

Book of Numbers

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The First Rule

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.

The Second Seeding

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 splattered 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.”

The Third Degree

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 cosy 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 shrunk 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 shrunk 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.

Pride and Punishment (by Ansain)

“How much do I have to rein it in?”

The fox asked, face scowling and agitated as he picked at his cheek fur.

“You liked it that much, huh? Pretty addictive stuff.” Nicholas peered at the fidgeting fox through blank eyes, observing the nervous digging of his claws as Francis scratched at his face over and over. Silence hung in the air for a moment as the fox avoided his gaze, before he spoke again, voice droning scholarly, but deep.

“You’ve picked up quite the tick.”

The other male abruptly drug his hand down from his cheek into his lap, scowling again.

“Don’t worry, fox. There’s people out there looking for me, and if there’s just one big disturbance, they’ll add it to the long chain of unique disturbances with my name on them. Just do one or two. Then when you’re done, wipe them, or shrink them to nothing and give the patch of ground they were on a good stomping.” Nicholas grinned as the last sentence trailed from his lips, teeth oddly carnivorous in the light of the cafe.

It had been a lazy choice of location, one Nicholas had thought of off the top of his piebald patterned head. Situated right on the outskirts of his sleazy domain, his influence was still strong. The waitresses who didn’t sport odd tents under their aprons tended to leave behind trails of arousal wherever they went.. The sounds of cooking coming from the kitchen were interspersed with moans; the wet thuds of heated sex barely drowned out by the clatter of pans.

He turned back to the fox and adjusted his glasses, still grinning. “Usually at that point they’re too small for you to kill them, like microbes. But they can get stuck in the little cracks on your paws, right where you want them.”

The look on the fox’s face grew blank as he zoned out for a few seconds, no doubt wondering just how many people were living on the hellscape of the rat’s paws. The dull thud of something meaty hitting the underside of the table made Nicholas grin even wider.

Francis scrubbed the blush from his face and spoke up, trying to hide his arousal. “So it wasn’t a full fix?”

“No, I just imparted you with a thirst for more control, along with a small patch to keep you from burning out.”

“Whoa, whoa! You can control my mind?”

The rat rolled his eyes. “No, idiot. I don’t need magic for that. A few specific words and you understood, in some part of that little mind of yours, that you would need to come to me again. Besides, it’s not like I would have taken you away from your little toys, with me standing to gain so much from it.” He lazily looked towards his outstretched hand, thumb and forefinger close together, illustrating just how much the fox’s “fun time” really meant to the rodent.

Across the table, the vulpine’s demeanor changed immediately. His nervousness was still there, but the fox seemed heated, a little more focused. He had been slighted, his anger flaring fur visibly bristling, body taut and coiled.

“Well I’d be happy to keep making small contributions,” he growled. “But I’ve absorbed the worship of many since you “patched” me, and I think I’m going to move onto bigger things.”

Francis’ aura suddenly flared, bright and red. The unmistakable spidering of glass could be heard to the rat’s right as it slowly grew in intensity. Without even looking, he knew that the cracks were forming patterns, patterns that would have been smooth and alchemical in his hands, but were no doubt rough and pockmarked with holes. They were the mark of this novice sitting in front of him, fear bleeding into his aura even as he sat before him with this brave facade, his own powers betraying him. He really had no idea who he was dealing with.

“You sure you want to do this?” He drawled, resting his elbow on the table, a hand outstretched, finger and thumb slowly moving closer together, as if measuring out the time the vulpine had to rescind his transgression. He could see the hackles on Francis’ red furred neck rising, the air ripe with pheromonal arousal and fear. The stink of unkept magic, like baked sulphur, curled within the untones of the fox’s scent, and the air keened with a piercing, electrical hum. He was putting on a show, and Nicholas could read him like one of the tomes he’d owned for decades. He was trying to look big, still hunching up in his chair, magic loose and lust laid bare.

The sound of fox claws digging into the table underside made his pink ears flicker, wood splinters bouncing off Nicholas’ toes. Symbols began to blister their way through the surface of the wood, boiling and blackening it as they spread like a fungal rot, the rat rolling his eyes internally. Of course he’d try this; a novice trying to stretch his wings.

He leaned back and crossed his white furred arms as magic arced through the air around him, red as the fox’s fur and not doubt as heated. His own eyes stayed dimly lit, as in his mind’s eye, he kept a single finger of thought picking away, digging at the corner of a seal that held the fox’s power at bay. Waiting for the moment to pull the trigger.

“You have one last chance, boy.”

The fox was already halfway across the table, a neon red blur. Nicholas closed his eyes, and dug his finger in deep.

From outside the shop, Francis’ screams, modulated and inhuman, tore through the air, chased by the blinding blue light of a spell gone wrong.

Francis awoke to pain, the fox arching his back and baring his teeth towards the ceiling, though nary a hiss escaped his throat. It felt like his brain had burst from the inside out and grown spikes that were punching through the remaining chunks of his skull.

It hurt, his nerves bare and raw, another throb of pain forcing him to screw his newly opened eyes shut again. He reached for the small well of magic he’d once had, hoping to magic away this throbbing pain. But he couldn’t feel any; there was nothing there. Instead, there was just a hole where his glowering mind’s eye should be, it’s lids torn clear off. As pain jolted through his head again, he was paralyzed, voice broken, as another one spoke up in his stead.

“Oh look who’s awake,” rumbled a familiar voice, bookwormish but baritone. The fox’s mind was

so addled by pain that he, for a moment, thought he was at home, mistaking the sardonic tone for a friendly one. But as his brain cleared between throbs of anguish his blood ran cold. His eyes bolted open as he realized who's voice it actually was.

The muscled rodent rose over the back of the couch, folding two sinewy arms over its back as he stared down at Francis, eyes glowing dimly.

"Hurts, doesn't it," he tutted. "That's why I told you to reign yourself in. All it would take was a little bit of that seal flaking off and boom. You're burned out, fox."

There was no sneer on the face that swam above, his vision watery through all the pain, despite its gloating tone. Or maybe there was one. He couldn't tell, it felt like someone had taken a hammer to his temple, his body going stiff in maddening pain once more.

"Where are my manners," the rat said in his sarcastically pleasant voice, reaching out a claw and digging it painfully between the fox's eyes, his skin bunching up around it as his eyebrow furrowed, eyes screwed shut. The fox had but a moment of consciousness to comprehend a growing flare of mind-shattering pain, and then everything went black again.

"Welcome back." The ceiling swam into focus for a second time, the same stucco as before taunting him, frosty white tips barely registering in his vision as the fox rolled his eyes to the left. He was still there, the rat leaning on the edge of the couch. How long had he been out, he wondered, a dull throb beating the front of his skull.

"I forget how little pain some people can handle," his tormenter chuckled.

Indeed, it still hurt, but he could think, he could focus, the vulpine pushing himself up on two rubbery arms; only for a single, solid rat paw to stop his ascent and knock him back to the cushions.

"Nope, not today. We have plans."

It was the inclusion of "we" that tipped the fox off that, right about now, he should be taking in his surroundings. Lounging on, not so much in, a nearby chair, was a massive badger of a woman, though the muscles rippling under her fur and gigantic bulge between her thighs would have suggested otherwise.

She immediately made him regret turning his head to peer at her, as the massive female simply grinned, row after row of teeth almost the size of his hand glinting over her luscious lower lip. There was no doubt she knew how powerful she was, as this was all on display, her form laid bare; she wore no clothing.

"It's not particularly uncommon for people to try things when they get a taste of power," the rat continued, folding an arm over the other as he stared down his nose at the wincing fox.

Every word made his head throb, his ears flat against his head as the rodent's lecture bore down on him. Somewhere in the back of his head, he noticed the rat's change in demeanor. Gone was the dry and to the point rodent from the cafe. In his place was someone who had all the time in the world to play with his new "toy"; the thought almost made him vomit.

"And I'm no stranger to experimentation. Especially when someone like you gives me such an

opportunity.” The slightest glimmer of a sinister smile, like a crescent moon, crept onto Nicholas’ shadowed face.

As last note of the warlock’s voice rang in Francis’ ears, his view warped yet again. Wavering colored psychedelics tinged the edge of his vision, and Nich’s smile suddenly seemed oddly enticing now. Each word that left Nicholas’ muzzle melted away his pain syllable by syllable, leaving a welcome, happy numbness. So when the rat’s voice, sounding as if it was at the end of a dark tunnel, asked the fox to get up, he obeyed, his limbs still aching and pained, but muted as he moved, the act of moving in itself keeping him in motion.

Step by step he was given a limited tour of the rodent’s lair, runes shimmering in carved alcoves above every doorway he passed. His glamoured eyes were left to stare at the muscles coiled under the piebald fur of his captor, the fox turning his focus inward on the erection bulging in his pants once again. He barely noticed when the rat turned to the right, a strong hand clamping on his shoulder from behind and guiding him in the direction he ought to be going.

He was tossed into the room like a toy, landing on something soft, a bed, as his eyes adjusted to the dim candlelight. A massive figure filled the doorway, flat head ducking under it as the badger he had seen before decided it wasn’t just her hand she would be using to guide the fox, her swollen bulge filling only half the doorway, but occupying most of his vision.

It remained so as she circled the bed, her package on display no matter what angle she took. Her back remained bent under a ceiling too low for her figure, until it finally settling on the bed, the whole thing shifting and groaning as old springs struggled to remain stable under her weight. Francis had no choice but to gravitate towards her, rolling into the divot her body made in the sheets, coming nose to balls with the massive beast of a badger.

“Where do you get such eager disciples?” Victoria rumbled in a teasing tone, her voice deep, resonating pleasantly in her own ears; powerful, but still feminine, just how she liked it. Craning her neck downwards, she caught those watery eyes looking back up at her, the badger offering a wide grin to the comparatively tiny fox, those huge teeth of hers put on display.

“They’re always so small, but so, so very brave, aren’t they?” The rat chuckled, sidling his way around the room, checking candles and eyeing the fox’s raised rump.

She merely purred in response, her rumbling voice shaking her frame, and probably the fox as well. The mustelid knew all too well the male between her thighs was probably terrified, but too drugged on magic and hormones for his instincts to register. The rat warlock had a way of making his victims like that.

She shifted her thigh over the bed, straddling it like it was a tiny bean bag chair, her balls on full display. When she finished resituating herself, she found the fox’s small head had rolled down to be cradled between her massive cum factories like a pea between melons, nose snuffling cutely.

Victoria turned her eyes back to the warlock, whose shirt had already hit the floor, muscles roiling under his fur as he worked at his belt. She felt the fox shivering to the sound of Nicholas’ body moving, the sound magnified to a low rumble, belying the well of power that facaded itself as raw sexuality coursing through the rodent figure behind him. Those piebald shoulders would roll, and

the vulpine would shake, his mind and body firmly within the rat's power. Victoria's smile sank behind her black lips for a moment as she was reminded she too was in the same shackles.

But given the choice, she knew with whom she lay. The badger laid her hand on their victim's shoulder as Nicholas laid his on that surprisingly voluptuous rump, his other pink paw teasing those tight jeans down and over the fox's bushy tail, his fluffy ass soon bared to his master. They joined the rat's own pants on the floor, soon clutching his ass with both hands and smirking as the fox pushed back almost needily into his claws. His glasses glinted in the candlelight as he reached below the fox's rump and tugged his own cock into view.

And it was big, really big. It would have been a wonder that he could hide all that meat in his pants had magic not been in play. The flaccid, two foot member overflowed his palm, hiding his pink hand completely under it. It drug up the fox's ass and sent it jiggling as he let it swing forwards and out, all two feet of it slapping onto the fox's thin back, sending a rope of pre splattering onto the back of his head.

Below her, the fox moaned, the badger snickering. He actually moaned, loud and needy, the slut. She reached down and cupped his chin in her vast palm, grinning once again as she lifted his head.

"He looks like he's about to cum. Better stuff him already."

"Don't rush me, Victoria," the rat murmured, focused on his cock as it fattened and lengthened. His hands lay on each of the fox's cheeks, claws just barely digging into and dimpling his soft rump.

