

Out adventuring, Felix stumbles upon a mysterious building hidden away in the wilds and enters to explore. He finds numerous treasures inside, the most enticing of which is a fine silver collar. But when he touches it, it drains his strength, leaving him an immobile heap on the stone floor for Vesk, the sadistic fox to whom the lair belongs, to find. The fox fixes the collar around the weasel's neck, immune to the weakening magic he himself had cast on it, and with no concern of resistance, calmly strips his panicking prisoner, undoing every button and buckle one at a time. Once Felix is nude but for the collar, the fox drags him off to a room with a bed, arranges him on top of the unadorned sheets face-up and legs spread, and leaves him there without a word, the door ajar behind him.

Some hours later, a large feral wolf stalks in, eyes hungry, a hint of red poking from its sheath; Vildher, the fox's supernatural servant. The immobilized weasel can do no more than curl his toes as the beast hunches over him, and vocalize as he's bred and ultimately impregnated, the echo of his pleading and moans through the halls of the lair mere pleasant background noise to Vesk. In that windowless room the weasel stays, his only means of judging the passage of the days and weeks the slow swelling of his belly and the count of times the mattress has buckled under the forepaws of his one and only visitor, back to sate itself on Felix's body again each time it has need.

When the nine-month gestation period draws to an end, the fox returns to offer Felix a choice: he can weaken the magic of the collar enough to allow the weasel to crawl, and walk him on a leash to the center of the nearest village for Vildher to fuck into labor and reimpregnate in the town square...or he can let the routine of the months before continue. The only thing that has the power to induce the weasel to labor is Vildher's shaft under his tail, so Vesk would instruct the wolf to take him in the muzzle instead, leaving him swollen for another month, when the fox would return again to offer the same choice. The weasel refuses the crawl through town three times before the throbbing of his overfull belly outweighs his shame.

As the cycle repeats, the weasel impregnated again and again, his shame comes to mean less and less, until eventually he agrees to birth on the first offer. The fox then makes a new offer: he can instruct Vildher not to reimpregnate the weasel at the birthing ceremony, remove all traces of magic from the collar, and allow Felix to go off on his way, on the condition that he never return to Vesk's lair, probably never again to encounter a supernaturally virile creature...or the weasel can stay.

And because nothing else in the world matches the pleasure of a belly heavy with young and of birthing, Felix chooses to stay. Vesk, who had already known how the weasel felt, but relishes coaxing his victims to admit it out loud, gives the weasel the courtesy of permanently weakening the magic of the collar, allowing him to crawl around the lair freely, a faithful breeding servant for Vildher, Vildher's offspring, and Vildher's offspring's offspring.