

Scher's soft paws plodded aimlessly against the cold, stone floor of the palace grounds. He was slowly adjusting to life with a massive cock. It had seemed like such a great thing at first, but it quickly became apparent just how difficult having a dick that was larger than his body could be. That's not to say that he hated it, far from it in fact. He just wished that he could get out of the palace more.

The king had blown a gasket when Scher had returned home from his midnight rendezvous with the notorious thief. Scher had originally hoped to try and hide the changes for as long as possible, but seeing as it had taken an entire platoon of royal knights to hoist his jizz laden balloon of a body onto a cart and carry him back, that was completely out of the question. Then again, even if he had somehow gotten back home quietly, how exactly was he to hide his almost twelve feet of cock?

That question was the main reason he was confined to the palace. The king had decided it best if Scher lay low until they could find a way to undo the curse that had been cast on him. Spellcasters and sorcerers from around the world had come to the palace in hopes of breaking the spell and gaining the king's trust... and the sizeable reward that went along with it, but so far not a single one had managed to shave even an inch from the prince's colossal wang. If anything Scherzo's dick had grown considerably since that fateful night.

Scherzo's cock was simply too big for him to get around normally. He had taken to using spells and enchantments to make the task easier. He scoured the palace library for any spells he could use, and he soon discovered he had a remarkable knack for magic. Before long he had converted just about every small area rug in the palace into a flying carpet which he used to help carry his immense junk. He currently had an array of twelve carpets gripping his gigantic package at various points causing his entire, enormous bait and tackle to float in front of him. This of course made it impossible for him to see, but he had found a way around that too. He had devised a method of scrying the area around him and displaying the entire scene in a small crystal ball which floated directly in front of his face.

It was incredibly awkward walking around in third person, but he had soon learned to adjust to the bird's eye view of his own mobility. The hardest part was keeping his libido in check. The third person view meant that he was constantly staring at his own cock and marveling at just how much larger it was compared to his small, boyish body. Just seeing how massive it was compared his body... and compared to everything around him for that matter, just got him hornier by the minute.

During the course of his weeks of isolation his magic powers had developed further and further which led to more and more growths in his junk. Now his dick had gone from a manageable eleven feet to monstrous twenty, and it was showing no signs of slowing. If anything it was requiring him to use more and more magic just to navigate the humongous tool which just caused his size to creep up ever faster.

Scher's concentration was beginning to falter even before he passed by the grand fountain, but upon seeing that even just one of his massive nuts could fill the entire circular basin, he felt his concentration slip and his cock lurch. He loved that his junk was so massive. He had to deny it whenever the king and queen or court officials questioned him, but it was pretty hard to hide the fact that seeing the size disparity between his cock and just about anything else drove him wild. Already his dick was hardening and his already massive balls were swelling up from his arousal.

In a moment of weakness, Scher's concentration broke completely which caused his animated carpets to flop lifelessly to the ground and his enormous cock and balls to thud audibly down atop them. Even Scher's floating sight orb dissipated. Scher collapsed face down onto his own chubbed up cock and buried his face into the shaft. He could feel the warmth coming off of it and even hear the soft, audible churning sound of his own cum sloshing around inside of his titanic balls. His mind drifted towards the mysterious masked thief who had enchanted him.

Scherzo knew that Claves loved huge cocks, and there was no doubt in Scher's mind that his dick was far and away the largest in the kingdom. Some small, hidden part of Scherz's mind cried out in joy every time the official measurements came in of his enormous size. He just knew that there was no way that Claves could pass up a chance to see such a specimen. Even if the thief wouldn't come visit him personally, there would come a time where Claves could no longer resist the lure of such an immense cock.

Scherzo chuckled softly as he nuzzled against his enormous semi-boned wang. Just how much bigger would it need to get before the allure became too much for the sexy bunny to resist. Would it have to dwarf the palace? Scherz's steadily boning cock gave a slight shudder in anticipation as the prince thought about it. Would it have to get so large that his towering, rigid spire could be seen from the far borders of the kingdom? Scherzo's cock lurched in excitement at the mere thought of it.

"What are you doing out so late, young master?" Came the tired, high pitched voice that Scher immediately recognized as belonging to the old shrew that had raised him. "And where are your clothes?" She added in admonishment.

Scher didn't want to respond. What could he even say? It was one thing to let the various citizens get a good, hard look at his fantastic dick, but the old shrew was more of a mother to him than the queen. Being bare assed naked and fully boned in front of the woman who had raised him was almost too embarrassing to bear. There was no way he could try and play it off like nothing was happening. Maybe when he had but a few inches of dick which easily fit into his pants he could have pretended to not have a boner, but now that his fully boned cock stood taller than the walls that surrounded the courtyard, he had no way to hide it. Instead he dug his face in deeper against his cock in an effort to hide his blushing cheeks.

