

Magical Menace



Vic Waite

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24-08-31

Word count: 6,300

Content Warning: This Short Story is intended for Adult readers and the following tags apply: Commission, Short Story, Adult, (Ransom), Male, Chimera, Fox, [Golden-Tail], Fantasy, Action, Transformation, Weight Gain, Inflation, Muscle Growth, Hyper, Corruption

A villainous wizard has made himself the scourge of the kingdom, and Villam has taken it upon himself to bring the fox to justice. Armed with a resolve as solid as his great-sword, he tracks his target to what was once a peaceful village. Fattened and inflated livestock line the path, and wild animals run unchecked through the street. Such sites do little to dissuade the chimera from his path, but the strength to confront the wizard and the strength to actually overcome him may be two very different things. Regardless of how that duel turns out, it will be a spectacle.

The crack of a thunderbolt split the air. Villam looked to the sky and found nothing but empty blue, then back down to the village ahead. The barbarian was headed in the right direction it seemed. He bounced his pack upon his back into a more comfortable spot, then pressed his pace as much as he dared. Time was of the essence, but it wouldn't do him good to arrive at a potential fight exhausted. He jogged a light jog down the empty path, his muscles carrying him well.

Countryside passed the chimera by in his pace. The sun shown bright over vast rolling fields, most green with grazing pastures, some golden with crops in the making. A stream ran parallel to his path, filling the air with trickling ambiance and ample backdrop for Villam's thoughts. His looming mission took a backseat to the present, and he allowed himself a deep, indulgent breath. The gentle summer's day filled his chest pleasantly, and a smile bloomed across his muzzle as he let it out. The open lands beyond the cities never failed to put him at ease, perhaps because he was almost a farm unto himself.

Villam bore an impressive figure, broad in the shoulders and only slightly broader in his waistline. The sun warmed his light chocolate pelt, concealed by little more than a strap across his back and a cloth across his loins. His muscular arms pumped steadily, flexing and stretching the patches of cream scattered across his shoulders. A downy mane of the same color wreathed his neck, a tuft of fur substantial enough to frame his head. The regal plumes of a rooster's tail bounced in his wake, in time with the jingles of his pack. A soft expression rested on his boarish muzzle, and his softer stomach bounced with the rhythm of his advance.

The massive sword slotted across his back and the ornate ring in his nose only slightly undercut his relaxed demeanor.

The distant village crept closer from behind a rise, but the chimera's pace faltered long before he reached its gate. A desperate moo caught Villam's long ears, and his momentum ground to a halt at a fence to his side. Expansive farmland stretched before him, and across that green canvas laid sprawled a herd of cows. The one nearest him rocked perilously atop a belly large enough to lift its hooves from the ground. Its fattened peers lowed their protests in a rotund chorus, unsure how to handle their doughy predicament.

A distant squeal from above turned Villam's attention to the sky, where he watched a round, pink shape ride the lazy breeze. It took

the barbarian a moment to piece together the fact it was a pig, and the shock of that realization dropped his jaw. That stray hog rejoined its drove on a gentle gust, a hollow thump of collision echoed by several grunts and snorts. Confusion furrowed the chimera's brow, until dispelled by another distant crack of thunder. He regathered his focus and took the first step of his resumed jog, only for the sharp bark of a dog to steal his attention.

His head whipped toward the source of the sound, combative reflexes swiftly tempered by realization. A golden retriever bounded to the fence and repeated their greeting, earning a soft smile from Villam. A glittering locket hung from their neck and swayed with their enthusiasm. The tatters of what once was a shirt hung from their chest, riddled with claw marks and sloppy rips. The barbarian laughed to himself and scratched behind the canine's ear.

"Your owner's not going to be very happy with you when he sees this."

The dog leaned away from his hand and barked again.

"Alright, alright," he playfully relented. "I won't tell if you won't."

That earned a soft growl that almost sounded frustrated.

Villam quirked his brow and rose back to his full height. "Well, I'll just be on my way if you're going to be like that."

The scrabbling of claws against wood tipped the barbarian off just before a weight clamped down on and swung from his pack.

"Hey, get off of there!". A few twists and turns dislodged the dog, and Villam spun to face him, eyes hardened. "I don't have time to play," he said sternly. "There's a wizard I need to take care of."

The canine's eyes flashed with what might have been panic and they took Villam's strong hand into their muzzle. It wasn't the bite of an attack, but a gentler nudge of guidance. The dog used that hold to pull him down the path in the opposite direction.