"This is going to be a nasty work of magic." Light played from behind his glasses, turning them a pale blue as he worked his magic, the fox's prostrate form lit up. Cerulean shades flickered across his red fur, bringing to mind lightning flashed from behind a set of curtains closed against a storm.

"He'll be made into an example for the other greedy bitches out there. They'll all know who they belong to after this." But there would be no protecting him from this storm, as the rodent smiled, a full and nasty smile. His sharp teeth shone in the candlelight, his own light dimming as he completed his arcane tinkering, glasses becoming transparent once more.

"Let's begin."

She didn't need telling twice. The look on the enthralled fox's face had her burning up; that absolute lack of resistance was making her practically salivate. Her cock throbbed as it grew, hard in nearly an instant, ready to teach the fox how to serve his new masters. Even Nicholas noticed her eagerness, chuckling as he looked at her over the rims of his glasses.

"Not often you get someone so willing," she rumbled, pinching the fox's ear and tugging softly, eliciting a moan from the prostrate male. Her cock bounced against his cheek, his mouth open and panting, gusts of moist air washing over her crotch. His tongue lapped out, getting a taste of her shaft, as across from her, Nicholas drug his cock back between his cheeks, leaving a shimmering trail of pre-cum. It was like blueprint for a simple motion, the back and forward he was about to take as he lined up his cock with his one hidden paw.

Victoria didn't see it go in, exactly, but the results were all the same. The fox's ass didn't just spread, it was pushed aside to form a valley, Nicholas' beefy shaft almost splitting the poor guy in two. Francis howled in only the high pitched way foxes could, the bitchy boy raising his ass to try and make that giant rat cock hurt a little less on the way in. But all it did was make him look needy as his snout dug further into the badger's balls.

As she watched, she could see a faint glimmer of magic shining off the warlock's glasses, reflecting from the fox's strained hole. A thought dawned on her and she ended up holding back a giggle at the sheer ridiculousness of the situation. The badger only had an inkling of what was going on, but the way the fox took such a massive cock without his body deforming, she had a feeling his shrinking powers were being put to good use.

She remembered Nicholas mentioning something about "fox's being able to take anything," and other assorted jokes made in bad taste about the other species of the world. What she hadn't thought was all of them would be tied together, the warlock making his own humorous whims a reality. Nicholas was using Francis as the butt of his own joke, the thin fox's body magically stuffed with a cock nearly the size of his torso.

"This guy doesn't look like he's taken a cock in his life, being all dominant back when I first met him. But look now."

Sparks crackled across his fangs as Nicholas grinned, enjoying himself utterly. "Your kind are known for taking anything up the ass." The rat leaned low as he spoke, shoving his new toy down against the sheets, growling in his ear as he pinned him under an avalanche of rat muscle.

"All it took was a little amplification and now look at you. Begging for more!"

The fox's thin shoulders disappeared under Victoria's vast, clawed hands as she shoved herself back, cock grinding over his face. It too left a thick trail of pre as the badger lined her cock up, Francis soon moaning into the head of her dick as it pinned his muzzle to the bed.

"Should work from this end too," the badger lulled, turning over the fox's cute head in her beefy hands, before running a thumb over his ear and rumbling a command.

"Open."

For the fox's sake, she could only hope his abilities were in play for his other end too, her hand cupping his chin. She dipped a finger into his lip and let his jaw open on its own, Francis moaning as he was toyed with. The bottom of her glans pressed heavily against his lower jaw, fangs poking into it's underside as she slid it in bit by bit. It felt like he was nibbling at it, his cute little teeth dimpling the underside of her foreskin, sending little electric tingles running up and down her bed-bending length.

"Wider," the badger growled, punctuating her demand with a rough thrust of her cock. Under her, the poor male whimpered as something went pop, the badger catching herself as she tilted forwards, her cock suddenly facing little resistance. Instead of out in the cold bedroom air, her cock was suddenly somewhere wet and soft, someplace familiar. Someplace she hadn't felt in ages thanks to how massive her endowments had gotten.

She rolled her muscled body upright, leaning back and peering down with a devious, low-lidded smile. Francis silently looked back up at her with watery eyes, his lower jaw disappearing under her cock. His cheeks bulged obscenely, fitting her shaft more like a condom than a mouth, his throat stretched out despite his "natural talents" working their hardest to make her cock fit. It looked like there was only so much he could compress such a massive girth, Victoria giving a low, rumbling laugh as she scrubbed the cock sleeve between his ears.

"Good boy."

That same ear-teasing hand was what held the top of his skull firmly, as she began to grind her hips back and forth across the sheets, gaze wavering towards the ceiling as pleasure arced up and down her cock.

“He’s tight, isn’t he?” Nich’s voice coerced, bringing her gaze back to him. The warlock was pumping in and out of the fox like he was little more than a fleshlight, a toy, muscles flexing under his piebald fur with every motion. But what drew her eye and hypnotized the badger were two things.

The first was his cock. Not that it was huge, which was true; Nicholas fully erect looked like he had a yoga mat rolled up in his pants. No, it was the way that his cock seemed to expand out of the fox’s ass, before plunging back in, pink thickness swelling from under his tail before being shoved back in and completely disappearing with a loud slap.

The second was the rather comical way the fox’s hole flared up and illuminated the rat as he pulled out and pushed in, his whole figure suddenly going dark as his hips plugged up Francis’ magically glowing foxhole. It was a dazzling lightshow, the room flashing with each grunt, slap, and thrust the warlock made.

Luminescent pre began to splatter over the rat’s crotch fur, shimmering over his cock, as Victoria continued to thrust in tandem. Her own lubricant, its familiar scent coiling in her nostrils, mixed with the fox’s drool and soaked her thighs. She couldn’t see his face anymore, not beneath her bust, but she didn’t care much. His eyes would have only been rolled back in his head in pleasure. Or pain. He had to have been stretched thin despite his body becoming a hammerspace just for cock. Nicholas would never have been kind enough to give him a big enough capacity to take both cocks without some stress.

“Ooh, look at that cute belly. Is my slut hungry?”

Nicholas was leaning over the fox again, a clawed hand rubbing over the white fur that covered his belly; a belly big enough to look like he had swallowed a gallon or two of spunk, though neither of them had come yet. It was only pre, though it wouldn’t be for long, her cock throbbing so loudly it shook the room slightly. As it did the fox’s faux-pregnancy wobbled, shaking and then jiggling as one cock slammed into his ass, then his muzzle.

Unceremoniously the fox came, matted fur rounded his belly, a string of shimmering liquid soaking his fur, his bouncing cock suddenly spraying strings of cum across his own snowy stomach. There was little more than a quiet moan to give either of them warning as the needy fox orgasmed, digging his nose into the badger’s crotch fuzz as a few stray drops of his hot seed splashed across her thighs. The musk of his cum wafted into her nose for a moment, before being replaced once more by the headier scent of badger and rat sex.

“He’s all yours, Vicky,” the rat growled.

The muscled mistress cupped his fat balls in her palm, giving him a cool glare as she growled.

“We didn’t say you could cum.”

Had a normal person tried to hold those fat fox nuts, they would have overflowed their palm easily. But in Victoria’s black padded palm, they were like ping pong balls; small, and getting smaller by the second. Blue light glowed dimly from within them, offering submission to the badger. They

shrank, slowly, bouncing in her palm as she continued to lazily thrust into her orange-furred cock sock.

That sock began to squirm, throat tightening as he tried, for once, to escape, and for good reason. His drained size was going straight to Victoria's girth. As the fox's cock shrank past a puny five inches, her own swelled past four feet, straining his overfilled cheeks even more. But he still kept humping into her palm, smearing cum down her wrist, as his junk shrank to a paltry three inches, then two. Slowly, the vulpine's vulgar humping grew less frantic as the pleasure of doing so was also drained from him, the fox seemingly happy to take the pleasure of getting railed raw as a replacement.

Despite his pitiful interruption, or perhaps because of it, the warlock and Victoria kept going. Rat behind and badger in front, their cocksleeve would be getting no relief. His cock finally reduced to a measly two inches, the badger let it drop and dug her claws into the bed spread, rutting him harder than ever before.

Their sex became simple, plug and play. Nicholas would thrust and pant, sweat dripping from his muscles, fingers digging into the fox's chubby ass. Victoria, meanwhile, was practically dragging the fox up and down her cock, hand resting on his back and letting the rodent do a lot of the work. She really had to; had she really been rutting the poor bastard, the bed would have been splintered apart and lying in a pile of rubble, while Francis himself would have been a skidmark on the underside of her girth. But instead her powerful figure quaked under the thrusts of the warlock. The rat's hips shook the whole city block, drywall falling from the ceiling like snow, his magic ever present. The badger could only hold on and enjoy the rush!

But eventually Nicholas' panting got deeper, heavier, faster, the muscled rat sounding like a charging bull as he leaned over the fox. The whole building rocked, candles flickering, while Victoria just chuckled, her master so much more powerful than anything around them. She could hear lightbulbs down the street popping one after the other in loud, noisy bursts, as, finally, with a quake that shook nearly the whole city, the warlock came.

Candlesticks in the room toppled to the floor, their flames snuffed out in an instant. The asphalt outside could be heard tearing tar and gravel chunks out of itself as Nicholas growled, a deep, exasperated roar drowned to a low, dignified and lusty rumble of malice.

Hot cum splashed over Victoria's cock as it lay inside Francis, the badger pinching and working her nipple. With a flat-shaking moan her balls burst, pushed over the edge by the mere thought of how much cum Nich was pumping out, sweat standing out on her brow as her own cock gushed cum noisily into their hollow bottomed cock sleeve. The wet sucking sounds of the fox's holes doing their best to accommodate their occupants drowned it all out as the rat kept thrusting, their mixed semen splattering out against his thighs. The fox's belly began to bulge, swelling and sloshing with every jet of burning hot semen. Nicholas' balls were in overtime, the fur of his orange-furred condoms belly starting to show the pink of stretched flesh. That is, until it began to glow blue.

The rat opened one of his slitted, glimmering eyes and grinned. "Didn't think we'd just use you as a toy, did you?" His voice was strained as he continued to cum, but was still all too sardonic. The glow grew brighter, the cum in his belly seemingly luminescent, the badger grinning as her own cum factories began to overload. Small sparks crackled over the fox boy's makeshift womb, as if Nicholas was cumming pure power into him, using him as a battery. Victoria perplexed for a single moment, before she noticed something. The fox's mouth wasn't only getting tighter around her girth; he was starting to slide down it as well.

A small paw feebly patted as one of the throbbing veins along her shaft, as the badger looked down past her beachball tits. The fox looked back at her, tears rolling down his cum-stained cheeks as, before her low stare, he shrank. Several seconds ticked by, the fox still bouncing atop both their cocks, but despite the visual noise of motion, he was definitely shrinking. He was shrinking tighter and tighter onto her cock, the glow washing from his mouth getting brighter and brighter as the magic had to do his body's work for him. He was getting small; probably only five feet tall now, a manlet of a fox. But not everything was shrinking.

Nicholas was growing. Each pump of cum made his cock swell as the little bitch of a fox shrank, his whines and squirms doing nothing to escape his spitroasting. Cum belched from his nose and mouth, drooled to the floor, his belly still swelling with what had to be gallons of the stuff despite his figure getting more and more petite. Victoria grinned as she watched the red rim of his ass stretch around Nich's cock, his girth easily thicker than her own thigh now. "You're such a kind donor now, aren't you," Nicholas purred. "What a good samaritan. Better than me. Guess if I want to turn over a new leaf I'll just have to spread the love."

Nicholas had come down from his orgasmic high, Victoria watching him peel back his lip as he sneered into the fox's ear, who had been reduced to mere whimpering and sniffing. Balls empty, she decided pulled out, and so did the warlock, a backsplash of cum soaking into the sheets. "SHLLLLllllllrp..." Foot after foot of fatter, bigger, and still erect badger cock left the fox's maw, the glow surrounding it flickering as the hammer space within his body disgorged all four and a half feet of her still erect shaft. With a POP it was finally released, amongst a gush of steaming semen, Victoria dropping it heavily across their toy's muzzle, who gave another small whimper.

"Good bitch."

