

Magical Connections

By Victor Waite

A Wolfess creates a voodoo doll of herself and unleashes it into town for fun and pleasure. Her next door neighbor finds it soon after and unknowingly takes up her offer.

Content Warning: This story is intended for adult readers and contains a Female and Male Wolf, Feats of Magic, a Voodoo Sex Toy, Male Masturbation, Female Masturbation, Simulated Hyper, Excessive Cum, Cum Inflation, and Unusual Romance. If that sounds like fun, read on~

The wolfess poured over her tome, reviewing a wide array of arcane instructions and cryptic diagrams. The faded parchment crinkled in her fingers as she flipped through the pages, skimming important points until she reached the end of the section. She pushed her chair back and stood up from her desk with renewed confidence in her abilities. Creating a voodoo doll was a relatively simple procedure, especially with a willing target, but high stakes demanded some caution. Repairing or tuning the doll would be remarkably difficult after binding herself to it. The snow-white canine pushed her doubts away and gathered her materials, then spread them out across her table. She carefully sewed a small cloth doll from her old clothes and stuffed it with fluffy tufts of her fur. The wolfess crafted its muzzle and shaped its ears with tender care, referring to a mirror to ensure a near-perfect likeness. A few small chunks of foam gave the foot-tall figure rigidity, granting it the ability to stand on its own. A few plucked hairs from her tail gifted it with the same feature, almost completing the soft figurine.

A grin spread across her muzzle as she reached for the final and most important component, a small pot of enchanted clay. She parted the doll's legs and cut a slit into the fabric, then pressed the clay inside. With a delicate touch, she molded the soft material into a pair of lips, perfectly replicating her own. The wolfess set the material with a wave of her paw, imprinting its shape without sacrificing flexibility. She gave the soft patch a rub and trembled in sympathetic pleasure, confirming she was on track to succeed. Anticipation sparked through her core at the thought of how strong the bond would become, and she rushed to find out first hand. The canine penned a circle on her desk and placed the doll at its center, then filled in the edges with innumerable runes and sigils. She consulted her tome constantly and checked and rechecked their accuracy, eliminating any possibility of error. She trembled with slow-burning arousal by the time she finished the tedious task, but reigned her desires in and focused to finish it off.

The wolfess closed eyes and drew from the arcane well in her chest, and her paws glowed with supernatural light as she directed it. The circle's ink blazed with neon blue light when she reached out and touched it, filling her workshop with harsh illumination and stark shadows. They danced and flickered as she poured her willpower into the spell, feeding it energy until a blinding flash filled the room. The canine's breath caught in her throat when the ritual resolved, fully linking her body with the small cloth likeness. A wave of tingling pleasure burst from her core and radiated outward, but ended as abruptly as it began. The light extinguished in an instant, and relative darkness reclaimed her workshop. Sparks of sensation danced across her pelt as a faint breeze flowed over the doll, confirming her success. Pride swelled in her chest when she picked it up and felt a phantom hand around her torso, inspiring her to celebrate.

Foregoing foreplay, she spread the doll's legs and ran her finger along its soft slit. The phantom squeeze around her thighs drew a moan from her chest, and she bit her lip when she dipped her fingertip into the model opening. The wolfess's passage spread and resonated with sympathetic pleasure, and she curled her toes as she dipped in deeper. The difference in scale between her hand and the doll enlarged the ephemeral penetration almost to the point of discomfort, but no painful twinge ever came. The canine squeezed

her thighs together and gingerly inched her digit deeper, filling herself up to her cervix. She savored the blissful stretch before withdrawing her finger, but the carnal sensations lingered for a wonderful moment before dissipating. With that aspect confirmed, she moved on to the next phase and squeezed the doll's arm with all of her strength. The soft figurine retained its shape and a restrictive pressure encased her arm. It didn't hurt, but it was far from comfortable until she let it go. A few more tests confirmed the voodoo doll wouldn't fully transmit pain, marking the end of her concerns.

The canine grinned broadly and placed the voodoo doll in her bag, then got ready to go into town and set an adventure in motion.

The male wolf hummed to himself and browsed the thrift shop's shelves, idly looking for nothing in particular. He spotted a few antiques hidden amongst piles of junk, but nothing worth buying. Though he did manage to find a few ideas for joke gifts. The grey canine turned down a cramped aisle and made his way to the front of the store, but a fluffy white something caught his eye before he left. The wolf stopped in his tracks and examined the doll, and his eyes widened with realization as he took in its features. It bore a striking resemblance to his next door neighbor, but how such a quality doll ended up in a thrift store puzzled him. He shrugged and plucked it from its place, then tucked it under his arm and walked to the counter. He nodded to the bunny clerk as he set it down, who seemed equally puzzled as he looked it over

"Was there a price tag on this?" he asked.

