

Prologue, part one

Hellfire and damnation! Nicholas sighed as he grabbed the fire extinguisher again, blasting yet another ancient tome with halon from an equally ancient container and watching sadly as pages ripped themselves from the binding and fluttered off, scorchmarks and all. As the unearthly green flames died down, Nick finished blasting his used and abused workbenches with the gas, and sat down with an exasperated sigh as he set the yellow extinguisher down beside him. He looked over his study, very much the picture of an explosives testing range with all the battle scars and burns on his furniture and walls. Nick grabbed at a few of the yellowed, charred pages falling gently to the floor, before beginning the arduous process of attempting to put them in some sort of reasonable order.

Nicholas was a pale white rat, turning slightly black in places from burnt fur, who stood about three feet and two inches tall, as was pretty much average for rats. They were one of the smaller species around, and long ago in more primal times, the species had specialised in making dark pacts with terrifying creatures from an unfathomable abyss to save them from dangerous predators. Nowadays, the police generally dealt with anybody who was getting a bit too bitey, but certain pacts still held power amongst ratkind, and it was this power that Nicholas sought to invoke. But why? For power, money, fame? Not quite. He had a crush – a voluptuous cougar that stalked the nightclubs with a deep, purring voice and elegant, otherworldly stride. He had attempted to woo her once before, and to her credit, she was very open-minded when confronting the rat nearly half her size. They even managed to get as far as her lair in the heart of the city, a luxurious, dark and velvety apartment that had the musk of her previous conquests oozing into every crevice, and ensnaring the unwary drunken rat in tendrils of almost tangible lust. Every sultry footstep from this sexual predator drew the rat closer and closer to his eventual fate...

The rat tore himself from his clothes while the pair climbed onto the springy bed with its silk sheets, when Nicholas heard what was to ruin his night altogether. “Heh heh heh, what is this tiny thing? I thought rats were supposed to be well hung, for their... insignificant size.” the cougar half growled, half purred her words carefully. Nick was not liking how this situation was turning out – if the worst came to worst, she’d eat him. Best case scenario, she’d go ahead with it anyway despite the horrendous size discrepancy. Instead, something neither too unexpected nor too unwelcome occurred – she laughed him out of the apartment. A sharp boot from the cougar’s velvety paw sent the rat flying into the streets, his clothes flung out to flutter atop him. Quickly turning his head, he saw nobody in the dismal alley he found himself in, and took a moment to inspect himself for damage... and hey! He was quite generously endowed; a mouse couldn’t even compete to a magnificent specimen of masculinity like him! Fuming, he slipped his clothes back on and stalked off back to his dingy basement, leading him deep into the study of the arcane arts.

Nicholas decided to prove his PhD in Thaumaturgy was more than just a fancy framed ornament to keep above some cubicle in order to win over the object of his affections, that felicitous feline. Body conscious males over the centuries had made countless pledges and promises in order to alter a certain part of the anatomy, and by delving deep into the studious scribbling made by his predecessors, Nick hoped to find a way in which to surpass

their wildest dreams and make himself worthy of the cougar that had tangled him up in her web of obsession.

So far, so good, but progress was slow. A lot of rats were only looking for an inch or so more to impress their rodentine beaus, whereas as far as he could tell, very few rats went on the hunt for a cougar. (And fewer still lived to tell the tale, from half-written letters and unfinished journals.) A few trial runs had left bizarre green marks up and down his arms from the hellfire burns, but he had achieved some impressive developments. An inch or two longer in length and girth to match, his cock was looking impressive by ratly standards, and the dark enchantments upon just made it even more sensitive to the touch. Pacts generally exacted their price - in this case, sexual energy. The trick was to balance it just so that both ends of the contract came out well off, and Nick was a master. While a lot of this was due to the sheer amount of masturbating he got through on lonely nights used as repayment, he had also picked up tips and tricks from his forebears in the field as to how best enter into contract. When he wasn't trying to eke out a living selling translations of ancient texts and whoring out his... darker talents to extremely high bidders, he often found himself going over old pacts to see how they could have been improved.

That was when he found something... dangerous. An ancient pact, nearly from beyond prehistory, sealed away in a leather bound tome and locked up securely. He had bought it mainly for aesthetics, but also for light reading now and again. He had chanced upon it, but was immediately enthralled. Unlimited power, it offered, for a high price: the magics bound into the enchantment would feed back into itself, before releasing it to be consumed by darker powers in one grand blast. Not only that, but it would leech the life from the participants to a degree. Unless they were possessed of some sort of stamina, there was the potential to be trapped by the spell and harvested by darker beings for vile energies... but Nick was good at this. He needed a few ingredients and to alter the contract slightly... but he knew what he was doing. He hoped. Nicholas retired once more to the study downstairs, to scribble and plot.

The candles flickered with dim light as a chill wind blew through the basement, a sign that the darkness of the abyss was ready to spill forth and greet him. By now, this was a comforting sign to Nicholas – often, were things to go much more wrong, he'd already be on fire by now. An ominous, androgynous and sultry voice, dripping with lust and desire whispered across the worlds to the little rat, surrounded by his books. "...you seek a pact, my dear, and you know very well what i require in return." Nicholas had dealt with this daemon before, though he did not know their name, or even their gender. Information was power beyond the abyss, and the more you knew, the easier the deal would be for you, binding with true names and aspects. He was well armed, though with old pacts and new promises to bring to bear in his fight. He argued with the omnipresent voice in the basement for hours as the candles slowly burnt and flickered in the chill atmosphere, the shadows cast by Nicholas and his books seemingly animate and malevolently watching him. Mentally drained, he sealed the deal on what he thought was a watertight contract, where he wouldn't be killed or used as some sort of battery for the rest of his life. In return? Well, he'd be just the right size for that cougar, and then some.

Making a half-hearted attempt to clean up his burns and appear presentable, Nicholas stormed out the door, virtually buzzing with energy as the contract began to solidify. All he needed was one hair from the cougar, and then the show would begin. He slunk off to the

clubs again, hoping to find her sooner rather than later so he could make the most of the night. It didn't take long – Nick, while generally a bit too much a weirdo for the mainstream clubs – knew the value of bribery in the more alternative venues. Strolling into a dingy atmosphere with fog rising and dull lights casting an eerie glow over the dancers, he spotted the cougar in her VIP box as usual – but for now, alone, surveying the crowd with a predator's eye. There were no pacts that could make someone so seductive, so beautiful in Nicholas' eyes – everything from the tight black dress hugging every full curve to the sneering, toothy grin gleaming sharply emphasised her aggressive femininity. He strode on up to the VIP box, slipping the bouncer enough notes to convince him of his (incredibly false) VIP status, and took a drink to the feline femme fatale.

"Nicholas." she smirked, looking down at the comparatively tiny rat, with his unimpressive burns visible on what little fur he dared to expose. "So nice of you to bring me this gift, but I thought our last encounter would have convinced you – you're just not my type."

"Wait! Don't be so quick to judge." snapped the rat, taking some inks and brushes from his pocket to quickly scrawl on the table. "I've changed. Rodentine Pacts, you've heard of them?" To demonstrate, he quickly etched a symbol on the table in luminous emerald ink, sending a gout of flame slowly burning from the table. "...of course." The cougar replied, leaning back with a mixture of apprehension and dark curiosity. "I was caught up in one, once... the thrill of danger..." she said with a whisper, eyes dreamily glazing over while Nicholas lit some shots with the flame, handing one over to the cougar. She took it with a wry grin. "Well, Nicholas, if what you say is true... maybe we should leave this place immediately. I have plenty to drink at home, after all, and far better music to set the mood than this... mediocrity." She stood up with an elegant swish of her immaculately groomed tail, beckoning the rat forth with a claw. He began to follow, but not before inspecting her glass – some strands of fur were on the table, perfect for the pact to begin. As she slipped out the back, he pushed a few into his pocket before attempting to keep up with her long, yet languid strides.

Once more, Nicholas was in the belly of the beast (figuratively speaking, thankfully) and the cougar took a moment to get things just right, fixing the sound system up and getting a few drinks. For his part, Nicholas watched the strands of fur as they disappeared into the blackness of the abyss, and immediately his body was filled with an unearthly power, infusing his entire being. The cougar turned around when Nick fell to the floor, moaning in sheer pleasure as a dark, deep sensation of utter pleasure seeped into his cock, hardening almost immediately to its full rodentine length as it burst out of his burnt pants... and it kept growing. The cougar gasped, suddenly feeling a little weary despite the spectacle unfolding before her, and stomped on over to the rapidly growing rat. It seemed like an age had passed before she reached her, inch after inch spilling out of his thickening rod while his already oversized balls swelled up to match. The pleasure was unbearable; he could hardly stand to touch the huge monstrosity bursting out from him due to the sheer intensity of the stimulation.

"And what, exactly, was I supposed to do with this?" snapped the cougar, grabbing the head of his cock. A foot long and still growing forth, Nicholas was incapacitated by such incredible sensation. He managed a groan of sheer pleasure as the cougar hefted him to his feet. "Do you think of me as some sort of loose slut? How the fuck am I supposed... supposed to take THAT? I'm not a fucking horse, you... you..." she growled, breathless. The painful pleasure shook Nicholas to his senses, and he managed to stammer out some breathy words: "The pact... our life force... we have to do something, or..."

Squealing with discomfort all the way, Nicholas was dragged to the front and quickly ejected once more by a paw that most certainly did not have its claws retracted, leaving painful scratches over the rat's backside. His rod plumped up substantially as it was rubbed along the ground, releasing a powerful wave of endorphins into his system and leaving him in a moment of sheer ecstasy. The cock lengthened up by almost a foot, his balls swelling to the size of grapefruits, every moment a delectable new sensation. Lost in a foggy haze of lust, Nick found his hands wandering to his rod, eager to stroke, and lick, and massage, and...

Oh fuck! The cougar! Jolting himself out of his brief moment of madness, Nick took one look at the door – locked, no doubt. There was no time – he took some of the pre that had begun slavering its way up his cock, crudely carving a symbol into the door with a claw. A little trick he had picked up due to his general forgetfulness with such mundane objects as the keys to his front door – the wood around the lock splintered and withered as pure darkness took a hold of it, allowing the rat to push his way in, dragging the oversized organs with him. Dammit, why had he not asked for a strength boost as well? He struggled his way to the cougar's bedroom, his genitals swelling with sheer pleasure as he dawdled along. As he slammed the door open, a cold wind blasted him nearly off his feet, the peculiar chill a scintillating sensation on his erect rod. He was forced to his knees with a wave of utter, orgasmic pleasure, just wanting to give in and live this moment forever... but no! Panting and sweating with sheer exertion, Nicholas braced himself on the doorway, dragging himself in to check that the cougar was alright. The lights flickered malevolently, and as he approached her sleeping figure on the bed, he found that she was so very cold, like a gale from a stormy, shadowy sea. She was breathing, though, so she still had time. It wouldn't be long before he too was drawn into the pact's ominous conclusion, as the magic kept building up and his cock kept growing longer, thicker, harder...

Exhausted, he shouldered his way out of the bedroom and into the en-suite bathroom, collapsing into the glass door of the shower with a heavy thump. His cock had swollen to a size far bigger than his would-be partner and heavy, churning balls matched the outlandish size of his rod. Grabbing an emergency vial from a pocket, he cracked it on the white tile wall of the bathroom, applying the thick blue liquid inside to his rathood, smearing it up and down his length with busy, dextrous paws. Almost immediately, the incredibly sensitive organ began to respond, bursting with tingling pleasure. Unable to stop the growth, Nicholas did everything in his power to subdue the gargantuan beast, rubbing the tingling liquid in further, stroking, licking, pinching – just as it seemed he could take no more, a chill hit him, sending sparks down his length and a massive wave of pleasure up through him as cum exploded everywhere, spurt after spurt pooling around him and bathing him in a sticky, gooey mess of pure ecstasy. Unable to handle it, Nicholas passed out, his behemoth cock still drooling...

"I do hope you weren't going to leave without handling this little mess." The cougar was looking over him with a cheeky grin revealing rather sharp and pointed teeth. Nicholas responded by spitting some of his cum out onto the deep, sticky mess that once may have been the bathroom floor. "Uh, sorry about this mess," he murmured, looking sheepish. "It was necessary, you see, erm, in order to... uh, well, save us, and..."

"Quit it, Nicholas. I know all about what happened. I was there, you know. Not there there, but... I don't know, it's hard to explain. But I saw it, and a voice explained to me what you had done to try and save me. So while this is completely your fault, and you're going to be making it up for a long time... thank you for at least having the balls to come back for me."

The pair looked at each other for a moment, not really sure what to say to each other. Nicholas grabbed a towel from the wall to hide his now shrunken anatomy, standing up with a squelch as cum dripped from his fur. "Well." said the cougar, looking at the mess. "When you're finished with that, I've made us some breakfast, and maybe we can discuss... oh, I don't know, something almost as interesting as last night." She pushed the door closed, leaving Nicholas alone with his thoughts and a boatload of his jizz on every visible surface... quietly, he clenched his fist victoriously, allowing himself a small "yesssss!" before even attempting to figure out the logistics of his more imminent problem.

Prologue, part 2

Nicholas awoke to an ominous buzzing sensation located approximately in the middle of his head, and an ominous sickly feeling deep in his guts. The short, white rat slowly pulled himself upright on his couch, his TV casting dull flickers of light in the otherwise darkened room. God, what had he been doing last night? A cursory glance revealed the stunning absence of empty beer cans and bottles of liquor, which could mean only one thing... he had, as per usual, been sitting alone in his basement summoning the forces of darkness. How awful. No doubt some idiot interloper had demanded that he give them perfect, voluptuous breasts, or some behemoth monster of a cock (or both, should his client be possessed of particular tastes) and shoved money into his burnt, shaking paws until he broke down and just agreed to do the godforsaken ritual in order to have a peaceful night.

As a rat, and as a doctor of Thaumaturgy, Nicholas was doubly blessed in calling forth eldritch powers and using them for stunningly mundane purposes. While potentially, if you did it right, you could indeed twist reality around your finger, transforming yourself into some sort of horrifying ratty Godzilla and teabagging the apartment your sometime lover slash employer slash pain in the fucking tail resided in, he was mostly paid to deal with much more normal concerns.

“Oh master of the black arts, my wife has been cheating on me with that douchebag skunk from down the block, can you give him cancer or AIDS or herpes or something?”

“Why, aren’t you a cute little conjurer? My breasts have been a little saggy recently, and I was hoping you could perk them up a little... nothing much, just bring them up to perky triple Js or something.”

“Hey, Nicky, I noticed your rent was a little late, and, well, my girlfriend is coming over tonight, so I thought, you know, maybe you could give me something a little special for her, and I’ll let it slide till next week.”

“Practice your thaumaturgy, Nicholas, one day it’ll make you a lot of money, you’ll be the head of a big corporate alchemy division, or maybe you’ll own your own business?” His parents knew he was rich, yes, but if they ever figured out how he had achieved such wealth, they would undoubtedly have simultaneous strokes and roll in their graves for perpetuity. Nicholas didn’t particularly care for it either, particularly after the last major incident he had had with transformation. Remembering the hours it took to scrub all the cum out of that cougar’s bathroom tiles was not a particularly happy memory. Worse, still, all the summoning was definitely starting to take its toll – beyond the usual burns and scratches a conjurer proudly bore as a badge of skill, the constant contact with the powers behind the Abyss was starting to blacken his soul... or at least, that’s the way he viewed it. He was definitely quite ill, though, that much was for sure. With considerable effort, Nicholas hoisted himself from the couch and started shedding yesterday’s clothes, catching a glimpse of himself in one of the mirrors as he moved through to the bedroom. He stared gloomily at his reflection, noticing patches of deep, charcoal black stained into his formerly white fur, and his ribs sticking out on his thin, haggard frame. Sighing, Nicholas got dressed and left, eager to get out of his dismal sanctuary.

It was off to see the cougar, then. Odessa. A tall, curvy feline with a wardrobe that seemed to consist only of only one size – tightly cut. No matter what she wore, she stood out in a room like a glowstick down a well, her figure bursting out of her outfits in a way that reduced the generally eloquent rat to gibbering protoplasm. Worse was the fact that Nicholas had made her that way after much cajoling, turning Odessa's formerly predatory looks into a murderous, savage, killer aesthetic that drove not only him, but her many male admirers primal with lust. He hated it. Worse than heroin, and judging by his reflection, just as bad for him. Such was the cost of power. He stood at the entrance to her lair, dreading whatever perversions she was ready to inflict upon him in the name of their pact.

Yes, Nicholas had managed to fuck up royally on that one. She had spun a twisted web to catch the rat in, luring him with the promise of partnership and passion, only to watch him squirm when the lust had stopped clouding his mind. She got him talking about crafting pacts, securing her own free... alterations while learning to poison her own words and when the time came, she bound the rat to serve her in exchange for a few nights of passion. It was a shitty deal, but Nicholas hadn't figured out how to break it yet. Maybe he would, later, but for now... The door swung open to reveal the cougar towering over him in all her brown-furred glory, staring down at the rat over a large set of breasts barely supported by straining lingerie as a wry smile crept across her white muzzle.

"Nicholas. So good to see you this on this rainy day. Are you ready to get to work?"

"Uuuuh, er, I-I, yes." Every time he awkwardly ogled Odessa, Nicholas couldn't help but be proud of his work, and sure, she could be a total bitch slavedriving overlord, but she was smart. Cunning. She had a sense of humour, in that grim predatory way. Maybe he could forget about breaking pacts and messing up the whole arrangement they had just for now. With a single clawed finger, Odessa beckoned the rat inside, deep within her lair. It reeked of last night's conquest, as per usual, but there was no sign of whoever it might have been. The pair sat down on a warm leathery couch, and the cougar slipped Nicholas some delicately handwritten notes as she placed her feet up gingerly on the simple, glass topped coffee table.

"Now, Nicholas, what we have here is a couple in trouble. Heterosexual, a male wolf and a good looking, ladylike hyena who is a very dear friend of mine, so no messing around, you understand? They've got a bit of a problem deciding who should be dominant in their relationship, so I need you to go and broker them a little something to help them out."

Nicholas looked up at the cougar, sighing deeply - another day of intruding on the personal lives of weirdoes, and inflating their genitalia to ridiculous size, no doubt. Odessa ripped a few pages from her notebook delicately, handing them to the rat who shoved them roughly into a pocket without looking at them.

"Just take me there." he groaned. "I'll sort them out before you know it."

She shrugged on a jacket, the bare minimum to keep her fur dry in the midst of the rain hammering down on the pavements outside, and ushered Nicholas out with a velvety paw on his back. The pair stalked through the streets, the shorter rat having to scurry along behind the cougar with her long, precisely sensual stride. A few heads were turned at the odd couple as they slunk through the streets, though Nicholas suspected they were mainly looking at the feisty feline rather than at him. A short walk brought them to a dingy apartment in a scummy part of the city, evidenced by the ferret by the side of the road stealing a set of hubcaps from a parked car. "Flat 9C. Good luck." said the cougar, leaving Nicholas with her trademark sly grin as she brushed past him with her tail. He watched her strut down the

street for a while, before taking a deep breath and heading into the lobby and up the stairs to meet the strangers he was about to learn an uncomfortable amount about.

He knocked on the door to 9C tentatively, expecting the worst. He got it as a muscular-looking wolf in an uncomfortable looking leather ensemble opened the door, looking annoyed. Nicholas stared up at him, past his well-defined abs and into his glazed, expressionless eyes.

"Oh, you must be the, uh, voodoo guy. Come in, it's a great time for it actually." snarled the wolf. He turned to go back inside, taking a whip from inside the doorway as he stomped into the dingy, poorly lit apartment. Nicholas sighed once more and mentally checked the wolf off on the list of people he would add to the fun dungeon when he was a glorious ratty overlord, a list that was rapidly growing in his new line of work. The pair silently walked into a bedroom, the wolf opening up the door to reveal a double bed dimly illuminated by a pair of lamps, various kinky toys strewn about the floor along with abandoned clothes. Taking centre stage amongst the havoc was a stocky female hyena, awkwardly positioned and tied up on the bed, looking rather satisfied with herself as a smile crept along her muzzle.

"Nicholas, right?" she said with a wry grin. "I've heard so much about you, you're a real miracle worker if the stories are to be believed." Stealing a glance at the large wolf and his whip, which Nicholas noticed he was clutching hold of rather tightly, he nervously introduced himself.

"That's me. Doctor of Thaumaturgy. Can we get down to business and, er, well, what's the problem, exactly?" sighed the rat, knowing full well he was going to have to listen to the pair disgorge their life story down to the seedy underbelly - if one more person told him about sticking things up their ass...

"I'm Rex, and this is Erika." Replied the wolf, gesturing to the hyena all trussed up on the sheets. "Most of the time, we get along great." "That's right!" added Erika, wriggling in her binds slightly. "The only problem is... well." "We're both subs, really." Said the hyena, finishing Rex's sentence. "Odessa said you could do some magic or something, make it so one of us can enjoy being on top while the other gets... something special. This isn't even half of what I have planned." she said, grinning toothily while a frown crept across Nicholas' face. He felt a tickle in his chest and put a hand to his face to suppress a wet cough, wiping it on his shirt.

"So you mean to tell me that you have summoned me here because you don't like taking turns?" he asked, looking up at the pair in exasperation. "That you require the terrifying powers of the Abyss because tall, dark, and boneheaded here doesn't want to man up and break out the leathers?" Rex scowled as the rat broke out in a fit of coughing, momentarily staggered as his lungs attempted to vacate his chest cavity.

"Hey!" the wolf growled. "I just know what I like, douchebag! Besides, Odessa said you'd give us what we want, and what we want is... whoa. You okay?"

Nicholas was not okay. He fell to his knees as he wheezed for breath, clasping at his throat. His shaking paws were coated in a viscous black mucus, which he coughed up onto the dirty carpet.

"I... I can't take it." he stammered, forcing himself back to his feet. "I hate this job. I hate you, all of you!" The rat's stained, burnt, black and white fur stood on end, positively bristling with energy as he shook with rage. The kinky couple shared a worried glance before fixing their eyes on the livid rat, his own set of eyes burning a sickly luminous blue.

"YOU WANT TO BE SUBMISSIVE? LET ME SHOW YOU WHAT SUBMISSION MEANS,

WORMS.” The pair watched in horror as the rat sunk his claws deep into his bony chest, pulling himself apart. Nicholas’ fur gave way to matte black shadow that seemed to absorb the dim light of the room as he swelled out of his skin. Skinny, bony flesh was replaced by solid, sturdy muscle as the rat towered over the pair, 9 foot of intimidating shadow scowling down at the lovers. What Nicholas knew, that the pair did not, was that for all his sound and fury, he was no more physically impressive than he was a moment ago. An old Rodentine trick to scare off dull-witted predators that he had pulled from his research, he had merely stretched his form to shock and awe his foe – in this case, the idiots who were currently wasting his time.

“BEG, PITIFUL CREATURES, BEG! PERHAPS I WILL SEE FIT TO SPARE YOU IF YOU PLEASE ME.” Smiling, the rat muttered dark words to invoke the forces of the abyss – a call that was quickly answered as echoes flitted across the darkness of the room.

“you called?” whispered a multitude of voices, each subtly different. The couple looked around, startled as they tried to find where the sound was slipping out, but with the light drained from the room, they could see nothing. Nicholas growled as shadows surrounded the figures stood in the room, watching as they kept their distance.

“I call you here to bind a pact.” snarled the rat, staring down at the two shaking subs beneath him. “These two cannot take turns, and...”

“you do not need us for this, friend.” called the whispering voices. “when you are so very... capable.” Confidence flooded into Nicholas as he felt... potent. Proficient. A grin swept his face as he took a step, looming over the cowering couple and addressing them once more in booming tones.

“Yes... I am. Rex, Erika... you require my services, and I shall provide them. On alternating nights, one shall enjoy the top as though it were the bottom, and the other shall experience pure sensation undiluted. These things have a cost, and I will exact my fee – a cut of all... energy generated from such acts, and a portion of your life to call my own. You’ll barely notice it, I promise.” Rex and Erika sat silently for a moment, not quite sure what to do. They shared a long, tentative glance and pondered their mortality for a moment, before Erika spoke up, voice quivering with fear.

“Odessa... she never warned us about this.”

“Oh, no.” sneered the rat. “This is an entirely new development. I think I’m enjoying it.”

“But this... it’s what we asked for, right?” stammered the wolf. “I mean, we can just take turns, but we’ll enjoy it.”

“Yeah, but our life? What does that even mean?” asked Erika, glaring at the titanic rat towering over her. “Will we die or something?”

“Eventually, yes.” murmured Nicholas. “Far sooner than I, but hardly any more quickly than if you leave this place now and forever.”

Another awkward, silent moment passed, before Rex spoke again.

“Okay. I’ll do it.”

“And me.” Erika muttered.

The rat shuddered as sheer power drained into him, shadows ripping themselves almost imperceptibly from the pair beneath him as pure life siphoned into his shadowy form. Vitality bubbled up into every inch of his statuesque physique and the rush of potency left him feeling... excited. A thick, ebony cock surged forth as Nicholas gave an involuntary grunt of pleasure – rats were generally impressively endowed for their size, but this particular beast put any other rodentine creature to shame.

"Weren't we in the middle of something?" asked Nicholas mockingly. "Ah yes, I was giving you the opportunity to enjoy being submissive together. Well, get on with it!" he snapped, one clawed hand gesturing roughly to his throbbing length. "You do want the opportunity, don't you? All it will cost you is a little more of that... delicious essence. A small price to pay to enjoy one last taste of true dominance before you spend eternity as each other's puppet." Once more, Rex and Erika shared a nervous glance and nodded their approval as Nicholas drank deeply of their life, deep satisfaction spreading over his shadowy face. The rat stopped for a moment, bending down and pinching a handful of fur from each of the pair, before igniting it in deep blue flames that sparked from his hands.

"And that lets me do... this." Dark energies surged down the rat's intimidatingly sized cock as it expanded, meaty shadows lengthening and thickening as Nicholas invoked a particular pact – one he had tried out on Odessa once before, not that it had helped his chances any. "Now, I can keep this up all day, but you guys... well, you're probably going to want to stop it before you end up hospitalized. I'll be generous, though – maybe I'll give you a little hand if you *earn* it." Rex and Erika, looking tired now with the life literally drained from them, slowly got up and approached the imposing organ. Nicholas felt a surge of ecstasy ripple through his shadowy form as the pair began to worship his growing cock, the pleasure only increasing as he became bigger and his new... friends got more into the situation, fear melting away and replacing itself with sheer animal lust. As dextrous paws and slender tongues glided across the sensitive flesh, Nicholas felt the sheer weight of his mammoth malehood begin to drag him forwards.

"Let's not fuck around here while we have a perfectly good bed to do this on." growled the rat – having learnt his lesson from the last time he had invoked this pact, he summoned a reserve of strength to drag the pair roughly to the bed, watching with a sly grin as they flailed awkwardly in his grip and enjoying the ease with which he could dominate them. As he draped his massive form over the silky sheets, Nicholas watched the pair jostle and push each other to be the first to worship at his monolithic ebony altar.

"That's right." he growled. "Not everybody gets to enjoy such a privilege. You should be honoured to be the ones to witness my ascension. Or descent. Either. Both." Erika broke free, pushing Rex aside as she climbed onto the bed and placed herself directly on top of that monstrous organ, the sensation of her fur and warm body grinding against Nicholas' cock almost unbearably pleasurable. The wolf joined her shortly after from below, his eager tongue running along the slit of Nicholas' cock and adding to the moistness of the pre drizzling from it.