Francis was now more cum than fox, a testament to the virility of either of the dominating furs. His belly was easily as tall as your average person, and plenty wider, sloshing lazily and glowing dimly within. Victoria had to wonder just how much the two of them had actually cum, as even under the effects of compression, the fox was still left high and dry, none of his paws able to reach the ground. He lay on the bed, head drooping, Nicholas drumming playfully on his cum-bloated belly.

"Cute little slut, isn't he? Every time we blow a load into him, he'll shrink. He'll be a nice battery too. Even with all that power in his gut, he can't touch a bit of it. Wouldn't want the greed to tempt him into trying to fight back again, would we?"

She cupped a hand under the fox's chin one more time, lifting it and tilting his head, the fox's tongue lolling comically from his long unconscious face.

"Looks like we did a number on him. Wonder how long he's been out."

"He's gonna need the rest," the rat chuckled, stretching, cum dripping from his flaccid shaft. "Little guy has quite the crowd to please."

Francis jerked awake, the cloying taste of semen on his tongue. He coughed and spat, trying to rid his mouth of that salty taste of cum, white fluid dripping from his chin in long strings. The fox shook his head, eyes adjusting and focusing, before he began to panic. The walls around him, were shaking violently back and forth, and judging by the cold and damp, he was in an alleyway, a place he didn't want to be unless he felt like being buried under tons of old crumbling brick. The fox rapidly scrambled to his knees, or at least, tried to.

His hands and feet dug into something squishy and could not find any purchase, and when he tried to roll over, his belly didn't seem to budge. It tugged at the rest of him as he tried to pull away, like it was filled with something thick, something thick and heavy. The shaking got more violent as he realized it wasn't the alleyway that was moving; it was him.

Wide eyed, he turned around, pleasure spiking through his body as the alley, no, he, shook again. A shadow blocked out the sunlight filtering into the dark brick recess, his eyes adjusting a moment more. It was a horse, a male, muscles boiling under his shirt, sweat dripping across the fox's back. He didn't even seem to notice the fox was there, just leaning over him, a sharp arc of pleasure hitting the vulpine's prostate as he realized just what was going on.

Francis moaned, cum boiling up past his lips and spraying across his belly, as, for the fourth time, the stallion came. White, cum-stained fur extended out into the horizon, bumping against the far brick wall, the vulpine whimpering as he felt his skin beginning to tingle. His belly reflected a dim blue glow off the walls of the two buildings he had been hidden between as he began, once more, to shrink. The walls stretched away from him, his belly becoming the horizon. Above him, the stallion whinnied as he grew, the fox's ass tightening. Francis gritted his teeth as pain burned through his stretching ass, only to have them burst apart by another fresh splash of stallion seed.

A few minutes later, exhausted, and with a wet sucking sound, the horse pulled out and draped his still spurting cock over to the now tiny vulpine. It was enormous compared to the fox, and he had probably added a few inches to it at his expense. Worst of all, he couldn't see over its flared head; it was longer than he was tall.

It suddenly dawned on him that he must have been fucked a dozen times since he'd passed out, left in this dim alley for anyone to use as a cum dump. He was probably a mere meter tall, if not smaller, tears springing to his eyes as he sobbed in realization. He was going to get smaller and smaller until he shrank to nothing, becoming little more than a cum filled condom for dozens of needy furs. The sated horse slapped a cum-stained handprint on the fox's belly, his makeshift womb biggest part of him now, and walked away. Francis' only hope was that no one else would find him in this dark alley, the fox's ears flicking back as he heard the stallion speak.

"I think I got two inches that time!"

The fox turned around blearily, the glow of his belly shining off the alley walls, to find a line of furs standing, cocks out, behind him, each more hung than the last.

He tried to scream, but in its place, only cum came out.

The Fourth Estate

Cerys panted heavily, her long ears drooping over her shoulders as she lay back across the floor, hands gripping the carpet tight as though she were going to fall through it. Through exhausted, pitiful moans, the Amazonian rabbit watched her legs bob up and down over the shoulders of her partner, the shorter rat lifting her legs to get her weighty cock out of the way of her snatch. Nicholas slid his own sizable shaft deep into her, growling happily as he fucked the massive rabbit herm into mindless, blissful submission. Grunting, grimacing, the rat shot his fifth load of the day into Cerys, his fingers curling into her flesh and his claws drawing blood as he squeezed tight. With his orgasm laboriously rippling from his sack to the tip of his shaft, he watched each spurt fatten her up a little more. He felt the pressure building against his cock from inside: with nowhere to go, each ejaculation only served to swell her further and make her rotund belly a mockery of her herculean frame.

After far too long, Nicholas felt the flow subside, only the hazy afterglow spreading through his lower half left as a reminder of his orgasm. He puffed with effort, pushing back to extricate himself from the hermaphrodite's swollen, cum-drenched cunt. An audible gush of pressurized cum spurted out against the carpet like a dam breaking, slowing to a steady ooze as some of the backlog drained. Nicholas stood, casting a stocky shadow over the rabbit, and watched her tongue loll, her hands still gripping into the carpet with knuckles white beneath the fur. A wry smile curled his lips as he looked to the window of her bedroom, reaching out with magic to open the window and let out the stifling heat. As the cool breeze filtered in, Cerys began to come around. Her eyes focused, her breathing slowed. A hand cradled her cum-fattened gut, pressing into the hefty weight.

"Nicholas?" she called, heaving herself up against her bed to sit upright. "God, that took it out of me. I think anyone else would have passed out by now." She pressed a hand to her breastbone, the rise and fall of her breathing gradually evening out as she recovered. Looking over at the rat, she watched him take a cigar from thin air, lighting it with a small blue flame on the end of a finger. He leaned out the rabbit's window, giving her a view of his solidly built rear, powerful thighs and defined calves. Nicholas' tail flickered behind him, a familiar sign of his smug satisfaction.

"From fucking you, or fucking me?" he drawled, exhaling a cloud of smoke.

"Either, I guess." Cerys puffed, rubbing at her eyes. Reaching behind her, she pulled her ears forward, sucking a glob of her own cum off of the end of one. The rat gave a noncommittal grunt as he shifted his weight onto his elbows, staring down at the street below.

"Yes, you're probably right. Victoria would have rolled over and taken a nap an hour or so ago. Probably on top of one of her harem." Nicholas replied, leaning out of the window as something caught his attention. "Oh, great. We have company." He added with a grumble, flicking some ash out of the window. Leaning forward on his elbows, he watched as an armoured personnel carrier trundled down the street on its bulky tyres. Troops filed along beside it, nervously clutching at rifles. A mage wearing army fatigues sat on top of the vehicle, softly chanting. Soft green light surrounded the procession in a shining hemisphere, with tiny shards of magic flaking off from it in the wind as they passed by.

That, however, only registered briefly on the rat. Cerys pulled herself to her feet to peer over Nicholas' shoulder, the pair ogling some figures on the street below. Three people, dressed in grey, priestly uniforms, stalked the streets with sword hilts in hand. Each weapon lacked a blade, but the grips were intensely ornamental and religious in appearance. Staring down at the street below, Nicholas frowned as he pulled his head back inside. He closed his eyes, waving a hand behind him to shut the curtains with a magical gesture.

"Paladins." He snarled, nose wrinkling in frustration. "What the fuck are those American cretins doing here?" Sighing, he turned to spot Cerys' look of confusion. He clearly hadn't been talking about the Army Reserve patrol.

"You mean those priests? They don't even have proper swords, they're all broken." She pulled the

curtain open a little, trying to peer out and spot them once again. She felt Nicholas staring daggers at her, though, and quickly stepped back.

“They look broken now, but they get a lot more dangerous. They’re called the Order of the Broken Blade, but when tabletop roleplaying became more popular people started calling them Paladins. It’s fitting, I guess. Those swords are powered by belief: they can cut through anything, if they have faith.”

“Why does that worry you?” Cerys asked, sitting on the edge of her bed. It squeaked loudly, reminding her of the morning’s activities.

“Because they can cut magic, too. If I tried to throw a spell, or a bus, or whatever at them, they’d just slice it in two and emerge unharmed. They’re here to end me, I bet, so I’ll just have to get them before they get me.” Nicholas grumbled, sitting next to the rabbit. He pressed his hands against his eyes, leaving them there for a moment before running them through his hair. Leaning over, Cerys put a hand on his shoulder, shifting over with another squeak beneath her sizable rear. A smile crept across Nicholas’ face, as an idea formed.

Outside, a raccoon waddled towards his flat as he heard the army patrol trundling towards him from a street away. Nervously, he fidgeted with his keys, hands shaking as he jabbed them at the keyhole like an awkward lover. With a successful click, he all but threw himself inside the security door, pressing it shut behind him as his heart raced in his chest. As he drew heavy breaths, he looked down to the source of his worry – the leaking, oozing cock that was trying to outgrow his jeans. A small rip had formed down the leg where his sizable shaft was trapped, and he had no intention of letting it out until he had made it safely to his home. He gripped the handrail as he pulled himself up the stairs, awkwardly striding up the stairs as he left a slimy trail behind him. Wondering what his wife would think, he grimaced. Would she imagine he had been off gallivanting with one of the weird, oversexualised creatures that had become a feature of the city? He had just been out to get milk! Half-baked explanations dominated his mind as he opened the door to his flat, eyes flickering towards his wife on the couch.

“S-sorry, honey.” He whined, leaning against the door. “I didn’t quite make it.”

On the couch, his partner turned to look, her features falling as she looked across his body. Fear crossed the antelope’s face, and she jumped up to clatter over to him.

“Oh, my poor little...” she gasped, the tall cervine bending down to inspect the raccoon’s waist.

“Were you attacked?”

“Y-yeah.” He lied, hands fidgeting with his belt to try and free his needy, pained cock. His wife tugged at his waistband, easing his pants across the stuck member. The excess lubrication of his pre-drizzling cock was no small help, either. It sprang up as it was released from its prison, droplets of precum spattering across his wife’s face. She stood up, wiping them off with a slight frown of distaste.

“Was it the downstairs neighbour? I know he got it, since he’s been keeping me up at night.”

“Has he?” the raccoon replied, eyes glazed over a little as tension was replaced by lust, his shaft throbbing not with pain, but desire. “I, uh, didn’t notice.”

“You sleep like a rock. You could sleep through an earthquake, probably.” His wife replied, tutting.

The pair sat down together, the antelope gently rubbing a hand across her husband’s back. She pulled his head gently against her breast, looking down to watch his chest rise and fall... of course, it was hard to avoid watching his newly-gigantic dick rise and fall, too. The cervine grit her teeth, staring at the thick shaft, that massive cock which was practically drooling over the carpet with want for her... she screwed her eyes shut. It wasn’t just in her head, was it? Tentatively, she reached down to cup the base of the heavy dick in her hand. The meaty weight sat neatly across her palm, two thirds of the raccoon’s dick hanging over the edge as it continued to dribble. From her husband’s expression, he seemed just as surprised as she did at the reaction she was having. They stared at each other, emotions unreadable for one intense, agonizingly slow moment. They tried to read the motives on each other’s creased brows and stares that lingered too long.

Then, nearly simultaneously, they decided they were far too ragingly aroused to pretend they were in a romance novel. The antelope laid an awkward kiss on her husband’s forehead as she tried to

shimmy out of her skinny jeans, his clothes quickly discarded in a crumpled heap behind the couch as he ducked in, kissing at her taut, muscular stomach as it peeked out from beneath her t-shirt. His cock dribbled onto the floor below like a leaking tap, the spatters of jizz against the hardwood sounding off like the second hand on a clock. The raccoon gripped into her shoulders as the pair worked as one to guide that massive battering ram of cock up against her snatch, the hefty tip simply too large to fit as it ground against her clit. spurts of pre lubricated the valley of her thighs, each excitable spurt eliciting whimpering groans from the male as he gently slid his cock against her thighs, the muscular antelope gripping against him with her legs in a pleasurable sort of outercourse. Slowly but surely she felt her own mind starting to slip into a haze of pheromonal bliss, her thoughts turning to depravity as she imagined taking that monster inside her. Her eyes glazed over as she began to rock her hips against the raccoon's sizable member, grinding across the tip and making him squirm against her. His writhing in agonized pleasure only made her want him more, her thighs squeezing firmly into his shaft as she pressed against him: with a single push forward, the raccoon found himself nearly hilted deep inside her, an impossible penetration somehow made possible by the curse that had infected him. His fur stood on end as he looked down at his wife, pressed up against the sofa with her tongue lolling out and eyes glassy... but only for a long, petrifying moment. She grit her teeth together, using those powerful legs to push forward and ride the squirming raccoon beneath her. Grunting and growling in lust-soaked need, she slammed her cunt against his turgid cock, stopped only by the massive knot at the base that seemed to resist her. Not willing to let that stand in her way, she moved forward, gripping into her husband's shoulders and fucking into his timid form wildly, his eyes frozen on the way his shaft bulged into her abdomen with every piston-like thrust. A river of pre oozed from inside her from his aching cock alone, balls pent up beyond belief as she ducked her head down, hot breath teasing the light fur on his chest.