The barbarian firmly withdrew his hand. "I don't know what you think you're doing," Villam said, softly but unyielding, "but I have a job I need to do. Until I do, more and more people are going to get hurt. I need to keep going."

To Villam's mild shock, the dog seemed to understand that. Consideration glittered behind their eyes, and after a moment, they slumped. They still protested that choice with a keening whine, however.

Smirk returned to his snout, Villam scratched behind the canine's ear again. "Good boy. There are more people on the way behind me. They'll be able to help you and your owner out."

The dog shook their head with that, then bounded off into the fields to pursue their canine duties.

Puzzled by the exchange, Villam did not return to his brisk pace right away. The canine's understanding stuck in his thoughts as an oddity, drawing him into a pondering he had little time for. The chimera shook his head and gave a breath of resignation. Maybe that dog was a druid who had gotten stuck. Stranger things had happened, and some of them were just off the path he traveled.

Minutes passed swiftly in the barbarian's jogging focus. The sounds of distressed animals and confused shouts marred the otherwise gorgeous day. Villam couldn't stop his gaze from flicking through wooden slats of fences, nor could he cool the kindling heat in his cheeks with what he saw. Dispersed among the fat-beached

animals and sky-bound livestock where the shepherds and farmers that tended to them. Invariably the tatters of clothing littered the ground around them, and inevitably some aspect of their anatomy kept them in place.

The chimera's jog slowed considerably as he passed a bull a hair shorter than himself. Shreds of denim overalls littered the ground at his feet, scattered to the winds by a set of cock and balls that pinned him in place. Low moos and moans punctuated his quiet breaths as he hugged his spire to his chest and ground against it, struggling to keep his hands clasped upon its opposite side. The bovine man glistened with the slick total of his lust, and a wide patch of grass around him darkened with that viscous tide of output. His scent flared Villam's nostrils, and his loincloth throbbed with a need that threatened to pull him off task. His gaze lingered, envious and leering, until the heavens resonated with a staccato clap. Startled from his trance, he increased his pace with a touch of urgency.

Similar scenes played out through the outermost houses of the village. A chicken heaved her breasts in the cradle of her arms as she bumped the edges of her doorway again and again, no where near stuffing her monstrous mammaries inside. A quadruped sheep stood in a circle of ruined fabric, evidently torn between hiding or running to seek their flock. A gravid cow sat on the ground and propped against her home, panting from exhaustion and spread eagle without shame. A flock of chickens clucked and fled his path fluttering up into a tree between two homes. Villam noted idly the species of the town. It wasn't uncommon for anthro cows and sheep and other 'barnyard' species to congregate outside of the major cities, but the lack of any other stuck out to him as odd.

The barbarian rolled that thought around in his head as the wide paths of the outskirts narrowed into paved streets, and the open space of the country closed in between stone buildings. Cobblestones clicked in a rhythmic clack beneath his hooves as he

entered the village proper, and his jog broke into a stunned gait. Empty streets yawned before him, devoid of life save for the occasional livestock. Thunder roared and resonated between stone walls, forcing his ears back with its intensity. When the ringing subsided, adrenaline shot through his veins. The rushed rhythm of hooves against stone echoed from a street head, fueling Villam's pulse and placing him on guard.

With practiced precision he reached over his shoulder and freed his sword from its scabbard, a massive slab of steel that matched the chimera in scale and thickness. Dark runes ran the length of its flat, contrasting with the polished metal that surrounded them. Tiny knicks marred its otherwise flawless edges, the remnants of encounters that simply refused to be polished out. He tightened his grip on its handle and settled into a practice stance, ready to react to anything that might round the corner ahead. His foe didn't keep him waiting long.

A feral horse tore around the bend and turned straight for him, scrabbling across the cobblestone for a few strides before momentum caught up with intention. Panels of leather armor and packs of throwing knives trailed the animal in a tattered stream, littering the street in its wake. Fearful frenzy widened the eyes of the riderless animal, and Villam's weight shifted in an instant. He effortlessly dodged the steed a second before it galloped by, thoughts of a counter attack the farthest thing from his mind. The barbarian rose to his full height as he turned to watch the creature's sprint, a furious pace that swiftly carried it from the town. Resolve settled into his expression, and he stowed the sword on his back once more.