"F-fuck!" gasped Nicholas as the sheer thrill of pleasure shocked his system, the wolf's skilled tongue providing mind-blowing satisfaction as he grew ever bigger. Peering at his fiercely throbbing meat around the gyrations of the hyena, he noted with some relish that by now the imposing organ stood at around three foot in length, almost a third of his own size. It was thick and weighty to match, too – thick enough that the hyena draped over it was forced to straddle it awkwardly as she rubbed her sensitive lips against the diamond-hard ebony meat. His churning balls were getting lots of attention, too – her padded paws massaging the melon-sized sac tenderly and sending spikes of bliss up the rat's spine. He felt climax brewing as Rex stroked and teased the underside of his cock, skilful paws rubbing the length of his meat expertly and eagerly until he could take no more.

With a guttural roar of dark, passionate lust, blast after blast of hot cum splattered the wolf, covering his sculpted abs in a sticky white mess and staggering him with the sheer force of

the impact. The three lay panting as Nicholas' head reeled from the haze of afterglow, and he felt himself returning to a more manageable size as he stopped spurting over his clients' dingy carpet. The behemoth shadow-rodent once more took on the mantle of unimposing black and white rat as he picked up his glasses, settling them on his muzzle with a satisfied grin.

"So, basically, that's you covered for... oh." Nicholas let the sentence hang as he watched Erika pick up Rex' discarded whip, giving him a sultry smack on the butt as she dragged him to the sticky mess that was once a bed. "I'll, uh, leave you to it." The rat quickly adjusted his shirt, no worse for wear after his dramatic episode, and scuttled out of the apartment as fast as his stubby legs could carry him, the sounds of sex beginning to fill the cramped space as Rex and Erika talked dirty. As he closed the door to 9C behind him, he heard the telltale whispers of the Abyss in the dark hallway, the lights all veiled by darkness.

"it feels good, doesn't it, nicholas?" a thousand different voices said, the words slithering into his ear and sending cold shiver down his spine. "you can do anything you want. be anything you please." The rat looked around nervously, shadows flitting around in the darkness and glimmering eyes peering at him from every angle as the chill of nothingness bit at his veins. "What do you want?" asked Nicholas nervously, ancient words of power and defense running through his head in a worried attempt to ensure his safety. "We can make a deal." "no, nicholas. this is a social call. a visit to our baby brother." hissed the darkness. "you are fast becoming one of ussss, as you may have suspected. that little show back there was just the beginning. we offer you this gift, that you may flourish and grow into your full potential. we are watching. we expect... great things." Once more, that peculiar feeling of vigour rushed into the rat, almost flooring him with brilliant intensity. He staggered and floundered, catching himself against the wall before he fell as the energy rushed into him, but this time, it felt... odd. Not wrong. Not bad.

Just strange. Nicholas looked at his arms, black fur replacing white and creeping along the length of his limbs as darkness suffused his being. With cacophonous laughter, the shadowy spirits departed, leaving the rat slumped against the wall in the dirty hallway. He picked himself off, brushing particles of dust from his slacks as he began to set off, a particular destination in mind. Nicholas had something he intended to tell Odessa, now that circumstances had changed. He felt confidence well up in him once again as he pondered – if feeling this good was wrong, he didn't much care for being right.

Lust

Smoke drifted through a dark and depressing basement, the walls scorched by fire after fire, used halon gas canisters littering the cold, damp concrete floor, and a substantial library of arcane texts stacked up around the black and white rat camped in the middle of the floor, doodling some peculiar patterns in a large chalk circle. The deep midnight blue of his mostly-pristine robes matched the darkness of the basement, cloaked in eerie shadows with a flickering electrical bulb providing dim illumination... but that was the way he liked it, these days. Nicholas had never really been the same after what he vaguely referred to as the Incident at 9C – what had been a relatively routine mindfuck job for a couple having relationship problems turned into a roaring rampage of rat rage. When the pair presented him with the request to summon forth the powers of the Abyss, that most Lovecraftian of sideways dimensions populated by sniggering spirits and dark forces, in order to mend a trivial problem that could have been resolved with a few sessions of relationship counselling, he had lost it.

Normally, 3' 2" of rat rage was generally accompanied by impotent threats and tiny balled fists, but Nicholas was a touch too close to the powers of darkness. In his fury, they offered him a taste of unreal power, bringing him ever-closer to tottering over the edge of the Abyss as he gorged himself on the souls of his would-be clients. He was down in the basement for a reason – and that reason was that later today, two more fools blinded by love were to drop by and ask him for a favour. He'd be ready. The paperwork was done. Every little clause and pledge was neatly wound up in a bundle of obfuscating jargon, and the decor was just... right. A flick of his wrist sealed the chalk circle on the floor as it briefly glowed a sickly red, indicating its readiness to aid in the binding of the coming Pact. He stood up and looked down on his work with a satisfied smile, reaching for a small ceramic pipe on a table before lighting up with a click of his fingers and a deep blue flame. The smell of singed fur and smoke drifted up and joined the shadows wafting around the room as the rat took a deep hit from the pipe and nicotine began to caress his heart. A sharp breath extinguished his flaming finger, and the rat sat quietly smouldering in a chair for a while, content to watch the smoke spiral in the darkness of the basement.

Time passed as arcane patterns in the air drifted aimlessly across the room, and eventually Nicholas was jolted from his peaceful interlude by the electronic screech of the doorbell. Normally, he'd put down the pipe with a scowl, stomp upstairs in a terrible mood to deal with people he hated and get money he barely used, but today... today was different. Today was the first time he had clients since the Incident, and the second time he would siphon the soul of an unwitting victim. A smile slowly crept across his muzzle as he eagerly scampered up the basement stairs, taking care not to trip over his fancy new robe. He reached up to unlock and open the door, peering at his victi- er, clients from around the wooden frame. A couple of casually dressed felines stood on the front step, delicately intertwined arms telling Nicholas that they were probably the couple he was expecting. He looked up and down the pair with an evaluating eye, pondering slightly. One was a large, buff lion with immaculately-kept mane and a sparkling white smile plastered over his face. The streetlights played against his shining golden fur – the man knew how to keep himself presentable, and his expertly-pressed shirt and black slacks only added to this image. The other figure was a slightly effeminate leopard, his spotted arms hugging the muscular lion's meaty arm tightly

and a look of simple contentment plain to see across his features. Though he didn't seem nearly as muscular as the lion, he was clearly an athlete – wearing a simple vest and shorts, Nicholas noticed the telltale signs of powerful, if not defined muscles outlined against the fabric. Two men – not what he had expected, but not particularly a problem for him. He'd just alter the Pact ever so slightly... in fact, this might even work out better! Yes, this would serve his purposes well...

"You must be the people Odessa sent over. Come in." The rat slipped the chain off the door, beckoning the feline friends in with a sweep of his arm. As they stepped inside, Nicholas noted with a keen eye that their tails were entangled, much like their arms - the pair were probably quite close. How... romantic. Closing (and locking) the front door behind him, he led the pair down into his creepy satanic basement, stairs creaking ominously as they carefully navigated the steps. The lovers shared a half-worried, half disgusted glance as the smell of sulphur, singed fur and staggering quantities of opium assaulted their delicate senses of smell.

"So, uh, I'm Max. This is Benny." said the lion, with a deep, rich voice befitting a man of such proud and regal stature. "Odessa is a long-time friend of ours, she's been telling us all about you, and we finally decided to take the plunge and give her the fee." The leopard remained quiet, looking around shyly at the odd arcane decorations. He gently brushed away from Max, drifting around the room curiously and examining the odd little items placed here and there – scroll cases, old tomes, funky candlesticks. Nicholas kept a watchful eye on the leopard – specifically those slender hands. That shit was expensive, and if it ended up in his pockets, he'd have to break out some military-grade curses. He regarded the lion with what he thought was a scholarly air, but what mostly came off as pretension – though in Thaumaturgical circles (which were few and far between) the two were irrevocably linked. "Yes, she mentioned what you were looking for. Hyperphallic stuff, right? It's pretty standard, but if you're good friends of Odessa I can probably do you a special deal, throw in a few freebies."

That got them interested, the leopard's ears perking up eagerly. "What kind of free stuff? Like, two for one on extra inches?" he asked with a smirk, as Nicholas suddenly remembered why he hated his job. Smartasses. He scowled momentarily, leaving his pipe on the table once more as he stalked across the room with a swish of his robe.

"I actually got a new volume of ancient thaumaturgical texts last week." replied Nicholas, searching momentarily for one leather-bound tome in a stack of many others. He plucked a small, worn book with a sturdy binding from the pile, leafing through the crinkled pages as the lovers watched. "I know you two were thinking you'd come in here, ask for a little extra downstairs, then go home and fuck like rabbits on meth, but perhaps you'd like to hear my suggestion."

"Go on, then." said the lion, eyeing the little rat in his robes with suspicion. This seemed a little fishy to him – he didn't really like being told what to do, or think. He stared down at him with intense brown eyes and a predator's gaze, but Nicholas didn't even flinch – merely adjusted his spectacles.

"I've tried it out myself, don't worry, this isn't exactly uncharted waters, but regular old giant cocks? They're okay, I guess, but with a few alterations, you can turn an great night into a supernova of ecstasy. I had to replace the carpet and everything. Improve your stamina, suppress your appetite so you don't have to worry about taking breaks, increase your sensitivity and so on. All you have to do is sign here, and we can begin." From the inside pockets of his robe, the rat produced a scroll with delicately inscribed calligraphy detailing

every in and out of the procedure. He unravelled it, letting it roll to the floor and bounce as he held onto one end, the other coming to rest at the lion's paws.

"That's, uh, a lot of reading," said Benny ponderously, squinting at the scroll. "Can you explain it to us?" In the darkness, he had trouble picking out the ink strokes across the page, narrowing his eyes as he picked the paper from the ground and examined it slowly.

"With pleasure." A wicked grin flashed across the rat's muzzle, as he took a pen to point out clauses and catches.

Some heavy duty magical jargon later, and the two were convinced. Though they were initially wary of the costs – mainly the part where Nicholas told them their life force and sexual energy would bleed into the Abyss to power the Pact (and fuel him, he neglected to mention) they seemed eager to reap the benefits of the sorcery, and besides, they had seen Odessa's ample.. enhancements, which didn't seem to bother her particularly. Near unlimited growth would be theirs, and nights of passion that almost never ended – how could they resist? Nicholas watched with malicious glee as they signed the scroll against a far-too-small desk, flinching as it burst into deep blue flames and disappeared into shadow, as though whisked away by unseen hands.

"Excellent. Now, stand in that circle over there." The two shared a concerned look as the rat attempted to shepherd them into the ominously glowing chalk circle scrawled on the floor. Reluctantly, the two stepped inside, feeling a wave of cold, wet, miserable darkness wash over them, as though they had slipped into a murky black pool. They glanced at the rat, noticing a brief glint of malevolence in his eyes as he stepped forward, touching the circle with a bony claw. Flames crawled around the circumference, licking at the paws of the felines as they squirmed uncomfortably, pressing into each other for comfort.

"Hey, is this supposed to-"

"Silence!" hissed the rat, eyes closed deeply in concentration, drawing forth his Abyssal energies in order to bind the Pact. The lion and the leopard looked nervously at the corners of the room, as the lingering smoke and shadow seemed to stare back at them with glimmering eyes, flitting about erratically. Darkness washed over the pair, seeming to engulf every pore and strand of fur with sticky, clinging nastiness, making them feel a little sick as the life ebbed out of them just the slightest amount. The rat took a deep, shuddering breath as pure essence flowed into him, the brilliant burning vitality better than any drug mortal hands could synthesize.

He opened his eyes, and exhaled. The two felines looked worried as the fires died down and the shadows began to settle, Nicholas patting out a small fire that had started on his robe in an almost absent-minded manner.

"That's it. You're done. It begins when you start messing around, so get out of my apartment before you start any shit like that, I'm not replacing the carpet again. You have any questions, you call Odessa, and tell her to return my copy of Practical Thaumaturgy volume three if she doesn't want to be harassed by horny felines."

"That's it?" asked Max, staring at the rat somewhat stupefied. He stepped out of the circle, standing intimidatingly over the unimpressed rodent as he tried to take advantage of his height. "I don't feel any different... you best not be ripping us off, you creepy little-"

"Max!" chided Benny, interposing himself between the pair and putting an arm out in front of his lover. "Odessa wouldn't scam us like that. Besides, we haven't even started messing around yet..." A sly spotted hand moved in for a quick grope of the lion's muscular tush, but the rat was watching. His eyes widened with shock as he deftly intercepted Benny's paw in a

steely grip.

"Hey!" The leopard recoiled, finding his hand firmly trapped between Nicholas' claws. He stared down at the little rodent, noticing the seriousness in his thousand yard glare. A scowl crossed the lion's face as Nicholas clung on to Benny, showing some sharp, immaculately white fangs.

"I wasn't joking about the carpet. Come on, get out of here if you're going to start that shit." scolded Nicholas. Reluctantly, he let the leopard go, watching as he rubbed his wrist idly, taking a few steps back to get away from his rodentine assailant.

"Come on, Benny, let's get out of this place. I got a bottle of sambuca waiting for us. Thanks for... whatever, creepy rat guy." Nicholas stared grimly as the pair quickly tottered up the creaking stairs, wondering idly if he should curse them for all eternity... no. He had bigger plans for them, and retribution was already in motion.

"Urgh, what a creep." sighed Benny, stepping out into the cool, breezy evening street. He folded his arms uncomfortably as Max closed the front door behind him, looking down at him with a frown.

"Yeah. Odessa sure knows some weird people. She says she has him wrapped around her little finger, but I dunno." The lion clapped Benny on the back, leading the way onto the street and back to their cosy studio apartment, not too far from these dingy streets. A few streetlights were out, a ferret was popping the hubcaps off a beaten-up Ford... they wondered to themselves why the rat would choose to stay in a place like this, considering the ample fee they paid to Odessa for his services.

"No, that seems right, I think he was just playing the big man to impress us. Makes sense if Odessa has him jumping through hoops, I know I'd be frustrated." said the leopard, idly watching the various people strolling down the street with them. It was just the right time at night for people to emerge from their homes, migrating to the various clubs and bars around the city – any normal night, and they'd be joining the horde, maybe going to see the cougar, but tonight... tonight was to be a very special night in, thanks to Nicholas. "There's only room for one big man in my life, though!" Benny added, tweaking the base of the lion's tufted tail. The lion managed one deep, breathy chuckle before the laugh caught in his throat, a strange feeling beginning to well up deep in his loins.

"Uh, Benny..."

"Uh oh."

"You're feeling it too?" The felines shared a worried look, noticing the worry in each other's eyes before looking down to see... ah. Both noticed prominent crotch bulges pressing urgently against their restraints, thick outlines on display for the world to see.

"Shit... come on!" Max and Benny found every hurried movement they took to get back to their apartment sent shivers down their spine, the fabric rubbing tantalizingly against the incredible sensitivity of their growing members. Inch after inch of pulsating meat surged forth, trapped by the oppressive prison that was their waistbands, and visibly straining for freedom. More than a few heads turned at the pair dashing into their apartment building, outrageously oversized bulges bobbing as they ran. Benny struggled with his shorts to relieve the pressure as Max fumbled with the keys to their door, the pair almost unable to contain the pleasure that was building up in them. As the key clicked in the lock, Max shouldered the door open and spilled forth onto the white carpet, Benny following him inside and pushing the door shut with a hindpaw. The place was lavishly decorated, but the furniture was ignored completely, expensive leather couch and glassy-topped coffee table simply left aside in the name of efficiency and expediency.

“Oh fuck... oh god!” The pair struggled and wrestled with their clothes, panting with urgent lust as they tried to free their needy cocks, Max going so far as to take his claws and simply shred the fabric open, revealing a monolithic spire of warm meat throbbing freely in the air. A foot long, full and thick, it was accompanied by a heavy sac covered in golden-white fur, barely able to fit in the palms of the lion. A single drop of pre was slung from the end as Max’ visibly lengthening rod escaped its prison, depositing itself in front of the leopard who stared in awe at the magnificent member.

“Fuck, it worked! That’s... that’s not gonna fit, Max.” Benny shed his own pair of shorts, cringing with ecstasy as the fabric roughly rubbed at his rod, sending a shiver of sensation down through his body.

“Aw, really?” the lion said, with an exaggerated pout. “Not even a little bit?”

The leopard chuckled, waddling over to the lion awkwardly, a little front-heavy, and placing a dextrous paw softly on the still-growing cockhead, gently grasping it between delicate fingers. “You know I’m up for experimenting, but we’re still growing. You’d tear me in two, big guy... but that won’t stop me from doing *this*.” Benny leaned in, his slender tongue caressing the lion’s warm rod and sending sparks down the length, Max biting his lip with intense pleasure and swearing softly under his breath as the leopard treated him to unrivalled euphoria with each slick swish of his talented tongue. He could do little more but lay paralyzed by intoxicating exuberance, eyes half lidded as he panted and moaned, twitching and twisting with pleasure.

“Max... Max!” hissed the leopard, ceasing his worship for an agonizing moment as the lion opened one eye to glance at his lover... and was shocked by what he saw. Benny was supporting a spire of throbbing cock in his paws, longer and thicker than one of his slender arms – the little leopard was struggling just to manage the whole thing with his paws. “Max, you gotta help me out here... this magic... fuck!” The leopard’s own erection was a shade of the lion’s, but still unfeasibly large compared to the average feline. Through a fog of lust, the lion reached a muscular arm out, roughly seizing Benny and drawing him close. As fur pressed against fur, the two shared a brief moment of utter contentment, warm and cosy and *happy*... but it didn’t last. Max slipped a hand down, gingerly massaging Benny’s heaving sac with a tender squeeze, making his eyes boggle as he cringed with mind-blowing sensation blasting through every synapse. In return, the leopard sent his delicate tongue sweeping over the surface of Max’ enlarged endowments, bracing himself against the massive cock with one hand and teasing pillowy nuts with the other. The pair moaned and massaged each other, the reek of sweat and musk filling the air and only serving to deepen their sexual fervor. As paws slid across pre-soaked members, both throbbing rods became larger and larger as the stroking sped up, the two blind with agonizing passion and unable to process anything in their world beyond pleasing their counterpart to the fullest. Soon enough, though it seemed like an eternity to the frisky felines, each was rocked by an apocalyptic climax, warm cum positively blasting from their shuddering lengths, coating the walls, the carpet, each other...

“Uuuurgh.” Benny put a paw to his head, his head still reeling from the incredible afterglow. Through hazy eyes, he regarded the monolithic cock beneath him with something approaching reverence. His imposing organ was beginning to dwarf him, and despite the intensity of his orgasm, showed no signs of shrinking any time soon – as an athlete, the leopard was expected to maintain a respectable level of stamina, but a workout like he had just had would normally send him reeling. This time... overwhelming lust burned through him,

demanding and craving that he give into his urges once more.

“Max?” The leopard looked over to notice Max already lost in a reverie, stroking and licking his colossal shaft without a care in the world, greedily slurping up cum, absently wishing they kept toys in the front room, which by now was ruined by sticky stains, the splatter coating the neatly-kept living room and dripping off the furniture. For a moment, he considered getting up to go and assist the lion’s efforts, but looking down... by now, his skinny, spotted legs were displaced by two heavy, bean-bag-like balls, a mound of warm, sensuously soft fur that Benny could not help but run his smooth pawpads across in a tangled mix of ecstasy and awe. And that cock— it rivalled him for size! Each straining thud of his heart sent a burst of growth through the towering member, and as the pillar of pulsating meat called to him through waves of lust, he could think of nothing more than caressing it, delicately teasing every inch of its length as it towered over his recumbent form... he knew now why Max was so entranced. Thoughts of frustration were quickly dismissed, replaced by ardent worship of his fleshy altar. Wrapping his athletic legs around the base of his rod and pulling it close enough to feel the warmth radiating from it, he attempted an exploratory lick on the pre-soaked surface.

“Fffffffffffffuuuuuuuck!” gasped Benny, momentarily reeling as brilliant sensation shot through his system, stars exploding inside his head – nothing had ever felt this good, there could be no equal to the utter hedonistic pleasure he was feeling right now! Each stroke only sent him further and further into the depths of mindless self-pleasure, unable to think – just using his eager paws and legs to work the needy, super-sized rod, pumping his entire body just to get a little more sensation, a little more ecstasy, his climax building to an unstoppable point. A pulse ran down his length as a tsunami of sticky jizz blasted forth from his cock, hormones, lust and magic compressing to one brilliant point in the leopard’s overstimulated mind and leaving him a drooling, content mess as he lay panting on the floor in the midst of climax, just watching himself spurt blast after blast over every surface, gallons after gallons of leopard irrevocably staining the once-white carpet, ruining the clothes the felines had shedded in their fervor, and of course, not failing to make him anything but a sticky, musky mess on the floor. A roar of victory shook him from his reverie slightly, as he batted an eye at the lion through the mind-numbing haze of his afterglow... oh my. Max was bigger than ever! His colossal cock dwarfed his muscular frame as he shuddered and spat forth his climax, drenching the poor leopard with gallons of viscous, sticky pleasure. Benny allowed himself a moan of pleasure as he felt his own member surge back into life in response, impossibly, achingly hard and eager for more mistreatment at his talented hands. He considered, for the briefest moment, getting up to go and assist his lover... but he was so happy right here, right now, and the lion was only concerned about his own pleasure... why waste the time and the talent? As Benny dove once more into navigating the behemoth organ, tongue sliding round the head and over the slit, the night went on and on, the two felines locked in an endless cycle of self-pleasure, orgasms fuelling more orgasms, minds broken by overwhelming lust. They had entered as lovers, but could only focus on slaking their own incorrigible lusts, cumming again and again as they fought the intense pleasure.

“So how do you deal with this much essence?” panted Nicholas, draped over his bed, positively vibrating with energy. He was wired – his hands were shaking, his eyes wild and heart racing. The little rat looked around at the shadows collecting in the corners of his room, staring at glimmering eyes and hoping for a response. His bedroom was much grander than the rest of his dark, poky apartment – old, antique furniture like the mahogany bed the rat was sitting on filled the room, along with peculiar arcane contraptions that seemed to have

very little purpose.

“you will adjust to it.” came the response, a thousand whispers at the edge of his perception, each a subtly different voice. “until then, you should expend as much as you can. blow off steam, as mortals say. too much too quickly, and your body may not survive.” “explosively.” “yes, it is very amusing.”

“And those two dickhead cats?” asked Nicholas, absent-mindedly starting a fire between his handpaws with a little friction, and a little magic. The blue flame glittered in the eyes of the strange, shadowy creatures as Nicholas passed it painlessly from hand to hand, paying close attention to his nocturnal visitors.

“your Pact is good. they will stabilize. locked in lust, sustaining themselves at a manageable size and doing nothing more than providing you with raw power.” “well done, nicholas.” “yes, admirable.”

The voices murmured assent as the rat regarded them contemplatively. He sat for a moment, pondering, until the tell-tale buzz of an incoming text message broke his pensive meditation.

“it’s the cougar.” “yes.” “you should remind her who is in charge.” “who has true power here.” “Quiet.” sighed the rat, rubbing a temple in frustration as he picked up the phone at the side of his bed... they were right, it was Odessa. Opening the message with a frown, as he read the contents he began to smile a wry smile, schemes and plots beginning to coalesce in his head.

“She wants me to help her cousin, he’s depressed or something.” Nicholas said, looking up from the phone to the shadows flitting across the dark room, as they avoided the soft glow coming in through the window from faint streetlamps.

“help her.” “yes, help her.” “give him something to remember.” “an opportunity to use your newfound reserves of power.” “show her what it means to be a rat.” The shadows whirled around the rat, bombarding him with suggestions, orders, ideas. Another blast of vitality from the feline lovers shuddered into him, his toes curling into the carpet as he rode the wave of utter sensation spreading through him, a low moan escaping his jaws. The shadowy shapes seemed to grin while the rat tried to regain his composure, a slight blue glow beginning to illuminate the room as he shivered with sheer magical energy.

Nicholas sat on the edge of his bed for a moment, considering his options as he caught his breath... then he picked up a fountain pen from his desk, sat down, and began to write.

Acedia

Nicholas lay in bed, sprawled messily on the sheets as he stared blankly into the darkness of his bedroom. He hadn't slept all night – he wasn't tired, really, just a little worn down. Having so much energy running through him from the lovers he had hoodwinked had left him in a constant state of... well, arousal had the wrong connotation, but he was *wired*. He couldn't stop twisting and turning uncomfortably as power surged through his veins like magical heroin, suppressing his thoughts in favour of undiluted, burning sensation. As he squirmed, he heard the tell-tale buzz of his phone against his antique chest of drawers, vibrating loudly against the wood. Nicholas screwed his eyes shut and summoned forth every reserve of willpower he had left in his fragile form, conjuring forth an unearthly glow that lit the room with eerie blue light, and more importantly, purged the excess essence from his body enough to allow him some freedom. With shaking paws, Nicholas read the message on his phone, squinting at the bright screen as he scrolled through the text. Odessa, his sometime cougar companion, wanted him to meet with her cousin at his apartment – like, now. Nicholas scowled, the blue luminescence rolling off his frame briefly turning to licking blue flames, before he extinguished them with a thought.

"it is time, rat." "yes, time for you to use that excess energy." "show that cougar true power." "yes." The rat turned, watching the shadows animate and flit around the room as he watched them with a careful eye. As he tracked one slithering around the room, he caught a glimpse of himself in the mirror mounted on his wardrobe door.

He was looking pretty good, it had to be said. Though his fur was a little darker in places – black spots seemingly having grown while white fur retreated – there was a glossy sheen to his coat and a spark in his eye. As he examined himself, adjusting his blue robes and smoothing out the wrinkles, he noticed a scroll being pushed into his hands by a tendril of darkness. Reluctantly, he held out a hand to accept it, his blood turning to ice as he slowly looked across to see what was happening – the creatures of the Abyss had never interacted with him before, not directly, anyway! He caught the glint of eyes and sharp, predatory teeth from a mass of entangled shadow, one long, sinewy tentacle proffering him the scroll he had been working on last night, held together with a deep blue wax seal.

"you'll need this." "yes, vital." "you wouldn't want to make any mistakes, would you." Nervously, the rat slid it into an inside pocket with bony claws, making sure it sat snugly before heading down the creaking stairs and out the front door, shadows following him ominously all the way out. Nicholas recoiled as he opened the door, streetlights shining through the dark, overcast evening and blinding him somewhat – no doubt due to his new-found aptitude for Thaumaturgy. The shadows retreated back into his house as Nicholas strode out into the street, putting his hood up to stop himself getting a migraine with all the streetlights around. Despite his unusual attire, the rat noticed very few glances as he tottered down the street, the few people who were out too busy focusing on their destinations and their plans for the night to notice a short little rat scurrying along, cloaked in shadows.

It didn't take long to get to the cougar's apartment – he was on the same side of town as Nicholas, that was to say, the scummy side of town. Nicholas barely even flinched when he heard a gunshot ring out down the block, instead idly tapping the entry buzzer to the apartment block. He sighed as he endured a long wait – the lack of stimulation beyond the sirens of the squad cars that were no doubt rolling in to shoot any unfortunate souls still

present at the crime scene infuriating to his undertaxed mind. Eventually, after a few long, long moments, the door clicked open, and Nicholas wasted no time in pushing forth a spindly, robed arm and trotting through the door. A short trip up the stairs led him to his client's place, where the aforementioned cougar was standing watch at the door. A portly, unfit figure, he was wearing a somewhat greasy black vest and dull grey sweatpants as he loitered in the doorway. His brown fur was visibly dull, even in the dim light of the hallway, and he stared at the rat approaching him with tired eyes as he gestured for Nicholas to follow him in. As Nicholas stepped inside after the cougar, the first thing he noticed was the mess – the place was a tip. Empty takeaway cartons, discarded magazines, used clothes... Nicholas suppressed a grimace as he gingerly stepped over the garbage, following the cougar to a crowded kitchen table with flimsy plastic and metal seats.