And then, it happened. Several things, that is. A loud crack rang out, sending the raccoon into rigid paralysis as fear gripped him; had he snapped his wife in two with his dick? Proving that this wasn't the case, she slammed her hips down into him, her aching pussy straining against his knot until finally, his stiff form refused to push back against her, allowing the pelvis-sized knot to stretch her open. Below the pair of them, the floor finally began to give way as the unnaturally passionate fucking met with the consequences of unnaturally virile downstairs neighbours, their floor unsteady after overpressurized cumshots had splashed across the downstairs ceiling night after night. With the pair so fully entangled, they found nowhere to grab hold but each other's bodies as the floor caved in. Below, a horse nursing his man-sized shaft whinnied in surprise, legs pushing back against the carpet as the couple collapsed into a pile of dust and splinters, the chaos stinging his eyes. He blinked away the dust and pushed his cock to the side, the girthy beast still oozing precum across the floor, and looked at the strange creature that had so rudely interrupted his private time. Four eyes blinked back at him, then three, then one, then two. The dusty silhouette shifted and shimmered in the dim light until it became visible to the equine. Just what it was, though... a tall, horned hermaphrodite leered at him with heavy tits wrapped around a couch-sized cock. The colour and markings seemed erratic, a combination of black-masked raccoon and smooth-furred antelope. "Naughty boy." It chided in two voices at once, female and male complementing each other. "You've ruined our floor. I guess you'll just have to pay for it." Licking its lips, the beast pressed a hand to its drooling cock, pointing it towards the equine's snout in expectation. Unable to resist the intensity of the pheromones washing off the newly-forged beast, the equine shuffled forward despite the weight of his cock holding him back. Stammering horny nothings, he made a bow-legged waddle towards the captivating creature, arms tucked under his sack to speed his progress. The herm reached out an arm for him, inviting him into their proximity. Suddenly, they struck. A hand caught the equine's wobbling cock. Their grip set sensitive nerves on fire, electrical impulses screaming in discordant pleasure and pain. Buckling over, the horse barely felt his knees squeezing against his sack as he stared, watery-eyed, at the massive creature looming over him to engulf his member with their dripping, eager cunt. He gasped. Powerful thigh muscles helped the eager hermaphrodite to pin their prey in place, each laboured rise and luxurious fall of their obscenely

endowed body sending the pinned pony beneath into spasms of ecstasy. Heavy sighs and contented rumbles escaped the herm's lips as the flared cock beneath them began to feel ever more slick, the resistance between the two bodies disappearing. Too late, the equine summoned the presence of mind to focus, looking up at his overwhelming sexual partner to see them grinding against his stomach. A cold sweat ran down his back as he felt himself vanish; absorbed into the collective, his sensations joining with theirs as the shaft dangling above him filled out thicker and fatter, momentarily smothering him before he felt only what they did.

The throes of orgasm ran through the trio, held back by the pleasure of assimilating their new prey and his particularly large shaft. A flare grew around the tip of the massive shaft as their colours changed once again, the weighty beast bucking with denied pleasure until orgasm finally worked its way up to the very tip. The beast's cock shot forth a jet of hot cum that sprayed across the street, the sound of breaking glass over the road hardly audible over the roaring, lust-drowned orgasm taking place. Below, droplets of corruption-tainted cum splattered into the alloy roof of an armoured personnel carrier, the soldiers surrounding it flinching away from the powerfully musky scent as it dribbled down the side, the thick substance lazily drooling down the armour as though it couldn't be bothered with gravity. Wordlessly, the Paladins dashed towards the source of the tsunami of jizz, a single stroke from a bladeless hilt cleaving the locked security door in two before they made a procession up the stairs.

"F-fifteen, sixteen..." stammered a soldier: a tall, muscular but thin fox stared up at the cumshots still firing out from above, barely noticing the cascade of glass that came clattering down every time the herm above shifted mid-orgasm and changed their aim ever so slightly.

"At least the old boy has stamina, no?" A nervous chuckle came from behind him as his Corporal placed a steady hand on the fox's shoulder. The condor's taloned hand gripped a little too tightly as his eyes stayed focused on the scene above. "Let the boys in grey do their job. They've done us right so far."

"Y-yes, sir." Mumbled the private, holding his rifle to his chest. His ears twitched nervously at each tinkle of glass and spurt of cum, eyes locked on the window above as he waited for the Paladins to deal with the waterfall of semen above. A deep but brief growl of dissatisfaction came from the upstairs window, and as suddenly as it had started, the torrent stopped. A cautious smile wavered across the soldier's face, only to disappear with the sound of an ominous thump behind him. He brought his rifle to ready, turning around to face the worst.

Upstairs in the ruined apartment, six figures stood in the mess of wrecked furniture as their shoes, socks and paws became sodden with cum. The antelope, the raccoon and the horse looked around bashfully at the sheer chaos as the Paladins regarded them with indecipherable, cool glares.

"Well, how does that work?" snorted the equine, arms folded against his grimy, cum-stained tank top. "You just cut the magic out of us? Like surgeons?"

"In case you had not noticed," drawled one of the Paladins, "these swords don't actually have blades. They cut what we wish them to cut, no more and no less."

"I'm grateful." scolded the antelope, cocking her snout at her downstairs neighbour. "They weren't the ones who ruined our floor." She folded her arms under breasts that were considerably smaller than the ones she had just moments before, as one of the Paladins interrupted.

"Did you sense or get the feeling of what was behind this magic?" he asked. The stocky Doberman furrowed his eyebrows, eyes piercing holes in the three figures. They looked at each other, a shared understanding on their nervous faces for a lingering moment. The raccoon spoke, running his neat claws through his hair.

"I'm not sure. There was just this need to breed." He paused, shutting his eyes. He had chosen the wrong word, he was sure. "A need to... pass it on, rather. This infectious curse. I think sex is just the fastest way, or maybe..."

"Or maybe whoever is behind it has some kind of design underlying the curse. We can rule out the Abyss, then: it is not concerned with maintaining power on our plane. This sick combination of lust and power must come from some secret society, perhaps some supernatural creature outside the abyss--"

“N-no.” jabbered the horse, suddenly holding his arms close to his body. “It was one mind. I could feel it. He was just... always there, looming over us.”

“One mind? Surely not... we would have been able to catch a mortal mage building up this level of power before now.” The Doberman grumbled, his features creased in thought. “A demon, then? Though that should not be possible either...”

Whatever thoughts were bubbling around in his head were quickly interrupted by the sounds of shouting from outside. Dashing to the window, feet squelching against the ruined carpet, the Paladins peered through the window to spot the worst. A large, muscular, overly-hung wolf pinned a soldier to the side of the APC with his cock, rivulets of precum rolling down the edge of his shaft to drip against his prey. Soldiers in various states of undress struggled against each other – at least, the ones that weren’t busy fucking, were. Jumping into action, the Paladins sliced a hole through the wall, bricks clattering to the ground. They caught a glimpse of the wolf staring up at them with a vicious gleam in his eye, before the world shifted around them. The air ahead of them cracked and splintered as a lightning blue glow began to shine through the shattered reality before them. The Paladins grabbed at their sword hilts to strike at the magic. Their invisible blades formed in their minds. Suddenly, it was too late. A hot, white apocalypse blasted forth from the crack in the world, a powerful pulse of cum surging through and plastering them against the back wall of the apartment along with the three separated victims from before. They flailed, trying to reach into their mind for the complex mental incantations required to wield the broken blades, but all they could feel was a supreme, domineering presence locking their limbs and an insatiable appetite for depravity. The Doberman struggled, pulling himself to the side as he felt his sword hilt swept away by the unending tide. His grasping hands felt the warm touch of another being, far larger than him, and he pulled his body back with all his might. It was no use. A massive hand wrapped strong fingers around his arm, and a cruel laugh echoed over the sloshing of an impossible tide of jizz.

“Three was good... I wonder what six will be like?” asked the voices of the raccoon, the horse and the antelope. Three laughs cackled out, and the Paladins lost themselves for good.

In Cerys’ apartment, the bunny let go of Nicholas’ cock, watching him stagger back from the portal as though he were drunk. From the way his glowing eyes rolled in his sockets, she decided it was a possibility.

“Yesssss.” He hissed through clenched teeth, the sound slithering past oversized incisors. “Oh, wow, those Paladins... those are strong souls to have a hold on, I’ll tell you.” The rat pushed his hair behind his ears, pressing a hand against his forehead as he panted heavily. Cerys watched as he shuddered, his form rippling with growth as fat (what little of it remained) was burned into muscle, inches crept onto his height, and his still throbbing shaft grew closer to the rabbit. She watched it bob closer to her, nearly hypnotised as it inched ever nearer. She snapped out of her reverie as she caught a grimace on the rat’s muzzle, his eyes screwed shut and his hands clamped against her bedframe, knuckles white.

“Are you... trying to stop it?” she asked. The rat’s eyes flicked open, and all hell broke loose. Immediately, he surged a foot higher, the head of his cock reaching out and prodding into her cleavage. Outside, she heard the ground quake and saw the power flicker, great tears appearing in the streets outside as windows shattered and brickwork crumbled. Nicholas exhaled, breath crackling with power, and gave Cerys the evil eye.

“I was, until you interrupted me.” The rat growled, teeth grinding as the bedframe creaked with discomfort between his hands. “I’m trying to avoid a repeat of last time. I want to be sure I’m ready – truly ready – before I take control.” Cerys cringed, ears folding behind her head as she proceeded to raise her hands around the rat’s impossibly thick girth, rubbing it gently between her breasts.

“I-I’m sorry, I...”

“Don’t.” chided Nicholas, leaning back and turning on his side. His legs stuck out over the edge of a bed meant for a rabbit who used to come up to about her current height’s bellybutton. Thick, sturdy feet curled into the carpet at the end of powerful legs, the rat’s massive shaft laid lazily against his legs as precum continued to ooze into the floor. “I think a blowjob or two should forgive

that, don't you?" Cerys sprung up at the idea, the 9ft mountain of herm bounding over to spear her mouth over the rat's colossal cock.

Elsewhere, a fox awoke. Francis coughed himself awake, cum and spit (more the former than the latter) hacked up across his already jizz-stained chest. The cum-blimp gave a low moan of misery as once more he visited the waking world, but unusually, nobody was around. Usually he was awoken by some brute trying to steal what size he had left by depositing another load in his rear, but not so today. An unnatural chill set his fur prickling on end as his eyes darted around the alleyway. Trying to call out, he found the backlog of cum sticking in his throat, only a dull gargle escaping his lips as he squirmed uncomfortably. It seemed as though hundreds of eyes were watching him, thousands of sharp grins and menacing smiles beaming at him from the darkness.

"hello." "poor little francis, all weighed down." "look at the little foxy, caught beneath such a reservoir." Voices spoke directly into his head, sounding like they were coming from every direction at once. Perhaps they were. "an old acquaintance of ours has been very busy, it seems."

"exceedingly productive." "we think you know who we mean." "we think you might want a chance to take vengeance." Francis' eyes shot open. The rat. He strained against his encumbering weight, achieving nothing but to slosh the contents of his cum-saturated gut around. "that seems like a yes." "accept our boon and we will provide you revenge." "you might even choose to go a little further, once the deed is done." "yes, destroy the rat. take his power for your own, and for us."

Francis couldn't resist. He nodded his head – whatever they were offering was better than this.

Anything was better than this.