As he progressed toward that intersection, a mocking sound rang through the empty streets. A crow's cackle filtered through the throat of a chicken, it was as unsettling as it was unexpected. Villam suppressed a shiver and searched for its source, soon spying a chicken perched in the outer rafters of a tavern. It locked his gaze

with his and repeated the outburst without shame or remorse. The barbarian spent only a moment watching it in silent confusion, before the bird shook its head slowly and fluttered to another beam. It hopped a path in the shadow of the building's roof, and the barbarian rounded his corner before the chicken rounded his.

Shredded clothing littered the street, and worse looked piled at its end. Villam saw only a slender slice of the town square, framed by rustic buildings, but the sight tied a knot in his throat. Lumpy shapes sat piled along the walkways and scattered in the path. He broke into a sprint and rushed passed the exhausted huffs and bleats of a goat, struggling to drag the heft of their belly into a general store. He paid little heed to the bull who grappled with newfound muscle, considering a door freshly ripped from its hinges. The barbarian focused solely on the square ahead, where the distinct sizzle of gathering magic confirmed his target.

As he charged into the square, Villam let loose a cry of primal battle. Strength surged with the feral shout, and he clutched his sword tight as he barreled from the cover of the buildings. An open expanse of sun warmed stone greeted him, along with the green park It wreathed. In the span of a step the knot of worry eased in the barbarian's chest. Those lumpy shapes were indeed broken and battered armor, but they were empty shells, no more gruesome than the shreds of ripped fabric spotted along the way. That relief fled in an instant. The air whistled, an instant's warning before an arrow lanced the air inches from his muzzle.

The barbarian whipped his head toward its source, fury blazing in his eyes. A second's charge away a ferret gazed at him with shock and worry on his muzzle. "Sorry," he called out, "you startled me!"

That apology quelled the chimera's anger somewhat, but the adrenaline that fueled it remained. Time slowed and his perceptions sharpened, granting an instant to survey the field.

The ferret looked to be a tiny thing, but most did against Villam's stature. Even from several paces away, he dripped with the quiet power of a ranger. The longbow in his hands looked weightless in his grip, and the well-worn thrum of its string betrayed years of practice. Behind him stood an otter, regal and stately, but stanced for battle. A long wooden staff rested in his grip, and its peak glowed with a light that could only be described as divine. It flared with supernatural strength, and a mote that resembled a shooting star arced across the open park. The barbarian followed its path, guiding him to the core of the conflict.

A bear only slightly smaller than Villam took the shot, and his body flashed with benevolence. His one-handed sword cut a quick path before him missing his foe by the skin of his bared fangs. The ursine fighter bellowed a snarl and slammed his buckler forward almost faster than Villam could see, but it still wasn't enough to catch the root of their problems. It was enough, however, to ruin the wizard's aim. The chimera winced at the thunderous roar of green lightning, a bolt that seared across his vision and struck the hanging sign of the town hall. When he blinked that stunning flash away, he drank in the sight of his target.

Dancing amid a growing pile of ruined clothes and broken armor, Golden-Tail cackled. The fox was a menace, wanted the country over for peace-rendering acts of chaos and indecency. It was hard to tell which of his tales were true and which were living legend, but the song of his misdeeds spanned hundreds of verses. In one town he allegedly absconded with every scrap of gold and shard of jewel, leaving painted leaves and rock candies in their places. In one of the great cities he worked a grand illusion, rendering everyone's clothes invisible to all but themselves. The arriving band of diplomats found

little humor in the display. His greatest crime, and the source of his colossal bounty, came at the expense of the king himself.

The vulpine wizard still wore his stolen trophies. The royal jewels atop his head sat askew, and the ones between his thighs bounced bared for all. He flaunted the feline sheath of the king as if it was his gift to the world. The soft, muted greys of the snow leopard's fluff paled sharply next to his brilliant blond pelt, a sharp and obvious contrast. The ribbons of silk that framed it wrapped around the rest of his body, a perverse approximation of what might have once been robes. The ensemble left nothing to the imagination, and it seemed to grant the vain vulpine a supernatural grace. Once adjusted to the bear's enhanced speed, he skirted from the sword's path with plenty to spare.

The bear bellowed a roar of frustration, and the fox flattened his ears to clear the path of a blurring arrow.