"You must be Nicholas, right?" he asked, sounding about as tired as he looked. "Odessa said you could fix me, whatever that's supposed to mean. I'm Noah, and as you can probably see from the state of my place, I'm a useless piece of shit." The cougar sighed, slouching over to the refrigerator while Nicholas perched himself tentatively on one of the seats. "Beer?" he asked, offering the rat a bottle dripping with condensation.

"I'm good, thanks." replied Nicholas, warily. He was already reeling from the sheer amount of energy that was still being dumped into his system, there was no way drinking was going to help that situation. He watched as Noah quietly peeled the top from his bottle, flipping it awkwardly at an overflowing bin with the accuracy of a drunken amateur shot-putt enthusiast. The rat quickly began to understand why the apartment was so messy. "So you're depressed. Yet again, Odessa calls me in for a problem that should be solved by some sort of therapist. Tell me what the problem is so I can fix it and go home to pretend my life is fulfilling."

"You're pretty grumpy for someone who can do sorcery." snorted Noah, in between slugs of cheap beer. "If I could change people with my mind, I wouldn't be sitting on my ass complaining about it, I'd be rich as fuck and drowning in bitches." To say the statement displeased Nicholas would be underemphasising the sheer rage that contorted his furry features.

"It's not that simple." snarled the rat, positively glowing with fury as magic crackled around his form. "It took me six years of navigating arcane lore and learning dead languages just to bind my first Pact, and I had the advantage of being a rat."

"Yeah, well, whatever." sighed Noah. "So the problem is that my life is shit. I'm a nobody, and I'm going nowhere. I work a dead-end job folding shirts, and come home to watch shitty TV shows, jack off, and eat cold pizza, and that's how it's going to be until I die of a coronary, age forty-four, alone and unloved. How are you going to fix that, smartass? Magic me up a six-figure paycheque and a trophy wife?"

"It doesn't work like that, but I do have a suggestion... I mean, beyond the suggestion that you could go and violate yourself." As the cougar scowled at the remark, Nicholas drew the scroll from his pocket, roughly clearing some space on the cluttered table by sending the junk sat atop it to the ground with a sweep of his arm. "One Pact, ready to go. All you have to do is sign."

"Thought you said it wasn't simple?" muttered the cougar as he leaned over to read the scrawling, scribbled text. "What the fuck does all this mean?"

"I'm glad you asked." replied Nicholas, a wicked smile crossing his face as he took a pen to the document.

“So let me get this straight – I eat people’s emotions, I get bigger, then they do whatever I tell them to or I crush them, right?” Noah had pretty much given up looking at the contract by now – he was on his third beer after the rat had found it necessary to explain exactly how it was that raw souls could be used as power and currency amongst the creatures of the Abyss.

“That is pretty much the gist of it, yes.” Nicholas twiddled his pen, bored as he read the contract for a twelfth time tonight. The cougar was... surprisingly obtuse. Nicholas wasn’t sure exactly how valuable he would be as a source of energy, but he was relying on his own skill with words and magic to turn him into a valuable investment of raw essence.

“I dunno, man... sounds pretty dangerous. I mean, I’ve seen a few movies about sorcer- uh, your people, but I’ve never heard of anybody becoming a giant. It sounds really great, but...”

“I understand your trepidation. In fact, this will be the first time such a spell has been attempted for many hundreds of years, but I have an advantage that the last dabbler did not – pure power. I am pretty much the best – if anyone can do it, it’s me. Besides, would you prefer I magically lobotomized you into some productive little wage-slave? I’m sure Odessa would be very pleased with me for doing that, but it’s not about her. It’s about what *you* want.” Or, in Nicholas’ case, what *he* wanted – not that he was going to mention that.

“Yeah... yeah, you’re right. Fuck those average guys on the street. This is for those years of bullying in high school, for the college course I flunked out of. This is my “fuck you” to the society that let me fall through the cracks.” The cougar set down his beer with grim determination, accepting the pen the rat was holding out for him and scrawling his signature at the bottom of the document, nearly leaping out of his seat as it burst into flames and illuminated the gloomy apartment with sickly blue light.

“That’s the spirit.” Nicholas shuddered as he felt the connection form between him and the cougar, his life slowly leaking away as he visibly withered in his seat. “You best put your fanciest shirt on and get in the game.” the rat advised, leaning over the table to collect his fountain pen, frowning slightly as he saw his otherwise pristine robe stick to a gooey brown stain. “I, on the other hand, am getting out of here before the show begins. If you need me, and you will, just call my name. I’ll hear it.”

The rat gently unstuck himself from the table, letting himself out the door quietly as the cougar sat for a moment, breathing heavily as he recovered his senses from the shock of magic hitting his system. So, he could eat emotions, now? He was surprisingly eager to test it out – normally, when he felt this tired, he’d go take a nap in front of the TV, but tonight... tonight he felt pretty good. He shrugged on a jacket to deal with the cold night, abandoning the warmth of his apartment and striding out into the stairwell. As he shut the door behind him, he heard the noise of his next-door neighbour’s stereo in full blast from behind his cheap wooden door – well, why go out to dine on emotions when there was a supply so close to home? Noah hammered on the door with a pudgy fist, competing with the music for sheer volume until his battering was acknowledged by a pissed-off zebra opening the door. Wearing an ironic band t-shirt, a pair of shorts, a Mohawk and a dour expression, the tall, powerfully built equine did not seem particularly amused by the interruption.

“Oh, it’s you. What’s your problem?” he snorted, looking down his nose at the comparatively scrawny cougar. Noah stared for a moment, mouth agape at the subtle change he noticed in the zebra’s appearance – he could literally see the irritation rolling off him in waves. It looked as though deep, red smoke was billowing from the zebra and dissipating into the air, but when the cougar took a deep breath in nervous anticipation, he felt it flow into every pore of his body, burning pleasantly as it spread from his chest to his limbs.

“So come on, faggot, what’s up? Music too loud for your chubby little ears?” Noah noticed a flare of bright red smoke come billowing from the zebra as he moved to shove him, but as the cougar inhaled it he seemed far less... irritable.

“It is, yeah.” replied Noah, confidence building as he felt his muscles tingle and watched the dull, vacant glare spreading over the zebra’s face. “Maybe you could turn it down for me... and maybe you could stop looking like a puckered asshole, you pointy-headed piece of shit.” A surge of the red steamed forth from the zebra, only for Noah to suck it up quickly. He felt his vest digging into his shoulders slightly, noting with distinct pleasure that he seemed to be growing up to the zebra’s eye level. The zebra prodded him hard in the chest with a chunky finger, a scowl crossing his features – not his usual response. By now, Noah would usually be in a dustbin somewhere.

“I really don’t appreciate that kind of language. You should tone it down.” Huffed the zebra, ineffectually. He put his arms to his sides, visibly relaxed, if unhappy.

“Why don’t you tone down your fucking disgusting face, *prey*.” snarled the cougar, flashing pointed fangs as growth surged into him. Smoky red turned to an acrid yellow, as Noah watched fear flit across the zebra’s features for just a moment, before being whisked away to fuel his rapidly accelerating growth. “That’s right, you should be scared... though all it’ll lead to is a bigger, better me.” Self preservation kicked in as the zebra staggered a few steps back, looking up at the cougar as he gained more and more height – he had put on about three foot since they had began speaking, and showed no signs of stopping as he crested the nine foot mark, inviting himself into the apartment as his clothes warped and strained against his expanding frame, the arms of his vest simply splitting apart as oversized arms bulked up around them, his sweatpants beginning to burst at the seams as his thighs simply outgrew them.

Noah stared hungrily at the assembled party guests amidst a haze of emotions. Various colours of smoke drifted from the assorted furs, from deep pink to sickly green, but what shade drifted off the folks before him didn’t matter to the cougar. One deep breath sent energy crackling down his spine as his growth explosively accelerated, barely giving the furs a chance to react before the cougar simultaneously broke through the floor and crashed through the ceiling, his sheer mass splintering through the masonry with a plume of dust and brick. What was left of his clothing was simply annihilated, turning to rags as the cougar lashed out in the building, desperately clawing at the brickwork in an attempt to stop his descent. His growth – and the building – settled momentarily as he found himself on the ground floor, resting in the ruined remains of some poor soul’s home. He lifted a massive hand to find it stained with blood – beneath the giant brown mitt was a crushed skunk, pulverised into his couch and currently decorating Noah’s paw with gore. The skunk fit comfortably beneath his paw – if he had to guess, Noah would say he was about fifty foot tall. It was hard to say that the thought didn’t appeal to him, as a wicked grin curved his lips. He pushed himself out of the wreckage and into the street, watching with glee as his eyes fell upon a watching, waiting crowd, ogling the rubble for signs of life... well, they had found it. While not a large collection of people, there were about thirty or forty people staring slack-jawed at the monster emerging from the ruins. Deep footsteps resonated against the road as the cougar swaggered over to his audience, who were tentatively backing off and looking around for ways to escape as Noah came ever closer. He made no attempt to hide just how excited the rush of power was making him – as he looked down on the crowd, something primal stirred deep within him, a person-sized erection stiffening as he slammed heavy paws down in front of the baying crowd.

"Where do you think you're going?" purred the colossal cougar, looming over the little creatures below him. "Aren't you going to put me down? Tell me what a fat, useless shit I am?" A long, languid stride brought him into the heart of the crowd, crunching a few unlucky furs who weren't able to get out of the way beneath massive, dusty paws, the cougar enjoying their futile flailing under his feet as he watched a wave of fear ripple forth from the crowd.

"I guess not. I'm just going to have to show you what it feels like to be stepped on – to be continually ground into the dirt day after day. *This* is for my shitty, dead end job. *This* is for every slut at the bar who snickered at the fat little feline who had the audacity to look their way. *This* is for every day I wake up to the same old shit in the same old dive!" Noah punctuated each statement with a stamp of his paw, catching yet more unfortunates beneath his toes and crushing them deep into the pavement, staining his soles deep red with gore as he pulverized them to paste.

Fearful eyes stared up at the cougar as the crowd broke and fled, a wave of urgent yellow smoke rolling over the street. Noah grinned down at the crowd as he noticed with some irritation that he wasn't growing any further, despite the emotions running wild beneath him. Thinking quickly, he bent and scooped a couple of little folk up in a massive clawed paw, gripping them tightly just to watch them squirm in his palm.

"Leaving so soon?" he rumbled with a smirk, inhaling deeply as he fixed the fidgeting figures in his fingers with a predatory gaze, only to find them shrinking against his padded palm. As Noah drained the emotion from them, he noted they ceased their struggles all too rapidly, lying still against his iron grip. "If you're not going to play with me, then what use are you?" With a casual toss, he launched the pair into his leering maw, relishing the taste of raw, bloody meat as dagger-like teeth brutalized the puny creatures. With a satisfied lick of his tongue across his bloodied white muzzle, Noah regarded the crowd before him as he watched his growth stabilize, another few feet added to his significant mass. The sound of a gunshot rang out across the street, audible against the panicking of the crowd as Noah noticed a particularly plucky individual grasping a heavy revolver, aiming up at his muzzle. The shot clipped his ear, sending a stinging sensation across the surface, but nothing more. With a grimace, he dropped down onto all fours with a lash of his tail, and swiped a forepaw at the few remaining members of the crowd, sending them scattering as he poked his muzzle at the survivors, drinking deeply from the smoke wafting forth from them and feeling an energetic tingle down his spine. As he took a deep breath, he noticed with some dissatisfaction that draining the fleeing figures dry left them standing around in a stupor, unable to run from the cougar's looming forepaws as he impaled a couple on his titanic talons. Even the listlessness of his toys, however, could not draw his attention to something that had been increasingly drawing his attention – the aching need for release, the burning lust that threatened to occupy his mind entirely. As his paws effortlessly dominated the figures that just kept shrinking relative to his massive frame, each casualty only served to add to the knowledge that he was a walking god, an avatar of repressed rage and righteous fury. What he wanted, he would take – what he needed, he would have.

And right now, he needed to deal with his primal desires. Roughly gathering the fallen figures between paws that were rapidly dwarfing them, he lay back against an apartment block and smirked as it crumbled and ceded to his weight, concrete warping to accommodate him as glass shards scattered on the streets below. He deposited the squirming mass on his member, grinning with sadistic pleasure as one squirming figure

missed the organ entirely and landed on the sidewalk with a dull crack. His grasping hands delicately pushed the tiny furs against his cock, and he let out a sigh of sheer pleasure as they rubbed up against the sensitive flesh, a stray paw curling with delight and gouging a rent in the road. He was careful at first, unwilling to break his playthings so quickly and ruin the fun. Pre and blood mixed to provide lubricant for his efforts as he began to pump a little harder, a little faster along the length of his member, with a crack of ribs here and a pop of joints there not providing any incentive to stop, particularly. Each stroke of the handful of struggling souls brought the cougar ever closer to a climax of apocalyptic proportions – the sheer intensity of the lust and passion raging through his system bringing him to mute, breathless ecstasy. A stray twitch of his hand proved to be all it needed to bring him over the edge into a snarling, growling orgasm - as he felt the fragile forms of his captives break against his colossal rod, which twitched with utter hedonistic bliss as spurt after spurt of warm, bloodsoaked cum jetted onto the street below, coating a cone in front of the cougar in a fine layer of sticky mess. If anybody hadn't been paying attention to the cougar before, the deafening roar he produced certainly shook them to their senses. Panting as he recovered from the agonizing rapture of orgasm and bathed in the warm haze of afterglow, he let his grip on his member slack as the last few dribbles of jizz dripped from the end, the intermingling scents of violence and sex far too enticing to let him go flaccid so easily. Noah surveyed the street lazily from his perch half-inside his ruined building, seeing no life before him but a few struggling, broken survivors gasping their last. He could see none of the smoke he had come to expect from the pathetic creatures he once called peers – if he wanted to enjoy himself a little more, he'd have to go find another crowd to inflict himself upon in order to grow even bigger. A sneer crossed his muzzle at the prospect as he stood amongst the buildings on his street, almost an equal to their imposing height – the thought of crushing them beneath one titanic paw dug itself into his mind as lust began to cloud his thinking once more. The titan raised himself from the ruined building, brushing stray debris and crushed figures from his fur as booming footsteps announced his presence to the city once more.

As Noah strolled idly through the city, though, he could not find a single soul on the streets. Primal lust burned through his system uselessly as frustration set in, his aching need to release himself upon the populace remaining unabated. Hate bubbled through his veins as he searched for someone, anyone to torture – his moment of glory rapidly becoming a memory rather than a reality. As he growled his way through the streets, stomping news stands, SUVs, benches into flattened discs beneath his gore-spattered paws, the anger became all too much for him. Noah slammed a fist into yet another abandoned apartment building, claws ripping the furniture within onto the streets below. He howled his fury, when he felt something impact roughly against his hide – then another hit, and another. As he whipped around to inflict retribution upon his assailants, he noticed dully that whatever had hit him genuinely hurt – a quick brush of a paw along his back confirmed that he was, in fact, bleeding quite profusely. Looking up, he saw the tell-tale signs of aircraft screaming across the sky, the scent of burning that was beginning to fill the air revealing to him that they had already launched their payload. With eyes widened by fear, the cougar staggered back, pushing himself between buildings to dodge death from above. He knew then that this was how it would end – his rampage denied, his ascent interrupted, unless...

"Rat! Nicholas, get over here!" he hissed in desperation, hoping beyond hope that the rat would appear. As a missile roared past him, crashing into the street with a fiery blast, the cougar's attention was drawn to the shadows, a wave of smoke announcing the presence of

a small rat cloaked in blue. The cougar stared down to see a haze of infinite colour resonating off the rat, stronger than any of the emotions he had picked up off the people he had been terrorizing, and a wicked idea crossed his mind as he set a pair of heavy paws down in front of the rat.

"I know what you're thinking," said Nicholas, quite plainly. "I wouldn't recommend it." Without a second thought, a hand snatched him roughly from the ground, bringing him to eye level with the predatory glare of the cougar.

"I don't care what you think, rat. You look like you'll make a fine meal. Besides, you're just like the rest of those idiots down there – you underestimated me. Now I'm a fucking god, thanks to you, and you're only going to make me even more powerful. I'll grind this city into the dirt for all the shit it's given me, and what's more, I'm going to enjoy it."

"I really must suggest you reconsider," yawned the rat, looking almost bored in the clutches of the cougar's massive paw.

"Fuck your suggestions, worm," snarled Noah, taking a deep breath and inhaling the multichromatic fumes drifting from the rat – and regretting it immediately. As pure magic flooded into his system, his brain locked up in utter sensation – the brilliant agony setting every nerve in his body on fire as he dropped Nicholas, screaming in pain as he dropped to massive knees, cracking the concrete of the alley with the impact.

"I told you it was a bad idea," said the rat, smiling smugly. He watched with some satisfaction as the cougar's brown fur turned shockingly white, the pigment bleached out of it as he fell to the ground in pain. "So here's my terms – you belong to me, now. Anything I want, you'll do. Your pathetic form is mine to twist as I please, as is your sadly limited mind. In return, I'll stop this. Quite simple, really, but I don't need to bargain and haggle when I have you over a barrel."

"Please! Please, stop it!" cried Noah, flailing and thrashing against the buildings around him, claws wildly rending deep scratches in the concrete as he lashed out. Nicholas said a few words, and for a moment, everything burned white, all the intensity coalescing in a single, brilliant point of unmatched pain.

Noah woke up in a dingy, poorly-lit cellar, surrounded by arcane trinkets and stacks upon stacks of leather-bound tomes. He found himself dressed in a dull red robe and nothing more, his formerly brown fur flawlessly white as he stared at the paws protruding from the end of the cottony robe.

"You're awake. Good. I have a task for you." Nicholas was sitting wrapped in shadows as Noah thought he noticed flickering eyes staring out at him – or was it just his imagination? He had barely noticed the rat sitting there, so he put it down to the poor lighting as he dragged himself to his feet, exhausted from his ordeal.

"Yes, sir." Noah found himself saying words he hadn't put in his own mouth, as though someone was speaking through him – using him as an oversized puppet. Nicholas stood, taking a battered leather bag from his desk and pressing it into the cougar's claws.

"Take this, go to 88 Belmont Avenue. Get past the front door, then go to the third floor. Take a left, then enter the second door on the right, it should be unlocked. Brace for impact when you go in there, it'll be quite a scene. When you're in there, go collect some magical byproducts using the vials in that bag."

"W-what will I find in there?" stammered Noah, clutching the bag to his chest as the rat glared up at him.

"Two idiots who thought they could play with fire, much like yourself. Now go." Noah found

himself almost compelled to do as the rat said, and quickly scampered up the stairs, slipping the leather strap of the bag around his shoulders as he ran off out the flat.

“good, rat.” “yes, good.” “you are learning.” “changing.” Nicholas looked at the shadows flitting around the room, peering at him through glimmering eyes, and smiled.

“Thank you. You were right – that felt incredible. I’ll have to do it again once my reserves refill.” The rat sat down at his desk again, lighting his small ceramic pipe with a gout of flame from the end of his fingers, taking a long and satisfied drag as he watched the shadowy spirits congregate in the darkness.

“another opportunity presents itself.” “yes, you will not have to wait long.” “we feel his anger. his desperation.” As Nicholas exhaled a plume of smoke, he watched the shadows shape and contort it into a hazy figure – a strapping, muscular canid. As the shadows whispered secrets into his ears, Nicholas sat listening, waiting...

Wrath

"I honestly can't help you, officer. There's just no way *anybody* could leverage that amount of magical energy – even I couldn't. You'd need to be Abyssal to throw that much power around, and Abyssal creatures stay in the Abyss." Nicholas reclined, steepling his bony fingers with just the faintest hint of a smirk on his muzzle. He had come down to the police station to answer a few questions – he was, after all, one of the most knowledgeable experts of Thaumaturgy in the town, maybe the state. Maybe, he whispered only to himself and to the shadows, the world – which was why a lanky, perfectly-groomed hawk in an immaculately pressed suit was asking him some questions.

"So what if one of these creatures came through to our world? Could that be it?" asked the hawk, scratching his beak as he paced the room, cogs turning in his mind as he tried to figure out the situation, the bevy of information the rat was spewing forth at him.

"No. They can't come through, they act through people, and more to the point, they wouldn't do something like this. Those creatures are like any other animal – they don't spend more energy than they need to get their next meal... like investment banking, but with souls, I guess. Like I said, it's a lot of magical energy to make a cougar so impossibly huge – you'd have to violate a lot of the laws of physics just to make sure it doesn't break its bones every time it takes a step, and that takes power – power that Abyssal creatures just are not willing to invest for such a low return as a soul. Even for a cut of all his emotions or energy – it's just not worth significantly more than lending some douchebag with a creepy crush a little mind-bending for the night. I genuinely can't think of any reason for it, I'm afraid."

The hawk sighed, brushing his talons through the brown feathers on his head as he eyed the little rat smothered by the leather chair, almost hidden by the stacks of paperwork and case files cluttering up the hawk's desk.

"Well, thank you for your time, Dr. DeVille. If we have any other enquiries, or should there be another emergency, we will be sure to contact you post-haste." The hawk reached out to offer Nicholas a firm, feathery handshake, which the little rat returned with a smile.

"I may be running in the other direction at the time, but as soon as I stop quivering I will be happy to pick up the call." he said, grinning broadly. "Thanks for taking the time to listen to my long and boring explanations – if you understood even half of that, you'd make a good apprentice!"

"Oh, I think I shall stick to the exciting and less flammable world of investigation, but thank you very much in any case. Can you see yourself out?" asked the hawk, gesturing to the door.

"Certainly." Nicholas scuttled out of the hawk's office, straightening his robe as he walked through the darkened halls of the police headquarters. It was night – the only time Nicholas was comfortable going out – and as such, the rows of desks and stacks of paperwork were sparsely populated at best, a few officers hastily scribbling down some paperwork before they left for the night – and it was one of these officers that caught the rat's eye.

"him." "yes, he is the one." "follow him, rat." "bend his desires to your will." In the darkness of

the half-lit corridors, Nicholas saw a huge canid figure hunched over a desk, a tiny pen just barely visible in his meaty fist. He was a massive German Shepard – one of the biggest figures the rat had ever seen, discounting the cougar that he had... influenced the other day – and well, he was cheating somewhat. The dog clearly worked out, with sculpted musculature bursting out of a tight black police jacket clinging to his frame. Scowling, he slung down his pen, pushing a stack of forms into a plastic tray and hefting a duffel bag onto his broad shoulders. With heavy footsteps, he stomped out of the circle of desks, pushing out the doors and into the night, and so the rat followed.

“Looks pretty angry. Are you sure about this?” whispered Nicholas, watching the big canine strutting down the street as each step stretched his tight clothes against his muscular frame. “yes. his anger will play him right into your hands.” “you will harvest it.” “steal it for your own.” In the shadows of the street, the rat watched shadows flit around the alleyways and under the street furniture, leering out at him with hungry eyes. Though the canine was taking long, striding steps with powerful legs, the rat found himself easily able to keep behind him while sticking to the shadows, as his friends from the abyss guided his movement gently, cloaking him in darkness with ichor-drenched tendrils. A short walk later, and Nicholas watched as the canine pushed into a 24-hour gym, giving the man at the desk a friendly nod as he headed directly to the changing rooms. The fierce halogen lights flickering inside caused Nicholas to squint in pain as he slipped on a pair of dark, smoky glasses, specially made with Odessa’s money. He scuttled up the stairs, watching the shadows melt away as he stepped tentatively into the bright, flickering light only to be hit by a blast of air conditioned, frosty air. The jackal manning the front desk eyed the bony little rat with some suspicion, casting a glance as cold as the air around him at Nicholas.

“Can I help you, sir?” He asked, pointedly as he leant over the desk to look at the short, unimposing little rat.

“Yes, you can. Who was that cop who just walked in? I need to speak to him because I think he dropped something from his bag, just thought I’d return it to him.”

“Who, Stan? Oh, he’s a regular. Watch out for him, though, he’s been in a foul mood recently. You see that guy over there?” The jackal pointed discretely into the heart of the gym, at a huge husky draped over a weight bench, pumping a considerably heavy-looking set of weights almost effortlessly. Squeezed into a set of black shorts with a similarly dark muscle-shirt stretched over an incredible, muscular physiology, the black and white furred colossus had a simple look of contentment drifting airily across his muzzle as he flexed and bent powerful arms – not so much concerned about showing off as much as he was simply enjoying himself.

“The husky? What about him?” asked Nicholas, keeping an eye on the gym in the hope that the German Shepard would return.

“His name’s Michael, him and Stan are... well, friendly rivals, most of the time.” said the Jackal, stretching and yawning a little as he spoke to the rat. The sudden display of teeth, in the past, might have frightened the rat – but filled as he was with sheer vibrant energy and unimpeachable confidence, the sight didn’t even stun him slightly. “Recently, Michael’s been on a roll, beating all his old records – leaving his big, cop friend in the dust. It’s been pissing him off, as you might expect – he’s pretty competitive.”

“Competitive, you say? You’ll have to excuse me, then.” With that, the rat began to head off to the changing room, only to be stopped by the cry of the jackal behind him.

“Hey, buddy, you need a membership to go in there, and I don’t think –”

“It’s fine. I can go in.” Murmured the rat, watching with some degree of satisfaction as the lights above the jackal flickered off, dark tendrils reaching from the darkness and slowly winding their way around the surprised canid, seizing his limbs and grabbing at his exposed throat...

“Uh... okay.” He muttered in return, as the lights flickered back on quietly. “I guess it won’t do any harm this once.” With a smirk of delight, the rat continued on his path, wilting a little under the harsh lights of the gym as he pushed into the changing room. It was, much like the police station earlier, mainly deserted, the only occupants the large canine from earlier and a scrawny ferret attempting to re-tie his tie, the brown fur on his head still moist from the showers. Ignoring the mustelid staring fiddling with his clothes in the mirror, Nicholas stepped right up to the German Shepard, who was examining a couple bottles of weight supplements in his locker.

“You know, those don’t really work. You just digest the proteins – you’d be better off just eating healthy.” Nicholas sidled up to the canine’s muscular thigh – just barely reaching crotch height. He realised with a little dismay that he would probably get neck strain in the course of this contract. Stan looked down his broad muzzle at the rat standing next to him – nearly beneath him – and cocked an eyebrow.

“And what would you know about that sort of thing? You’re a little scrawny to be giving advice on bodybuilding, small fry.” His voice was deep and rich – more movie star than cop, but it fit the giant well.

“I know many things. I know you’ve been in a slump recently – that Michael has been outclassing you in every way. I saw him out there just a moment ago – he isn’t even breaking a sweat. You think he’s been cheating, don’t you? Using supplements, steroids – that’s why you’re staring forlornly at a tub of Beef-ex Maximum Strength.” As the rat spoke, the oppressively bright lights of the changing room flickered and dimmed – nervously, the ferret admiring himself in the mirror picked up his bag and left in a hurry, as whispers from beyond started to fill the room.

“I... you what? How do you – grr.” The German Shepard looked confused and irritated as he stared down at the peculiar rat in his immaculate blue robe, and folded his arms defensively, the thick muscles bulging somewhat as he moved. “Okay, yeah. But anybody could have told you that if they came to this gym. Hell, Michael could have told you, you just saw him, after all. What’s your point? You just coming in here to make me feel like a dick, or do you have a reason for interrupting my already shitty day?”

