simply waved his hand, no need for an answer as a loud crack rang through the stairwell. The soft scent of fresh laundry drifted through the hallway, no sign of the lemur, and the sounds of messy shagging stopped abruptly. Smiling cruelly, the fox stepped into the house, padding into the living room. The curtains were drawn, the lights were off. Blankets and pillows were scattered about the floor with couples mid-coitus looking up to the new arrival, suspicion and worry on their faces. Francis didn’t give them time to ask questions, just waving his hand and listening to the cracks rolling through the house, abrupt and distinct thunderclaps like someone firing off a rifle. Each one made another individual vanish, shock gradually appearing on the sex-crazed orgygoers’ faces before each one was simply sent into the aether. Gazing into an empty room, he gave it a sly smirk, and trotted back upstairs.

He kicked off his shoes at the door, taking a moment to neatly line them up before padding into his own living room once more. He turned, a quick twist of the wrist on the dimmer switch bringing the light up before he thumped down on his couch once again. Books were stacked on his coffee table, and carefully he leaned over and arranged them into a square, a deep pit in the middle to contain his prey. Another wave of his hand, and seven tiny thunderclaps rang out. Tiny figures stumbled around in the pit; the same seven he had just disappeared from downstairs collapsing over themselves now about the height of a finger. They screamed as the fox pulled the table closer, the sudden movement sending them right into a wall of book. Battered and confused, they recovered just in time to see the fox dipping his heels into their makeshift prison, his chunky black paws hovering over them and becoming their horizon. He rumbled happily, the simple sound translated to a menacing growl down beneath his paws.

“Clean.” Francis ordered. He shifted forward on the couch to angle his feet a little further downwards, the seven prisoners finding the furry roof closing in yet further.

“But we don’t have anything to clean with!” squawked a gazelle, hands squeezing together nervously as she stared up at the monolithic foot.

“Yes, you do.” Insisted the fox, scrunching his toes inwards. The perfectly pedicured paws brushed into the trapped souls below, a wall of pads pressing into them and trapping them deeper underfoot. He grinned cruelly as he felt the tiny arms pressing into his foot. Little pinpricks of pressure against an overwhelming tide of toes were accompanied by muffled squealing and squirming. The combined efforts of the miniature people below couldn’t shift the weight, like trapped bugs. Francis licked his lips, his cock pulsing in his pants as he savoured the powerlessness he had inflicted upon his nuisance neighbours.

“Beg me for the opportunity to clean them.” He smirked, leaning forward just enough to make the trapped, tormented souls feel their ribs creak and joints pop.

With no other recourse, his victims began to bleat and plead hurried worship, begging for their lives. He bent his ear a little closer to hear their mewling cries from underneath the inky black paw smothering them, feeling an unusual tingling in his chest. Ignoring the pleasing sensation, he pulled back just half an inch. He felt their arms and legs brushing gently at the underside of his sole as they

tried to sit up and stand, and as his toes flexed outwards he felt tiny laps against his pads. He raised and lifted his foot forward, claws clicking into the wooden table as he settled it back down. The knuckles of his feet curled inward as the arch of his foot created a cave for the shrunken figures. He grinned cruelly to himself as he slid his other paw into the gap, sweeping the unfortunate victims against his sole to feel their pitiful squirming once again, sandwiched between the short fur and the warm pads of his feet. Idly squeezing down to feel their panicked scraping, he considered his next move. Their pleading and begging still sat warmly in his chest, and so he reached out. The room started to resonate, cracks spreading across the glass surfaces like spiderwebs. For a moment, he wasn't even considering the tiny figures beneath him, splayed out against his sole as they gasped down deep lungfuls of paw-scented air, limbs spread against the vast textured surface of his foot. A distant rumble rolled out from the top of his block of flats as he let a heavy breath out, shoulders rolling with spent effort, and listened to the multitude of tiny pops and cracks around his feet. Suddenly, the first few victims didn't seem quite as tiny as he let them slip free from his paws, settling them either side of his trap. Scattered amongst the dazed and bruised tiny figures were several dozen even more miniscule people from his building, standing about shin-height to the finger-sized "giants". Francis felt his dick stirring as he looked down at the crowd below, a hand migrating to his thigh as he felt the familiar tingling of arousal running along his spine. He settled his feet on the floor to lean his face into the collection he had assembled, his warm breath staggering some of the smaller frames as he leered down at them with a vicious grin.