The wolf thought for a moment. "I don't think so, and I didn't see a loose one near it."

The lapine turned it over to look for a sticker, and his expression fell. "Is this a joke?"

"What?"

The clerk turned the doll around and showed the wolf the feature between its legs. "We don't take things like this. I can throw it out for you if you'd like, but we can't keep it here."

The wolf squinted, then blushed fiercely and took it back. "I'm sorry, I just saw it on the shelf and-"

"Don't worry about it," the clerk deadpanned. "It's hardly the weirdest thing that's come through here. I can't do anything with it, so if you want it, it's yours."

The wolf nodded in thanks and hurried out of the store, both eager to get home and spare himself any further awkwardness.

The wolf returned home after a short drive and rushed inside. He plucked the doll

from his bag and took it to the kitchen, intent on cleaning it before anything else. It's fur was pristine and new despite its residence in the store, but he wasn't willing to take risks with its interior. The canine found a q-tip and dunked it in cleaning fluid, then gently scrubbed its life-like passage. His cheeks warmed as he took an odd pleasure in pleasuring the doll, strangely jealous of the care and attention he gave it. The lupine soaked another swap in water and rinsed it out, careful to keep the cloth figurine dry as he did so. Once finished, he retreated to his room to prepare. The canine pulled his shirt over his head and exposed his tight chest, then dropped his shorts and freed his tail. The fluffy appendage swayed in the cool air of his bedroom, relieved to be out of the summer heat. His boxers followed, and his cock sprung free from its fabric confines.

A bead of precum dripped from his throbbing spire and soaked in the carpet below, and a light shiver of lust ran the length of his spine. He'd never imagined fucking a specialty plush toy specifically, but he couldn't let an opportunity to do so slip passed. Curiosity of what the experience could hold flowed through his mind as he returned to his bathroom, then picked up the doll and brought it into his living room. The wolf tucked the lewd figure under his arm and drew the curtains, shrouding the unkempt den in relative darkness. With his privacy protected, he dropped onto his couch and set the cloth figurine in his lap. He pressed the miniature wolf to his length and wrapped its legs around the emerging swell of his knot, groaning softly at the sensation. It's plush fur exquisitely brushed across his sensitive spire, and pre gushed from his tip as his arousal built. The wolf wrapped both hands around it and squeezed, pressing its curves to his length while he rolled his hips. He rolled his head back and his tongue lulled from his muzzle as he drifted into indulgent fantasies.

In the next house over, the wolfess sprawled out across her bed prepared for the advances of her unknown partner. She peeled her soaked panties from the crux of her thighs and tossed them across the room, then mercilessly teased her clit. A low moan of appreciation rumbled in her chest as her partner's phantom length squished and rubbed against her front, spreading her breasts and bumping her chin. The wolfess reflexively licked her lips and sputtered when a gush of ephemeral lust splashed across her face, and its flavor danced across her tongue before it evaporated. Her partner's size implied they were every bit as virile as they tasted, and she eagerly awaited for them to move to the next stage. They didn't disappoint, and the light pressure on her chest lifted away, only to be replaced with a prodding at her lips. The wolfess squeezed her thighs together and braced for the ride of a lifetime as their attention drifted lower, and she squealed into her pillow as she spread around the first of their tip.

The male wolf squeezed his eyes shut and growled as he pressed into his toy, burying his lust at a slow and languid pace. The cloth doll stretched around his girth far better than expected, and an apparently hidden source of lube smoothed his entry. The figurine's belly bulged with his length before he reached his midpoint, and a lack of resistance invited him to continue. The canine kept a careful eye on the doll and watched for rips, and to his delight, none formed. He visibly throbbed through its soft fluff while he adjusted to its form-fitting hold, then wrapped his paw around its waist and withdrew.

His miniature partner flawlessly retained its shape, hugging his member tightly on his second entry. The lupine's rhythm accelerated as he found its sweet spots, until he lost control and descended into a feral rut. Unabashed grunts and groans filled his home while he sated himself, a few of them perhaps loud enough for the neighbors to hear.