“You’ll be pleased to know that I do. I know you’re pissed off about this, every inch of your body is screaming it to the world – so you need to harness that rage.”

“Yeah, I didn’t come to the gym so I could listen to a rat spout off some self-help tapes.”

“Just shut up and listen, you overgrown Chihuahua.” huffed Nicholas, stuffing his bony hands in the pockets of his robe. “What if I offered you a way to turn the tables against his cheating – not with steroids or powders or creams, but with good old fashioned sweat and hard work?”

“Hmph. I guess I’d be up for that – I mean, even if it weren’t against that cheater out there, I’d want to get bigger anyway.” replied the canine, pondering the offer.

“...and if I said you could get as big as you wanted? No limits?”

“Look, unless you have something really special to offer me, this is about as big as it gets.” replied Stan, taking the opportunity to flex a bicep that rivalled Nicholas’ torso for size. “I’ve used pretty much everything.”

“Everything except magic.” interjected the rat, conjuring a small blue flame from his baggy sleeves to demonstrate his credibility. “But not just wishing on a few extra pounds, oh no. What I can offer you is this – when you work out, you’ll just get bigger and bigger. More built, more buff. It’ll take your efforts and amplify them-“

“Yeah, right.” snorted Stan, dismissing the rat with a wave of his heavy paw, turning back to look through his locker again. “Look, if that sort of shit was available, I’d have been all over it by now. All magic is good for is causing trouble and funnelling money into the pockets of rats – no offense, little guy.”

“None taken.” replied Nicholas, taking advantage of the canine’s averted gaze to sink bony claws deep within his own chest, pulling himself to pieces as he attempted an old rodentine trick to scare off predators.

A heavy, clawed hand found itself resting on Stan’s shoulder as he turned around to see a mountain of black, shadowy rat staring down at him, eyes glowing with burning blue intensity. “BUT A LITTLE APPLIED THAUMATURGY CAN GO A LONG WAY. YOU’D DO WELL TO CONSIDER IT.” One of the lights in the changing room died and guttered its last as a chill swept through, a few locker doors clattering noisily in the breeze. “THINK OF THE POWER YOU COULD COMMAND – OF HOW BIG YOU COULD GET. BIGGER THAN THIS, EVEN, IF THAT WAS YOUR DESIRE. MOST IMPORTANTLY, BIGGER THAN...”

“That cheat, Michael.” replied Stan, finishing the rat’s sentence. “Okay, I believe you.” he said, staring up at the tall, spindly mass of rat in front of him, cloaked in dark blue robes. “So what do I have to do to get one over on him?”

“Simple.” Nicholas took a step forward, rapidly shrinking back down to a more manageable size as he drew a scroll from his pocket, delicately decorated with shining blue ink. “All you have to do is sign right here.”

“Then working out will just make me bigger right off the bat – no waiting, no fuss?”

“That’s right.” yawned Nicholas, scratching his face idly as the canine examined the text once again. “You’ll grow right before his very eyes.”

“Okay. I’m still a little wary on the whole selling my soul thing, though.”

“Don’t worry about it. Tons of people do it, and nobody even notices. It’s like the appendix – totally vestigial and unnecessary for your well-being.”

“Alright.” nodded Stan, placing his mark on the contract. “I’ll do it, but if this goes wrong...”

“Yeah, yeah, you’ll eat me or do some push-ups or something. I get the gist of it.” As Stan drew the pen away from the page, Nicholas shuddered while sheer life flooded into him once more – Stan visibly wilting as the soul left his massive frame as the rat’s eyes began to burn with magic once more.

“Well, that should be all.” said the rat matter-of-factly, plucking his fountain pen from the meaty paw of the stunned giant, who was still catching his breath from the unusual ritual.

“You should notice an effect immediately – if there are any problems, just call for me. I’ll hear it.” By the time Stan had recovered enough to pick himself up, Nicholas had disappeared. Shit, had that really just happened? The German Shepard shook himself off, and pulled the

shirt clinging tightly to his torso over his head, flinging it into his open locker before turning to admire his physique in one of the many mirrors. He looked a little pale, he had to admit – his fur lacked a certain sheen to it. Probably the rat's doing, he grumbled to himself, as he allowed himself a few poses with those massive muscles. As he gave his biceps an experimental flex, he noticed a burn spreading through his system – as though he had been working the muscles hard, a dull, pleasurable intensity to the sensation – and then it happened. It was almost imperceptible at first, but he swore he saw himself twitch slightly – a few more stretches and flexes and from the way his tight workout shorts were beginning to dig into his waistline, he could only consider one thing.

He was growing! Excited, he stuffed his bag into his locker, slamming it shut as he stepped on through the changing room and into the gym proper. A quick survey of the assorted equipment laid out on the floor revealed his canine rival busy on the bench press, panting softly as he pushed an incredible amount of weight into the air.

"No way." muttered Stan, ogling the weights attached to the barbell with something just short of offended disbelief, watching Michael's muscular arms straining under what must have been impossible pressure. The husky opened his eyes at the whisper, eyeing Stan with an eager grin.

"Hey... buddy! Come to... try and beat... this new record?" With a dull, but loud clank, Michael set the barbell down on the stand, exhaling deeply and stretching out tired muscles as he sat up on the bench. "Afraid you're not gonna be able to match that one, my friend."

"Just watch me. Spot me, I'll show you just how I'm going to beat you tonight." growled Stan, pushing his way over to the bench as the few other regulars in the gym turned their heads, eager to watch this clash of titans unfold.

"Hah. You can try!" smirked Michael, standing up beside the bench, gesturing to the free space with an arrogant flourish of his muscled arms. With an aggressive grunt, Stan laid himself down on the bench, the sheer size of his muscular frame spilling off the edges.

"C'mon, then. Gimme the weight, and you'll see just why I'm so confident."

"You sure? It's pretty heavy, you know." teased the husky, placing his paws on the metal, still warm from his exertions earlier.

"Shut it and watch, shrimp." smirked Stan, accepting the bar as Michael placed it in his arms.

"You're gonna want to pay attention!"

Though the German Shepard struggled at first, much to Michael's amusement, he quickly picked up a rhythm, pushing the bar roughly into the air with rough exhalations, panting and grunting with exertion as onlookers murmured their approval. Though imperceptible at first, the crowd quickly noticed the already-tight pair of navy blue workout shorts begin to strain against growing, thickening legs as firm thighs pushed out against the fabric.

"No way." muttered Michael, taking a step back in awe as he watched his rival growing, beginning to lift the weight without any signs of effort as thick slabs of muscle began to swell over the sides of the bench, the metal beginning to complain under the sheer weight of the canine.

"Mmmm." growled Stan, sitting up on the bench as he took the bar in one meaty hand. "Not quite enough of a workout for me, I think..." He reached out eagerly, snagging Michael's tight black muscle shirt in a steely grip. "C'mere, you."

“Hey, wha-“ Before he could react, the bigger canine had placed the bar roughly on the rack once more, straining as he braced himself against the bench and lifted the massive husky with arms bursting with powerful cords of muscle, eliciting an excited cheer from the watching crowd.

“Oh, you like that, huh?” Stan grinned widely, slowly getting to his feet as his shorts visibly began to split, a large bulge protruding from his hips only getting larger as the waistband audibly began to fray and snap, struggling against the mass of flesh swelling up against it. “Let me show you a little more!” Bracing his legs like sturdy brown-furred pillars against the cool gym floor as his workout shoes were shredded by his paws, the German Shepard tentatively lifted Michael above his head, struggling at first, but finding it easier as more and more muscle was added to his growing form.

“You’re no match for me now, little guy.” rumbled the colossal canine, cresting fifteen, sixteen feet... “I got a little extra help of my own.”

“What are you saying?” spat Michael, whose normally unmatched strength was having trouble in the grip of Stan’s oversized fingers. “Are you accusing me of something, Stan?”

“Now we’re on an even footing, and we can see who’s really the strongest.” Hunching over so as to not scrape his thick shoulders against the ceiling, Stan dragged Michael through the glass front of the gym, walking through the clear, solid plates as though they were wet tissue paper and sending shards scattering to the ground, crunching solidly under Stan’s heavy paws, not quite sharp enough to break through the thick hide of his soles. “Let’s have a little competition, shall we?” he said, grinning as he set the husky down, eyeing a row of parked cars with a grin on his face. “I wonder which of us can deadlift the most cars?”

“What’s gotten into you?” asked Michael, horrified as he caught a glimmer of madness in the German Shepard’s eye, uneasy about the prospect of performing (and losing at) such feats of strength. He was big, that was for sure – but he was nothing on the still-growing Stan.

“Power.” The German Shepard watched as curtains opened and people on the street stood awestruck, staring at the titan strolling down the street almost casually. He stepped up to a sturdy SUV, grasping the chassis roughly between his paws as he hefted it to chest height. “You see? I’m huge. Bigger than you’ll ever be... and I plan on making the most of it.” As he lifted the SUV above his rapidly-growing head, his much belaboured shorts disintegrated, snapping and falling to the ground to reveal an impressively sized erection. Michael couldn’t believe it – his former friend seemed to be getting off on his power over the bugs all around him. Something seemed off about him – and not just the obvious size difference. His formerly glossy, well groomed fur seemed somewhat pallid, and Michael could swear in the shadows cast by the giant there were glimmering eyes peering out at him. Flexing for his adoring audience, the oversized canine found his automotive toy becoming much too small for his paws, no longer providing a decent weight to challenge his statuesque physique.

“Hmm!” smirked Stan, idly inspecting the SUV in one colossal paw as he loomed over the tiny figures beneath him, less than a tenth of his imposing size. “Can’t you little guys build something a little more substantial for a guy as big as me? Something like... oh, I don’t know...” With a wry glint in his eye, Stan eyed the buildings around him as potential toys as he pinned the SUV between bulging bicep and forearm, bracing his free arm against his wrist and squeezing ever-so-slightly. As the metal screeched in protest, Stan grinned widely, enjoying the attention from the crowd as the car’s structure yielded to solid muscle. Like a soda can, the SUV crumpled into a pathetic flat disc against Stan’s bicep with a pitiful crunch.

The colossal canine grinned as he tossed the vehicle down in front of Michael, enjoying the startled look as the husky pricked up his ears in surprised, a formerly impressive specimen of mechanical engineering turned into a shell of its former glory before him. With a wicked, confident smile, Stan placed a hand on his towering manhood, resisting the urge to give into primal urges while he still had so much more growing to do! But... maybe he could allow himself a little leeway. Besides – there was nothing wrong with having a little fun with his newfound size. Heavy paws slammed down across the street in front of the waiting crowd, caught by indecision as they collectively froze, stuck between fight and flight. Their choice quickly became meaningless, as one large paw caught an unfortunate collection of furs beneath a debris-stained sole, the weight behind the canine's powerful, chiselled leg pressing them into the sidewalk with a sickening crack. Stan practically purred with pleasure, his titanic cock giving an involuntary throb of decadent excitement as a bead of pre dribbled from the end, splattering a few of the crowd underneath the ridiculously-sized rod. Stan brought his foot up slowly, giving the crowd a taster of their fate as they witnessed the crushed and cracked stains both on the sidewalk and smeared into his sole – with a wriggle of his toes, he brought the paw down again, catching another group beneath his foot and enjoying the sensation of their fragile forms breaking against his unstoppable power. The scent of blood and violence became irresistible to the predator's senses – bending over, he decided to sate yet another growing urge as he grabbed a few figures tight between his fingers, trapping them in a substantial fist and smirking widely as he brought them up to his muzzle.

“Hmm... you'll be a part of your god, now!” he rumbled, tossing them loosely into his waiting maw, crunching loudly as blood stained his pointed teeth and furs found themselves dashed against the spires of white enamel. The taste was unreal – the giant just had to have more of everything! He wanted more sacrifices, more toys... more size.

Licking his muzzle with eager anticipation, the giant began to move towards the gym when he saw screeching along the street were a few cop cars and a riot van, full of police bristling with protective gear and firearms.

“More toys... excellent.” muttered the giant, huge paws sending cracks down the road as they slammed into the asphalt, heading towards the collection of cars. Police enforcers clad in the black carapace of riot gear spewed forth from the vehicles, spewing forth a hail of lead as submachineguns chattered uselessly against the impenetrable hide of the giant. His foot lingered for just a moment over the biggest of the vehicles – a large, sturdy black truck – while he considered what he was doing. These were his brothers – the men and women he worked with, who trusted him with their lives... that hesitation was to prove unfortunate. As his paw hovered in the air, he failed to notice the red-robed figures scratching the beginnings of a strange and arcane circle on the ground beneath him in oddly coloured paints. Making up his mind, the German Shepard stomped down, hard. He wasn't too happy about them firing on him, after all – a show of force would beat them into idle worship of his godlike form! Thick black pawpads crumpled the truck into nothingness, the shock scattering the crowd of officers to their feet as they stared up... and up... and up... “Like what you see?” Stan pivoted the paw, crushing the truck into the road as he struck a pose, enormous muscles tensing solidly while his gargantuan junk jostled with the movement, swinging ominously over the assembled crowd... just in time to notice the two figures meeting up, completing the circle as it burst into flickering blue flames.

“What is this?” he roared, moving to crush them under his heel – but he found himself trapped, unable to move beyond the confines of the painted circle. Raging and railing out against his cage, the German Shepard only grew larger and larger as he lashed against his invisible prison – the exertion causing more and more muscle, more height to spill forth from his already oversized body. He quickly passed a hundred feet, his thick, behemoth form pressing up against the walls of force, beginning to pinch painfully with tightness as he found himself outgrowing the trap. Panicking, he did the only thing he could think to do...

“Rat! Rat, where are you?” he hissed, large eyes scanning the streets for any signs of the blue-robed rat – finding him perched square on the bridge of his nose.

“You called?” With unnatural balance, Nicholas tottered across Stan’s muzzle, hanging on despite the canine’s flailing.

“You gotta break me out of here! You owe me that much!” he growled, pressing up against the invisible walls of the circle painfully as he kept growing larger.

“Hmm... I don’t think I owe you a thing.” said the rat, smirking a little. “We had a fair deal, after all. What happens to you afterwards isn’t really my business – unless, of course, you want to do a little something extra for me.” Stan growled with frustration, but stood still, trying to squeeze his massive form into a rapidly diminishing space, giant genitalia pressed uncomfortably against the circle walls and providing the figures below with quite a show.

“Just tell me what I have to do.” He grumbled, all one hundred and fifty feet of unmatched physical perfection dominating the buildings below.

“Ha! Not quite so easy, my friend. I want you to pledge yourself to my service. Now and forever – once you do, I’ll help you out...” The rat’s toothy grin infuriated the German Shepard – swiping a paw at his muzzle, he found Nicholas sitting on his shoulder, shaking his head.

“That won’t help you – but I can. Come on – it can’t get any worse, can it?”

“I... argh! Okay!” growled Stan, finding himself short of breath as he ran out of space. “I’ll do it! I’ll do it!” With a blinding blue flash, the pair vanished as the circle burned bright, leaving only thick black smoke and deep pawprints behind.

“Hey Stan. Your membership is coming up for renewal soon... buddy, are you okay?” The jackal on the gym’s front desk stared at the hulking German Shepard, dripping wet in his black police jacket and looking thoroughly worn down.

“Yeah. Got a lot on my mind. Excuse me.” Stan sighed, heading back through the nearly-empty gym to the quiet changing rooms, hoping to quietly knock out a few sets before heading home for the night – but he wasn’t to be so fortunate. Squeezing through the doorframe was Michael, clad in his usual workout gear and wearing a frown of disapproval.

“So you’re back. I don’t know how you managed it, but don’t think I’ve forgotten what you did.” snarled the husky, pointing an accusatory finger at Stan. “Don’t think you can pull off that little magic trick in this gym again.”

“I...” Stan huffed, somewhat taken aback by the hostility. “I only did it because-“

“Save it. You know as well as I do I’d never cheat. My body is just too important to fuck with – unlike yours, it seems.” Michael pushed past Stan roughly, his powerful arms sending the German Shepard staggering backwards as he stomped towards one of the machines, leaving Stan to look after him a little hurt.

“when will you get the husky, rat?” “yes. a strong soul.” “he would serve you well.” Across the street, peering into the mended glass front of the gym, a blue-robed rat sat watching from a

shadowy alleyway, cloaked in darkness.

"Hmm. He'll be tough. He's wary now, ever since I got the other one under my thumb... but I think I may have an angle." Out of the blue, his phone vibrated, shocking him from his contemplation.

"the cougar. another client." "an opportunity." "a battery." The rat drew his phone from the depths of his pockets, considering the message on the dimly glowing screen...

"An otter. This one looks... interesting."

Gluttony

“So do you mind explaining yourself?” Odessa snarled, the tall, voluptuous cougar looming over Nicholas’ insignificant mass, wreathed in feline fury. “I haven’t seen Max and Benny for days. Noah, either. Closest I’ve gotten to news regarding the two was when that giant cougar went on a rampage near Noah’s apartment – did you have anything to do with that?” “Odessa, please.” sighed Nicholas, folding his arms defensively as he perched on Odessa’s leather couch, sitting vaguely in the middle of a living room that smelled of musk and cologne – the site of many of her conquests, and of more interest to Nicholas, the place where it all started slipping. “I’ll take the compliment, but I’m not so powerful as to make impossibly-sized monsters. Max and Benny are probably still fucking each other’s brains out – they were pretty happy with what I gave them. Noah, on the other hand, said something about getting his priorities straight. I think he’s... er, ‘finding himself.’” Odessa sighed, placing herself down next to the rat, draping her curvy form across the leather with a grim look. “Hmm.” She exhaled roughly, rubbing some of the tension out of her temples with a velvety brown paw. “Can you check up on them later tonight? I can’t help but think I’m getting too worried, but you know what these Pacts are like. The demons on the other end sometimes do funny things, after all.”

“Quite.” nodded the rat, concealing a wry smile. If the cougar knew that *he* was the demon on the other end... well, it’d make for an interesting conversation. While he wasn’t exactly one of the Abyssal creatures that lurked in the shadows, his time spent dabbling in darkness had given him some of their potency – most significantly, the power to sign Pacts without borrowing the power of demons. It was all him – and that was the way he liked it, drawing a significant cut of life energy to keep him feeling spry and vigorous, even collecting a soul here and there – though those he didn’t have much use for, it seemed. “I’ll check up on them later. Noah might be harder to find, though. You know what people are like with their quarter-life crises.”

“Oh, don’t tell me about it.” groaned Odessa, rolling her eyes. “You would not believe some of the saddoes we’re getting in the nightclub. Just last night I was accosted by some balding fox with a pot belly and the city’s entire supply of cologne – he genuinely thought he was hot shit. You should have seen his moves.”

“I can imagine.” grinned Nicholas. “Oh, yes! You texted me about a friend of yours, didn’t you? An otter?”

“Ah. Minh. Yes, he’s been seeing doctors for some time now – he’s got a little stomach problem that they can’t seem to diagnose or fix. I don’t know if you can really do medical magic, but...” Odessa wrung her hands slightly, looking a little concerned.

“Say no more. I’ll go over immediately, see what I can do for him. You got an address?” The cougar smiled, producing a crumpled note from her pockets and handing it over to the little rat.

“You’re a good man, Nicholas, thank you.” She leant over, giving him a light peck on the end of his nose, and sending a warm fuzzy feeling to the darkened crevices of his blackened heart...

It was another dark night, just the way the rat liked it. With the hood of his robes pulled up to shield his sensitive eyes from the glare of the streetlights, he stalked his way through quiet

streets with the company of shadows.

“you are arousing suspicion, rat.” “this one must be handled delicately.” “not like the dog.”

“yes.” Flickering eyes peered out at him through dark alleys and under the shadows of the street furniture, tendrils of semi-solid shadow almost licking at his feet as he passed.

“...look, I’ll do what I see fit, alright?” grumbled Nicholas. “I happen to like... big things.”

“you’re letting your desires influence you.” “power should be your goal.” “we did not lend you our aid so you could end up like the cougar’s feline friends, a battery for a greater being.”

The rat sighed. They were right – much as he enjoyed watching his creations play, he couldn’t keep unleashing giant monstrosities on the city and expect them to go uninvestigated – he only had so much leeway.

“Yeah. Yeah, okay. I’ll make this one a power source, too.”

“yes. good.” “one step closer to ascension.” “immortality. unlimited power.”

“Huh?” As Nicholas looked around, the shadows had disappeared. No eyes glimmered in the dark – he was alone once more. Shaking his head, he continued on down the street, finding himself outside a sturdy, well-maintained apartment complex. It was a nicer part of town than the rat was used to – there weren’t any thugs stealing hubcaps, for one thing, and he couldn’t hear any gunshots. Fishing in the pockets of his robe, he drew an old, antique key from his pockets, emblazoned with a skull motif. Tapping it against the lock, he heard a satisfying click, the mechanism yielding to the magic contained within the peculiar little artefact as he pushed his way inside.

“Apartment 73... mmf. I’ll have to get him out of here before I begin.” muttered the rat. “Why can’t my clients live on the ground floor?” Striding up the stairs, Nicholas quickly found the door he was looking for, knocking on the wood roughly as he waited for an answer.

It took longer than he expected, but eventually, an otter pulled the door open, yawning and looking generally run down. Wearing a light olive-green t-shirt and khaki shorts clinging to wide, full hips, the otter adjusted the glasses sitting on his muzzle and ran a webbed hand through messy, unkempt hair.

“...hello?” He said, somewhat bewildered. “I, uh... wasn’t expecting guests.”

“Good, because I’m not a guest. I’m a doctor. I know, it’s astonishing, you thought we didn’t even make house calls anymore.” Nicholas invited himself in, scuttling past the otter and setting himself down on a comfortable sofa, taking note of the butt prints next to him that probably matched the otter’s. “So, Minh. What do you like to eat?”

“Huh?” With a broad paw, the otter kicked the door closed behind him before he waddled back to the couch. “What does that have t-“

“Answer the question.” interrupted the rat, raising an eyebrow.

“I-uh-erm, well, all sorts of things... r-really... my stomach is a little messed up right now, s-so...”

“If you could have anything you wanted, right now, what would it be?” interjected Nicholas, impatiently folding his arms. “This isn’t a test, I’m genuinely asking.”

“Mmm, uh, that’s really a tough question, you know... I... eh... I could go for Mexican?” Minh rubbed his stomach forlornly, dreaming of burritos and tacos.

“Great. Come with me. We’re eating out tonight.” The otter stared perplexed as the rat scampered out of the apartment, leaving him to hurry on after him, nearly forgetting to lock the door behind him, and almost catching his thick tail in the gap when he tried as a reward

for his haste.
“Hey, wait up!”

“Look, I didn’t bring my stomach medication, so I can’t-“ The otter suppressed a sigh as Nicholas sat himself down at a table in a fairly tacky Mexican fast food restaurant, silencing him with a wave of his hand.

“Order whatever you want, and a lot of it. When we’re through, you won’t be having any problems with undereating again.” Nicholas drew a pen and a scroll from his pocket, scribbling roughly on the parchment as Minh grumbled with exasperation.

“Alright, whatever.” He waved down a server, ordering himself a platter of food, not particularly expecting to be able to eat it – and not particularly expecting to be able to outrun the rat when it came time for the dine and dash. As he waited for the food to arrive, Nicholas pushed the paper over with a flourish, leaning over the table to provide him with his pen.

“What’s this?” asked Minh, taking the scroll in his webbed fingers, scanning the paper idly.
“Looks kinda Satanic.”

“Abyssal, actually. That’s some military-grade Thaumaturgy, and it’ll fix your stomach. More than that, actually – you’ll be able to eat anything you want, whenever you want.” The rat’s eyes gleamed with malice as the otter began to study the scroll, finding his head spinning slightly amidst a sea of legalese – but before he could dig into the text proper, a warm platter of all sorts of Mexican delicacies was placed before him, tempting him with the smell. He found himself unable to focus on the shifting, scrawling text as his mouth began to water...

“Uh, okay, sure. That sounds great!” Quickly scrawling a signature and pushing the scroll across to the rat, Minh grabbed a burrito from the tray, pausing only for a moment when he felt something begin to change. The already-tired otter visibly withered in the cheap plastic seat, barely noticing the rat opposite him shivering as energy flooded into his form.

“Enjoy your meal, Minh. I’ll see you later.” Shuddering with raw power, the rat tottered out of the restaurant, leaving the otter alone with his food. Exhausted, the otter stuffed the burrito into his face, quietly chewing to himself – but something was different.

“Oh my god.” mumbled Minh through mouthfuls of food. “This is *amazing!*” Maybe it was because he hadn’t been able to enjoy such a treat for so long, maybe it was because he was tired and hungry, or maybe it was whatever the rat had just done, but he couldn’t stop himself from greedily stuffing one burrito down his throat – then another, then the bowl of nachos on the side, washed down with the cup of soda next to him...

“Fucking hell, this is fantastic!” Before too long, the platter lay rattling on the table before him, picked clean of any and all evidence that food had ever existed upon it as the otter licked his fingers clean, an ominous gurgle resonating from deep inside his stomach.

“Shit, better get that medication... wait.” What he felt wasn’t the usual cramps and pangs he had gotten so used to – rather, he felt hungry. Ravenous.

“Uh, waiter?” he called, flagging down one of the servers. “Can I get another of these? Wait, can I get three?” The crow tucked into a scruffy, bright outfit gave him a puzzled look, but departed to fulfil his request nonetheless. Minh tapped his fingers against the scratched and worn table in uneasy anticipation – the hunger was becoming unbearable. He just had to eat – had to cram more food into his leering maw, enjoying the taste, the texture... he looked around uneasily, and watched as a fox sitting opposite him got up, trotting off towards the

bathroom and leaving his taco undefended.

"No, I shouldn't. It's wrong. If I was him, I wouldn't want—" The otter found himself dragged to his feet almost involuntarily, drifting towards the warm, enticing treat and stuffing it into his mouth roughly, barely chewing it before he swallowed it near-whole. Startled, the otter found himself drawn inexorably towards the plate of nachos being shared by an effete pair of felines, barely noticing the otter staggering towards them before he shoved his fist into the mound of chips, shovelling them into his mouth.

"I'm really sorry about this," he muttered between fistfuls of nacho, spraying the shocked housecats with spit and flecks of chip, before just deciding to take the whole plate. "Sorry!" Leaving them behind, mute with sheer bewilderment, Minh drifted back to his seat for a moment. As he began to sit down, he noticed the kitchen door crack open ever so slightly, a chubby raccoon swaddled in a white chef's outfit muttering something at the staff before disappearing with a twitch of his tail.