The ferret howled his anger and reached into his quiver. A bundle of arrows nocked into place, an entire volley on the string of his bow, and he loosed a sharp whistle. On practiced instinct the bear dropped prone to the ground, flopping to the dirt with a muffled protest. A dozen arrows perforated the space in which he stood an instant before, every single one trained on some part of Golden-Tail or the space he might dodge into. From Villam's perspective, all of them should have hit. By the instant that followed, the mischievous wizard should have been a pin cushion. There was no time to dodge, and no space between or around the volley to slip.

The arrows parted around the fox as the water of a stream flows around a boulder.

A cacophony of wooden noises filled the air. Most of the arrows dug into the ground and snapped, popping and splintering into pieces. Those diverted cleanly lodged into the wooden facade behind Golden-Tail, burying their heads with solid thunks. The arrows sent

oblique clattered against the stone walkway, scattering harmlessly before coming to rest. The silence that filled that outburst was deafening, and the world stood still in the wake of that glitch in fate.

"Allmother's beard," the otter swore.

His voice was little more than a whisper, something the ferret would have struggled to parse if it reached him at all. Golden-Tail snapped toward the utterance, scowl on his muzzle. "We don't need to bring her into this," he muttered.

The color drained from the cleric's face, instantly replaced by an eldrich flash of green lightning. Heavens and earth resonated with the resulting thunder, and a bright flash blinded all present for an instant. When Villam's vision recovered, a quadruped goat stood in a pool of the otter's holy regalia. He bleated his indigence and fumbled at his staff with his muzzle, but found no purchase on the smooth rod. While he floundered with his weapon, the ranger reached for his quiver. When the ferret found only empty air, he fished a knife from his boot and charged into the fray.

The fox's attention turned to the approaching ranger, and his grin returned. "You almost had me with that one, I'm impressed. For that I'll only slow you down."

The ferret's expression might have twisted in a blend of shock and regret before another bolt of magic tore through the air. When the flash cleared, a fattened donkey took the place of the formerly lithe ferret. His leathers dropped to the ground with a sharp, compounded pop of threads, and his small-clothes retreated into the shelter of his rolls. Momentum carried the chubby mule a few steps before his stamina collapsed, and the knife clattered from his hand in a wave of exhaustion. He staggered a waddling gait to the nearest building and sat against its wall, belly spilling over and flooding his lap.

"I'll pick back up once I've caught my breath." He punctuated that sentiment with a few wheezing haws. "I softened him up for you Sigur, you've got this from here, right?"

Thunder's crack answered him. In the bear's place laid sprawled a cow, rolled onto her side by an over-sized udder. She mooed a protest, but Golden-Tail only shrugged.

"I don't what you're upset about," the wizard grinned. "You'll make more off that milk than you ever were off my bounty. Won't be nearly as dangerous either, you should be thanking me."

The former bear gave a less than generous low, and the fox cackled.

Stark, still silence filled the wake of that laugh, and it lingered for several seconds before the barbarian's thoughts returned. When the apprehension of that appalling display of might faded, he found Golden-Tail staring right at him.

That moment lingered and its weight settled on Villam.. Fight or flight pinged in the far reaches of his thoughts, but the former far overpowered the latter. The chimera set his grip on his heavy blade and sauntered toward the fox, resolve in his eyes and strength in his stride. Golden-Tail's smirk widened and split into a mad grin.

"Oh, you're approaching me?"

The barbarian did not see fit to dignify that with a response.

"You must be determined to pay respects to your king." The wizard punctuated that taunt with a thrust of his hips, flopping the royal balls toward Villam.

His nostrils flared as a lust took root, but the chimera stoked the flames of his fury and withered it. A battle cry tore from his throat, and he closed the distance between himself and the fox in two bounding strides. His great sword cleaved the air and missed Golden-Tail by a substantial margin. A small part of the barbarian hoped the previous party really had softened him up, but that notion remained a hope. The wizard dodged the follow up to Villam's opening strike with ease, simply taking a step back out of its wide, vicious arc.

A smirk crossed the chimera's muzzle, mirroring the fox's. This would take more than a warm up.

Gradually, like a ship gathering speed, Villam limbered his muscles and claimed momentum. He swung his sword with increasing ferocity, powering his strength with the drive to bring the menace down. His blade sang as it sliced through the air, always a fraction of an inch from cutting into the wizard. The chimera studied every dodge and step in their fearsome dance, finding a piece of Golden-Tail's puzzle in every miss. The barbarian's body pressed the villain while his mind worked, and a pattern took form. It was a complex pattern, but a pattern nonetheless, and when it repeated the chimera struck.