"we can't abide his threat to our status quo." Hissed the voices, as Francis felt himself lifted upright. Power surged through him, his size returning to him as he landed on his feet... though his massive, cum-bloated gut remained. The power inside it roiled inside him angrily, but remained untouchable to his magic, even with an Abyssal overcharge.

"What gives?" the fox snarled, trying to pull himself backwards but finding that the swollen belly just wouldn't move under his strength.

"his power is more than we can deal with." "however, you are holding a significant quantity of it within you." "by letting us in, we have many ways and means to attack him." "yes, thank you."

The voices left with a whispering cackle, leaving Francis alone in the alleyway... or so he thought. Flexing his magical muscles, he shrunk a dumpster to the size of an apple with a cheery wave of his hand. A wry grin spread across his face as he pressed both hands into his gut, feeling it shrink and the pressure on his body dial back. Satisfied, his grin grew even wider as he saw a horse stopped in his tracks at the entrance to the alleyway, a dull, confused grunt escaping his muzzle. Francis knew this particular customer quite well: he had been back at least every other day. Now, the tables had turned. In a flash, the horse disappeared, shrunk to the size of an ant amongst the litter in the alleyway, looking around desperately for refuge as Francis' paws drew ever closer. With nowhere to run, a single toe smeared him against the concrete.

"Say hello to Nicholas when you see him next." The fox sneered, joining the ethereal cackling with a malevolent snickering of his own.

The Fifth Column

Francis raised his hand, concentrating on the block of flats across the road. The magic was harder to access, now, but he could still feel it there underneath everything. Side-eyeing the apartments, he watched it shrink ever so slightly before the spell died, the power in his veins growing dark.

Immediately, he felt a chill run down his spine as the temperature dropped and the sensation of someone peering at the back of his head appeared, no matter where he turned his head.

“idiot.” “fool.” “do not waste our power with tests and trials!” “defeat the rat first, then play with yourself.” snarled the Abyss, the cold making the fox’s fur stand on end.

“You expect it to just work?” snapped the fox, immediately feeling the temperature spike downwards. He saw his breath condense as thousands of eyes in the shadows glared at him, his tail curling around his leg as he wrapped his arms around himself.

“don’t test us, creature.” “focus on disrupting him. like this.” Suddenly, the fox found himself jerked forward as though he were a weightless puppet, dragged forth by shadowy strings. His feet dragged against the ground as the shadows drew him forward, the evening’s streetlights dimming in his path. The streets were eerily quiet, even for the late evening, but the sound of quiet murmuring and giggling drifted from around the corner, next to the back alley of an abandoned convenience store. The lights were on, but nobody was home: even the automatic doors didn’t respond to his presence. As he was pressed against the corner, he caught a look at the owners of those voices. A tall cow leaning over a smaller hedgehog, giggling as the hedgehog pressed her face into the cow’s heavy breasts. The cow’s hands slid sensually across her partner’s lower back, squeezing into her ass as she squeezed herself forward, practically losing the hedgehog in her rack. She stood still for a moment, ears twitching. Slowly, she stood up, her friend taking a few heavy breaths as she was freed.

“Is it just me, or is it co-“ She didn’t have the chance to finish. Her breath condensed in the sudden cold snap as Francis was lurched forward. Power welled in his chest like he was sitting on top of an amp turned to 11, the guitarist on stage slowly bringing the pick down to the strings. Shadows erupted from him as he tried to scream, but nothing came out of his mouth: an oddly familiar and uncomfortable sensation for him. The women tried the same, but in the inky, cold shadows, nothing escaped. Francis grew weary as he watched the two cursed friends struggle against the darkness. His eyes lidded, his body shuddered. Eventually, it was too much, and down he went.

When he came to, he found his arms wrapped around the shoulders of the two women as they dragged his limp body into the abandoned store. The bright fluorescent light stung his eyes. It stung his whole being. He grit his teeth and tried to stand under his own power. With weak and wobbly steps, he managed to stay upright, but what was stuck to the end of his arms made him quiver.

“What have you done?” he hissed, examining the long strands of shadow that bound him and the women. “What is this shit?”

“sleeping beauty awakens once more.” “welcome, Francis.” “Do you like your new servants?” The last voices made Francis gawk upwards, as the two women spoke in unison. They cackled, eyes lifeless as he pressed himself back up against the tinned food. “Yeah, Francis, do you like us? We’ll be ever-so-diligent in serving our big, handsome lord of darkness.” They grinned, placing their hands against his swollen gut. With nowhere else to go, he pressed back against the aisle, a can of soup clunking to the ground about his feet as the two possessed ladies bore down on him.

“disgusting.” “foul.” “the rat’s claws dig deep, it seems.” “our part is done, however. they will help you obtain more servants and weaken the rat’s power.” “yes, even if they are, unfortunately, overtly sexual. but that shouldn’t bother you too much.” The fox opened his mouth to disagree, but the hazy darkness disappeared, leaving the three caught beneath the harsh fluorescent lights of the convenience store.

“So, who’re we gonna get first?” the hedgehog pondered aloud, leaning uncomfortably against

Francis' cum-swollen gut. An unpleasant shiver ran up his spine as he felt the unearthly cold touch of her forearms, even through her clothes.

"Probably a dumb idea to march straight for Nicholas." grumbled the fox, gently trying to push the two servants away from him. "What about Victoria? I have a bone to pick with her."

"Ooh, Victoria!" the two hummed simultaneously, wry grins on their faces. "She's got a big old bone of her own, you know." The cow added with a smirk. Francis sighed. It was going to be a long night, and probably a longer eternity after that.

Nicholas sighed as he walked through the front door of his house, taking the entire wall crumbling down in his path. Suddenly, another two feet of height surged into him, as he let out an irritated grumble. At eleven feet tall, the rat's growl was deep and bassy like a motorcycle's engine, but it didn't seem to faze the albino cougar standing beside him.

"It's not working, then." The cougar droned, tilting his neck up to glare at the massive rat.

"No shit, Noah." hissed Nicholas. "Because that looked just suspiciously enough like it worked for you to state such a useless bloody thing." The rat turned, his feet leaving large dents in the ground with cracks that spiderwebbed out from them. With an irritated flick of his tail, he glared at the wrecked siding of his house, watching as the brick rearranged and rebuilt itself into a more open structure. The people in the apartments above his were caught off-guard as suddenly the floor disappeared under them, repurposed in the rat's reimagining of his home. As they found themselves falling, they were just as quickly spirited away, placed delicately on the ground by invisible hands. A growing crowd, with various stages of hyperendowments, watched as Nicholas contemplated design after design, using more of the houses along the street to create somewhere to stay. Slowly, an open area built on a raised step pyramid began to take place, with a central throne that looked like it would seat someone somewhat bigger than him. Four pillars raised from the corners, dust gently settling from their surface as the magic died down. Food wasn't an issue with the constant stream of magic flowing into him, and he hadn't slept for days, either. The kitchen and the bedroom were unnecessary... though he supposed if he needed somewhere to fuck, he could put together a nice lounge to bend someone over. The rat took steady steps up onto the summit of the platform he had shaped, standing in front of the throne with a heavy exhalation. Immediately, he grew, a wave of size rippling through him as he became big enough to fill the extra space. He leaned over, hands gripping into the armrests of the seat as he brought his growth to a shuddering stop, tail rigid behind him as his muscles flexed against the surge of power. At sixteen feet tall, the rat turned around, easing himself into the throne he had carved out of the apartments. An electric blue aura shone around his body, flickering like the surface of the sun. He rubbed the base of his snout, magic crackling on his breath as he felt the power inside him roiling restlessly inside a mortal frame that was simply inadequate. The powerful muscle sculpted across his frame stood still as Nicholas fought an internal battle, unwilling to let the magic pouring into him set the terms. Especially considering the last time.

Lumbering footsteps caught his attention. His eyes flickered open, catching Victoria strolling down the street. At 20 feet tall, the powerhouse of black and grey-furred muscle could easily peer into the second floor windows, but she was more interested in the crowd of smaller figures around the base of the throne. Folding her beefy arms under impossibly thick breasts, she leered over her cleavage at the figures around her knees.

"Finally just accepted the god complex, Nicholas?" she smirked, idly sapping the size of an unfortunate elk as she caught him between her calves, defined muscle grinding him effortlessly downwards as he shrunk down to ankle height, the added size hardly making a dent on Victoria's ample frame. Black furred walls of muscle squeezed the breath out of him. What little air he managed to gulp down was scented with the badger's potent musk, particularly with her monolithic cock and taut, boulder-like balls above. He squirmed free as he shrunk to about two feet tall, spilling out onto the busy street into the masses. From below, a horde of towering dicks and swollen chests loomed above him; particularly Victoria's, who seemed to block out the sky with her very presence. While he didn't see the rat scowl in response, he felt it in his bones: a deep, unnerving chill that rattled through his tiny body.

“Very funny. You want me to live in a house the size of your dick, perhaps?” Nicholas grumbled, leaning to one side on his throne. He laid one leg over the other, propping up his own colossal cock as it drooped towards the awestruck crowd ogling him.

“I’d let you live on my dick, maybe.” She smirked, but kept back as she pressed a hand into the base of her shaft. It dipped towards the ground, pressing into the backs of a few figures beneath her. The weight staggered them as though they were hauling lumber.

“Maybe I should just donate all this power to you, then. You’d like that, I presume?” he growled, pressing a hand to his chest as he felt a searing pain. The magic burnt through him like bad indigestion. Gritting his sharp rodent teeth, he pushed back in his seat, feet splayed out towards the crowd. Wordlessly, in a stupor, a few of the crowd shambled up the stairs, putting their hands on his feet. Dicks hardened as they silently worshipped his paws, tongues dragging across bare, dusty soles while relatively tiny hands rubbed into the thick muscle. Nicholas shifted restlessly, exhaling loudly as his feet settled into place, shepherding the figures who had attached themselves to them. “I think I’m good where I am.” Victoria shook her head. “I’d much rather these muscles be mainly for show, rather than having to carry the weight of the world on them.” She emphasised with a quick flex of her bicep, the chunky muscle standing out proudly and effortlessly as she shot the rodent a grin and a wink.

“Even with what limited power I have, it’s still pretty rough.” Noah piped up from amongst the crowd, the pure white cougar moving to sit down on one of the steps of the pyramid. Turning his shoulders, he looked up at his master and the eager, brainwashed victims of the curse washing the irritated rat’s feet with their tongues.

“Oh, shut up, Noah.” Nicholas grumbled. Running his claws through his long, black hair, the rat grunted as his attention was drawn away by the cougar for just a moment. Another growth spurt raced through him. He groaned in ecstasy, in frustration. His feet, just over two feet long, surged into the unfortunate worshippers who either clung onto claws and wrapped their arms around toes, or fell on their asses to the steps below. They rubbed their injuries as the rat above grew, the throne desperately stealing materials from street around him to fit his muscular rear. Streetlights and concrete swarmed into the structure as it widened and scaled up, the step pyramid seeming to rise further out of the ground. The rat gripped into the throne’s armrests, every inch of him seeming to swell at once. His heavy sack churned with seed, full and heavy as it pressed up and over his thighs, his torso-thick shaft oozing with precum as it began twitching into life. Nicholas rested a hand against the taut nuts spilling into his lap as the growth spurt seemed to ease off, a loud sigh escaping his jaws as he pressed the other hand into his temple. Glancing down, he watched the crowd of cursed souls gingerly make their way forward to lavish attention to his oversized body. A glint of jealousy was betrayed by Victoria’s features, her brow curling as she watched hundreds of bodies push forward without even needing to be told. They reached forward to rub at his feet, pushed past each other to massage the thick, needy balls hanging over their bodies. One or two put their weight on the gold ring through his sack, gently polishing it with their breath and their bodies. Something was off, though, and his trusted friends could see the rat ruminate as a frown crossed his face.

“What’s wrong, Nicholas?” the cougar piped up, the lanky figure standing out amongst the crowd. “It shouldn’t have just stopped.” Grumbled Nicholas. “It felt like I was about to explode if I didn’t grow, and then... nothing. It’s easy, now.”

“But you’re used to having a lot of power. Maybe you just finally got over the hump?”