The otter was not concerned about the chef, however. As the door swung shut, it brought with it the tantalizing scent of cooking meat, of chopped vegetables, of warm bread, making his already addled head spin. He had to get in there. He had to eat every taco. Stuffing the rest of the nachos into his mouth as he waddled towards the kitchen, he ignored the confused looks of the servers as he pushed past them and into the brightly-lit wonderland of food. Dribbling slightly as he set the empty plate on a steel countertop, the otter found some half-constructed platters sitting out in the open, just waiting to be eaten – with a furtive glance around at the kitchen, he noticed the chubby chef was busy tinkering with a few ingredients over a taco shell. With a wide grin on his face, Minh began to shove food down his gullet, barely tasting the morsels in an attempt to curb the growing hunger. With a flash of his webbed paws, the last platter rattled on the countertop, its contents making its way down to the otter's stomach – and for a moment, he felt stuffed. Otterly satisfied – but it was not to last. A loud gurgle rumbled through his body and he looked down, hunger pangs returning with a vengeance. He seemed different, somehow – it took him a moment of staring dully at the brown fur peeking from beneath his t-shirt before he realised it. He was getting a little chubbier! A little flab was peeking out from underneath his shirt, and he gave it a tentative pat with a wry grin. It had been a while since he had put on weight, and he planned to make the most of it while he could! Licking a few stray traces of cheese and onion from his fingers, the otter pattered over to an unguarded fryer, surreptitiously lifting the wire cage from the bubbling fat, shaking off the excess as he dumped the fried, sizzling contents onto plates. As he waited for the worst of the heat to dissipate, he found himself unable to resist, the warmth stinging his padded fingers as he scarfed down tortillas and nachos alike, ignoring the heat scorching his tongue slightly as he felt the weight pile onto his stomach. Skipping chubby and moving directly to chunky, the otter found himself loosening his belt with one hand as he piled food into his maw with the other, his thighs fattening up alongside his plush rump as his gut developed a generous overhang. Sighing with satisfaction as he polished off the last of the fried delicacies, he turned around to see an incredibly annoyed raccoon staring him dead in the eyes.

“What the fuck do you think you’re doing?” he snarled, fixing Minh with a look of sheer contempt and rage, his chef’s hat quivering somewhat as he fumed ineffectually.

“Uh, I’m sorry?” offered the otter, taking a few tentative waddling steps backwards, his hands out in a vague attempt to placate the raging raccoon. “I can’t help myself!”

“Get the fuck out, you blubbery shithead!” snapped the raccoon, shoving Minh and corralling him towards the door. With a whimper as the sights and scents of the kitchen were denied to him, the chef quickly deposited him on the curb with a swift boot to the rump, his new padding providing him with a soft, cushy landing. The raccoon’s bushy tail flicked through the doorway as it slipped shut, one last whiff of cooking tacos tantalizing to the otter’s nose. He picked himself up, scratching at the door pathetically as his stomach gurgled with thwarted desire before waddling away, forlorn and hungry. As he strode down the dimly lit evening streets, he watched the people passing by with a dull glimmer of hunger in his eyes, his belly protesting as he swore he caught himself staring, almost drooling with starvation at a particularly chubby bovine... surely it was his imagination? Regardless, he squeaked in excitement as the double glass doors of the local supermarket loomed before him, promising aisle upon aisle of delicious treats... wasting no time, the otter scampered through the doors and into paradise.

He almost dove into feeding himself right there and then, but a thought struck him even as he reached for a particularly appetizing pastry stand – if he just started scarfing down food in full view of everybody, he’d get tossed out on his plush behind again, and he wasn’t particularly eager to invite bruising. Instead, he could go to the back room, where he might stand a better chance of feeding himself undetected. He set his eyes facing forward, trying desperately to ignore row upon row of food, the bright packaging, the delicious smells... stomach churning with anticipation, the otter found the door to the stockroom sitting open, and used the opportunity to slip right inside. Boxes upon boxes lay piled up before him in the dull concrete stockroom, every brand and type of food under the sun just ready to be eaten. As he took his first tentative step towards the cardboard mountain, a dull click behind him alerted him to some tampering with the door. Turning quickly, he noticed it had simply closed itself behind him, the green emergency light above flickering ominously, as though it was broken. Shrugging to himself, Minh decided to simply ignore the unusual noise, heading straight for the stocks of food before him, his claws eagerly shredding into packaging in order to sate his ravenous appetites. Biscuits were devoured wholesale. Vegetables were consumed with eager haste. Minh barely stopped to look at what he was shoving in his leering maw as he crammed more and more food down his gullet, a deep, pervasive satisfaction welling forth from deep within his gut as he noticed himself swelling up with accumulating fat. Fat wasn’t quite the word for it – the otter was positively rotund, his body bulging with flab in every direction, his blubbery belly jiggling somewhat as he found himself packing more and more food into his gut. Minh let out a pathetic little whimper as he found his appetite overwhelmed by the sheer speed at which he was shovelling all sorts of mysterious packets down his maw, full to bursting but unable to stop himself just riding the edge of the supreme satiation, chasing a moment of pleasure that would never quite come. He sighed, pushing yet another packet of store-brand tortilla chips past thick, jowly cheeks, looking down at where he once sat, his wide hips more than displacing the space he might have taken up, once upon a time. For a moment, it bothered him – if he had caught a reflection of the blimp-like behemoth he had become in the mirror, it might have given him

pause. Instead, his concerns melted away like the chocolate bars clenched between stubby webbed paws, as he roughly gnawed on them. He was getting a little big for comfort, though. It had its perks, sure – his large, meaty fists cracking open crates with effortless ease – but he had the niggling feeling that he might outgrow the warehouse, given the opportunity. As he packed more and more food into his rapidly swelling, corpulent frame, his sagging belly found itself nearly scraping the floor as he sat splayed out on the concrete. It surely would have been cold, were it not for the intense heat radiating from thick, hearty otter flanks as he gently wiggled, grabbing a box here and there and shoving the contents into his maw. Each mouthful elicited an aching, pained moan of need, the otter desperately chasing the high of being stuffed to the brim with every moment...

Which was, of course, when he ran out of boxes. Opening his eyes, half-lidded from utter indulgence, the otter noted with a look of sheer horror spreading across his chubby face that there was simply no food left to binge on. He was surrounded by empty crates and smashed wood, discarded wrappers littering his flabby brown hide as he poked his nose desperately into their fallen remains, licking up stray crumbs and smears of chocolate as he whimpered with urgent fear. Opportunity struck, however, as a green-shirted employee of the supermarket pushed through the double doors from the supermarket aisles, his jaw dropping when he laid eyes on the gargantuan otterblob jiggling unhappily in the middle of the warehouse. Minh outweighed him by unimaginable amounts – one heavy thigh alone far bigger than the tiny figure below him. A wicked smile crossed the otter's face, chocolate-stained teeth glinting maliciously in the dim light of the warehouse as an angry stag stomped over to him, hooves clicking loudly against the smooth concrete.

"What the hell is going on in here? What the fuck are you doing? How did you get so b-ERK!" Swinging an arm laden with rolls of flab down at the little figure, he squeezed his fist around the stag tightly, crushing the air from his lungs as his legs dangled and flailed. For just a moment, it was unconscionable... he couldn't. His bright green eyes peered over his tiny pair of spectacles, perched on the bridge of his nose. As he stared, his stomach growled in protest of his hesitation. Hunger pangs ripped through his system, and before he could even think twice, the stag was sticking out of his mouth. He didn't care – in fact, he liked it. No, he loved it! The taste of fresh, live, wriggling meat... wait, was he thinking this, or was it his stomach? It didn't matter. Licking his lips, Minh hauled his bloated body up, thick thighs providing some leverage in maneuvering his sheer bulk, though not without significant effort. Sweating and panting, the otter waddled towards the double doors, oversized rump swaying with every step, fat rippling across his frame.

Annoyingly, the door was far too small to fit an otter of such stature through, but Minh wasn't about to let a triviality like that get in the way of his massive bulk. Breaking into a run (...well, a particularly fast waddle) the blob of sheer mass tripped over his chubby paws, tumbling gut-first through the door, bringing destruction and chaos in the form of concrete dust and a shower of brickwork. Wiping the debris from his eyes with webbed fingers, rubbing his glasses on the stretched, ruined t-shirt just barely clinging to his form, he noticed with some delight that his little misadventure had already profited him. Trapped beneath the folds of his fat were a few squirming furs, ready to be plucked forth from their warm and furry prison and placed directly into his needy gullet. He knew it was wrong, on some deep level... but he

found himself unable to help himself. Strong fingers wrapped around one struggling figure, then another, then another, each rapidly deposited down his throat as he enjoyed the almost orgasmic sensation of sheer, unrestrained growth and satisfaction. He was broken, a slave to his hunger, fit only to watch himself swell out further and further, folds of fat creeping along the floor as he stuffed food from the shelves and unfortunate shoppers alike into his rapidly swelling stomach. All too soon, though, he found himself a prisoner, trapped by his sheer weight and unable to move as he chowed down greedily on the last few morsels on the shelf around him. He watched a fox scuttle out of the glass front of the supermarket, but undivided effort could not bring him any closer to his potential prey. He was trapped. Out of food. Out of luck...

Salvation stepped forth from the shadows as a few fluorescent tubes above the otter shattered into oblivion, depositing shards of glass all over the ruined, dusty floor. Striding around some fallen shelves were three figures – one, the short rat who had gotten him into all this, looking imperious swaddled in his blue robes. Two, a somewhat portly albino cougar draped in red robes, holding at swordpoint a panicked looking rabbit in an ill-fitting suit. “Help me!” whimpered the otter, completely immobilized under rolls of fat, his attempts to move those thick, meaty legs in vain as he struggled under his own weight. “Ate a little too much?” smirked Nicholas, condescendingly. “Don’t worry. We’ll get your little problem all cleared up with a little help from the manager. Isn’t that right, Noah?” The white-furred cougar scowled a little, jabbing the antique sword menacingly at the shaking, cowering rabbit. “Here, sign this, and we’ll fix up your store for you. My promise.” Nicholas extended a scroll and a pen out to the rabbit, who took it in shivering paws and hastily signed, pushing it back towards the rat as flickering shadows drifted around wispily in the darkness.

“Why does nobody ever read these things?” the rat muttered, stuffing the scroll in a pocket and casting an accusatory glance at the tubby otterblob, who was moaning in discomfort as hunger pangs wracked his stomach. “Anyway, my ottery friend, you’ll be heading back to the store room now, that’ll be your new home. This rabbit’s gonna keep you well fed, so don’t you worry. Just sit back, relax. Make sure to bring in a lot of mojo. Noah, get cleaning. I’ll deal with this fellow.” Nicholas drove his bony claws into his chest, tearing himself to shreds in front of the traumatized bunny, who watched in silent awe as the rat reassembled himself from solid shadows, a colossus of black-furred muscle. With a significant push, Nicholas hefted Minh, rolling the pudgy, rotund otter back towards the stockroom with a grin on his face. Noah sighed as the pair disappeared into the back, idly blasting the dust around the room with gusts of shadowy wind.

“Y-you’re going to feed me, right?” whimpered the otter, a little dizzy as he rolled around the concrete, his brown fur stained by the grey dust littering the floor.

“yes. and you will feed him.” “delicious magic.” “a useful tool.” As he was pushed across the floor, the otter swore to himself he could see glinting eyes and sharp black teeth in the flickering lights of the stock room, amidst the ruined crates and discarded food packages. The rat pushed Minh into a corner, propping him up against a wall as a couple of red-robed figures scuttled in from a back entrance, carrying a couple of sports bags in and tossing them up to the otter’s wide chest without any particular ceremony. Quietly whimpering, the otter reached down with chunky arms, picking through the bags and stuffing the contents – it was all food to him, now, he didn’t care what form it took – down his throat, the ecstatic

release of satiation bringing the otter to an almost drooling state of felicity, utterly lost in bliss as he crammed more and more food into his gullet.

The rat simply grinned. This one would do well. He shrugged off the shadows as he returned to a familiar height, watching for a moment as the otter swelled out, just ever so slightly more...

Envy

"Please, Min. I just want to complete you, to be warm, safe, happy with the rest... y'know how important family is to me. I want to join my little family..." Two figures sat entangled in the gloom of a basement, reeking of musk and sex as candles flickered and shadows wrapped around the corners of the room, almost sentient in their exploration. Sitting one atop the other on a plush, velvet loveseat, strange whips and toys scattered about them along with abandoned lingerie was a skunk and a badger, black and grey and white fur all intertwining. Clad in what might once have been a suit, now ruined by the night's activities with musk, sweat and... jelly... the badger writhed as the skunk grinned, grinding deeply against the badger's pelvis. He was an... interesting figure, the skunk. The stocky, well-built badger winced at the pleasurable sensation as the skunk rubbed his plump, rounded butt against him.

"Oh, I don't know about *that*," smiled the skunk, the ivory horns gleaming dully in the candlelight betraying his demonic heritage as he draped himself across his prey. "Maybe you should beg for it. Mmm, not everyone gets to be so lucky, you know." The badger's scrabbling hands brushed and tweaked at the demonic skunk's fetishy outfit, his fingers tracing down the striped legwarmers clinging to wide, powerful legs. Standing up slowly, the skunk waved his oversized tail in the badger's face, brushing him liberally with the musk so indicative of his species, then spun slowly on the balls of his feet, cloaking himself with a wave of that black-and-white striped tail.

"You want to be a part of me? It's a very exclusive club, you know," he purred, leaning in, resting an obscenely-sized, bulging crotch on the badger's lap, the scent of sex overwhelming his already intoxicated head. The badger tentatively put his hands on a gargantuan pair of balls, barely concealed behind straining underwear and pleasantly hot to the touch. He couldn't even fit his hands around the oversized organs, instead electing to rub at them gently, eager to please the purring skunk draping himself over his body. "You think you got what it takes?"

"Yes!" moaned the badger, finding himself utterly, utterly aroused as the skunk ground his junk against his belly, warm, comfortable, and utterly dripping with musk. "Please, just do it!"

"Anything, my master," crooned the skunk, slipping a trained, dextrous hand down the badger's pants, nibbling at his nose for a moment while he teased his client's needy erection with a sinister, toothy grin. "Anything you desire..." In a flash, the skunk had his jaws around the badger's head, sliding him down a throat that could not possibly have contained him. He ate slowly, the badger disappearing in sections – his head, his torso, his legs - and from the skunk's swelling endowments, it was clear he was enjoying himself. The badger wasn't wriggling as much as the skunk would like, but nonetheless, he provided a satisfying meal, a contented grin plastered over his white muzzle as he lay himself down on the loveseat, patting a bulging furry belly with affection. Sighing deeply, he curled his toes against the soft, thick carpet, stretching out and yawning as the sheer weight of his captured prey pinned him to the seat momentarily, the feeling of his struggles almost unbearably delightful.

"I'd love to stay," he said with a contented yawn. "But there's more fucks to be had." He stretched up and out as he lifted himself from the velvety cushions, smiling as his captive was absorbed into energy. He noted, with some pleasure, his hips were fattening out a little,

and with a wry grin he noticed a little mark shaped like the badger's face fading into the fur on his flank. Chuckling, he brushed off his clothes, turning them from tight, fetishy attire to more a more casual red shirt and jeans, specially cut to deal with his... prodigious size. He took a few languid steps, admiring the new sway in his step as the badger added to his lower half, then took another, heading up the stairs that led down to the basement.

It... didn't work. Confused, the skunk tried to push against the invisible barrier that seemed to be containing him, eager to get on the steps and make his way out of the abandoned basement. No matter how much he struggled, though, he couldn't quite break past it, clawing and flailing at his prison to no effect. Muttering and spitting curses, the skunk sat down on the loveseat again, drawing the almost-solid shadows of the room around him and producing from the aether a few doofy-looking minions, watching them scabble about on the shag carpet as they solidified into existence. Reaching to about knee-high on the demonic skunk, the little creatures blinked up at him with three pairs of eyes each, glossy black with oversized paws.

"Hi master!" one chirped, hugging into his trouser leg and wagging his little tail. "What you want us to do?" Another hopped up onto the sofa, leaning in to allow the skunk to pet his head, smiling a cute little smile as he chirred happily.

"I'm stuck down here, I think." sighed the skunk, leaning back on the sofa as he summoned a scroll from the darkness. He unravelled it quickly, probing the text scrawled across it with a clawtip as minions ambled around at his feet. "Oh, right. Yeah, I fucked up." The minion sitting next to him looked over, peering at a section of text highlighted by the presence of the skunk's fingers. "I agree to serve the client until such a time as I am released from service. Well, fuck. Probably shouldn't have eaten him first."

"Yeah, master. That was a mistake!" chirped the minion, far too cheerfully for the skunk's liking. "I'm no lawyer, but that sounds like you really fucked up!" The skunk scowled a little, swatting at the minion as he grumbled and rolled up the scroll.

"Shush! I need you guys to go out and find any big source of magic. Anything will do, Thaumaturgists are better. I wanna break out of here before I get hungry!"

"You got it, master!" Scrambling over their comrades, the minions milling about his feet scabbled up the stairs and out of the basement, leaving the skunk all on his lonesome amidst the gloom of the basement. He sighed, hoping someone would pass by soon...

"Look, no, I don't want you getting too close to him. Noah did, and he's missing a hand now! You have to be careful with that big fucking blob!" Scuttling down the darkened streets of the evening, a short, black and white rat clad in dark blue robes was scowling into his phone. His... employees were acting up, again, it seemed – the last thing he needed when he had to provide emergency medical treatment to a cougar missing body parts. "Throw him a crate of fucking twinkies, I don't care! Just keep well back!" Sighing with frustration, the rat hung up his phone, disposing of it in the endless pockets he kept hidden amongst his robes. He ducked down an alleyway, a conveniently rat-sized shortcut to his talisman dealer, and was immediately confronted by a wall of staring yellow eyes and glossy black shadow-creatures. He froze, not quite expecting to be mobbed by shadows – at least, not without having fucked up some significant magic.

"Hi mister! We need you to come and help our master!" "Yeah! He got stuck in a basement!

He really fucked up!" "Please, mister, he's a super nice guy!" Feeling tall for once as the little creatures tugged on his robes, pleadingly, the rat allowed himself a smirk. Abyssal creatures like these weren't easy to summon, so to learn that some powerful magic-user had gotten himself in such a bind that he was reduced to begging...

"I'd love to help, but I'm very busy." he said, patting a minion attached to his leg gently on the head. "A... friend of mine is hurt, and I need to get him some things to fix up his hand."

"Oh, we can get you those things! Just come and help the master first!" The minions took a hold of his hands, trying to drag him towards their master... without much success.

"Well, why don't some of you go pick up my grocery list, and the rest can lead me back?"

The rat produced a battered leather journal from deep within his robes, carefully licking a claw before tearing an aged and worn page from inside. He handed the page to a little grasping paw, smiling as the little shadowy figure rallied his comrades and scuttled off, the rest tugging and pulling on his robes as he followed them through the grimy sidestreets, to the back entrance of a grungy sex shop.

"...here? Really?" muttered Nicholas, scampering up the steps with the minions and following them through aisles of sex-toys and dirty tapes.

The skunk's ears perked up as he heard footsteps on the stairway, his eyes locking on the rat taking careful, measured steps down the steps.

"Got yourself into a predicament?" questioned Nicholas, eyeing the skunk with a probing glare. The pair shared a moment of tension, each staring the other up in an attempt to determine their capabilities. Nicholas caught the whiff of the Abyss off him – mixed in with his strong, natural scent, of course – and grinned a sharp grin.

"A demon. Of course! How very interesting." The rat strutted up to the skunk, little shadowy minions in tow, examining the taller figure's body in the dull light.

"a test, rat. bend him to your will." "it is not easy to subvert an incubus to your whims." "they play a delicate game of master and slave, rat. be wary." The rat's ears perked up as he heard the familiar voices of the Abyss whispering in his ears, but the skunk showed no sign of noticing.

"So, skunk. What's your problem? Maybe I can help." The rat sat himself down on the velvety cushions, casting a brief glare at the obscene bulge crammed into the skunk's jeans.

"Well..." said the skunk, running his hand softly down the rat's arm. "You can call me Min, 'cause that's my name! I'm an incubus, y'see, and I was bound down here to serve a master... but he left. Didn't even write. So I'm stuck down here, withering away to nothing..."

Min smiled, but not for long. He tried to expand his consciousness, to read the rat's intentions, desires, thoughts... but found he was burning bright with magic, any readings concealed by the sheer background count of the mana pulsing around him. "You seem like a powerful man, little rat... maybe we could help each other out. I am looking for a new master, after all, and I can cater to almost any desire..."

"I bet." smirked the rat, batting away Min's groping paw. "Yes, I think we can come to an arrangement. I could use an incubus, definitely."

"Mmm, wonderful." The skunk purred, draping his upper body across the rat's lap, staring up at him with a gleam in his eye. "We're going to have so much fun."

"Oh, yes. You don't know the half of it. Sit still a moment." The rat dug his hands into his robe, producing a pen and scroll from deep within before setting it on the skunk's chest and scribbling.

"A Pact? Should have guessed." purred the skunk, his tail waving gently as he lay still across the rat's lap. "I gotta warn you, I'm pretty good with them myself..."

"Makes a change." Nicholas muttered, scribbling roughly against the skunk's furry hide. "You wouldn't believe how many people just skim the bloody things."

"Nah, I'd believe it. Lotsa experience."

The skunk yawned, pressing his paws up against the armrests of the loveseat and kneading his toes against the velvet as Nicholas finished up the contract, passing it over for him to read. With a smile, the skunk, scanned the text quickly, with trained precision, analyzing loopholes and clauses with expertise.

"Hmm, surprisingly fair. In return for freeing me from the service of my absent master, I serve as your sexy little skunk-slave until you release me, or you die. In addition, you get a little cut of all the mojo I drain... works for me!" Min scribbled a signature at the bottom of the paper, watching it ignite and melt into the shadows after he laid his mark on it. The rat visibly wilted, the demon watching mana crackle around him as he destroyed the Pact between him and his old master. As it burned into the aether, Min felt the connection between him and the rat coalesce, allowing him to tap just a little bit of the thoughts previously barred to him... big. The rat liked things big. With a grin on his face, the skunk stood to loom over the rat, offering a hand.

"Come on, little guy. Let's go break in this contract somewhere nicer!"

"Agreed. I have just the place." The skunk pulled him up from the loveseat, and ushered him out with his large, strongly scented tail, up and out of the dingy cellar and into the night.

"Nice place you have here. Be a shame if it got all covered in goo." teased the skunk, examining the rat's living room. Stacks of books lay on antique furniture, dim light flickering across bookshelves and old leather seats. The skunk's musky aroma quickly mingled with the scent of old books and odd rituals as his tail waved gently, brushing against the surfaces. "Easy, incubus. No need to destroy my carpets just yet. I need you to go down to a club and work your magic while I recharge my batteries a little. Can't break out the freaky shit while I'm still dry from breaking that Pact."

"Oh, but... don't you want to play?" The skunk pouted, running a hand across the obscene bulge held between his chubby thighs. "I mean, this big ol' thing can get a lot bigger, y'know." He grinned, watching the rat flush ever so slightly as he tweaked at his robes.

"L-later, perhaps. C'mon, get out of here. You have some work to do." The rat sank his palms into the skunk's full, rounded rump, pushing him out of the doorway as a large fluffy tail brushed at his face, drowning him in an intoxicating musk that made his head spin. The skunk simply giggled, dragging his feet along the carpet as Nicholas tried to evict him, but he eventually relented, draping himself around the doorframe.

"Alright, little guy. I'll go out and get lots of work done, just for you." Pulling the door shut behind him, he took to the street, enjoying the looks of bewildered passers-by at his gargantuan package as he strolled towards the nightclubs.

"Fucking hell." Nicholas sat gingerly on a leather couch, his head still swimming from the thick, intoxicating musk as he sighed deeply. "That was close." He placed his hands on a straining, needy crotch, the skunk's unimaginably huge set of equipment burned into his mind as he bit his lip in frustration. "Soon." Muttering, he scuttled off into the basement,

surprised to find it filled to bursting with the little shadowy minions, clinging to Noah who was clutching his bloody stump of an arm and whimpering.

“Hi master!” chirped the minions, pressing ingredients and talismans into the rat’s hands.

“We got everything for you, and we kept this guy company too!” The look of despair in Noah’s eyes said it all, as the rat sighed and began to mix up a few ointments...

It was a gloomy night, but quietly overcast and dry – perfect haunting weather. Min strutted down the street, savouring the shocked glances and drooling expressions he gathered as he stalked along the street, his long, thick tail brushing a few he picked as favourites and dusting them gently with powerful musk. By the time he had reached a seedy, dark nightclub, he had a few followers, held transfixed by the hypnotic swaying of his tail.

“He’ll cover it.” he murmured to the bouncer, smirking as his ardent worshipper took his wallet out, the skunk disappearing into the crowd ahead, music blaring loudly as he slipped through the dancing, writhing mass, an occasional brush against his oversized package putting a grin on his face and a tingle down his spine. His tail drifted through the crowd, cutting through dancing couples and brushing up against amateur pick-up-artists, intoxicating them all equally with blinding desire and hearty musk as they watched the skunk cut a swath through the crowd, his jeans tightly swaddling his hips as they swayed alluringly past. The skunk led the growing band of followers drooling over his tightly packed curves and tantalizing musk further into the club, pushing into the men’s bathroom and sniggering as the bathroom attendant boggled at his massive organ, straining against taut jeans and ready to unleash itself. His new group of followers followed inside, pressing themselves into the tight space as Min undid a few buttons with a grin, loosening the back of his jeans ever so slightly to expose the base of his tail as he yawned, leaning and stretching against the wall...

They barely saw it coming. With an almost pneumatic, pressurized hiss, the little crowd found themselves completely coated in warm, musky goo as the skunk sprayed them liberally with his scent glands, smirking as the room became hot and musky with his stench. Blinking and examining the sticky substance on them, the crowd’s combined look of disgust quickly turned to lust and ecstasy, as they began tugging on their clothes and grinding against each other. The skunk chuckled, feeding off the raw energy of the situation as his new cadre of worshippers stripped each other, moaning and writhing against the tile. Min leaned over, grabbing an attractive female fox and a burly, muscular stag, drawing them up against his warm, richly scented fur, his tongue lolling in pleasure as the immediately began rubbing up against his king-sized cock.

“Good little slaves.” he murmured, his rod stiffening up in his sheath as the pair rubbed and stroked against his growing length. Unwilling to shred his clothes just yet, the skunk let his belt loosen as his jeans slipped down his meaty flanks, the eager worshippers shuddering as they were bathed in the deep, intoxicating scent of the sweating, heaving sac they saw before them. “Normally I’d treat you right, but I’m afraid I have an appointment to keep.” With a rough grasp of his hand, he snatched the fox’s muzzle, bringing it down and pointing it into the quivering head of his cock, slimy with pre already as he guided her face into his growing slit. Two feet long and barely erect, the skunk shivered with utter delight, his toes curling into

the tile as his mammoth meat plumped up around the fox, swallowing her into its musky depths as the flesh bulged with her passing... but he wasn't done, not by a long way.

Rubbery purple tendrils sprouted from his back, wrapping tightly around the stag as he nuzzled into Min's white, bulging sac. The skunk lay down on his thick, padded tail, rolling slightly as his colossal cock bobbed in the air, the vixen's struggles clearly outlined against his throbbing meat

"Sorry hun, but I need every advantage I can get. Don't worry, though. You'll like it in me!" Purring with pleasure, the skunk dragged the stag across the tiles roughly, up against his rump, savouring the sensation of the stag's thick muscles against his ring. With a low moan of pleasure, he slid his captive deeper and deeper inside him, the stretching unbearably ecstatic as he panted and yipped with unmatched bliss. A loud slurping noise and a heavy weight against his balls told him that the vixen had finished being fed to his cock, and with an eager grin he rubbed his arm up and down the length of his bigger, badder rod, watching it throb larger and larger as the hapless prey in his balls fed him. Growling in pleasure, the skunk lay back in agonising ecstasy, eager tentacles snaring a few more unfortunate victims from a pile of writhing fur and various bodily fluids. He gasped in perverse rapture as the stag disappeared up past deliciously plump cheeks, a stray leg sucked deep within him with a satisfying squelch, only to feed the tingling growth of his widening hips and fattening rump. He sighed and smirked, patting his rod as muscular tentacles brought yet more prey down his leering jaws and throbbing rod. With a sensual lick, he opened his jaws wide, dripping saliva and other demonic substances as his tongue and tentacles worked in tandem to feed his prey, drunk on lust and pheromones, down his waiting throat. He wolfed them down, lurching them down his throat as almost every aspect of his absurdly overproportioned body kept swelling further and further, his balls frighteningly huge, his cock monolithic and dominating, those hips and butt just full of curves and ready to impress. They wriggled and fought against the strong tentacles pushing them down his throat, filling him almost to capacity, but they couldn't compete with demonic strength, Min simply reclining in orgiastic felicity as he felt all four little worshipers struggle inside him, utterly stuffed as the two down his throat slid the last few inches deep within his large, white belly, immediately expanding as they dropped into the skunk's stomach.