Villam zagged when the fox anticipated a zig, and the wizard's eyes widened just a fraction as he adjusted. The chimera pushed a burst of speed in the same motion, scoring his first hit. Golden Tail rushed back a step and disengaged, then brought a delicate paw to his perfect muzzle. He pressed his digits together again and again a few inches from his face, and after a moment, Villam realized what had happened. He had cut one of the fox's whiskers in half. It wasn't much, granted, but it was a start. Golden-Tail nodded in acknowledgment, as a fencer might, then charged in with a burst of lightening.

Reflex saved the barbarian more than anything else. A glint in Golden-Tail's eye gave just enough warning to block the bolt with the flat of his weapon. Sparks seared and skittered across its metal surface, lunging at the barbarian with arcane intent, but unable to jump from the sword's surface. The runes along its length heated and glowed in defiance, until dissipating the blast with a subsonic whumph. Instinct flared before he recovered, and Villam threw himself back a step as the fox's claw raked across his hips. It was a glancing blow, but those sharpened nails raked his fur and severed the chord of his loin cloth.

The chimera blushed only slightly when the thin garment fluttered away, revealing his masculinity and its bovine glory. It deepened only a little when Golden Tail gave an appreciative whistle.

"You're fun. I could always use another acolyte," the fox teased. "Surrender, and you'll never know the sting of denial again."

Something in the wizard's tone struck a chord within the chimera. His shaft stirred with a lazy throb, and a pearl of pre dripped from its tip and stretched to the ground. A shudder ran down his spine when his imagination broke free, flooding his mind's eye with a thousand lewd potentials.

"I would make you a demigod among mortals," he crooned. "Heats and ruts would leap in your wake, and your bed would never be cold."

The length of Villam's cock bounced, and he squeezed his eyes shut with a painful intensity. His will strained as hard as hard as his lust, and with a shudder, he dispelled those alluring thoughts. He glared a clear glare at the wizard.

"A pity, truly. Perhaps you're better suited to being a toy."

In the span of a heartbeat the wizard closed the gap between them, stepping in passed the range of Villam's sword. He sheltered his body with one arm and brought the other in for a swift punch, but the fox countered easily. His tail brushed over Villam's chest in an evasive pirouette, followed by the ginger touch of his soft palm. The barbarian had just enough time to process that presence before a surge of magic rushed across his being.

The chimera had never been struck by lightning, but that was how his body processed it. Tingling energy danced over his hide, jumping across the rods of his individual hairs. It radiated across his body and wreathed him in arcane will, a presence that leaned on the structure of his mind palace. He gritted his teeth as that mental foundation strained under heavy load, flexing and cracking, but not breaking. Distantly he registered the boom of thunder, a resonance felt more than heard, and he staggered back with that concussive blow.

The fox's green will poked and writhed across his figure, seeking but thwarted. It gained a furious intensity in the face of that resistance, before it broke like a wave. Warmth gathered at the end of his muzzle, a mostly pleasant sensation, and the spell fizzled. Motes of its power flowed into the metal ring, glowing with stolen might before cooling. Golden Tail tilted his head in renewed curiosity, muzzle slacked in stunned silence. Villam laughed and lunged, pressing the wizard before he could recover.

His sword felt lighter in his grip and his body more nimble on his feet, and with that surge of strength and speed he called another of the fox's dodges. That glancing blow liberated a second whisker, that one a quarter of its length from his muzzle. Golden-Tail pressed his lips together, no longer laughing.

The wizard learned the adjusted steps of their dance, and together they carved a perilous path through the empty park. Abandoned shells of armor and dropped weapons scattered from their path, kicked up in instinctive footwork. Villam's eyes stayed locked on that of the wizard, and Golden-Tail gave the barbarian his full attention. The chimera's mind whirled in practiced analysis, and when a break in the fox's evasion appeared, he pressed the weakness and struck.

The instant he shifted his weight, Villam realized his mistake. A smirk broke across Golden-Tail's muzzle when he took the feint and then the counter. A low fwumph filled the gap between them, and a flame-wreathed palm slammed into the chimera's chest. The heat of its impact suffused him, but it did not singe his fur or scorch his hide. The ring at the tip of his muzzle bounced, and that arcane energy became his own. Adrenaline surged and time slowed, bringing another crack in the wizard's defense to light. The muscles of his arms coiled and swelled with might, fueling an elbow that swung into Golden-Tail's muzzle.