"I needed some air..." Scher finally murmured. "...and it's not like I could find anything that'd fit me."

The old shrew made a stern "tut tut." sound. "At least put on a shirt or something. You'll catch your death of cold at this rate, and then who would take the throne when your father steps down?" She scolded.

Scherzo softly grumbled in annoyance. Someone telling him he needed to act like a king seemed to be a daily occurrence lately. He had been old enough to take the throne for a while now, but the push to act more regal was a pretty recent phenomenon. Scher figured it had something to do with him now having a dick that could fill the throne room.

As his cock continued to creep up in size, it was becoming more and more difficult to keep it a secret. Scher had to spend most of his time locked away in his room so that none of the visiting dignitaries would catch sight of him. He felt like a prisoner in his own home. He whiled away his days

reading books and using his scrying powers to draw the scenes out of the crystal records he had smuggled from the palace library. All the while he dreamt of some dashing hero coming to his rescue. In every one of his daydreams the hero had pink hair and wore a stylish black mask.

Scher was so lost in his musings that he had missed much of what the old shrew was rattling on about. All he managed to catch was the last little bit. "... the best minds in the kingdom are working on a cure. You'll be right as rain in no time. Just hold tight until then." The matron said reassuringly.

Scher nodded and mumbled a halfhearted thanks for her kind words. He probably sounded a bit more forlorn than he had intended, but it was just as well. The longer people thought he actually wanted a cure the better. That said, he wasn't opposed to the idea of shrinking down so that he could once again get out of the palace, and there was a certain allure to finding a way to reverse the growth... if for no other reason than it gave him an excuse to go out and get cursed again.

Everything about that night was so fantastic he could scarcely believe it had happened. If not for the massive cock and balls that he now had to lug around everywhere it would have been easy to play it off as a dream, but every inch of his body remembered how great it felt. It seemed like every night he found himself reliving the moment in his dreams; the way Claves's cock stretched him wide as it plunged into him; the way his own cock and balls felt as they surged in size; the intensity of his need to cum despite the spells holding him back; and especially the way his body felt as it was pumped so full of jizz that his gut has expanded into a massive balloon of spunk. He found himself longing to once again experience that sensation.

Scher was so lost in his reveries that he hardly noticed how boned he was until the sound of large gobs of pre splattering loudly against the stone walkways snapped him out of it. His dick was shuddering visibly and streaming pre like a faucet. He knew he wasn't going to be going anywhere until he got his libido under control. He just hoped he could keep himself in check long enough to flag down some guards to get him out of the courtyard and over to one of the designated draining spots. His recent daydreams had gotten him so worked up that his nuts had almost doubled in size. Even with his magical powers, there was no way he was going to be able to hoist his immense package. Just one of his balls was now the size of the royal carriage that the king rode on in the annual parade, and said carriage was the largest float in the parade!

Scher looked around to see if the old shrew was still lurking around. He hoped to get her attention and have her call for assistance, but she was long gone. He wished he had paid more attention to what she was saying; it might have given some clue to where she had gone. As it was, he was literally stuck in the middle of the sprawling palace grounds with no one in sight to help him. He just knew if he creamed here he'd never hear the end of it. Not only would it be a pain to clean up, but the king and queen were expecting delegates from neighboring kingdoms to be arriving first thing in the morning. Even with the army of animated mops that the palace cleaning staff had at their command, there was no way they could clean it all before the guests began to arrive.

Scher focused on steadying his breath as best he could. He needed to get his libido under control. If he could just hold out until one of the patrols arrived he was sure he'd be fine. Surely they could muster the manpower to hoist him to safety.

Everything was going so well for the prince until suddenly he felt something bump against the extra-sensitive tip of his rigid cock. The impact sent shockwaves of pleasure up and down his twenty feet of cock. The sensations were so intense that Scher found himself moaning in spite of himself. His cock gave a hard lurch and began shuddering in anticipation of the impending wave of spoooge that would no doubt coat the entire palace grounds.

"Well. At least someone is glad to see me." A familiar voice said blithely. Even without looking Scher could see the smug grin in his mind's eye. There was no doubt in his mind who the voice belonged to.

Scher managed to fight his arousal long enough to stare upwards at the head of his cock. What he saw simultaneously filled his heart with joy, his stomach with butterflies, and sent what little bit of logical thought he had left in his brain into high alert. Perched like a bell tower gargoyle atop the prince's towering dick was none other than the kingdom's most notorious and elusive thief. Claves's huge, chubbed up cock drooped down over his gigantic balls and dangled down past his feet.

Scher was flooded with a multitude of emotions. He was so happy to see his crush in person, but at the same time, this was by far the most inopportune moment that the thief could have chosen to show up... then again, Claves loved to make sure that his arrival was entirely on his terms. It wouldn't surprise Scher at all if he discovered that Claves had been lurking in the shadow for ages waiting for the perfect moment to spring into action.