"Maybe you ought to tell them what the deal is." The fox rumbled, licking his chops as he settled back against the couch, with the slight creak of old springs taking his weight cutting through the numbing silence of the tiny crowd. Although they were like demigods amongst their former neighbours, the first few shrunken victims couldn't quite muster the same glee at the situation as their vulpine captor seemed to have. They stood, awkwardly looming over a crowd of centimetre tall people. A nervous lemur herded the people clustered around his knees forward as Francis settled his paws back amongst their midst, his heels landing solidly atop some unlucky shrunken figures. Squirming with the breath knocked out of them, he felt them twist and writhe under his weight, their hips pressing back against his foot as he shuffled forward to dangle his toes over his captives.

He gently cupped his feet into the crowd, making sure not to put so much pressure on them that they broke underpaw. Some had escaped to the sides of his soles, but for now, that wasn't an issue. The fox closed his eyes and savoured the sensation of so many tiny figures brushing up against his soles, an entire building worth of unremarkable specks who weren't worshipping perhaps quite as much as they could be.

"I thought I told you to **worship**." He emphasised with a rumbling growl, his toes flexing to click his claws into the wooden table ominously. Caught beneath his sole, his captives had no choice. One by one, he felt tongues lap across the underside of his chunky paws, dragged across the thick pads, snouts nuzzling against the fuzz between his toes.

"I... I'm your god." Francis muttered, a little breathless as his cock pounded with need. It begged for release as it struggled ferociously against his pants. "Act like it." He added with a snarl, his belt clattering open from above them. Slowly, delicately, he wiggled his hips to slide free of his pants, the gentle movement managing to press each foot down in turn and squeeze the breath out of the unfortunates beneath them. Wheezing and panting desperately, they knew they had to keep playing his game. Struggling on weary arms and legs, they kissed and lapped and stroked at their inky black horizon, feeling each delicate twitch of his tendons and the smooth flexing of muscle. His scent dominated them almost as much as his weight did, tasting it in the back of their throats as they pressed into his feet. Taking his cock in his hands, Francis let out a sigh of contentment and allowed his paws to drop a little further, leaving the mites underfoot to worship as best they could on their

backs. The tingling in his chest grew more urgent, like a warm workout burn that just kept spreading. His muscles tightened as his hand clenched around his drooling shaft, the urgent need for more drowning out any other thoughts. He looked around the room, exasperated, the answer for his dilemma not any more obvious as the people under his feet kept lavishing worship on them. Each kiss only riled him up further, his body curling in on itself as more and more tension wound up inside him. Eyes watering with power, he stared out the window to the city beyond. He thought of all the people inside those tall buildings, of how many buildings there were in the city. His head began to swim. A pounding beat ran through his head, slowly thudding as he thought just how far the urban sprawl went. Each echoing thud rattling inside his skull only made his cock feel harder and needier, the hand gripping around it doing nothing to quell that urgent, squirming necessity. The breath caught in his throat as his white-furred chest began to tighten, his eyes thinning to slits. As his entire body felt as though it were about to curl in on itself and go supernova, a crack of thunder rolled from him. The windows exploded, shredding the curtains to ribbons. His TV spat sparks as the screen shattered, falling to the floor and smouldering gently in a heap of plastic. Beneath his paws, however, something more unusual was taking place. Insulated from the blast by his fuzzy feet, the tiny people found they had new neighbours. As the first victims had found the second to come up to their shins, the second found they were standing thigh-deep amongst the tall apartment buildings that surrounded them before.