"Ohhh... delicious." moaned Min, his large, musky rod dripping pre... but no, not yet. He was just going to have to save his lust... make himself impossibly desirable. He had to break his new master, and devour all the delicious essence burning bright around him... and, well. He *did* have a little bit of a thing for him, he had to admit to himself. He was like a blank slate for so many of his deep, dark perversions, just waiting to be brought to life with the strokes of his brush... well, his near-hypnotic tail, perhaps.

With a grunt of sheer effort, the skunk lifted himself up off the floor of the bathroom, still weighed down by the worshippers stuffed in each and every part of him, even as they dwindled away to nothingness inside him to feed his tingling growth. He stood a little taller than he had a moment ago, and with a grin, the skunk noticed thick, healthy fur sprouting around his tight sheath, a fluffy white treasure trail running up his exposed belly. A symbol of fertility, he reckoned, smiling his way out of the bathroom and over the pile of slobbering, mindless fur.

“Sorry, guys. I’d join ya, but I’m super busy... keep enjoying yourselves, though!” He inhaled deeply of the reek of sex and musk, feeling supercharged with demonic energy from the unfolding orgy as he did up his jeans once more, the once-obscene package now utterly pornographic, huge and bulging against jeans just ready to pop open on his taut butt, his tail once again swaying with barely concealed pleasure as he drifted out the club, back towards the rat’s abode. It didn’t take him long to strut through the quiet evening streets, many furs already out at the clubs and bars by now, but he still enjoyed the looks of brain-shattering bewilderment his extravagantly oversized endowments picked up as he sauntered down the sidewalk. It wasn’t long, however, before he found himself knocking on the rat’s front door yet again, quickly adjusting his hair and tightening his belt just a notch, all the better to display his prominent package. The door opened to reveal the rat, a little smoky and marked with ashes as he dusted off his blue robes.

“Oh, excellent, you’re back.” smiled Nicholas, ushering the skunk inside. Min purred lazily as he sauntered inside, his tail brushing against the rat... but something was amiss. As he draped himself around the little rat, he found himself unable to feel the thoughts rolling off him, that barely-contained desire he was feeding off not so long ago nowhere to be found, even as he rubbed skilled hands against that oversized bulge, the skunk’s warm musk beginning to fill the living room. All he could see from the rat was the burn of magic surrounding him, sheer power smoking from his short, bony form.

He wanted it. He couldn’t deny it – the chance to drain the rat of all that mojo was utterly intoxicating. The things he could do with it – oh, it’d be marvellous, decadent, hedonistic! The fact he couldn’t bring his most potent weapons to bear... well, a challenge was always nice now and then. He sat down on the rat’s couch, his tail delicately draped over the furniture as he sat quietly watching his would-be master.

“You must have been hard at work, I could already feel the profits rolling in, so to speak.” Said Nicholas, sitting down in a leather recliner as he fished a pipe from his pockets, stuffing it with odd herbs before lighting it up and taking a long drag, the peculiar scent mixing with the skunk’s natural musk.

“Yes, master, of course.” Min replied, a small smile on his face as he stood, strutting over to the rat with a sway in his wide, wobbling hips. “So very hard at work to make myself the best possible servant for you.” That enormous package jostled gently in front of the rat, who showed no signs of interest, simply taking another long, languid draw from his pipe, blowing smoke at the skunk.

“That’s great to hear.” Nicholas said, yawning a little as a little smoke escaped from his mouth. “You look a little more invigorated, I must say.”

“Oh, but of course.” purred the skunk, slinking onto the rat’s lap and nestling his obscene bulge between his pelvis and the rat’s bony chest, the taut fabric straining against the captured beast. “I wanted you to see just how big I could get for you... I think it likes you, little rat.”

“Clearly. It is rather... impressive.” The rat raised an eyebrow, tracing a bony hand across the seams of Min’s straining jeans, particularly around the bulge bursting from his crotch. The oversized cock stirring within responded to the touch, throbbing with growth as the skunk purred with delight.

“And it’s all for you, ratty...” the skunk nuzzled against the rodent trapped beneath him affectionately, giving him a little lick on the nose as he rubbed his package into Nicholas’ chest, revelling in how it throbbed larger and larger, his lust beginning to run wild...

“How very generous of you.” Nicholas yawned and stretched, seemingly ignoring the oversized bulge pressing into him as Min bit his lip in squirming, thwarted desire. “You can go harvest some of my little worshippers for sustenance, if you’d like, though.”

“Prrr... but I want *you*, ratty, not your followers. You’re so powerful, so potent – how could they match someone of your skill?” His member was beginning to escape the confines of his jeans as seams started to split wide open, his fuzzy white sheath beginning to peek out and his stiffening member making its presence known as it throbbed ever larger.

“Well, I’d love to partake, but... no, I think not.” The rat ran agonizingly teasing hands across the skunk’s cock, as his jeans burst to reveal a musky, swollen cock poking out at him, a bloated sac pulsing slightly as they kept growing larger. Nicholas ran his hands across it, his clawtips sending ecstatic sparks of lust up the skunk’s spine as he wriggled in pleasure, his lust burning madly. “I’ll leave you to it.” The rat slipped out from under Min, leaving him wet with the first few spurts of dribbling pre and half-mad with averted lust.

“Come on, ratty... is this not big enough for you? I can get so much bigger...” the skunk growled with bliss as he concentrated, surging up in height by a few feet, looming over the rat... but it didn’t feel quite right. Something was up with his usual shapeshifting self... usually, he’d use his powers to read the desires of his prey, to warp his body to fit their twisted whims. Instead, he found himself becoming a reflection of his own particular kinks, as his chubby form became positively chunky, a bit of a belly forming and a white treasure trail leading down to a particularly bushy crotch, his oversized endowments only swelling further and further as he found himself overwhelmed by lust. He had to do something – he had to have that rat, to free himself from his... peculiar influence. His head swimming, the skunk staggered over the old, leathery furniture, tripping over a couch and crashing through the rat’s wall into the street outside as he grew even bigger. Brickwork and dust blasted forth as the skunk’s mass crashed through it, his oversized anatomy spilling out onto the street...

Min picked himself up, his giant-sized cock towering over the street as he stood about twelve feet tall, his imposing rod almost half that as he reclined against a set of heavy, churning nuts, watching a few figures in the street looking up at him. As he brushed the dust out of his black and white fur, a twitch of his tail sending concrete drifting to the street below, he spotted the rat muttering to himself as he climbed out of the ruins of his living room, the tiny 3’ 2” figure covered in brick and plaster marks.

“So sorry, ratty... maybe I can make it up to you?” He sighed with barely-concealed pleasure as he bent down, prodding Nicholas with his impossible length, grinning as he saw that oversized organ dwarf the little rodent. Nicholas pushed at it with his bony claws, the sensation of his fingers against the skunk’s sensitive flesh almost unbearable. Min rolled his eyes, biting his lip with untempered, burning lust.

“Like I said, not interested right now. Why don’t you go harvest a few more souls for me?” With a grin, the rat pushed away the rod of warm, musky meat bobbing over him. Min growled a little, stroking at his cock a little to stave off the all-consuming desire that seemed to be flooding his entire body... with a glance around, the skunk laid eyes on a couple of shellshocked bystanders, vacantly staring up at his impressive physique.

“Maybe I should show you how good it’ll feel to give in to me...” His tentacles sprouted from his back once more, lashing out to wrap around the dumbstruck watchers within his fleshy coils. He licked his muzzle as he reeled in his tentacles, pressing the pair of them against the base of his fluffy, musky tail, enjoying the feeling of their squirms against his sensitive flesh. With a grunt of pleasure, the skunk pushed them deep against his musk glands, a near-orgasmic feel of tight, squirming pleasure as they wriggled in the gooey reservoirs.

"If you let me play with you, ratty, you could end up big too... mmm, no limits to the depravity you could sink to." Clearly visible and squirming either side of his hole were two prominent bulges, causing the skunk to fall to his knees in utter pleasure, cracking into the pavement with his newly-acquired weight. The rat watched with something a little like awe as those squirming figures only seemed to swell larger and larger against the skunk's chubby, well-rounded cheeks. He stroked at his colossal length, thick, viscous pre slicking his hands and dripping to the street below as he encircled his dick with his rubbery tentacles, worshipping every inch of it while he waited for his little prisoners to grow to the right size. He gasped and groaned as he massaged himself until the tightness was just too much to bear, the squirming bulges pressed up inside him torturously squeezing against his innards with sensation beyond measure – and so it was with great relief that he skunked the few witnesses that had gathered with his musky, aphrodisiac gloop, depositing his prisoners onto the street below with an ominous slurp. The two had taken on aspects of the skunk – they were huge, for one thing. A little bigger than the looming Min, the pair got to their feet, uneasy with their newfound bulk as they found themselves in possession of a lot more body fat than they had previously. A hirsute male bear and an equally hairy and heavyset female red panda, they explored the new additions to their anatomy with wide grins and wandering hands, poking and prodding at their overhanging bellies and oversized genitalia with little gasps of pleasure.

Min smiled as his new playthings let their hands over their impressively chunky forms, towering over the street as the few figures coated with the sticky, aphrodisiac goo crowded him, poking around his thighs and reaching for his bloated sac.

"Mmm, no, I think not. Why don't you go and help out those two?" He gently ushered them over to the two giants, watching as they began to grab and grope at their new masters. Almost unconsciously, the two giants scooped them up, pressing them into soft, warm, dark spot and purring with ecstasy as their tiny helpers rubbed and stroked at their musky, sensitive flesh. As more and more indoctrinated little pedestrians were added to the vast squirming mass, the pair found themselves moaning their pleasure for the whole town to hear, their attributes growing and growing as the squirming figures were absorbed into them. They began to loom over even the skunk's impressive form, and he found himself irresistibly attracted to the bear's big, sweaty soles...

"Absorb her and you can have me all to yourself." Min whispered, stroking a talented hand down the bear's huge, fatty flank as his tail drifted up and tickled at his nose, overwhelming him with musk. He simply nodded and obeyed, taking a hold of the red panda who was lost in lust, tiny wriggling figures disappearing into various moist, warm holes as she grew, and pressed her head into his maw, lifting her forth with supernatural strength as he tasted the sweat and lust dripping from her. He wolfed her down, sliding her down his throat with unnatural ease, feeling her stretch and test his body to the limits until with a last twitch of her fluffy tail, she disappeared into his gut, filling him completely and accelerating his growth to ridiculous levels. He was huge, there was no other word for it, and the skunk found his own massive endowments stirring with desire...

As the bear rumbled with satisfaction, the skunk wrapped those thick, chunky legs up with his tentacles, bringing him onto the rough asphalt below with an ominous crack, fractures rippling across the structure of the road. The throbbing, pulsing erection bigger than a city bus bobbed in the air in front of him, as he pressed himself up against large sweaty paws that curled and yielded to his nuzzling. He sighed deeply, inhaling the scent and rubbing his body hard into the crook of the bear's foot. His arms wrapped around thick, wiggling toes as

his rod found itself at full size, the sensitive flesh rubbing desperately against the bear's leathery soles, his black and white fur soaked with the sweat beading from the bear's exertions. He kneaded and pawed at those oversized toes, but as he nuzzled into them, he caught the rat watching from atop an upturned car, smoke drifting gently from his pipe, and he remembered his goal.

"Sorry, big guy, and I was having so much fun too..." He pressed his long, sensitive rod up against the bear's ring, what would have been an easy task due to the size difference made tight and taut by the sheer size of the skunk's demonic endowments. Min grunted as he felt his cock grow even further inside the bear, stretching him beyond his limits as he lay drooling in a sweaty puddle of his own pleasure, pre drooling from his own significant set of genitals as the skunk sensually slid his length between the bear's wide cheeks. Gritting his teeth with pleasure, the skunk felt the bear ceding to him, as his claws dug into his big brown thighs, helping him to force his impossibly sized cock up to the hilt. Each thrust brought impossible pleasure to the two, the skunk's normally sultry and collected demeanour shattered as he snarled and purred with burning sensation sending shivers down every sparking nerve. He lost himself in sheer growth as the bear found himself becoming a part of that huge, musky skunk, his throbbing rod bearing the brunt of the effort as it surged bigger and bigger inside the ursine, the tightness unbelievable as the skunk found thrusting in and out of the bear's violated ring near impossible, leaving him content as he panted, his dick simply finishing off the bear with an ominous slurp.

Min rubbed his head, still a little fuzzy with ecstasy and the desperate need to cum. He was still growing, the bear feeding him even still as he rubbed at that aching, needy cock... a little lost in sensation, he scanned the street below, only to spot the rat, a tiny little figure on the street below. The skunk pressed his giant nose in, bending down to look at the little figure, perhaps to read his mind a little – but there was nothing. He didn't even *look* aroused. Wasn't this what he wanted? He was practically gagging for it before, and now... the incubus couldn't even smell the most basic of pheromones drifting from his small and skinny form. Maybe... maybe if...

"Maybe this would be more to your liking, hun." With a slow lick across his sweat-stained muzzle, the skunk closed his eyes and concentrated. With a little effort, he diverted a little of the growth yet to come towards some shapeshifting. He shifted on the balls of his feet, a hand running tenderly across his monolithic member as a set of plush, fat breasts erupted from his chests, quickly followed by another just below them. Beneath his set of gargantuan, pendulous balls, a slit quietly opened up and developed into a juicy set of netherlips, dripping musk and sex as the skunk bit his lip in sheer arousal. "W-what do you think? Does it please you?" Almost automatically, the skunk found himself rubbing and stroking up against a building with those new set of oversized tits, bigger by far than his head, almost matching his churning sac in size as they smothered his needy cock with their warm, soft flesh. Almost building-sized himself, the skunk took a firm grip of the block of apartments, ramming his spire of meat through the concrete with a shudder and a grunt, allowing those massive mammaries to envelop the building and crush into it.

The skunk shuddered and thrust, desperate for any release, the specks of squirming sensation being absorbed into his member as concrete, steel and glass crushed against his heaving breasts, only adding to their already substantial mass. His lust was volcanic, any thoughts he might have simply burnt away by unrelenting passion as the building crumbled beneath him, depositing him roughly against the ground, still aching for the sweetness of

orgasm that was so torturously being denied of him, his huge member pressing into the road and leaking forth precum desperately as it throbbed along to his quickly-beating heart. He opened his eyes, only to notice his would-be master in front of him, staring up at his massive skunky snout.

"You're probably wondering why you're so pent up."

"Yes, dammit... nnnnf!" The skunk dug his claws into the road, scraping his cock into the hard asphalt and feeling it crack and crumble beneath him, his behemoth breasts pressing against the street with soft furry flesh spilling out every which way as he rut the ground, balls taut to bursting point sloshing urgently as he rocked back and forth.

"Just a little trickery with the link between us. It's not super important how I did it, what's more... pressing right now is that you can end it, right now, by pledging yourself utterly over to me."

Min scowled as he rubbed up against the ground, even the roughness of his rutting not nearly enough to satisfy the burning desire... but he had to. It was only going to get worse, and he just had to release before anything more extreme happened...

"So, skunk, what's it gonna be? Are you going to give me all of that power you just harvested and sign away your soul... or are you going to sit there fucking the road until you go mad with thwarted want?"

Min screwed his eyes shut, gritting his teeth, before a shudder of pure lust ran down his spine achingly.

"Yes, yes! Please, just let me..."

The world turned. The demon skunk was no longer getting intimate with the road, but sitting, quivering in the rat's basement, his mind an empty husk as need ruled him. Nicholas strode on up to him, and with a slow, torturous rub against the skunk's pulsing member, watched as his balls seized up and orgasm wracked his entire frame. Hot, thick and musky demonic seed splurged forth from the tip of that oversized rod as Min rolled his eyes back in bliss, each long and messy spray of skunky goop bringing him nothing but relief as it began to pool up on the floor. After what seemed like hours to the tortured skunk, he came around, soaked up to his waist in still-warm cum, the basement reeking of his lust as he saw the rat perched awkwardly on his desk, his legs pulled up to avoid getting his paws all messy.

"Since you were no doubt wondering, that wasn't your lust you were feeling. It was mine. I shunted it onto you and turned it up to eleven. So while your strategy would have worked under normal circumstances... I'm afraid this time it didn't. Oh, now, I believe you signed yourself over to me fully, didn't you? Well, I do actually have a little task for you. Clean up this basement. If any of my books are damaged, I expect a replacement... do have fun, won't you?" With a squelch, the rat hopped down, his blue robe trailing through the sticky mess before he scampered up the stairs. Min took one look at all the gooey cum oozing around his legs, and smiled. With a lick of his heavily stained fingers, he began his thankless work...

Greed

Nicholas sat quietly in the living room of his dimly-lit, smoky house, relaxing deeply in the warm, cushiony embrace of a large leather chair. It had been days since he last ate, weeks since his last nap. Even so, he felt truly amazing. Sheer power burned through his veins like an adrenaline high, his formerly frail and fragile form glowing with health. He extended his arm, a brief thought causing it to flicker into deep, blue flames with effortless ease. It would have taken a lot of pleading and some clever contract work to get even half of the pure magical energy to fuel such a spell before, but now he was more than mortal. He was a part of the Abyss. A dreadful, majestic threat to the entire world, that – a knock on the door put an end to his train of thought, the whispering of Abyssal entities beginning to flood through his head once more. He stood, padding confidently to the front door, unlocking it with a flick of his hand, his heart dropping just a little as he saw exactly who was behind it, illuminated by the light of streetlamps in the cold, dark night.

Odessa. A tall, curvy cougar (in both senses of the word) who had been a part of all this from the start. Her looks weren't killer – they were downright genocidal, her light jacket practically bulging at the seams as it perfectly hugged her unnatural figure, enhancing her every curve. With her arms folded under thick, heavy breasts that the rat silently cursed having made *quite* so thick and heavy with sorcery, she pouted as she pushed past him, into his house. "Rat. We have to talk." A lovely start to the conversation as far as Nicholas was concerned. Inwardly sighing, he pushed the door shut, locking it behind him as he scuttled along behind her, the pair settling into comfortable chairs in the living room. The rat rubbed his temples in frustration, his teeth grinding a little.

"Okay, Nicholas. You've had me utterly terrified for some time now. While I have enjoyed our arrangement thus far, it is time to renegotiate terms." This was bad. Biting his lip, the rat cast his mind back to their original contract, the deal that started it all, and silently cursed his former self. He was hypnotised by her curvy form, her predatory wiles – an offer that should have been simple complicated by lust. He was, to put it bluntly, her bitch. She was able to compel him into terrible deals merely with the promise of sex, trading a lazy handjob for ultimate cosmic power thanks to a magically binding contract sealed by the Abyss. Perhaps it was a good deal at first, for a little rat who needed a steady source of souls from her favourite nightclub, but for a master of snatching souls and twisting minds, the arrangement was downright embarrassing. Besides, he had no need for her in matters of lust – the incubus lazing around in the basement would testify for that, and so much more.

For the rat, a renegotiation could be the making or breaking of him, and it all depended on how he played his cards right now, in the next few minutes. He needed time. Needed to stall. "Yes, alright. I thought this day might come. Would you like a mug of tea? It's a cold night, after all."

"Tea? You getting old, Nicholas? What happened to shots and more shots? I *will* take a coffee, though. Irish it up a little. I know you must have some whiskey around here." Grumbling, the rat nodded, scuffling off into the kitchen and adjusting his robes as he idly

fixed the pair a drink, kettles and mugs levitating lazily around the room. He watched them drift, his mind focused on how best to twist the terms of his agreement, how to push her buttons like she pushed his, and an idea began to coalesce, a dark grin spreading across his face. A minute or so passed, hot drinks steaming gently as he lingered in the kitchen just a moment longer, pacing in deep thought. Finally, he stirred again, taking the mugs and scuffling back into the living room.

"For you." He set the larger mug full of coffee, cream, and whiskey down on a coaster, sliding it gently over to the cougar as he sat down opposite her, sipping at his tea. She wrapped her thick fingers around the coffee mug, sipping at the hot, rich liquid luxuriously... damn it! Nicholas grit his teeth attempting to ignore her wiles, every practiced, seductive little movement... perhaps he'd get the incubus downstairs to suck him off afterwards. Or halfway through. He closed his eyes, exhaling deeply, and took another sip of his tea.

"It's very good. I have another request, though, and I think you know what it is... I want out. People have been going missing, there are monsters roaming the streets every other day, and I just know you're to blame, Nicholas. You're the only one who could do that, and the only one who'd want to. So. Before you get hunted down and killed for your crimes, I want to take what's mine. I want my chunk of your power, and then we cut ties." While this was, in part, what the rat wanted, he couldn't help but fume a little on the inside. The greed of this cougar! All reward, no risk, right? Well, he'd give it to her. All she wanted, and more. More, more, more.

"Rrrrgh. How very generous of you. I take it you won't be sending any more delicious souls my way, then? That was part of the agreement, after all."

"We'll see. I'm thinking you'll be dead before the end of the month. If you make it that far, call me." She smiled sweetly, a little cream left on her white muzzle. Nicholas sighed, continuing to speak as he brought a pen and paper across the room with a wave of his hand. He scribbled away, barely looking at the page as Abyssal script scrawled across the page.

"Okay. Here's what I'll offer. I'll make it quick because I have some pressing appointments. Souls to steal and suchlike. We cut ties. We're done. You get a nice chunk of power, like we originally agreed, and the ability to use it. No point having all that mojo without being able to play with it. And, if you need me, because I'm so generous, you can ask for my advice simply by calling for me. I'll drop whatever I'm doing and come right over." He set down the pen, the ink still wet on the page as he turned it to face her.

"That sounds good, but the devil is in the details, isn't that right, Mr. deVille?" Odessa grinned evilly, tracing a claw along the page as she skimmed the dense legalese of the contract.

"Doctor, actually." huffed the rat, an impatient frown curling his lips. The cougar just grinned cheekily in response, pushing the page back towards him.

"I think I get the gist of it, but this contract... the jargon is just so thick. I don't think I want to sign until-" the harsh buzz of a mobile phone interrupted her, Nicholas reaching into a pocket to retrieve the battered, ancient device, idly flicking through a text. Odessa rolled her eyes at the terribly out of date technology, sneering at the rat's fashion sense.

"Sorry. Previous appointment. Look, I could take the time to rewrite and explain everything,

but that'd have to be after this job. If you want to risk that I won't make things worse with a single soul, by all means, make yourself at home. Otherwise, sign it, cut and run, and we're done." It was a hard decision for the cougar, but she could feel the power rolling off the little rat. Just too much of a risk to wait any longer, to allow him time to concoct some plot or scheme. She nodded, quickly signing the document, the pair sighing in relief as they felt a metaphysical weight lift off their shoulders. Immediately, the rat shuddered in pain as the cougar sucked in a glut of pure power, her entire form glowing with magic. Nicholas had to admit, power suited the curvy cougar – it was a shame she had just sealed her fate. He did his best to look pained as his magic ebbed away, to keep his smile to himself. Odessa simply grinned a sharp, predatory grin, standing up. She loomed over the rat in all her magnificent, busty glory, leaning down to give him a good look down her cleavage. "Well, Nicholas, it was nice knowing you. Try not to die any time soon, maybe we can hook up again some time." With a swish of her tail, she was gone, stalking out his front door, shoes clicking loudly on the street outside as the door swung shut. "Well, Odessa, it was nice knowing you too." Nicholas grinned, scuffling over to his desk, taking a pipe and filling it with potent herb. Leaning back, blowing a large plume of smoke and putting his feet up, he simply got back to meditating, contemplating on what he might do with the vast power Odessa would surely bring him.

The cougar swaggered confidently down the street, her boots clicking loudly on the dimly lit streets, the streetlamps flickering pitifully as though drawing their last breaths. She sneered a little as she noticed a couple of thin, malnourished looking humans glaring at her from behind their hoods, sharing a cheap bottle of cider in the cold, windy night. She couldn't explain why the rat would choose such a terrible place to call home, what with his taste for antique furniture, expensive magical gewgaws and stunningly gorgeous cougars. It wouldn't be for security, or for avoiding the attention of the police – security in the bowels of society tended to be what you could provide with your own two fists, and the cops were only too happy to ransack your home at the first mention of illegal substances out here where the media wouldn't moan about it. Despite her confidence, ably provided by the wellspring of stolen souls within her, she was only too happy to leave the neighbourhood to cleaner streets, much happier to be in the bright lights of the nightclubs and pubs, watching heads turn at her busty form, curves swaying pleasantly as she strutted down the sidewalk. Watching as she took the breath right out of her... possibly literally. All the attention on her just made her skin tingle pleasantly, a pleasurable frisson running down her back as she purred with deep satisfaction. She was *definitely* going out tonight to show off her latest accessory, the thick, nearly tangible aura of power crackling through her curvy body. It wasn't long before she found her way back to her apartment, idly slipping herself inside the sturdy door of the impressive urban tower. Her boots clicked rapidly up the stairs as she ascended to her apartment, stepping through the open door to the attentions of her faithful servant, an adorable little mink she had the rat bind to her service. The slender, femmy mink slipped the coat from her shoulders, hanging it up and closing the door as Odessa sat down luxuriously on her squidgy leather sofa, boots clunking noisily on the thick wooden coffee table.

"Come, Will. Take my boots off. My feet are awfully tired." She yawned, stretching, sprawling out all over the furniture. Obediently, the little mink scuffled along the thick carpet, straight towards those boots, expertly unlacing the knots. A few firm tugs revealed a chunky woollen

sock, just one more revealed soft pink pads surrounded by warm brown fur.

“Wonderful. Now, I don’t have time for a proper shower, so if you could just lick the sweat off my paws before I get changed...” Cocking a malicious sneer at her cute little servant, she wriggled her toes, briefly extending the perfectly manicured claws. He bowed, nodding quietly before kneeling on the soft carpet in front of the coffee table, leaning over to wrap his muzzle around one broad paw, lightly scented with sweat and perfume. Licking delicately across those chunky paws, the mink nuzzled and slurped the slight beads of sweat right off those gorgeous soles. Odessa purred happily, her eyes half-lidded as she splayed her toes, tail whipping lazily behind her. And as he quietly worshipped, the mink paid close attention to his mistress, quietly monitoring her mood, her actions, her steadily growing aura of magic. After all, the rat had not simply gifted Odessa his services. He watched. He waited. He reported.

Her paws properly pampered, Odessa simply pushed the little mink aside with an idle shove of her foot, watching him flop backwards onto the carpet. She was going to have to wear something utterly obscene. She wanted to drip sex, to have even the most eligible bachelors (and non-bachelors) begging at her feet with exotic gifts, desperate for her attentions. Tonight, at least, she felt capable of such luxurious decadence. Swaggering into the bedroom, she opened up the walk-in wardrobe, fingering her long, dark hair as she contemplated her options. Long, swishy, flowing red dress? While beautiful and silky (like herself, of course) it was far too formal for a night at the club. Shiny, metallic gold leggings – a little tacky for a goddess like herself. Rifling through the wide collection of clothes revealed the perfect choice, a tight fitting, body hugging, short black dress. It showed as much fur as legally possible and hugged her curves so tight it may as well have been another layer of skin. A little accessorizing with sharp heels and sharper makeup accompanied by some intimate grooming courtesy of her minky manservant, and Odessa was more than ready to hit the streets. She stooped down as she reached the door, placing a kiss between the mink’s ears, smirking as her lipstick left a visible print in his fur.

