

A Lesson in Shapeshifting

By: IndigoRho

Carson took a deep breath and knocked twice on the door of the cottage he'd traveled so far to reach, barely able to believe his luck. The human Blue Mage had spent months trying to track down a suitable master to teach him shapeshifting, only to discover the art was a rarity in his region. Mage colleges and skilled tutors were far too costly, and he'd nearly given up hope until a chance encounter with a tanuki at a local tavern. The tanuki—Donovan—had listened to his story with earnest, eventually revealing he'd be willing to train Carson for essentially nothing, apparently won over by the human's eagerness to learn. Now, two days later, Carson was finally at Donovan's isolated forest home, still unsure of what to expect.

Fortunately the door opened swiftly enough, and the sight of Donovan's welcoming smile calmed Carson's worries. The tanuki's dwelling proved to be rather modest, not the cluttered mage's study he'd come to expect from past experience. There was allegedly a spare bed for him to claim while he trained, though Carson felt it rude to ask about it right away.

"I'm glad you were able to find me!" Donovan said, quietly locking the door and guiding his guest towards the center of the main room. "I know the road's neither well-marked nor well-traveled."

"To be honest I thought I'd gotten lost more than once." Carson adjusted his round glasses. "I'm surprised you don't live closer to town."

Donovan walked as he talked, cleaning up a little. "I enjoy the privacy it provides while I'm...practicing transformation. Speaking of which, are you ready for your first lesson?"

"S-so soon?" Carson had assumed there would be a period of study to begin, or that he'd have time to settle in. "I mean...I'm ready to learn master."

The tanuki's widening grin went unnoticed by Carson. "Wonderful. Now, shapeshifting can be surprisingly easy if you know just where to start. The secret is learning to transform into a liquid first!"

"I would've expected liquids to be much more complicated." Carson was excited.

"Well some liquids are simpler to transform into than others. To begin you'll need to concentrate, with your hands together and arms outstretched, like this." Donovan gave an example, and Carson quickly followed suit. "Good. Next I'll need you to close your eyes while I stimulate the flow of arcane magic."

Carson brushed aside any lingering confusion, putting his faith in his new teacher. Donovan, meanwhile, had to resist snickering. He quietly pulled out his cock, which had begun swelling in anticipation of a filling meal, teasing it with a claw so it'd rise swifter. For years the devious tanuki had made a living preying on gullible travelers, luring them to his isolated cottage so he could part them of their valuables before sending them down his shaft. The inquisitive human was about to discover that the hard way.

With his cock ready, Donovan moved onto the next stage of his plan. "Alright Carson, I'm going to smear a poultice onto your hands, so don't be alarmed and keep concentrating."

The Blue Mage dutifully complied, though he still winced when the warm tip of Donovan's member pressed against his hands. Pre oozed forth as the cock throbbed in anticipation, until the tanuki could no longer hold back, the tip of his dick flaring open and sucking in Carson's hands. The sudden warmth and constriction was too much for Carson to ignore, and he dared crack open an eye to see what was going on. He almost immediately regretted it. His hands were wrist-deep in Donovan's massive cock, a trickle of pre dribbling out. With a loud *schlorp* he felt his arms pulled in deeper, and only then did the mage begin to struggle in an attempt to free himself from his teacher's gluttonous member.

"W-what are you doing!" Carson shouted, now stuck up to his elbows.

"Giving you your first and only shapeshifting lesson, of course!" Donovan bellowed, unfazed by his "pupil's" squirms. "Turning into cum is effortless, especially when I'm doing all the work for

you.”

Carson was in a panic, the incredible suction of Donovan's dick overpowering him with ease. He'd been forced to bend over, his face inching distressingly closer to the tip of the cock as it steadily gulped him down. The flow of pre was increasing noticeably, helping to lubricate his body and hasten his descent into the shaft.

“P-please, don't do this to me, don't—mmmmphh!” The human's pleas were cut short as his head entered his host's penis.

Donovan moaned as the length of his cock began to fill with prey, Carson's struggles merely massaging him. Gulp after powerful gulp sucked more of the human into him, his dick bulging and throbbing as it glutted, pre pooling on the floor below. Within the dark shaft Carson was overwhelmed by the oppressive heat. All the flailing in the world couldn't impede his consumption, and soon he felt his feet leave the floor as Donovan lifted him into the air with impressive strength. Donovan's balls began to swell as Carson's hands and then arms emptied into it, the human getting a moment of reprieve once his head finally slid in as well. The strong aroma of cum was omnipresent.

Carson pushed at the sticky walls of his new prison as he slowly filled it, a futile attempt to reverse his descent or provoke the tanuki to blow his load and free him. Unfortunately he only managed to pleasure Donovan further. As Carson's feet were finally swallowed up by Donovan's cock, the tanuki's balls sagged onto the floor, swollen with prey. Donovan gently followed the bulge of Carson traveling down his member, moaning more as the human was sealed away completely within his sack.

Donovan's massive balls bounced around from the mage's squirms, muffled begging echoing within. “Struggling only wears you down faster, ya know?” the tanuki teased, patting his balls just to rile his prey up more. “And good luck trying to make me erupt early; no one's ever succeeded.”

Despite the taunt, Carson continued fighting. His clothes were completely soaked in cum, and the mage had to constantly wipe more from his glasses. The modest pool he'd ended up sitting in seemed to be growing deeper as time passed and the balls grew warmer. Though quickly exhausted by the ordeal, Carson was still conscious enough to notice his body was feeling softer; he was actually transforming into cum. The realization renewed his struggles, but the more he fought the softer he became and the deeper the cum pool got. Donovan's increasingly euphoric moans gave Carson a sliver of hope for freedom.

“I'm sure you're softening up really nice in there, pupil!” Donovan leaned into his bloated balls, prodding at the lumps of his doomed prey. “Just remember, you're the one who was *so* eager to learn shapeshifting.”

Carson let out a whimper of terror, convinced Donovan's massaging was making him melt faster. His clothes were feeling looser, and his glasses had slid right off and sunk into the now waist-deep pool of cum. Even if he did manage to escape, he wasn't sure he'd survive at this point, the pigment in his skin having faded away till it was white as the cum itself. Struggling gradually became nearly impossible, the human barely able to push against even the soft walls of the ball sack any more, the lake of cum still rising. He tried begging one last time for mercy, but all he managed was a horrible gargle. Soon after, Carson's mind went blank, his body losing its form completely.

The tanuki could feel his balls smoothing out as the mage was processed, the squirms dwindling. Eventually he saw the last bulge in his sack fade, followed by a faint splash of cum; Carson was ready to come out. Donovan lumbered over to a large basin in a side room of his cottage, leaving a trail of pre as he went. As soon as he'd reached his destination his cock throbbed and he clenched his teeth. A torrent of cum erupted from Donovan's member, arcing in the air and splashing down into the basin with expert precision. His balls shrunk rapidly as his freshly transformed student was emptied in a geyser. Ejected amidst the cum were Carson's robes, pants, glasses, and—most importantly of all—his small satchel of gold coins.

With the stream of cum reducing to a trickle, Donovan braced himself against the wall to catch his breath, looking down upon the results of his latest heist. Many before Carson had filled the basin, as

would many after.

“Congratulations on passing your first shapeshifting lesson with flying colors, Carson!”

Donovan grinned. “What a shame your new form's permanent.”

Chuckling to himself, Donovan scooped his prey's coin out of the basin and left to clean up, satisfied with his brief stint as a teacher.