A chunk of the city was sitting beneath and between Francis' feet, and as he panted from exertion, he found he was getting no less aroused. He raised his paws, watching the madness unfold below him. A sly grin crawled across his face as he watched the lemur from downstairs trying to place his foot carefully, shock pressed upon his features as he knocked over houses and trampled in supermarkets. He didn't even notice his bushy tail sweeping across the streets, sending people scattering as it whooshed past like a solid gale. A trail of gasping, battered and broken people lay in the footprints he left smashed into the concrete and tarmac below, and he surveyed it all with a look of horror on his face. Francis, though, had other ideas. He leaned in once more, his breath whooshing through the streets, leaving the tiniest of the tiny no hope but to hold on for dear life. Looking at the scene below, he had no response but to laugh. He grinned, cackling cruelly as he placed his paws on top of the miniature city gingerly. The fox felt the tiny points of the tall buildings against his feet, anything smaller too insignificant to register as anything but a tiny mote of awestruck worship deep in his chest. The shrunken giants pressed into his feet awkwardly, caught in a crush between his paws and the streets around them and shuffling against the rubble and the houses caught against them. Power swirled in his head like cognac in a glass, each drop a delicious morsel. Gingerly, he tugged at his cock, the slight motion causing a little friction against the city below, the buildings swaying and groaning on their foundations. Each steady pull on his shaft left the town below a little more dusted in rubble as the houses were ground down, a great black sky of pads grinding into them along with a few miniature giants smeared across the city. Gentle as he was being, his bigger captives were still plastered to his pads, wheezing as their weight pressed against them. The thought that hundreds of people barely even registered to his size made his mouth water, made his cock throb urgently in his grip. Barely in control of himself, he whispered profanities, trying to keep his paws from crushing all the tiny worshippers below, the occasional curl of a toe scratching through a city block, devastation in its trail. Tail coiled behind him, he shuddered as he ejaculated. His paws crunched into the top floors of the houses and offices below, leaving them flattened and shaky as he spread them aside. Sticky spurts splattered down into the town and onto the little worshippers, the lemur catching a rope of cum in his face as he coughed and sputtered, the street around him drenched with fox scent. Panting and dribbling with jizz, Francis sat back for a moment, his head still swirling with thoughts of power.

He hadn't even pulled his pants back up when the door collapsed. Francis whipped his head around, lashing his hand in the direction of the intruder with shrinking on his mind. Wearing a t-shirt and sweatpants, a moderately muscular rat looked around Francis' front room as the fox's magic simply failed to do anything at all. Pulling his hair away from his face, Nicholas strutted over, leaning on the back of the fox's sofa with power burning in his eyes.

"Nice try, but you can't fuck me with my own magic." He drawled with a half-yawn, sounding irritable. "Now, what do you think you were doing disappearing a big chunk of town, huh? Did it occur to you that maybe someone was using it?"

"I-I-I..." stammered Francis, looking between the rat and the sticky mess that once was his neighbourhood. "Well, I mean..."

"He jizzed on me!" snapped a tiny voice from down below, a raccoon still wet with the fox's gift to him.

"Settle down." Grunted the rat, waving his hand. He paced behind the couch, never taking his eyes off the fox. Francis couldn't even tell if he was blinking, such was the intensity of the magic behind his gaze. "I'm just fooling with you. Looks like the curse mutated in you, made it so you needed more and more. I bet you're still burning inside with need, aren't you? You could shrink the whole country." Nicholas knelt down, resting a fist against his chin as he leaned against the couch, staring into Francis' eyes with that intense glare. Francis merely swallowed nervously and pulled up his trousers, nodding his head.

"Oh, don't you worry." Nicholas said, pressing his free hand into the fox's shoulder. "There we go, all fixed. Easy as that... but trust me, it needed fixed. You would have burnt up if you had kept going, devoured under your own greed and lust, and that's no good to me. After all, I can siphon off plenty of power from you just from these people alone, if they're good little worshippers." The rat added, with a coy smile. "Just make sure you know who you serve." Francis nodded dumbly as Nicholas got to his feet and sauntered out the doorway without another word, leaving the thick wooden door flat on the floor. With a moment to still his pounding heart behind him, the fox looked over his tiny, entrapped town, a sharp grin flashing across his face.

"Well, I guess it's time for seconds, then." He sneered, with the clatter of his belt sinking hearts and hopes beneath him.