“No, not this easy. There must be something wrong.” Nicholas shook his head, reaching down into the mass of people. Gingerly, he scooped up two figures who were trying their hardest to push into the throng, to bask in the radiance of the demigod rat’s presence. Daintily, he deposited them on top of his shaft, a small smile curling the edges of his mouth as he felt them grind into his cock, riding it sensually as their thighs gripped into the meaty dick.

“A mutation, maybe? Some sort of blockage down the line?” questioned Noah, peering over the heads of the crowd.

“No, I don’t think so. Everybody was additive, even if they were stealing power from others... Victoria, Francis... Francis.”

Nicholas closed his eyes for a moment, expertly guiding his mind through the idle thoughts of his flock. While he was somewhat flattered by the amount of attention they were paying to his dick, he had more important things to discover. The fox was nowhere to be found, as though a black hole had swallowed him up while Nicholas wasn't looking. For that matter, someone else was missing. "Have any of you seen Cerys?" The replies came back quickly, as the rat waved off the negative responses from the dick-addled horde. His piercing, luminous blue gaze caught Victoria and Noah, who shook their heads quietly.

"Not today, no." shrugged Victoria, with Noah staying quiet. The eager groans of smaller servants rubbing away at the rat's body filled the silence before he grumbled irritably.

"Well. I must say it's refreshing to not know something for a change, if completely fucking intolerable." He growled, leaning back in his throne. Despite being made of repurposed brick and concrete, the structure shifted with his body, the magic moulding it to his form. Rubbing the side of his head, Nicholas sat back up slowly, grimacing. He looked at the crowd before him with an uneasy glare, before getting to his feet. The two figures attached to his dick slid off, bowling over a few unfortunate worshippers as they landed and his feet began to part the crowd.

"I have a theory." Noah piped up, the tall feline craning his neck to look up at both Victoria and Nicholas, two miniature giants amongst the clearing in the neighbourhood. "If you don't know where Cerys is, it might mean she's gone rogue, or been waylaid somehow. From what I understand, your initial contract with me was spread to her, and from her, to... well, the city at large. Though a portion of the soul power goes to you directly, yet more of it travels from victim to victim until it hits one of the first few to spread the contract, then on to you. And since Cerys was... er... particularly enthusiastic about spreading it..."

"Yes, you're probably right." Sighed Nicholas, glaring down at the crowd around his legs. A sea of little walking batteries, currently out of charge. He waded through them carefully, a strange paternalistic impulse stopping him from just treading on them on his way past. Small hands reached out to rub at his calves, reaching up to those heavy, hanging balls and stretching for his flaccid, imposing shaft. He left them behind as he took long strides over the crowd, thumping down the street as his tail lashed in irritation. Someone had answers for him, and he probably wouldn't like them.

Francis had assembled a motley crew of hangers-on. It wasn't quite what he had dreamed of when he tried lashing out at the rat in the diner before, but it was better than the alleyway. Anything was better than the alleyway. His chief prize was Cerys, of course: the Abyss writhing around her bulky form as she carried him and his cum-saturated gut down the street. She wasn't magically inclined like the rat's other close companions, making it far easier to snatch her mid-orgy. Strands of shadow were woven between each of the souls snatched up by Francis, his own congregation clumsily staggering down the street as they got tangled up. The fox sighed as he watched two people get caught on the other side of a streetlight, two more getting tied up in the mess as they stopped to help and bringing the whole procession to a halt.

"So hard to get good help these days." Francis spat, folding his arms over his belly as Cerys shifted her grip on him.

"I'm helping, aren't I?" she cooed, her hands squeezing into his gut. He could practically taste the cum as she did.

"Not right now, you aren't!" he wailed, squirming in her muscular arms while two more people ducked under the cables of shadowy material, trying to untangle their comrades and only getting more tied up for their efforts. Grumbling, Cerys dropped the fox into the mass of captured souls without ceremony, stomping over to the streetlight to wrench it from the ground. The shrieking of metal masked a far more sinister sound, as the chattering from the crowd died and Francis was heaved to his feet by his assistants.

"Nice entourage you have there, Francis. It's a shame that it's mine."

"Nicholas." Francis growled, leaning on some of the Abyss-corrupted followers he had accumulated as he stared up, hardly able to meet the rat's penetrating gaze. Confidence welled in him as he felt the Abyss rising up around him, the cold, shadowy presence making his fur stand on

end.

"It looks like you fell into bad company, Francis." Hissed the rat, squatting down to get a better look at Francis. His cock draped over some of the fox's entourage, smothering them under its meaty weight as they struggled to push the immovable weight off them.

"Fuck you, rat! I should have wiped you from the map when I had the chance!" The fox snarled, feeling the crowd behind him pushing forwards. He shuffled forward with them, feeling the strain of the shadowy tendrils tugging at him.

"you never stood a chance." "weak-willed creature that you are." "he was too merciful with you." The Abyss rose around them, the soft moonlight becoming dim as the sky turned black with living shadow.

"You're wrong!" snapped Francis. He looked around, desperately looking for his would-be allies and seeing only the hint of glinting eyes in the shadow. "You don't know what power I—"

"Shut your mouth." Nicholas reached into the crowd, flicking two fingers into the fox's arm with a heavy crunch. He wailed with agony, his other arm clutching at his flopping, useless limb as he fell to his knees, lost among the crowd but for his massive gut.

"we miss you, friend." "yes, very much." "if you will just come with us now..."

"But I'm so very powerful, here." Nicholas rumbled, standing to his full height. The sudden absence of his cock left the people who were underneath it panting with relief, or possibly just to inhale the ascendant rat's scent. "Why don't we just take this world for our own?" he offered, spreading his arms out. The sky grew dimmer in response, only the brightest stars and planets visible in the night sky.

"this world *is* ours, friend." "a landlord doesn't need to live in a house to own it." "now, come with us."

"It takes you a lot to manifest, doesn't it? It's tough coming over here, from a realm that you own, fully. Mortal sorcerers – like me – can't touch you when you're in your little hidey hole." Nicholas sneered, reaching down to pick up Francis. The fox wailed as Nicholas squeezed him in one hand, the other taking a tight hold of the shadowy cable that connected him and the mass of followers who were milling around, frightened and tangled together. The rat leant in, putting the black mass of shadow between his sharp incisors and biting down hard. Slowly, an aura began to build around him, flickering into life as an electric blue began to light up the street. An unearthly crackling like the sound of ten thousand windows breaking under pressure at once echoed through the street, and in a moment, it was over.

The shadowy tendrils whipped around Francis' body wildly as he moaned in agony, the rest of the rat's collective coming to their senses and backing well off, bar Cerys who looked bashfully at the lamp post she had been wrestling with. Not finished yet, the rat gathered up the strands of shadow and yanked hard. Deep, blue spiderweb cracks began to light up the sky as the Abyss began to wail, Francis wordlessly writhing in the massive rat's powerful grip as he pulled and pulled.

"You don't like it so much here, do you? Takes a lot of power for you to cross over, I bet." Cooped the rat, wrapping the shadows around his fist to pull even harder. Each tug lit the sky up even brighter with blue, awed murmuring from the people on the streets mixed with agonized hissing from the shadowy creatures of the Abyss. "I seem to remember I donated a lot of power to you in order to cross back over to here. Wasn't that enough, you greedy fucks?" The shadowy strands began to crackle with blue-white sparks as energy arced down them. Each electrical pulse seemed to make the sky that little bit brighter, and the rat stand that little bit taller. He rumbled with a satisfied grin, his cock beginning to rise as he felt himself growing bigger. The passing moments dwindled the shadows away as Nicholas kept drawing more and more out with each tug, consuming more and more of the Abyss while the curse picked up pace abroad. Power suffused his body, reshaping it into a perfect herculean ideal as he grew past the rooftops. As the fox in his hand became the fox in his palm, the shadows wrapped around him disappeared like a lizard losing its tail. Nicholas smelled blood. Licking his chops, he tossed Francis to the crowd below before looking to the skies above, to the patterned blue web amongst the inky dark. The shadows seemed to be fading away, but the sorcerer wasn't finished. He inhaled. Held his breath. Exhaled. The rooftops, formerly at about neck

level, seemed to disappear as he finally dug deep into his accumulated power. Exploding upwards, the rat looked down for a moment only to watch his feet engulf the neighbourhood, covering the town under thick, furless paws. Below, he felt the souls beneath – his souls, beneath – smothered harmlessly against his feet despite the great wounds his pawprints left on the earth. The protective instinct seemed to come back to him as he surged upwards, but as he felt himself crash up against the shadowy barrier of the Abyss, he wasn't sure if it was simply to protect his investment, or something more... benign. Trying not to worry about it, he dug his claws into the fractures he had made in the barrier. The shadows faded, but not fast enough, as he tore open a great rip in the sky. Darkness oozed from it like a gushing wound, the sorcerer turned predator gleefully devouring any morsel of power he could get his hands on.

Any ounce of restraint the rat might have had was gone. Eyes a luminous, crackling blue, beaming a powerful aura across the planet currently being ravaged by his footsteps: he was in heaven. He tore the wound in the Abyss wider and wider with each passing moment, draining it dry as he grew ever larger. A mile high rat quickly became one with mile-long paws that shattered the bedrock, the earth conforming to his paws whenever he shifted. He wrapped a long tendril of darkness around his finger, pulling it from the Abyss as he sat down on a mountain, the rock crumpling like a bean bag around his immense frame. His feet swept a forest clean as he settled down, landslides of dirt coating nearby cities as pools of lava oozed around his paws where they hit the earth. Still growing, the rat eagerly consumed as he became the horizon. He sank into the ground as it became incapable of supporting his weight, 20 miles of rat laying out on his side as his cock laid against the countryside, pools of precum soaking the rural outskirts of the cities, washing away farmland. Around the ground zero of those colossal balls, the scent and heat left those nearby utterly brainwashed, making desperate pleas of the growing rat to breed them senseless before they simply grew over their homes, sticking the unfortunate souls to the ever-expanding mass of rat. A thick knot of shadowy material lurched out of the Abyss as Nicholas pulled at it, quickly wrapping his jaws around the slithering darkness and biting down hard. An explosion of power burned through his veins as he felt the thoughts of every living being surge through his mind. For a brief moment, the Abyss burned a bright blue, before disintegrating into nothingness, flakes of shadow dusting the rat like volcanic ash and turning his white coat a little greyer. Reeling, he laid back, crunching the mountain beneath him as unsteady spurts of growth began roll through his muscular frame. Every thought (and most of those were of him, he was pleased to note) of every being became a submerged extra track to his own thoughts. He was perfectly aware of every thought on the planet, and as his body digested that heady rush of magic it became less like listening for a single drop in a waterfall, and more like simply knowing where the droplet was. Effortless, like the way he was beginning to spill over entire counties. As he rolled over, he heard an ominous crack as the earth struggled to cope with his weight. The tectonic plates groaned. The wounded ground bled lava, hissing as it met the sea. Another growth spurt surged through him. Another one. Another. He gave a grunt as his foot shifted over a small town, swallowing it whole beneath his sole. A million or so souls were simply plastered to his paw, divinity keeping them intact as they were brought along for the ride. Their thoughts were turned to worship by the sheer proximity of power and paws, absolute and all-encompassing as they were squeezed against ridges and wrinkles at the base of his feet. His tongue lolled as he looked down at his dick, still rock hard as occasional strings of pre dribbled from the tip. He gripped one hand against the girthy beast, a sly smirk crossing his face as it rubbed into the thigh-thick cock. Sitting up just a fraction, he sucked in a cloud formation, exhaling it like a plume of smoke and watching it idly drift away. Shifting his feet, he watched the topsoil and bedrock shunted aside like sand with only simple movements. The world was increasingly unable to support him. Another growth spurt rolled through him as he stretched out, twisting his perfectly sculpted and muscular body onto his front and laying against that massive, warm cock. The multi-mile long member pressed into rural townships, hundreds of thousands of souls sticking to the hot skin. An errant twitch pulsed Nicholas' passengers deeper into the ground, squeezing the air out of them as the godly cock became their existence, still expanding with the rest of him. The narrow island nation he once called home was beginning to look far too small for him, the continent to the

south looking like an excellent place to rest his feet when he inevitably outsized it. More and more of his countrymen were stuck to the massive rat as he grew, two hundred miles of rodent stressing the tectonic plates and still absorbing more magic by the millisecond. The sensation of his cock driving a wedge through the country, picking up more and more worshippers every time it grew through a town like a tidal wave. As he reached 300 miles long, he reached an arm out, pressing his hand into the capital and smeared his palm from east to west, picking up millions on the way just to listen to their awe and worship in the back of his mind. A few undercurrents of jealousy pricked at his thoughts: clearly, more than a few eager souls were hoping to find a spot on a more prominent part of the body. Grinning, he suppressed an eager shudder as he felt the world watching, three major undercurrents of thought running through the minds of billions of souls: "Is this god?"; "This is god." and "Oh fuck." The rat wasn't quite sure how to answer the question, but it seemed as though he'd be locked into an answer sooner rather than later.