“Now, you keep out the way when I come back, Will. I expect we shall have company.” With a swish of her tail, she slipped out the door, full to the brim of confidence and predatory adrenalin.

It was getting late by the time Odessa swanned in through the front doors of her favourite nightclub, a dark, reflective nightmare with heavy, pounding music that caught in people’s chests. The bouncer let her step right past the line, the envious looks of lesser mortals utterly delicious as her heels clicked on the the stairs up to her exclusive booth. The usual gaggle of socialites were sipping drinks and sharing gossip, each and every one groomed to perfection. A tall, slender zebra, dressed to match her monochrome colourations. A broadly-set, heavily muscled bear in a thin black vest, sneering as he showed off the fact he had defied his genetics, hardly a trace of body fat marring his physique. A curvy she-wolf, a polite if predatory smile curling across her lips, her wild mane of curly hair bouncing as she laughed at a cruel joke. Odessa sat down amongst the group, sliding her plush hips into the only eligible bachelor of the lot, asserting her dominance. She owned this place. She owned *them*. Maybe it was the glow of pure power in her belly, but she felt like she could get a little crazy tonight.

"Hey, kitty." The zebra flashed a little smile, sipping at an obnoxiously bright drink that practically glowed under the blacklights of the club. "Fashionably late?"

"I'm *always* fashionable, dear." purred Odessa. "Just needed to get my paws pampered. Anything interesting going on tonight?"

"Tch. You spoil your feet! I think you have a fetish for them or something, Odds." The bear slid a chunky arm around her. "I think a few TV sorts are here tonight blowing their paycheques. I saw some idiot ordering that thousand dollar cocktail with the gold leaf, flashing his cash around."

"Oh, I'm sure he's not so bad." purred Odessa. "You know me, the first thing I look for in a guy is that big, thick bulge in his jeans... you know, his wallet." The group sniggered, the wolf getting to her feet and nimbly adjusting her dress, letting it settle across her wide hips.

"C'mon. Let's hunt them down, maybe we can take advantage of those big bulges. Maybe get some of those thousand dollar cocktails." She smiled, taking Odessa's hand and ushering her down the stairs, into the mass of sweaty, writhing bodies that consisted the dance floor.

An odd pounding throbbed through the cougar's skull, and it wasn't just the heavy bass. Looking through the crowd, a faint golden glimmer washed over the clubbers, a few shining stars amidst a sea of mediocrity appealing to her eye. Diamonds in the rough, and the wolf was leading her right towards the brightest of the bunch.

"That's Eddy Prince, from that top ten music thing. Izzy Sherman, from the local news..."

Odessa was ignoring the wolf's who's who of tv, her eyes focused on a particularly handsome canine, and not just for his good looks. An odd golden shimmer, stronger than any other in the room, illuminated a german shepard with striking looks. Her eyes lingered over his features, and clarity struck her. She was seeing magic. The shep was magically sculpted and tweaked to perfection, much like herself. He caught her eye, mistaking the curious gaze for attraction, and beckoned her over. Giving him her sexiest swagger, she sat down next to him, practically purring with excitement.

"I recognize you. You're Chris Ingram." She growled pleasantly, stroking a hand along his thigh as she watched her lupine friend sit down between a couple local celebrities. "What're you up to in this cosy little backwater?"

"C'mon, give this place some credit. They have beautiful girls like you, hmm?" Urgh. What a douche. Odessa restrained herself from rolling her eyes, and looked across his magically-enhanced body. Whoever had done his work was good, far better than Nicholas' hack and slash work. Bigger was better with that rat, no appreciation for subtle details. If only she could have such an expert on hand, to give her what this guy had... and as she considered it, she noticed a little of that golden shimmer flowing from the shepard and into her curvaceous form. It felt like a slug of strong alcohol, washing deep into her chest and burning pleasantly. She watched, enraptured, as the t-shirt clinging to the canine's muscles became a little more baggy, ill-fitting. Her own tight black dress began to push at her hips, her chest, her ass. She was drinking the magic right out of him, and it was more than moreish. A moment passed, and she exhaled, biting her lip. She couldn't just gobble him up right here – not only would it be incredibly rude and utterly classless, but she imagined it probably violated more than a few laws. She stroked a hand across his thigh, giving a low, soft purr as she looked into his eyes.

"Come on. Let's get out of this place." Odessa leaned in to kiss his nose, pulling him up from

his seat as he eagerly followed along in a daze, intoxicated with lust. They stepped out into the cool night, towards their mutual doom, glinting eyes in the shadow tracking the pair as they strolled back to Odessa's apartment.

The pair stumbled into her lair, practically entangled already. Will scuffled around behind them, picking up discarded clothes and shutting the door behind them. He watched them disappear into the bedroom, left holding a pile of designer clothes, sighing somewhat at all the cleaning that no doubt awaited him. Inside the bedroom, Odessa pushed Ingram to the bed, leaning roughly atop him, her heavy, chunky body pressing into his toned muscle. She kissed at him roughly, biting at his neck, grinding her hips into his magically-enhanced manhood. Each time she rubbed up against him she felt some of that magic drain into her, her breasts swelling and body thickening, that vast reserve of power fattening up. She grinned a sharklike grin, watching as Ingram's body became weaker, smaller. His natural handsomeness began to show, his real body unmarked by magic revealed. As the last dribbles of magic left his body, she felt an emptiness, a void sucking at her chest. Curious, she nipped at his neck, watching him moan in pleasure as she squeezed his dick between her thighs. The odd, golden shimmer turned to a deep, bloody red, surging into her in thick pulses. Her eyes rolled back, a goofy, intoxicated smile spreading across her snout as she kneaded her fingers into the silky sheets. Her prey, the once impressive shep, shrunk and shuddered under her growing bulk. Curves erupted from clothing, the cougar biting her lip as sheer pleasure overwhelmed her, the silky material sliding across her body deliciously, shredding itself under the pressure. Inch after inch slowly siphoned from him to her, each one pulsing through her pleasurable, getting her heavily aroused, a little lost in lust. She pressed her wet, dripping sex into his shrinking, weedy thigh, moaning pleasurable as she abused him under her thickening form. A whole foot slid from his formerly muscular body, the height surging into her as she drank deeply. She stood, planting a chunky paw on his aching dick, twisting evilly before sitting right down on his face, smothering him under her plush, heavy rump. He licked, worshipping her as much as his shrinking body was capable of, his tongue rasping across her slick nethers. She kept growing, revelling in her hedonism, purring and moaning and grinding against her little captive, sucking up everything he had to offer. Another foot in height drifted away from him, the amazonian cougar weighing heavily upon him as she ground his face into her, kneading her foot back and forth against his cock, teasing it roughly, nipping at him with her claws. He came hard, gasping, moaning and twitching against her. Trapped between her and the soft, satiny sheets, the orgasm mindblowing, his face slick and drenched with her musk. He was nothing more than her property, her plaything. All he wanted was to give her pleasure... so when she stood up, broad paws thumping on the white carpet, he was understandably distressed. Odessa turned, breathless, and gave the shrunken shepard a vicious, leering grin.

"Oh god, that was incredible." she huffed, panting deeply. "I need more... a lot more. WILL!" Flopping her ass back down onto the bed, the entire frame creaked ominously under her weight, the nine-foot kitty stretched her arms out behind her, joints clicking and toes splaying. Immediately, her manservant scuttled into the room carrying a bundle of fresh towels. He took one look at the bare-breasted behemoth in front of him, gulping nervously and clutching the towels to his chest.

"Y-yes, ma'am?" Will looked out from behind his cottony shield, ears folded back.

"Take... uh, Charles, or Chris, or whatever his name is and get me cleaned up. I'm going back out on the town to find some more prey." She sighed with deep satisfaction, resting her arms under those full, fat breasts, giving the mink a one-of-a-kind show. Meekly, Will laid the towels down next to her, taking Chris by the wrist and quietly escorting him out the room, ignoring his whimpered protests at being denied the sight of his Amazonian goddess.

Odessa purred contemplatively, flexing her toes and extending the claws. While she could strut outside naked (and indeed, the thought titillated her somewhat) she preferred a little more class. The bedsheets, the carpet... eyeing the curtains, the heavy cougar sauntered up to the silky drapes, gently teasing them from their supports with her claws. She flicked the heavy material out, a little dust shaking to the ground.

"Will. I need a clasp or something for the back. Hurry, the night is still young." To the sound of minky footsteps behind her, Odessa turned to her mirror, having to stoop a little to fit in the frame. Pulling the fabric around her, she smiled as she watched it cling tightly to her thick breasts, heaving and falling with her breath. Admiring her physique, she twisted and turned, watching the light play off the material, the way it sat across her curves – and before she knew it, Will had returned, expertly closing up the back with deft stitching. She stopped holding it up, letting it rest upon her, and turned, ruffling Will's head as she turned, padding out the door with heavy footsteps.

She could feel the eyes of admirers as she swaggered down the street. Magical enhancement was rare – not only was the price through the roof, the chances of finding a sane magician who wouldn't take your soul as payment were low indeed. To see this nine-foot tower of beauty swaying her hips seductively down the busy streets meant there was no option but to look, and Odessa fed on it. She could taste their envy, their lust, a sweet metallic tang in the back of her throat. She knew if she simply picked one of the guys or girls ogling her from the crowd and demanded they service her, she'd get what she wanted, but that was too crude. She would much rather the intimacy of a private booth, her luxurious apartment. With that in mind, she simply brushed past the bouncers on the door of her favourite club, revelling in their shocked stares. Odessa stepped through the crowd, grinning at the not too subtle groping and pawing along her sides as she stepped up to her booth. "Odessa?" shocked, her lupine friend stared up at her, eyes lingering on the overly-large breasts practically straining out of the dress the cougar was wearing... wait, was that a curtain?

"It's me. Like the new look? Maybe the clothes are a little shabby, but what's underneath is more than ample to make up for it."

"But... how?" puzzled, the wolf stared across her friend's bigger, better body. The glorious curves, the raw power rolling from her form, the fiery spark in her golden eyes.

"Just a little deal with a friend of mine. Needless to say, he'll be regretting it come morning." purring with self-satisfied pleasure, the cougar grinned broadly and splayed her thick toes, softly extending her claws. "Please, find me some poor little boys to clean up my paws – they're a little tired. Couldn't find any shoes that fit me." Stuttering, the wolfess simply got to her feet, down the stairs towards the masses.

She turned her head, watching the bear opposite squirm. She hadn't paid him the slightest attention, a cruel and calculated approach. She simply beckoned him forth with a finger,

watching as he rose to his feet, awkwardly stepping over to her with a visible erect bulge in his pants.

“Before, you always wanted her. Don’t lie now, I knew. You preferred her powerful, muscular physique to my wide hips and delicious curves – and well, I can’t fault you for having a preference. Now you come crawling to me, an avatar of power, and you will kiss my feet.” She was almost surprised when the bear lay himself on the ground below her, his nose pressing into the crook of her sole. She closed her eyes, grinning widely as she felt kisses across her pads. Opening her eyes, she watched the wolfess bring some attractive young fools up the stairs, ogling at her glamorous form as she tasted the lust in the air, the thick golden haze of magic welling around her.

“There are four of you here, and I will pick one. The one that pleases me most, of course. Be imaginative. The rest of you... won’t be so lucky.” The assembled souls bent before her, pressing into her thick body as they began to lick, kiss, worship her. A skinny fox sucked at her toes, a stocky raccoon sitting up on her lap massaging her shoulders, rubbing into her breasts with his body. She couldn’t even see the fourth, awkwardly grinding up against her hips – hadn’t he ever heard of foreplay? She reached down behind the raccoon, strong and powerful arm snatching what turned out to be a little leopard from between her thighs. She smiled, recognizing the face – a mischievous, subby little guy that always knew how to scam a free drink from a big, strong fellow. It wouldn’t work here, though. Squeezing him roughly in her hand, she bit her bottom lip, shivering as she began to drink up his size. Her figure began to press into that silky makeshift dress, the fastenings at the back straining as inch after inch flowed from leopard to cougar. She purred deeply, feeling the fabric grow taut against her frame, her thickly padded paws only growing heavier as they pressed down on the poor worshippers below. The three still free continued their worship, grinding, kissing her growing divinity.

As her eyes rolled back in her head and a rich purr escaped her lips, she splayed and flexed her toes across the faces of those at her feet. While the slow trickle of stolen inches was delightful, she couldn’t help but want more. The feeling of power burning down her spine was incredible, the feeling of magic filling her form indescribable. She took a deep breath, all four of her eager slaves ebbing away before her, their size directly feeding into her. The makeshift dress clinging to her simply failed, the back splitting open as the material lay across her body, slipping down as the raccoon continued to rub up into her chest. His increasingly baggy clothes draped around his weedy body, his body pressing into massive breasts that were quickly beginning to eclipse him, soft mounds of fat and fur that radiated warmth, growing bigger and thicker with every rock of his hips. Nine foot turned to ten, the silky material of her clothes slipping from her breasts to around her waist. Ten foot turned to twelve, her heavy paws rubbing across the pair at her feet. The gaps between her toes found themselves pressed into their snouts, her chunky pads receiving kisses and tender licks. Each little act of worship only made her want more, greedily sucking up all her rapidly shrinking friends had to offer. She pushed the leopard back between her thighs once more, pressing his spotted head against her pussy, clenching her teeth together in delight as he lapped at the sensitive flesh. As she crested sixteen foot, her plush yet powerfully muscled thighs began to press into her little prisoner, a full third of his height stolen away as he blissfully nibbled and sucked, two walls of hot, light-brown and delicately soft fur smothering him. She grabbed what remained of her clothes, leaning back in her seat and casting it aside,

pressing four foot of raccoon between her breasts and curling her arms around it, laughing as he squirmed in his warm and furry prison. Slowly, surely dwindling away in size, each of the captives worshipped their growing goddess, grinding their fragile bodies against her massive paws and thick frame. All too soon, thirty feet of cougar dominated the nightclub, her paws spilling forth from the private booth and gathering a crowd of gawking admirers, torn between staying to watch the magic and fleeing for their life.

“Come here, little friends. Wriggle between my toes. Lick them, worship them. Worship me.” Splaying her feet wide, she set them against the front of the crowd. Soles that rivalled people in size flexed warmly, brushing up against a few eager clubbers. Almost immediately, their size ebbed away, bright golden sparks illuminating the cougar’s soft and shiny fur. Odessa purred deeply, loud bass competing with the music still rumbling from the club’s speakers. Her growth only accelerated, the touch of the first few worshippers only catalyzing her growth further. Another ten foot brought ten thick toes across the shrinking crowd, her heavy paws crushing the ribs of her worshippers, the crunching muffled beneath her foot and lost amongst the music. A hint of blood marked her paws as she smeared the rapidly-shrinking slaves into paste, grinding her feet against the floor with an evil, satisfied sneer on her face. Fifty feet tall and still growing, Odessa snarled with bliss, the dimness of the club replaced by the sickly, bright crackle of burning gold magic.

Outside, however, deep and burning red began to weave its way around the street. Arcane sigils crept around the nightclub, a web of potent magic slithering around to strangle whatever magical abomination lay within. Twenty-five magic-users, wizards, warlocks and everything in between, joined their power in an attempt to trap whatever abhorrent beast had been plaguing their home for months, growing mortals to obscene size and allowing them to live out their sickest fantasies. The bright red seeped in under doors as inside Odessa simply lay back, scooping handfuls of tiny clubbers against her body, feeling them grind up against her as they the colossal cougar their size. Blood trickled across the floor, mixing with spilled drinks and fallen people alike, those not too badly hurt utterly braindead, completely enslaved to the massive paws rubbing across them as they kissed her gore-stained soles. Her body pressed up against the walls, cracking the foundations and straining the building. As she stretched her arm out, nestling in and getting comfortable, it crumbled through, a sharp sting burning her flesh. Odessa grit her teeth, snarling in displeasure, smashing her arm back through the wall with a cloud of concrete dust. Her fur stood on end as a sickly red light rolled through the club, swamping her aura and breaking her hold over the club. With half their number smeared to paste against the cougar’s paws, they stared up at the fifty-foot monster, not quite believing it all. They broke and ran, a furious snarl curling the cougar’s lips.

“Where are you going? Get back here and please me, you worthless creatures.” Growling, she splayed out her paws again, pinning an unfortunate couple against a wall, watching fracture lines creep across the tile behind them. With a loud, audible sob, the leopardess and wolf with their faces jammed in between the gaps of her toes bowed their heads, pathetically lapping away at the heady mix of blood, sweat and tears, their muzzles darkening to a deep, gory red as they licked across the plush, pampered paws. A simple extension of her arm allowed her to lower a hand down on a gaggle of potential escapees, struggling with the fire exit in an attempt to escape. No such luck. Odessa simply raked her claws over them, scraping their bodies roughly across the tile before scooping them up and dumping them

between her breasts, sniggering as they wriggled and wailed, clutching deep cuts. Plucking one between two vicious claws, she flicked him into her open, leering maw, a forest of sharp, pointed teeth awaiting him. The prisoners between those heavy tits simply stared as a wet crack announced the death of their friend, a trickle of red running across her lower lip as she purred with satisfaction.

As her deep grumbling filled the club, a chain of red glyphs slithered through the air, wrapping around her wrist with a burning, searing heat. She was so caught up in it all, she had forgotten – the only reason she had asked for the power in the first place was because that accursed rat had attracted the piercing gaze of the city's magic users with his gratuitous abuse of powerful magic, and now that she was doing the same...

"You seem to have attracted a little attention." Odessa hardly noticed the rat on her shoulder until he spoke, his quiet, whispering tones carried even over the shouting and the sirens.

"You should probably have been a little less greedy, my dear. The best things come to those who wait."

"Fuck you, N-" she snarled, his name catching in her throat like a chesty cough.

"You know what they're going to do to you, right?" Nicholas smiled conspiratorially, looking down across her massive frame as another tendril of red arcane script wrapped around her arms. "First, they'll pin you down. Then, they'll peel back the very core of your being, to find out what makes you tick. It will be agonizing." Looking less enraged and more worried, Odessa exhaled, her overstacked chest heaving, the rat smirking widely at the sight. Normally, it'd take a lot of pleading to see those. As rat and giant cat spoke, he watched as a wounded rabbit tried to pull himself free of those all-encompassing boobs, finding it hard to gain purchase on the thick flesh with his sliced arms.

"I don't want to die. I don't... please." A deep, dark pit tugged at the base of her chest, worry sinking across her face. She looked down at those massive, plush paws, at the deep red bloodstains soaked into them, and at the two tiny figures licking across two toes that were bigger than their heads, fear and misery plastered across their faces. "I know I messed around with you, but please..."

"I can help, but only if you give me back the power you took from me. Without it, I can't take all of these guys on. I can't help you."

"W-well, you can write a contract, and..." she pleaded, another thick binding wrapping around her legs as she struggled against the magic, gritting her teeth as it singed her fur. Dense white smoke rose from the injury, drifting lazily from her skin.

"Do we look like we have time to write one? You have to give me it, now. Trust me!" She screamed in pain, the fiery tendrils wrenching her arms back. She shuddered, wishing for it to all stop, wishing she could give the power back and just go back to normal... and the rat on her shoulder shivered in delight, the thick golden essence flooding his body. A sense of vertigo overwhelmed her as she withered away, shrinking right out of her bindings. Odessa felt as though she was falling through eternity as fifty, forty, twenty feet disappeared – gold turned to deep, rich blue as the rat devoured it. His long, pink tail flicked happily as he drained the last of her accumulated mojo, leaving her with not a drop of magic and him with quite a substantial amount.

"Mmm. Thanks, Odessa." As she lay panting, exhausted, he stepped up onto her, sneering down cruelly. Her former prisoners staggered away, trailing blood, tripping over themselves amidst the chaos of the former club. "Sadly, you made a crucial mistake. We already

concluded our arrangement. I'm not bound to protect you." Nicholas watched her expression drop, fear widening her eyes. "Which means I can do this." He stood over her, his voice trilling slightly, reverberating as pure power shuddered through his tiny frame. His eyes locked with hers, a deep blue glow spewing forth from the sockets, and she began to scream a soundless scream. The rat watched with satisfaction as she simply unravelled, disintegrating into pure light.

The assembled mages outside stared in horror as the walls of the club collapsed, a cataclysmic crack ringing out as a flash of searing blue light made them stagger back, eyes watering. A single figure stood amongst the rubble, hands shaking a little as a deep blue aura wrapped around him.

"The beast you came to hunt is gone. Annihilated. Unwoven from reality." His voice rumbled with saturated power, sounding all the world like water rushing forth from a breaking dam. He stepped forward, idly letting the concrete fragments rearrange themselves into a wall, the cracks disappearing as dust, cracked tile and metal shards swirled around the air aimlessly. Each single step sounded like the death of worlds, the simple act of paw meeting floor sending rolling shockwaves through the earth, kicking up dust and echoing loudly like the roar of a collapsing skyscraper as cracks and fractures followed in his wake. "I made her. As you may have just guessed, I made the rest of those rampaging, rambunctious creatures." He smiled softly; waving his hand lazily and watching the red strands of magic dissipate into the ether. It was effortless, their powerful sorcery simply waved aside and unravelled. A clap of thunder rang out, forcing the mages to their knees, winded. Nicholas watched them stare, unbelieving and awestruck. A few struggled back in fear, scuffling across the cracked earth and into the darkened alleyways. "If you would kindly fuck off, this is my city. Thank you." snarled Nicholas, glaring at the city's would-be saviours. He watched two look at each other, their eyes meeting and the merest tingle of magical energy surrounding them, and he reached out, simply devouring their souls in a haze of blue. Lifeless, colourless, their bodies flopped against the pavement with a dull thud. With a self-satisfied glance at the rest, the rat strolled past exhaling a dense magical haze, the nightclub becoming whole once again as he stepped beyond the walls, the few surviving stragglers draped across the pavement, too terrified to look. The magicians glared at Nicholas as he departed, a mix of fear, anger and envy across their faces, noticing his black and white colouration shifting a little darker.

Nicholas stalked through the city streets, the silence of the night interrupted by his echoing footsteps. He smiled broadly, watching as his presence, his sheer power, affected the world around him. The streetlights burned blue and fizzled out; the windows began to stress and splinter. Car alarms wailed out as he passed, only to be silenced by the wave of a hand. He ambled slowly back home, taking in the sights of the city, ideas filling his head, each more evil than the last. Not a soul dared approach him, the aura of sheer power forcing those around him to simply duck and hide away in their homes, tucked under sheets and crouched behind the furniture. He walked towards his front door, reining in his power and relishing in the warm glow, his footsteps no longer bringing wrack and ruin as he entered his home. He sighed deeply, the vibration rumbling through his chest, and glanced back towards the city as he stepped through the doorway. Not just the city, anymore. His city.

Pride

Settled in the comfortable embrace of a warm, leathery chair, a rat sat and watched ancient tomes flutter around the room, the ink imprinted on their pages snaking around his head as he greedily devoured their knowledge. It had been mere hours since the rat had ascended into the closest thing to a god most mortals were likely to see, and he was certainly not squandering his power. As the works of mages past slithered into his head he stretched, reclining softly. There was so much potential in the world, and all it had taken was phenomenal power and multiple sentient sacrifices to realize! He waved his thin, clawed hand at the coffee table in front of him with a broad, royal stroke, watching as the city he called home slowly rose from the wood, a perfect miniature replica of the city battered and broken by the lust of monstrous beings. He knew that if he wanted he could simply stand up on the table and crush the whole thing flat, break the home of thousands with a simple step, but it was just too impersonal. There was no fun to it. No, if he were to have his own fun for a change he would do it in person, all glory and blood and terror. Smirking cruelly at the pathetic creatures below as he ground their bodies into paste beneath his soles, smashed holes in their most imposing structures with a single slap from his deitific dick...

A reminder from said organ in the form of a toe-curling twinge of lust shot up his spine, his mouth watering at the prospect. Nicholas shook his head, standing up and stretching out. He had spent more than enough time reading, writing, waiting. The aching sensation of ultimate power burned through his thin form, eager for release as electric tendrils of neon blue magic crackled around his body. He took a few steps towards his door, looking behind to see his footprints scorched into the carpet, soft blue flames left in his wake. Turning the handle, he was hit by the oppressive heat of a magical ward, a great red dome surrounding his home. Nodding his head appreciatively, he took a moment to admire the craftsmanship, the time and effort into the construction of the spell. Runes woven into the superstructure that he'd never seen until this morning, the collective work of what must have been twenty, thirty mages welded together.

He was almost upset to have to annihilate such a wonderful piece of magic, but he wasn't going to get anything done from inside their little containment bubble. He stepped forward and dug his claws into the spell, the blue aura surrounding him crackling and spitting violently as it surged into the wall of red. As the sound of metal scraping on bone shrieked out into the streets, the dome collapsed into nothingness, dissolving into red embers as it was simply overwhelmed by that harsh electric blue aura swaddled around the rat. Taking his first few steps into what would become his domain, Nicholas locked eyes with a collection of mages, fear visible in downcast eyes and shuffling feet.

"Is that the best you could summon on short notice? I suppose in times of crisis, you make do with what you can scrape together." Red and blue sparks spat through the smoggy evening sky like a slowly dying fire burning itself out, the damaged spell lingering in the air.

"Sadly for you, what you could scrape together barely scratches the surface of an entire city's sins leveraged as power. Here, let me show you how it should be done." Stepping forwards, the rat swished a hand through the air, crackling magical particles sticking to the fur along his arms and changing colour. Vivid crimson slowly, dreamily turned a deep purple,

the watching crowd of magic-users desperately squabbling amongst themselves as the rat took idle strides towards them. His paws padded slowly along the pavement, the aura of power swirling around him leaving the surface cracked, melted, broken. Before they could answer with a spell of their own, Nicholas took a deep breath in, the purple sparks turning a dark navy blue in an instant. Stretching out a wiry arm, the rat clenched his fist, and hell itself began to pour out from the corners of the world. The night began to split open, living shadows coiling around the terrified mages. Glimmering eyes and vicious teeth lashed around them, their struggles seemingly useless against the demonic creatures dragging them off into the Abyss. With their bodies disappearing into the ether, the rat smiled wryly as he watched a vulpine tail being spirited off into the ether, a few paws squirming as they were devoured by shadows.

Exhilarated by the rush of utterly annihilating his would-be captors, Nicholas couldn't help revelling in the unstoppable magic power coursing through his veins. He stared up at the tenement blocks, the tall buildings made of thick grey stone not seeming quite as imposing as they might have before, even as they loomed over him. Curtains twitched anxiously as the inhabitants peered outside to see what the racket was all about; worried that maybe yet another giant was going to descend upon their city. Nicholas wasn't one to disappoint, though, and the aura of power burning through his very being didn't seem like it fit in such a small frame. He'd have to slip into something a little more magnificent before he terrorized the masses. As the crowd watched, the tiny rat took a step forward, falling into nothingness as the darkness seemed to swallow him whole.