For the first time, the chimera connected with the wizard himself. It was a glancing blow, mitigated by a swift turn of the head, but he felt the fox's pelt. It was the softest thing by far he'd ever encountered, and it brimmed with a heat and power that struck squarely between his thighs. The barbarian's cock throbbed, and before it relaxed, Golden-Tale answered with a reprisal in ice.

Frozen claws as sharp and radiant as diamonds raked his chest, slicing through his fur but reaching no deeper. His nose ring burned with its chill, and re-purposed energy surged through his veins. The bulk of it settled in his belly, rounding out his soft paunch into a true muscle gut. The lower curve of that doughy swell settled over the root of his cock, a source of teasing pleasure that reminded him of its presence with every step. His muzzle heated in distraction, spurring a backward step of disengagement.

When Golden-Tail didn't follow, he took stock of himself. The chimera flexed his arms, limbs rippling with muscle that simply wasn't there seconds ago. His shoulders rested broad and strong atop a generous set of pecs, a figure worthy of the most ambitious body builders. His sword felt as light as a dagger, though a few experimental swings felt slow and clunky. Muscle memory felt foreign at that size. With a cocky smirk, Villam let the weapon drop from his hands and rest in the grass. He expected some kind of taunt from the fox, but instead the wizard chanted a verse.

Villam's stomach dropped in realization of his mistake. Their little break had not been mutual, and the wizard spoke a chant under his breath. It rose to a crescendo in an instant, and all the chimera could do was brace. No horrible missile or malevolent bolt arced from Golden-Tail's outstretched hands. The chimera almost let himself think spell had fizzled, until a curious vertigo swam in his chest. The wreckage of battle surrounding them clattered and jumped in weightless suspension, and the force of that stolen gravity slammed the barbarian at once.

The weight of Villam's body doubled, tripled, and quadrupled in the space of a heartbeat. His muscular legs trembled and shook under the sudden load, and had his feet not sank into the grass, he would have staggered. The barbarian's nose ring glowed with molten heat, siphoning off as much of that mastery in earth magic as it could. A wince and hiss spilled from his muzzle. The momentum of that flinch multiplied tenfold and balance faltered. Villam slammed to the ground hard enough that it cratered around him.

The pressure upon him eased only slightly to cover his increased area, though it did little to help him reclaim his breath. He huffed and wheezed as strength poured into his legs, a boon of strength worth little without the leverage to use it. The barbarian's hips smoldered and widened to accommodate that swelling might, drinking in enough of the spell to offer the barbarian a chance to

stand. A vicious snarl tore from the fox's muzzle the instant he dared roll over, but no magical bite accompanied it.

The spell faded as it ran its course, and when the barbarian extracted himself from his divot, he was a caricature of the fur that made it. The picture of a brute, Villam struggled against muscles large enough to become unwieldy. Thighs as thick as trees coiled and flexed with strength as he rose, reaching a height that utterly dwarfed the lithe fox. The endowed vulpine could likely lay across his shoulders and not hang off, and the arms that spouted from them could challenge Atlas himself. Pecs only slightly softened with fat hung over a belly that was downright indulgent, the only part of the chimera that could be regarded as plush. The round expanse of his middle wobbled softly with the pulls of his breath, ripples echoed by the pulses and throbs of his cock.

Before his muscular ascension, Villam's length was generous. That fact held true, keeping pace with the other vast slabs of beef that he called his limbs. It bore the weight of his middle with trivial ease, lazily pulsing a lust that suffused the barbarian. A thick streamer of pre swayed from his tip and joined the ground, a constant, slow cascade of lust that marked his path. The earth trembled as he stomped toward the fox, prepared to end the duel with overwhelming might. Villam raised his fist into the air and slammed it down at Golden-Tail, a ponderous motion he easily side stepped.

The barbarian turned and followed with a punch, dodged as easily as the first. Any one of his blows could level a building, but that strength came at an insurmountable toll of speed. The wizard circled Villam with a casual ease, appraising him as one might an appealing statue. The barbarian bellowed his fury and poured his anger into a final strike, an over-headed pummel with both fists. His taxed stamina collapsed half way through the swing, and his fists fell under the pull of gravity alone. Golden-Tail did not evade that "attack," but caught it in a single hand. Villam beheld the villain with

dawning dread, though the fox did not give swift and arcane reprisal. Instead, he leaned in and examined the ring that swung from the chimera's nose.