Nicholas gave a long, satisfied sigh, and lifted himself up, his hand crushing a nearby mountain range as he took a few short steps onto the continent to the south. Briefly apologising for leaving his passport at home, he planted a foot solidly onto the capital city of his country's long time frienemy, achieving in moments what invaders had taken months or years to accomplish. Taking a moment to admire the view, he noted that while his feet were at breathing level (a fact that those still squeezed between his paws and the ground no doubt found ironic) his head was in space, in the outer layers of the atmosphere. He felt like a god, at least. Stretching out, he noticed a small panic brewing in the back of his mind. Down below, launch codes were being tapped in, frantic voices barking in target coordinates. While he felt nigh-invulnerable, he wasn't quite sure whether he'd survive nuclear annihilation. Instead of simply conceding, though, he had a better idea. It was time to stretch his magical muscle, instead of his massive body. Across the globe, warheads were silently touched by a spell, launch calculations subtly edited, all under the nose of panicking technicians. As the first few missiles were launched from silos and subs alike, Nicholas figured he'd enjoy the time until impact by taking a leisurely stroll across the continent. Slow and steady growth kept pulsing through his body, leaving a trail of footsteps with each bigger than the last. Tiny townships and great cities alike were swallowed within pawprints while hundreds of millions of souls were stuck to his body, continually squeezed between radiant divine feet and the churned-up ground. Trails soared through the sky as long-established borders were turned into muddy grey and brown craters. At four hundred miles tall, he was able to watch the re-entry, but needed to lay down beneath the cloud cover to watch the impact. Grinning, he kneeled down, crushing mountains beneath his knees, and laid out on his front. His balls smothered entire cities, cock carving a thick trench along national borders. Rivers and lakes had their courses immediately reshaped in the blink of an eye, with sticky streams of pre oozing into freshly stomped craters along the way. Waiting, the rat took a moment to focus on the souls trapped against his body. His attention buoyed their spirits, a surge of worship flooding through him and making his lazy growth surge explosively. Four hundred miles became five hundred became six hundred. His cock throbbed urgently, millions of souls pressed into its surface tingling and teasing him with worship. His feet hung over the edge of the continent, one slowly dipping into the water's edge as he brought one of his arms around, his fingers teasing the head of his shaft. A thicker stream of near-cum oozed steadily from his cock, pooling across the landscape as he spotted the first few warheads exploding mid-air.

Instead of the apocalyptic orange flash, however, something else exploded in a great, cataclysmic burst. Thick waves of hot, magic-infused cum fell from the sky onto the world's major population centres, spreading the curse that had propelled him this far to a global scale. While the worship of the people he had picked up was providing a steady trickle of growth, the billions of extra people suddenly added to the mix was simply impossible for his brain to comprehend. As the scent of his heady cum and crisp, crackling magic filled his senses, he came hard into the ground he was laying on. Gasping and panting, he felt gush after gush of cum surge through his shaft, spilling into the ocean and carving huge dents out of the earth as he quivered and shifted around. Stray shots splattered into mountains, beginning to melt the icy caps and glaciers with the weight of hot cum oozing down the slopes. His muscular body shuddered as his orgasm began to extend to every soul

on the planet, hyperendowments still growing from the initial exposure to his curse almost immediately beginning to drip and ooze and stiffen. While he had felt powerful before, this was really opening the floodgates. Magic burned through him, his entire being consumed by the power of billions of people as he struggled to his feet, the round planet below looking increasingly miniscule as white tides of jizz flooded the continents, both from him and the masses of drooling cocks below. Unsteady on his feet, he took a step backwards. He felt the cold wet against his foot as he misjudged his size and splashed in the ocean, slipping backwards. He felt himself falling and falling, but... it didn't stop. Looking around, the rat found himself orbiting the bigger planet, watching his mass affect the thick, gooey oceans of jizz below as another heavy growth spurt shuddered through his body. Nicholas reached out, arms wrapping into the planet as his cock pushed up against it, worship and sexual desire constantly running through his head as it seemed like nobody was left untouched on the planet. Every soul was devoted to him, and for the first time in history, unity was achieved. The notable deed was less pressing than the burning in his loins, the insatiable need to breed teasing at him as he began to buck into the planet, cock drilling into the planet's mantle. Growling, he bit into the earth, sharp teeth cracking open the crust as his shaft pierced the hot centre of the earth, only growing with every thrust. Hundreds of miles of cock drilled into the ground, the planet cradled in Nicholas' muscular arms cracking under the pressure. Lava oozed forth, bubbling as it mingled with cum. His balls tightened. Muscles tensed up. His tail stuck out like a rigid point. Groaning, practically roaring, smothering a planet that was almost half his size, he came like Armageddon.

Nicholas blinked his eyes open, everything a blurry mess. Reflexively, he reached out to summon his glasses into his hands, before pausing. He shouldn't need glasses. He was far beyond that. He screwed his eyes together, and slowly opened them to see a bright electric blue haze. Grimacing, he blinked a few more times, looking around for the planet and feeling a deep pang of remorse as only a mess of cooling, cracked core remained among a tide of white cum. Still, billions of souls remained stuck to his body... which had changed even further. No longer the musclebound, herculean hunk he was a few moments ago, but a lithe, spindly, rodent. It reminded him of less magical times, though he certainly seemed proportionately taller. His entire body glowed with power, but as he hung in the void, he spotted a red glimmer between the stars. Slowly, confidently, a figure strutted into view: a short, busty dragon swaggering through space. A deep, bloody red aura surrounded her, burning softly in the dark of space.

"Hello, newbie." She said, sharp-toothed grin on her face. "Wow, you really did a number on your planet, didn't you? Looks like you fucked it to death, no?"

"I'm warning you." The rat blustered, crackling with energy. "You best tell me who you are, before--"

"Before what, sugar? You fuck me to death, too?" the dragon smirked, taking a quick glance at the solar system around them. "I'm honoured, truly I am, but I'm afraid I'm just projecting an image from just under three thousand light-years that-a-ways. Worst you could do to me is turn me off, and worst I could do to you is call you nasty names. And that's just not neighbourly... neighbour."

"You're like me, then?" Nicholas asked, cautiously folding his arms against his skinny chest.

"Well, yes, and no. I didn't stick my dick in my home world, if that's what you're asking, but I am a magician who tapped into the noosphere and became so ridiculously powerful that no other being on my planet could hope to stand against me. Again, not with my dick, but that seems to be your thing. I'm not judging."

"Well, I mean... I was just using what I had available, you know? I was just..."

"No, really, I'm not judging. It's got kind of a nice love and peace vibe to it that my own brutal warmongering ascent didn't. Kinda sweet, in a gross way. Anyway, I'm Erin." The dragon swished her tail, smiling coyly as she let her projection drift a little closer to the rat.

"Nicholas."

"I know. I was watching you. It was about 70/30 in your favour there, by my reckoning, so good work! You sure kicked your society's collective consciousness in the teeth." Erin chuckled for a moment, then looked across the steaming wreck of the planet. "Lemme give you some advice.

Soon, as you grow more... stable, you'll no longer be able to communicate with living souls who aren't phenomenally magically powerful. It'll be like sticking their tongues on a power line, in that it'll be extremely painful and probably deadly for them, and a big old waste of time for you."

"Why don't I just--"

"Write things down?" Erin smirked, folding her arms under her bosom. "If only it were so easy. Look, we're powerful beings, but we're not all-powerful. If you try to communicate to lesser beings, either they won't understand, or they'll understand just enough to go insane trying to reach the same conclusions that you did, but without the knowledge to back it up. Your magic is the same, now. Like trying to wire a circuit board with your claws, you're just too big for them."

Nicholas stared at the ruins of the planet for a long moment, before waving his hand over the cooling ruins. Slowly, the planet began to knit itself together. The thick oceans of cum were quietly shunted to the side, launched towards the sun to get it out of the way. The solid core was put back together as the scorching hot liquid of the outer core was wrapped around it, the mantle reassembled like a jigsaw puzzle.

"It's a good start." Erin hummed, shrinking her projection to sit neatly on the Moon, her legs hanging off the edge as they kicked at empty space. "It's always nice when your people have a place to live that isn't... well, you. It took me a couple of weeks to scrub the nuclear wasteland off of the planet, and the souls were really beginning to itch by the end of those, y'know?" she grinned, smile only widening as she spotted the rat unconsciously itching the underside of his cock. It wasn't quite the thigh-thick monster he had been sporting quite recently, but the girthy member still lay against his slender legs like it was trying out to be the third leg. A few flicks and flourishes, and every mountain and valley was back in place, along with the sprawling industrial metropolises and tiny rural villages. All that remained was the inhabitants. He took a deep breath, but was stopped by the glowing red figure of the dragon on the moon. She held up her hand, shaking her head.

"You're going to want to hold that for a moment. Think about what you did. About the magical potential running through those souls at the moment, particularly your... favourite friends." Erin took on a serious expression, her tail coiling and swaying behind her. "While you might want to leave some of them with some of their power, all those different mutations are going to cause one hell of a mess, with people sapping away souls and fucking their friends into drained little zombies... far neater, if you ask me, to simply do away with the whole business. It's your planet, though, so go nuts if you really wanna." Nicholas nodded in response, then exhaled what seemed to him the longest sigh he ever sighed. Billions of souls were thrown back into bodies that were slightly less endowed than before, less capable of draining size or merging with neighbours or cumming for hours on end. A slight frown crossed Nicholas' features as he watched the world begin again as though he were never there at all, holding on only to a few special souls that he was finding hard to part with.

"Yeah, I know. It sucks... at first. But, honey, let me tell you about a little something called the afterlife..."

The End

Heaven

“First, you say? I’m not sure if that’s really... uh, a great honour. S-sir.” Looking up at a towering, white-furred rat, Hong flapped his ears, cringing a little at the overbearing presence of the god-like presence. Usually, elephants towered over rodents. Not this time.

“Oh, relax.” Boomed Nicholas, his voice seeming to echo off non-existent walls. “I know, being dead, it sucks and all. But look, you get your youth back, and since you’re the first, here, you get a nice new job!” Hong’s stance was tense as he looked down at building-sized paws, vast furless feet looming over his tiny body.

“Figures that I die and don’t even get time off.” Sighed the elephant, rubbing his leathery brow.

“What kind of job is it?”

“I figured I needed someone at the pearly gates. I don’t have my usual... er, entourage up here, so I thought I would just give the first worthy soul the job. Don’t worry, you get some great benefits for your faithful service.” Grinned Nicholas, sharp teeth glinting in the bright light. “Nice place on the mountains, free reality alterations, I’ll let you retrieve some relatives from the pits of Hell, if you want...”

“Fuck, there’s a Hell, too? Guess I got lucky.” Grumbled Hong, tweaking the end of his tusks.

“Perhaps. Still working on the terms and conditions, so to speak.” Nicholas replied, vast tail swishing behind him and lashing some clouds towards the elephant. Resting his hands on his thighs, which were cupping that vast, equally thick cock between them, the rat nodded his head. Out of nothing, a gatehouse popped out in front of the elephant. It seemed to be more ceremonial than anything else, given the lack of a gate or indeed walls, but it was a nice spacious workplace.

Sighing, Hong opened the door and walked into the elegant marble building, resting his arms against a sturdy wooden desk as a few more figures walked into view, of all species and sizes.

“I’ll leave you to it. You’ll do great, I’m sure.” Rumbled Nicholas, the giant rat standing up from his mountainous perch, taking a step and seeming to dissolve into thin air. Shaking his head, Hong looked to the first of many entrants, a female gazelle who stared nervously after the departing rat.