A moment passed, then another. Quiet filled the streets as the night grew just a little darker and colder. The people watching felt a nervous shiver tingle across their bodies, fur standing on end across the town for reasons they couldn't quite understand. Wondering amongst themselves whether tonight's disaster had been cancelled or not, their answer came in the form of two apocalyptic thuds into the main road. The black of night suddenly lit up a fierce blue, as a web of blue flames licked across the sky, wrapping around the city like a fisherman's net. A deep, rumbling murmur of satisfaction rolled out from the city hall, the sound of pavement crunching into oblivion following not soon afterwards as the worried inhabitants of the town began to shift their view, tentatively poking their heads from behind curtains and blinds to see whatever it was that had come to make their night miserable and hellish.

With shoulders squared and a swagger in his step, two hundred feet of black and white rat towered regally over the fountains and foliage of the town square. Raw magic crackled around his form like a midsummer storm, the light from the discharging arcs of power illuminating lean muscle. Lifting one furless paw, the massive rat pressed a single toe gingerly into a statue of a long-dead warrior, the thick bronze creaking and groaning as the unimaginable weight stressed it to breaking point. With two more toes curling possessively around the monument, Nicholas cleared his voice. A hand pressing into his hips only helped to draw attention to the disproportionately huge cock bobbing gently with his movements, that fat and heavy shaft still an imposing sight even while flaccid.

"So sorry to intrude on all of your evenings, but I'm afraid we're going to have a bit of interruption to the usual schedule." he stated, the deep tones of a giant rolling out imperiously across the town. "I'd like you to come to the town hall, if you could – it'll be a lot easier to play with you while you're all in one place. Now, you might be tempted to just leave, and for that I can't say I don't empathise with you. However, leaving may be difficult unless

you're keen on burning to death, which I don't recommend at all. I imagine it'll be a lot more painful than being stepped on." The statue firmly beneath his foot buckled, the metal screeching agonizingly. Behind him, the flickering of his chunky tail matched the sick smirk on his face, the trees stretching up to his thighs being buffeted by the air swished around. "I think we might need a little more space first, though."

Putting his weight forward, Nicholas slammed his foot into the ground, crushing the statue like a soda can. Ground into a pitiful hunk of crumpled metal and shattered concrete, the debris of the ruined monument pattered down from between his toes, little more than an afterthought as he turned to face the town hall. An impressive building with ornate architecture, it nevertheless seemed a little overshadowed as it stood as tall as the rat's shins. He swung a foot forward into the roof of the building, a meteoric impact crashing into the stonework. Debris spat out from the path carved through the town hall by Nicholas' paw, flesh tinted grey by the settling dust. Wading through the building, feet dragging through the structure as though it were a gentle stream, the rat's smile deepened as he caught the scent of fear pheromones on the breeze, sensitive nose picking up the sheer terror building in the watching crowd.

"Now, don't let me stay out here all on my own. That'd be no fun!" Laying down on his side, the rat lazily stretched a hand out to push the front of the building over, stone and brick cascading downwards to shatter against the ground below. As it toppled, it exposed the guts of the building, partially obscured by the rat's physique, his heavy erection taking up centre stage as it pressed warmly into his stomach. "Tell you what, if you don't want to play, that's alright. I'll just amuse myself by getting even bigger. Maybe fifty feet here or there, and I'll just keep doing it until something else comes along to amuse me. Mm, yesss, letting myself grow all over this little town and smearing it into paste without having to do anything at all would be rather enjoyable, I think."

Nicholas closed his eyes, his tail flickering happily behind him, smashing windows and street furniture alike. Electric blue arcs cracked out beyond the ruined walls, leaving scorch marks and burnt foliage in their wake, the harsh scent of ozone following behind. In a heartbeat, the rat seemed to burst outwards in all directions, another fifty foot in height quickly added to his size. The black spots covering his body began to spread like oil spills, his furred form smashing into the wrecked town hall and sending yet more debris in all directions. Grinning, he rolled over in the rubble, grinding what remained of the once impressive structure to dust that coated his fur.

Growling and grumbling with that smirk plastered from ear to ear, the rat swept his eyes across the wreckage. Propping himself up with an arm, Nicholas took to his feet, the movement casting off rubble and dust from his body in great billowing plumes that swept across the street. With great, thudding footsteps that left thick paw-craters behind, he swaggered over to a row of houses, rubbing at his chin thoughtfully as he inspected each one from on high. Listening and watching intently, he raised a foot into the air, bringing it down slowly onto the roof of one of the tenements and resting his sole on the curve of the roof. Tasting the fear in the air as the structure shifted and struggled under his weight, he pressed down a little to hear the foundations screech out in pain. Panicked whimpering and struggling came from within, the residents unsure what to do. Could they placate the monster, should they make a dash out the back? Ultimately, Nicholas didn't give them the choice, slowly pushing his leg down further and further. His wiry musculature tensed powerfully; paw crunching down on the home as one floor after the other collapsed beneath

his power. Twisting the ball of his foot cruelly into the wreckage, he smeared the contents of the house into an unrecognizable mishmash of colours and shapes, the previous inhabitants lost within the whole mess.

He took a step back from his handiwork, surveying the town. The streets were still quite empty, and it seemed as though nobody had taken him up on his offer to come out and play. He scowled irritably, rolling his shoulders and stretching out his lithe frame. A brief flash of blue lit up the streets, another spell crackling out as the rat began to grow again, another hundred feet quickly filling up his form as cracks filled out along the road, snaking away from the massive rodent. Finding himself a little drunk on the ease with which he wielded his ill-gotten magic, Nicholas couldn't help reaching down to wrap his fingers around that oversized shaft, absently rubbing into the mammoth erection as he stared down his nose at all the potential playthings. He bit at his lower lip with thick rodent incisors, savouring the sensations tingling along that warm and heavy cock as he took a few steps forward, hard pavement and tarmac crumbling like dry sand between his furless toes. Towering over the town, cracking with power, he sneered cruelly as he spotted a few figures nervously shuffling into the square, hardly able to look at him, eyes cast downwards in fear.

"So nice of you to join me." He rumbled, leisurely draping himself across the streets below. "Honoured guests of my fair city, please bow down, and give thanks to your merciful lord and master." With a lazy roll onto his side, his towering shaft slapped into the street, crunching the already cracked asphalt into unrecognizable gravel. "Go on, little worms, pay tribute." Nicholas sneered, propping himself up with an arm as he stared down at them. A few tiny creatures bent and kneeled, some murmured prayers filtering up to his ears as an unsatisfied scowl crept across his face. He reached out, his free hand soaring across the densely huddled crowd before indiscriminately snatching a few people from within the mass of bodies, great furless fingers battering into the few lucky enough to be standing just outside his grasp. As they stumbled and fell back into their fellows, the rat clenched his fist tight. Fur stood on end at the cry of fear and pain from within so quickly silenced by muffled wet crunching, rivulets of blood leaking through the gaps of his fingers. Soft pattering on the ground was only interrupted by sirens in the distance, car alarms bleating incessantly.

The rat wiped his hand callously across a row of houses, crumpling the brickwork and leaving a deep red smear across it, gleaming in the evening's low light. He looked to the crowd, then down at himself, contemplation heavy on his brow.

"Perhaps you don't think it's real. The others... they didn't seem real either, did they? Glimpses of giants down dark streets, no news coverage to speak of – sure, maybe a loved one or two never turned up again, but these things happen." The colossus took to his feet like a whale leaping out of the water, black and white fur stretching far into the darkened sky, framed against the crackling blue of the magic buzzing around the city. Furless paws gripped into the ruined earth in front of the cowed huddle of bodies, each toe thick as a tank and about as intimidating, those gleaming claws fiercer than any knife or sword.

"I am very much real, though." He said, wryly grinning as he dipped his head in mock humility. "I've been feeding from you, from the sinners in your ranks. Even now, I can feel them paying tribute to me in their own little ways. With every heartbeat, I can feel myself growing more and more powerful. It's not enough, though. No. I want you to help me with that, too. I want you to worship me, and you're just too cowardly. Perhaps I can make it easier, more salient?" Clenching his bloodied fists, he growled with effort, toes splayed wide as his fur bristled and a sharp electric scent filled the air, magic crackling wildly. The few

streetlights that hadn't been knocked aside exploded, glassy shrapnel spat out across the street like broken teeth as blue energy crackled in the empty sockets, warping the metal frames with heat. The ground shuddered as though heaving a great sigh, the web above their heads glowing brighter still, stray flames licking out with increasing intensity. Nicholas reared his head and roared, magic buzzing around him as his body shifted, grew, transformed. His lithe frame bulked out, thick slablike muscle reshaping his form into something carved from marble, utterly perfect musculature that presented the very picture of strength from swelling biceps, sturdy calves and solid abdominals. His shaft, already obscene in size, throbbed and pulsed a little bigger with each pounding beat of his heart. He rested a hand just before the glans as it tried to push up to his pecs, thick enough around that his fingers spread wide couldn't hope to fit around it. All this took place as his shadow crept further along the ground, foot after foot piling onto his massive frame, more height only making the already imposing rat into a fearsome demigod.

He straightened his shoulders, rumbling with satisfaction and exhaling from the bottom of his chest, a 500ft titan towering over the tenements and the townsfolk. The air itself seemed to protest at the magic currently buzzing through it, the scent of burning metal only overshadowed by the musk of pure power the rat seemed to radiate. Wordlessly, he once more lay down in the street, this time effortlessly crumbling the houses either side of him under impossible mass without bothering to clear a space, the old buildings giving way like cardboard. The annihilated brickwork crunched and settled, brick dust beginning to lay flat across the rubble. As the frightened crowd got their bearings, wiping their eyes and coughing gritty dust, they spotted a monolithic cock rising and falling steadily ahead of them, each breath the rat took making the imposing shaft sway.

"One more chance. Worship me or die. Give me your undivided attention, your undying loyalty." he purred, using two fingers to press that monstrous cock into the road, a few cars caught beneath it turned to nothing more than flattened metal discs. One by one, the mood in the crowd started changing. From ashen-faced and huddled masses, the assembled survivors turned more eager, more lively. Dull expressions washed over their faces, glassy-eyed worship the only thing on their minds as they fed the giant rat's ego. They stood forward, rubbing and nuzzling and kissing that behemoth cock, the intense heat and musk not putting them off in the slightest. Nicholas felt their spirits break like , each tiny snap a delicate morsel of power that he felt well up inside him. He grumbled happily, teeth pressed into his lower lip as his toes scrunched amongst the rubble of some ruined council housing, his dick pulsing happily as each pair of hands ran across it in continued worship.

Like earlier, though, it was hard for him to keep that power contained. Each act of mindless obedience had the side-effect of feeding that fat glut of power raging within him. His fur stood on end as blue sparks shot from the power lines dug up by his trampling, crackling menacingly through the air. Lights snuffed out as they were overloaded, darkness creeping over the street as glinting eyes peered out through windows, toothy grins shimmering in the shadow. Nicholas' eyes rolled back as pleasure and power threatened to take a hold of him, shivering at the electric sensations crawling across his nerves. His spine practically coiling with tension, he couldn't help bucking forward just a little, cock sliding forward just enough to smear a row of worshippers beneath it. Thick, hot flesh ground them into the pavement, their worried screams barely reaching the rat's ears before they were reduced to bloody stains that dripped to the ground as Nicholas reared back. He growled as an involuntary shudder ran through his body, an extra surge of size rolling through his form accompanied by another

splash of black across his darkening fur. Paws bulldozed through another set of homes, his thick toes crushing the old tenements into crumbling rubble that scattered across the cracked road, chunks of masonry spat out at the cringing and cowering worshippers below. For a moment, Nicholas let it all happen, allowing each pulse of power through his body to just flow naturally and let him grow bigger, stronger, more godly. He laid back, sprawling across an increasingly wrecked city and grinning widely as he spotted his shaft looming over the ruins, pre and blood rolling down its imposing length. Nicholas reached out, the fingers wrapping around his cock not quite able to fit all the way around the heavy girth. Another hundred feet rolled through him, his feet grinding into the earth beneath the concrete and asphalt, digging up water mains and foundations as they swept over the town with the inevitability of a glacier.

Lost in thoughts of power, the rat focused on himself, ignoring the pitiful worship and exhausted screams from the city below becoming ever more irrelevant with each swipe of his tail and each surge of growth through his colossal frame. He felt more and more tiny snaps as the will of the people beneath him cracked, the reality of the god above too much for their minds to bear. Their god was, unfortunately, at best indifferent. At worst, malevolent. He growled with effort as he struggled to his feet, the power suffusing his body almost too much for him to bear. Spreading his toes and digging his feet into the ground, he stood upright like a monument being raised, the long shadow of undeniable authority spreading across the city with him. At a thousand feet, no building reached higher than his mid-thigh, a single family more than able to fit in the gap between claw and toe. He took a few steps forward, feeling the ground cede to his weight as buildings, asphalt and cars alike were flattened beyond recognition, a few unlucky stragglers crunched beneath a wall of rat paw providing little more than a momentary snack as their souls were dissolved to feed the master of their tiny city. Nicholas thought for a moment, eyeing the ruins and the expanse of mostly untouched city before him, before extending a leg, using a toe to scrape a line in the ground towards him.

"Worship is good and all, but I don't think you're sufficiently motivated to praise your god. Perhaps this will help you get a little fire in your hearts. I've split you, East and West. Kill those on the wrong side, and I'll reward you by not destroying you. Perhaps afterwards, you can bask in my magnificence and sing praises." he growled, hands against his hips as he glared down at the tiny specks he once had to crane his neck up at to look in the eye. He saw them turn away from him and glance at each other across the trench he had driven between the two sides, and decided to sit down with a heavy, earth shattering crunch. His tail flickered out behind him, whipping into the dockland cranes and capsizing ships, the screech of steel crying out across the southern edge of the city. Unconcerned with simple objects, the rat put his fist underneath his chin as he leaned down, watching the bugs below to see if they'd obey his divine commands. Deep blue eyes tracked the two sides eagerly, neither quite willing to cross the trench so brazenly and openly. For what seemed like increasingly agonizing minutes, they simply stared each other down, until a burst of power trickled into the rat's consciousness. He turned his head, lofty position allowing him to spot a blood-soaked badger standing over a gazelle, shaking with adrenalin as he gripped a dented pipe. The newly minted murderer turned and stared up into the night sky at his god, still covered in the blood of the sacrifice he had offered up. An approving gaze leered down at the badger, at the creature of average stature who had become his first holy warrior. The worship was one thing, but inciting a religious war, the sacrifices in his honour? It was an entirely different kind of delicious, and one he was keen to encourage.

As a shiver of power ran through the rat, the badger felt his head grow a little fuzzy as a red rage descended over him. His pipe clattered to the ground, rolling into the street as he shuddered and fell to his knees. His cheap jeans and t-shirt began to rip at the seams as thick slabs of muscle began to form across his body, his five foot nine form contorting and writhing as it became a twelve-foot hulk of thick muscular power. Sharp, vicious claws shone in the light from the magic wrapped around the city, a ferocious snarl seemingly permanently imprinted on the face of the rat's champion. Perhaps it was a little unfair for him to award one side of the fight a warbeast, but he hadn't been particularly fair to the city before. He quietly watched as the badger tore into a group of friends huddling in a coffee shop, panicked screams and shouts echoing from within as chairs and fists battered off his grey hide to no effect, his lust for bloodletting not slowed one bit by the resistance. Each kill fed both the rat and his champion, Nicholas leaning over to look for other potential servants. He didn't have to look far, watching a group of neddish sorts pushing an empty bus into the chasm. It rumbled over the edge, grinding across the lip of the crater with an awful screech, the suspension snagging on the cracked asphalt. Broken bottles and shards of rebar held tightly, they thunked down onto the crumpled roof of their makeshift bridge, using it to hop across to the other side of town. Though most seemed to be cowering, the few terrified or morally bankrupt enough to join in the fray seemed to be increasing in number, a brutal melee breaking out down the muddy slopes of the trench he had carved to separate the two sides. Claws, fangs, bricks and batons, anything and everything was used to spill blood in the trenches and the streets, the violence impossible for the rat to resist. He awarded the faithful with a little extra boon here and there, the holy warriors seemingly untiring as they crackled with unstable blue sparks.

Even this began to bore the rat, however. He could stare down at them all he wanted, he could ruin their town and poison their minds, but not everyone there was worshipping him. He took to his feet again, cock idly pressing into the base of his pecs as he pressed a hand against it, curling his toes into the rubble below.

"How can you still not believe? Are you waiting for another god to show up and save you, worthless bugs?" snarled Nicholas, eyes ablaze with an electric blue glow, aura of power snapping and crackling menacingly around him. "Nobody is coming. You need to be worshipping me. Me alone. ME!" Unable and unwilling to keep himself restrained, he felt a pulse run through his body like the heartbeat of a creature far larger than himself. His head foggy with power, he took a step back, mentally, and let it happen. He grew in juddering spurts: ten feet, twenty feet, fifty. His toes crept along the ground, claws scouring the earth even as he stood still. Nicholas exhaled a crackling mist of Abyssal energy, chest heaving as he curled his hands into fists, claws digging into his palms and letting a little blood ooze forth. Thick black liquid lazily dribbled down his hands, sticky and viscous as it dripped down into the streets, sizzling corrosively as it splashed down. Planting his feet either side of the line he had drawn, the rat stared down into the smoke and chaos below, the panic of the city growing smaller and smaller still as waves of power ran through him. The fearful crowds below were split between staring up at the beast above and dodging his faithful below. A worse fate still awaited those stuck between slaving hordes of lunatics and those gigantic toes still growing towards them as the rat passed fifteen hundred feet. With a lash of his tail, Nicholas irritably ground his heels into the earth, turning the ruined streets into little more than muddy craters. Above, the electric blue web criss-crossing the sky flared and frayed, long blue cables of magical energy coming unstuck and swinging down towards the city.

Another five hundred feet filled out the rat's frame as he took a step forward towards the eastern half of the city, the half where his champion was carving a bloody path through the misery and carnage. He stretched out his arm, waving his hand slowly over the ruins, dragging all the unlucky creatures who had decided to stay and cower instead of stand and fight through the destroyed, cracked streets. His usual blue energy took on a darker tint as shadowy darkness wrapped around those still living, dragging them from their hiding spots like a giant squid snatching up prey. His holy warriors stopped and gawked nervously as they saw thousands of people dragged out into the night by choking tendrils. They were thrown into the open, into a square surrounded by crumbling buildings that gave them a clear view of the god towering over them. Winded and bruised, they clutched at fresh wounds as they gawped at the behemoth rat ahead of them, that muscular, herculean stud practically slaving over his power as he slowly worked his shaft, eyeing them greedily. He sneered down his snout at them, moving as though to step towards them when something caught him in his step, his foot padding down into the trench he had carved and obliterating the few unlucky souls still slugging it out down there, grinding them into a sea of furless flesh. He heaved his shoulders, writhing in pleasurable agony as another growth spurt took hold of him. Opening his mouth to roar his satisfaction, he barely noticed he was making no sound at all, too preoccupied with the shuddering growth surging through him, an extra thousand foot in height rippling through his body as though it were effortless. Claws pushed forward through ruined streets, carving great trenches that his massive sole quickly slid right across, catching buildings underneath great pink paws and grinding them to dust. His fur turned a deep midnight black, not a spot of white on him as he carried his step forward, foot coming to rest just above the huddled mass of shivering, scared people. Nicholas felt them shudder and press their tiny hands against his foot, holding back by what felt to him like just a fraction of an inch, hundreds of bodies wailing in fear as they were smothered gently beneath a warm expanse of musky flesh. He allowed them to touch their god for just a few moments: this was supposed to be a punishment for not worshipping him correctly, after all. He put his foot down, leaning his weight forward to wipe them out. The ball of his paw hit the earth as he twisted his ankle in a gory, smearing crunch. The heady rush of sacrifice clouded his mind as his toes scrunched and flexed into the earth, the utter insignificance of everything beneath him an unending thrill.

"You're mine." Nicholas growled, to nobody in particular, as he stared up at the faltering magical net in the sky. A long black tendril drooped down, sticking to his fur as he stared at the bloody mess he had made of his foot. He felt a pang of desire pulse through his shaft, power vibrate through his very soul. There was nothing he wanted to do more than simply grow. Grow more powerful, grow beyond the pathetic city, maybe the pathetic country. The world. "You bugs, you'll worship me and you'll want it. Worthless, spineless insects, you'll..."

Nicholas grumbled as he noticed another sticky strand of his net caught in his fur, snagged on his arm. He tugged at it irritably, allowing himself another surge in growth from all the sacrifices, three thousand foot of rat snarling as he grew closer to five thousand, muscle swelling and cock engorging even further as the rat sculpted himself into some perverse mockery of an ideal, a Greek god viewed through a broken mirror. The city below was forgotten, the rat caring only for himself as he lowered his muzzle down to his oversized cock, licking tenderly around the head and running his fingers along the sensitive underside. Lapping the heavy beads of pre oozing from his dick, he hardly noticed more and more of those black cables falling around him, the shadowy night itself seeming to slither and wrap around the rat's limbs. Groaning with pleasure, Nicholas moved to lay down across the city,

but found himself suspended. Caught in his own web, the rat pulled forward irritably, his massive weight grinding the streets below him down to dust. He couldn't quite believe it, confusedly tugging at the strands as he tried to free himself like a brute beast caught in a net. Twisting, writhing, snarling, Nicholas screamed in fury as he tried to unhook himself, the city getting darker and darker as more of the black web began to smother him, wrapping him up as though a spider were preparing lunch. To some degree, one was. As utter blackness surrounded him, he roared with ear-splitting fury, the crackling aura of uncontrollable power lost to the vacuum smothering him. More than a vacuum. An Abyss.

Thousands of leering eyes stared at him from near and far, the faintest outline of creatures amongst the shadow slinking around the new arrival while massive, formless beasts lumbered towards him. Snarling, Nicholas raised his arms and balled his hands into fists, ready to go out swinging as he found himself surrounded and lost.

"What have you done? That was my city, you cunts, MINE." He growled, the sound of cackling laughter beginning to echo from all around, snaggletoothed grins gleaming widely. "Don't you laugh at me, wretched things. I'm a god made flesh. You don't fuck with the divine without it coming back to fuck you." he snapped, swiping at a pair of eyes that simply seemed to dissolve around his meaty fists, each punch he threw hitting nothing at all. With might not working, he knew he'd have to resort to magic. A simple prospect, given that he was full of the stuff, the knowledge to use it hardwired into his brain. He raised his arms in a grand sweeping gesture, holding them above his head and focusing his energies into a murderous incantation to deal with the worthless creatures around him... but nothing happened. No crackling, snarling power, no heady burn of power, not a single hint that his magic was working. His face fell somewhat, taking a step back to look around. Thousands, millions, uncountable trillions of creatures for miles around, each bigger than the last. Impossibly huge megabeasts thudding soundlessly through the Abyss, their shapes too hard for his brain to contemplate without his forehead aching. He was in trouble, and he drew his arms close into himself as he began to worry. "W-what are you doing?" he stammered, deep and imperious voice cracking for the first time all night.

"Just saying hello and calling in a debt, dear Nicholas." cooed a thousand disparate voices. "So nice of you to come."

"You can't bring me here." he whined, pacing restlessly around the vast nothingness. "I never agreed to let you bring me here, this wasn't part of the bargain. You have no right to do this!"

"Oh, he's confused. Poor ratty. Did you think our deal was for your benefit? No, no. Your rights mean very little here." cooed the voice, a figure swishing just on the peripheral of the rat's vision. He turned, but was just chasing shadows. "We had plans for you, as we do all mages we touch. We make you nice and fat with power, and when you're full to bursting, we..."

"E-eat me?!" snivelled the rat, clutching his tail in both hands for comfort, wringing it till his knuckles turned white. The creatures erupted into cacophonous laughter that bit at his senses, simultaneously shrill and ominously deep as what seemed like an entire stadium jeered at him.

"We bring you here, and you become one of us. You'll make a particularly cruel Abyssal if any of your personality survives intact... but I wouldn't count on it, rat. You already don't exist in your world. Simply wiped from history. If we can do that, imagine what we can do to you." Another figure said, practically whispering into Nicholas' ear.

"N-no, wait, we can work something out! I can just be one of your agents back in the real

world, I can... well, just wait and we can make something formal!" whimpered Nicholas, reflexively scrabbling at pockets that weren't there. He felt a chill run down his hand, a numb sensation that began to spread as he saw it seem to unravel. With his other hand, he pressed a palm into his forehead, screwing his eyes shut and thinking. Any fact about the Abyss, or Abyssal creatures... binding circles would do him no good, he couldn't write a contract without a pen or paper, no artifacts or relics or potions or scrolls. Nothing but himself and the city-worth of power currently running through his veins. Magic might not work against the Abyssals, but perhaps power itself would. He focused, concentrating with all his might, trying his best to ignore the dull sensation winding its way up his wrist. With a heavy, sputtering cough, he clawed at his chest, pulling a thick, black, slimy rope from it. Head pounding with the effort, he just pulled and pulled, each tug whitening his fur and turning him from an Adonis to his regular, unimpressive self, weedy muscles and small stature included. Around him, he noticed a flurry of activity, smaller Abyssal creatures snapping up the magical power on offer, and he smiled weakly in return as a massive limb swooshed past him, onyx claws scything through the swarm.

"I know you gifted me that initial boost in power, and maybe it's rude to regift... I'm fond of my life, though, and I'm not too proud to admit it." he said, the world fading back into view before quickly fading back out again, unconsciousness taking him in its arms as he collapsed into the rubble.

Epilogue

“...for the third consecutive day, and hopes are fading that more survivors will be found among the rubble. The cause of the disaster is still not known, and with eyewitness accounts varying wildly it would seem as though the truth of the event may elude us for some time. If you or anybody you know have been affected by the disaster, please phone our hotline, at...”

A tall figure wiped the dust from his eyes, his protective gear coated in grime and rubble as he listened to the radio. Exhausted, the lanky feline cupped his head in his hands, tail swaying impatiently as he hunched over on a bench. A hue and cry echoed from deeper within the city, his comrades in the emergency services calling out to whoever was nearby.

“A survivor! A survivor, come quickly!” shouted a hoarse and scraggly voice, almost lost within the bustle of the wider rescue effort. The feline leapt to his feet with his tail flicking over a cup of tea in a Styrofoam cup, the fallen vessel bleeding out into the battle-scarred streets. His thick leather boots crunched over the debris, tired legs pounding over the broken asphalt to reach the scene of all the chaos. He spotted a group of dusty figures pulling away some rubble, gingerly prying and pulling at it to free a white-furred figure when one leapt back with an ominous crack, clutching his hand as the scent of ozone filled the air.

“Little fucker!” snapped a tall equine figure, flexing his hand through a thick rubberized glove. A companion looked to him briefly, shaking a canine head and waving him off.

“Must be a mage, you know how they’re a little unstable right now. Just ground yourself. Don’t touch metal.”

“No visible wounds. Can you slide that stretcher in? One, two, three...” Though tired, the group worked with the efficiency of an F1 pit crew, every hand perfectly placed to delicately scoop the stretched from within the rubble and pull out a rat of less than average height, white fur marred only by a few spots of black and plenty of grime and dust, and distinctly oversized...

“Fuck me. Some have it lucky, no?” smirked the canine, peering down at a cock far larger than it had any right to be on the little rat, his unconscious form rocked back and forth on the stretcher as they slowly brought it down a slope of rubble. “Wonder where his clothes went? There’s not a mark on him.”

“Maybe he slept naked.” droned an albino cougar at the bottom of the slope, a few paramedics accompanying him as they took the stretcher from the fire crews. “Come on, let’s get him to a treatment area.” Wrapping his white-furred hands around the back end of the stretcher, he grinned down at the unconscious form. “Look familiar to any of you guys?” he asked quietly, watching his companions shake their heads, mumbled and muttered denials lost among the noise pollution. “Just you and me, then, Nicholas.”