"What a stroke of fortune," the fox murmured. His free hand drifted to Villam's cock as he continued, where he gently stroked that hulking pillar of dick. "Do you know what you've brought me?"

The barbarian answered with a lustful grunt, hips rolling into the wizard's touch.

"Of course you don't." Golden-Tail laughed. He gently flicked the ring with a teasing finger, lancing a shudder through Villam. "This is one of mine. Three hundred years since, and it remains one of my favorites." He looked into the chimera's gaze, eyes sparkling. "I had thought it lost, buried in some noble's hoard and forgotten. And dutiful servant you are, you brought it to me without an order."

Villam twisted away from the wizard's touch and rumbled a protest, a motion that Golden-Tail followed with graceful ease.

"I have half a mind to make you one of my high priests for that," he tittered, voice light and mirthful, "You bare my magics well, if nothing else."

The hand at Villam's muzzle traced down his neck and over swollen pecs, mounds of fat-padded muscle that heaved with the barbarian's rising breath. In the far reaches of his mind, in a collapsing shelter of rationality, he railed against the wizard's words. Golden-Tail was a menace, he needed to be stopped, and so few could stand against him. The chimera's weight shifted toward his discarded sword, only for the fox's tail to intercept him. Its sinfully soft fluff embraced his side and brought him back before the wizard, flooding his mind's eye with visions of blissful service. The chimera's cock throbbed and a shudder rolled down his spine. Golden-Tail was

a trickster through and through, but not mortally dangerous. No blood had been shed.

The fox's smirk widened, as if watching those thoughts play across the chimera's mind. Both of his delicate hands circled the rounded swell of Villam's middle, hefting the weight of its curve before dropping it onto the root of his cock. The barbarian shivered in a wave of narcotic bliss, trembling with a lust that weighed upon him more heavily than the spell that cratered him. His jaw dropped in slackened desire after a second tease, and by the third, his body seized the upper hand over his mind. Balls triple their original size clenched and roiled with a virile tide, and the primal need to release it overpowered all else. The barbarian's shoulders slumped in surrender and he reached for his throbbing pillar.

Realization slapped him across the face. He couldn't reach.

Golden-Tail cackled, the outburst softened only slightly by sympathy. He let the muscle-bound brute grapple with that truth a few seconds more, then wrapped his own hands around that length. It bounced with an urgency that rolled Villam's head back, and the chimera groaned his thanks loudly and shamelessly. The fox brought his attention to its tip, a crown the size of his fist, and massaged its needy head. The barbarian's resistance melted and spilled forth as pre, slathering Golden-Tail's paws with submission and surrender. Silently he worked his vulpine hands down its length, painting it with desire until it glistened and shown in the afternoon sun. His attention split from there, one hand on the chimera's bountiful sac, the other working the virile pillar.

Villam stamped and huffed with the swift onset of climax, and Golden-Tail played him like a musical instrument. Finger work just short of divine brought him trembling to the edge of climax, only to draw him back with expert teasing. That first round of denied orgasm would have broken even the most chaste adventurer, and the barbarian fell far below that high mark. The notion of breaking

away and completing his mission spurred out in a jet of clear lust. The thought of lost bounty followed on the next. The righteous drive of justice proved more stubborn, rooted in the soil of his mind much more deeply. The bits of it that mattered eventually flowed between the wizard's fingers, and satisfied with his work, Golden-Tail unleashed a pulse of undiluted lust.

Villam came, and with that gout of seed went his will to fight. Strength fled his muscles with a trembling moan, and he dropped to his knees in a thump that shook the earth. The fox laughed, not the biting cackle of mockery, but a satisfied chuckle. Without a word he brushed to the chimera's side and prolonged that release, blinding Villam with white hot bursts of bliss. They flashed until there was nothing left for the chimera to spill, and in the wake of that all-consuming orgasm, he simply swayed.

"Stand when you're ready to follow, Servant. I am done here, and I would enjoy some company to the next town." Those words rang in Villam's bones with divine authority.

Villam rose on shaky legs, fetched his sword, and joined the fox at his side. Far gone was the hope of overpowering the wizard, it was foolish to think he ever could. As Golden-Tail's right hand, however, perhaps he could limit the chaos. A drunken grin spread across his muzzle. Unlikely, but trying to distract him could prove fruitful, and he would certainly enjoy trying.

If you've read this far, thank you <3

I hope you enjoyed what you read, and if you'd like more, there are a few places to find it

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