A similar chorus rang through the halls of the wolfess's house, despite her best attempts to muffle them. She wrapped herself around a pillow and moaned into its softness as her middle bulged again and again with an unseen cock, reaching up to her modest breaths before withdrawing. Previously unimagined pleasure shorted out her mind while her body struggled to process the extreme sensations, fraying her grip on reality. Her grip on the cushion faltered after a particularly intense thrust, but she could hardly hear her own rapturous shouts by then. Every room in her home echoed with her elated moans and ceaseless demands for more, which only diminished when speaking became too much effort. The wet schicks of a phantom length plunging in and out of her took their place, growing in volume as her puddle of lust spread and swamped her bedding. The lustful waterfall pouring from her depths washed farther yet when she came, arcing jets of orgasmic fluid across the room. Her hips bucked and writhed as each ephemeral thrust prolonged her bliss, stealing her breath away in a silent scream of rapture.

The male wolf's breath caught in his throat when the doll tightened around him, spraying his hips with a jet of lubrication and rippling with carnal need. His hips blurred and he burned through the last of his endurance, and his knot quickly swelled as he approached his own orgasm. The canine threw his head back and cried out when he tied the toy, and he left it suspended by his rod while releasing his climactic torrent. Every muscle in his body twitched in time with his cock as he filled its internal reservoir, quickly bulging its stomach out yet farther with his prodigious output. The lupine's heaving chest evened out as he slipped into an exhausted afterglow, shocked by the intensity of his release. Resonating tremors of bliss rocked his core as his senses returned, and a proud grin spread across his muzzle when he caught sight of his work. The doll's belly hung and swayed like a filled condom, retaining every drop despite the considerable load. It easily earned a place among his favorite toys, and he resolved to further test its limits once he recovered. Before then, however, he needed to clean up.

The wolf softly gasped as he tugged his knot free from the sloshing doll, bulging its lips grandly before finally slipping free. A muffled shriek from outside accompanied the soft pop, piercing the fog of pleasure around his brain. He gracelessly lifted himself from the couch and dropped the toy off in his sink, then quickly cleaned up just enough to get dressed. The canine's cock obviously bulged through the leg of his pants and dribbled a trickle of cum, but he decided he didn't have time to wait his prolonged lust out. He tied a shirt around his waist and stepped outside, rushing to his neighbor's door. He knocked and asked if everything was alright, then pounded louder and shouted for an answer. When he didn't get one, he barged in to investigate. A faint moan from the second floor drew his attention, and he climbed the stairs as quickly as he recovering legs would allow. He found its source in seconds, and it nearly drained what little strength he had left.

Her scent hit him like a truck the instant he stepped into her room, jump-starting his arousal and straining his pants. The carpet softly squished under his feet as he approached the exhausted wolfess, and puzzled thoughts raced through his lust-addled mind. Her belly dominated her figure and rippled with liquid fluidity, and a tide of pearly-white cum poured from between her thighs. The musky flow gradually stemmed as her muscles recovered and tightened after their intense stretching, but her mind wasn't so quick to follow. She mumbled incoherently while she came down from her carnal high, only noticing the other wolf's presence after an awkward moment. A fierce blush spread across her muzzle, but she made no effort to conceal herself. Instead, she took a deep breath and furrowed her brow. Realization flashed in her eyes, and she crawled to her visitor to confirm her suspicion. The male jumped back when she buried her nose in his crotch, and she grabbed his arm before he could any farther away.

"It was you, wasn't it?"

The color drained from the wolf's face. "I had nothing to do with this," he stammered. "I just heard a shout and wanted to make sure you were alright!"

"Oh, but you did," she grinned. "You found my doll and used it, didn't you?"

A fierce blush resurged in his cheeks. "I-I don't know what you're talking about."

"You don't need to be coy, big guy. I know because I made it." She sat up on her knees and let her belly spill down her thighs, then hefted and sloshed it. "And you preformed marvelously~ I wouldn't have picked anyone else to find it."

The male wolf stood in silence while he processed her explanation, but eventually spoke up before she made herself too comfortable. "Do you want it back?"

"Keep it hun~ Just promise me you'll use it every once in a while. I could get used to this."

The wolf had no objections to her offer, but he wondered if he could sweeten the encounter even more. "Want to make this official? We could go out to dinner or something before the next time I fill you up."

The wolfess thought for a moment. "Sure, if you bring the doll with you and promise to make it worth my while," she teased. "I need to make sure you can keep up if we're going to start dating."