“So that’s him, is it?” she asked, arms nervously resting against her stomach.

“Guess so.” Replied Hong, adding a gentle shrug of the shoulders. “Welcome to the afterlife, I suppose.”

Earth

“So, basically, I’m in charge of this mess, now. Most of the rest of you can’t talk to the big rat upstairs, after all, so at least he can point me in the right direction.” Victoria sat across a truly massive throne, the 20ft, musclebound badger letting her legs dangle across one of the armrests as she lazily regarded what used to be a respectable assembly of the world’s diplomats. Her obscenely-endowed, massive form was somewhat at odds with the rich décor, but many of those same diplomats were packing heavy breasts that strained against blouses or cocks that pressed into the legs of their suit trousers. Sometimes, both. Though the curse’s magic had settled down, the aftereffects were still visible, and condom manufacturers were about to get a lot more business.

“Oh, wait, getting a message from him now.” Victoria stated, closing her eyes and putting fingers to her temples. “He says... you all have to get down here and suck my dick to stop me taking your size. You don’t want to have to build another big chair, do you?” she added, grinning cruelly as she rubbed a hand against the shaft laid up against her legs, that massive, girthy beast stirring ever so slightly with a quiet throb.

“Oh, do behave.” Scowled an albino cougar as he drifted into the room, magic carrying him along as he refused to touch the ground. Noah’s feet were almost obscured by the hem of a long blue robe, silver embroidery along the edges glinting softly as he glided up to the massive badger. “She’s just kidding. He took away your size-stealing, didn’t he? I seem to recall him saying that ‘While it was

pretty hot, it may prove damaging to the fabric of society.”

“Yeah. Fuckin’ spoilsport.” Huffed Victoria. “You too, kitty. I wanted all the ambassadors to suck me off.” She grumbled, giving a fierce glance to the assembled dignitaries muttering amongst themselves in the large chamber.

“So do it in your own time, instead of a meeting that will literally shape the bloody world for years to come.” Noah sniffed, folding his arms as he took another, smaller seat beside the badger. “If I can put up with wearing this stupid dress on His behalf, you can keep it in your trousers for half an hour before railing the representatives.”

“I don’t mind, if she’s desper... ah.” One of the representatives raised his hand for a moment, only to be cut off by Noah’s furrowed brow and steely stare. Victoria gave the cougar a cruel smirk, patting the meaty cock with one of her hands.

“Okay, I’ll be good.” Sneered the badger. She sat up straight in her chair, hands resting lazily over the armrests as she stretched out, heavy package front and centre for the assembled representatives to gawk at during the meeting. Shooting a wink at her newest fan, she let Noah stand to address the assembly.

“Never really been any good at public speaking, so I’ll be quick. All of your countries are to cede sovereignty over to this assembly, which is to be repurposed into a world kingdom. The King of this new country is to be...”

“Me.”

“Victoria, please! Is to be me, as the single most powerful surviving mage, since I can speak to... do I have to say it?” For a moment, Noah grew weak, visibly wriggling in his chair as a blue aura began to build around him. Bright light shone from his eyes, only getting brighter the longer it seemed to last. The silence in the room was almost physical, as though a presence had imposed itself upon everybody. Suddenly, the spectacle was over, and the loudest thing in the room was the quiet panting of the cougar.

“To our Lord God Nicholas, blessed be his name, he of the fantastic dick and neverending wisdom and cunning.” Sighed Noah, turning to spot an amused grin on Victoria’s face. “I swear to him, if you put him up to this... anyway. I can speak to him the longest, so it’s a good way of actually getting his suggestions down to you in a way that works. Never thought being King of the world would be so disappointing for everybody, but here we are.”

Hell

Francis awoke with a start, screaming as he felt the pain in his broken arm... or did he? He tried to jump to his feet, but his arms and legs were shackled, the uncomfortable, sweaty warmth of a Hong Kong summer muddling his brain as he pulled at thick, iron chains. The pain, however, seemed to fade in waves, much to his relief. Pulling himself upright, he looked around his new prison. Though he had passed out while Nicholas was fighting the Abyss, surely the rat would never leave him alive: who could have dragged him here and mended his arm? He sighed, trying to consider who might have captured him. He had never really been big on magical history, after all. The fox swished his tail slowly in the hot granite room, desperately wishing that his captors had left out a bottle of water or something for him.

Suddenly, there was an overpowering, skull-splitting explosion. A blast wave came rattling down into Francis’ cell, getting his heart racing as he nervously looked around the featureless walls. Suddenly, he felt his chains grow tight, any slack he had on the iron bindings quickly going taut as they slithered across the walls like predatory metal snakes. Slowly, the room seemed to melt away into an open space, a raised platform in the middle of what looked like a deep volcano. Chemicals began to sting at the fox’s eyes, weary blinking the only thing keeping his vision from fuzzing up as he squirmed against a hot stone slab. Two more massive blasts rocked the chamber he found himself inside as a vast white shape drew into view, a storm of reddish dust kicked up by the impact. As he blinked the tears from his eyes, Francis felt his heart sink, his ears fold back, and his tail curl up nervously.

“Hello, traitor.” Growled Nicholas, a satisfied smirk on his face. Nearly a mile tall, he seemed to

take up most of the room with perfectly sculpted muscle and a cock that was as thick as his thigh. He sat down, a foot resting dangerously close to Francis as that very same shaft loomed overhead, the rat's voice echoing through his bones.

"Y-you spared me?" whimpered Francis, trying to sit up. His chains remained taut as he squirmed into their burning hot embrace, teeth gritting at the uncomfortable sensation.

"Yes, of course." Cooed Nicholas, his tone somewhat grandfatherly. He smiled softly down at the fox, pausing for a moment before his smile deepened cruelly. "And then I killed you. Tore you to pieces with magic. You probably don't recall because of the shock. Welcome to hell, traitor. You're my first customer."

Francis gulped, a dry and uncomfortable sensation given how dehydrated he felt.

"L-look, I had no choice. The Abyss... it just used me, okay? It..."

"I DON'T LIKE LIARS, FRANCIS, ESPECIALLY NOT HERE!" snarled Nicholas with the fury of a raging hurricane. As the booming voice rattled Francis' bones, he wanted nothing more than to curl up into a tiny ball. Hot red dust blew against him in a scratchy, painful gust. His ears rang with the sheer volume, his heart jumping as though it wanted to burst through his ribcage. "You saw a chance, you took it, and you lost to me. Own your mistakes and maybe I'll be lenient. Now, as to why I'm here: I'm in need of someone to look after this place while I'm gone, and as it turns out, I have the original traitor sitting on a slab."

"You mean... King of Hell?" asked Francis, voice quivering as he struggled against his restraints, looking up at the mountain of muscled rat.

"Queen, actually." Mused Nicholas, staring down at the fox. Francis looked down at his body nervously, unsure of the thought of a gender switch. Did the rat plan to breed him? Queasiness rose in his gut as Nicholas caught his eye with a snarling grin. "Oh, did you think I meant you? No, don't be dumb. Why would I reward you for betraying me? I meant Cerys, who has a bone to pick with you for helping the Abyss take her."

Stepping out from under the rat's imposing physique, the 9ft rabbit swaggered towards the fox. Approaching his body, she pressed a finger into his ankle, drawing a line on his body until her finger stopped on his chin, leaving an icy cold trail that contrasted horribly with the heat. The hermaphrodite swivelled her hips to sit on his lower half, one muscled ass cheek pressing uncomfortably against the vulpine cock Victoria had shrunk previously. It feebly tried to raise up with the stimulation, but against Cerys' behind, it simply stood no chance.

"Hey, cutie. I thought you'd be happier to see me, but look at you! Limp like a dead slug." She cooed, a single finger pressing into Francis' chin. She pointed his snout up with a simple touch, sliding her hand down his sternum before idly rubbing it in circles around his skinny chest. She leaned in conspiratorially, shooting Nicholas a quick look before grinning wickedly at the fox. "You'll be no fun to fuck senseless if you're just flopping around like a roomy condom. Besides, from what Nicholas tells me, you could probably fit three of me in there, no problem." Francis whimpered, trying his hardest to not exist as the herm pinned him to the slab. The colossal rat leaned in close to the pair of them, Francis tensing up hard beneath Cerys as Nicholas' massive snout came close to his ears, the massive rat incisors looming over him like stalactites.

"You know." Murmured Nicholas, surprisingly quiet despite his size. "Erin told me that I should theme my afterlives. In fitting with my ascent, of course. The fire and brimstone is a little cliché, don't you think?"

As he spoke, the lighting changed slightly. The chamber became darker and danker and much, much wider as the sulphurous scent stopped burning Francis' eyes, the heat more humid if no less torturous. The fox's restraints slithered away into nothingness before Cerys picked him up by the scruff of his neck, planting him roughly on unsteady feet to look at the changes. A long drop below them lay an ocean of bubbling cum, the heady scent addling Francis' mind as his small shaft rose. He felt a dull pulsing in his prostate, and nervously, he wrapped his hand around his cock, squeezing and stretching. The more he toyed with it, the less sensation he seemed to derive from it and the needier he felt. Cerys gripped into Francis' shoulder with her icy cold fingers, the jarring feeling running down his spine as his tail stuck out in protest.

“Only I get to decide when you do that.” She smirked, turning him to face her towering rack and heavy shaft. Squatting down on her knees, she cupped her other hand into his crotch, squeezing mercilessly and watching his eyes bug out. The fiercest orgasm of his life shuddered through Francis’ body: hips spasming, back arching, teeth gritting, heart pounding through a full-body shudder so intense that he felt like he would tear himself to pieces. Each spurt of jizz felt like he was draining his entire body of liquid as his lips became dry, his tongue sticking to the roof of his mouth. Hyperventilating, he had no choice but to ride the intense sensations until they ended, the intensity of each movement frying his nerve endings. Wheezing as exertion racked his body, Francis was eyed carefully by both Cerys and the massive rat above them, one great blue eye holding its gaze on him. Seemingly satisfied, Nicholas stood back up to his full height, casting a long shadow over the pair below.

“Well, have fun, Francis. You’ll only have all eternity to get used to those sensations, so don’t take too long, for your own sake.” sneered Nicholas. A cloud of dust was scuffed up as he turned on the balls of his feet, the end of his tail swishing over Francis and Cerys like a massive whip slicing through the muggy air. Flinching, Francis screwed his eyes shut as the huge pink tail swished overhead. Two massive blasts echoed throughout the chamber as Nicholas stepped forwards, but for Francis, a third never came. Prizing his eyes open, the fox found he was left alone with Cerys, the rabbit smiling cruelly as she put her hands on her hips, eyeing the vulpine like a particularly large carrot.

“N-nicholas was joking, right?” he whimpered, stiffly huddling up. His tail curled up nervously as he stared up at the thickly-set bunny, watching her smirk turn slowly into a grin.

“Yeah, he was.” she replied, leaning over him. She put her arms either side of the fox, letting her massive breasts press into his chest. “Because I don’t plan on you getting used to it at all.”

His resultant scream as her cock began to stiffen and press into him could practically be heard from Heaven.

Heaven

And for one person, at least, it was. Nicholas smiled to himself as he re-entered Paradise, spotting a host of new faces enjoying the temperate climate, the food and drink, the bodies that seemed to never ache or age. Gently pushing worshippers aside with magic, Nicholas cleared a vast space to lay his mountain-sized body down in. Eagerly, crowds began to trot over to his muscular form, enthused to lay their hands on a true, living divinity. A few lucky souls found themselves scooped up and gently pressed into a kilometer of cock, their tiny bodies rubbing softly into the rat’s massive shaft as tribute to his overwhelming presence. Every beat of his heart was accompanied by a gentle pulse through his body, a slow and steady growth causing his town-sized nuts to plough over more of his loyal worshippers. They’d get out... eventually. Rumbling pleasantly as he turned onto his back, resting his head on his forearms and looking up into the sky. The endless sea of stars. He wondered how many gods were out there on their own planets, like Erin was... and if it was possible to spread his reach further still.

A wry grin appeared on his face as another plan formed in his mind. Space wouldn’t know what hit it.