"You came!" Scherzo cried out happily. His cock gave a lurch as if it too was expressing joy in the thief's arrival.

"So will you from the looks of it." Claves teased playfully. He ran a hand across the tip of the prince's enormous cock. The thief's gentle touch sent ripples of bliss arcing through the prince's colossal dick. Scher could do nothing but moan in ecstasy.

"Although it'd be a shame to ruin such a nice lawn..." Claves said playfully as he hopped off of Scher's shuddering cock and landed gracefully directly behind the pup. A soft sound escaped Scher's lips that was somewhere between a sigh of relief and a whimper of longing.

Scher stood there for a moment leaning against the shuddering spire that was his own cock as he fought a battle against his raging hormones. Claves sat back and watched the prince's lurid expressions with bemused fascination. The thief loved playing with the little royal, but his goal wasn't to make the little pup blow his load all over the royal flower garden... not yet anyway.

After a minute of struggling against his own desire to cum, Scher finally managed to bring his libido back into check. The small, slender pup was panting heavily and his face was flushed pink with arousal. Once he had finally worked up the resolve, Scher looked over at Claves and asked, "Why didn't you come sooner?"

Claves was taken aback by the pain and longing in the prince's voice, but he tried to play it off as best he could. "Even for me, sneaking into the royal palace is no small feat." The thief said as he flashed the prince a smug grin.

"What if you didn't have to sneak in?" Scher suggested. The look in the pup's eyes made it clear that he was about to start pleading with the thief before he had even stated his intent.

Claves cocked his head to the side and looked upon the prince. "You're just going to open the door and let the world's most notorious thief waltz in and out? That kind of takes all the fun out of it." The bunny said blithely. What little of his face that was visible had a look of bemused fascination as he waited for the prince to continue.

Scher looked down at his paws as he spoke. "I'm the prince..." he muttered nervously. "I could... I mean... you don't have to come in as a thief... I could have you knighted..." the pup stammered. After a moment of awkward silence, Scher finally worked up the nerve to look up at the thief's face. Claves still had the same bemused grin as he had had earlier.

"I mean... I've seen you fight." Scher gushed. "You could be the captain of the guard!"

Claves grin faltered and he let out a soft, reluctant sigh. "Do you really think I could stay here?" He asked the prince.

Scher perked up immediately. He had completely misinterpreted the nature of the question and began rattling on, "Yes! Of course! You could serve as my guard! You'd never have to sneak anywhere and you could come visit me anytime!"

Claves let out a wistful sigh and ruffled the prince's hair. "That kind of life is not for me." The thief said softly. "Think of it this way... I know you love stories, right?"

Scher took a moment and looked the rabbit up and down as he tried to assess where this conversation was going. It already sounded like Claves was going to turn him down so he didn't really want to continue the conversation, but he knew he had to see it through one way or the other. "Yeah...?" The prince replied skeptically.

"What's your favorite part?" Claves asked. "Do you like the action? Maybe the suspense...?" The thief sidled in closer and whispered the next line seductively into the pup's ear. "Or maybe... the romance?"

Scherzo felt his knees go weak as he listened to the thief's soft voice. "All of it..." The prince replied breathlessly.

"So we have a great tale full of action... suspense... romance!" Claves said dramatically. "How would you feel if I told you that story and all I told you was, 'They live happily ever after'?"

Scher looked confused. "That's not a story at all."

"Isn't it?" Claves replied cryptically. The tone of his voice and the sly grin on his face seemed to be goading the prince on to explain.

"Not at all! It's just the ending! Where's all the stuff that makes the story worth listening to?" The prince explained emphatically.

"Exactly." The thief concurred. "The suspense is what I live for. The tests of skill. The feel of the wind against my fur as I dash across the rooftops. Now how can I have all that if I am cooped up in a castle?"

"It's not like you'd be a prisoner..." Scher tried to argue, but his gaze dropped to the floor. It was clear he knew where this was going.

"It's the same thing, isn't it? I would be honor bound to remain at your side, and my station would mean that all doors in the kingdom are open to me." Claves explained. "Where's the fun in that?"

"But I wouldn't be alone anymore..." Scher pleaded.

The pain in the prince's voice actually made Claves want to drop everything and take him up on his offer, but there's no way he could leave his life behind. What the prince needed was a friend, and that didn't necessarily have to mean him. "Once we get you mobile again, you won't need to worry about that anymore." Claves reassured as he ran his fingers through the pup's blue hair.

"They're working on a cure..." Scher said quietly. "but... they don't know how long it'll take... and I don't know if I want it..."

"You say cure like it's some kind of disease." Claves replied playfully.

"Well... the king seems to think it is..." Scher replied.

"What if I told you I had a solution that might suit both of you?" Claves asked. Scher perked up instantly and gazed expectantly up at the taller thief.

"What? How do you mean?" Scher sputtered excitedly.

"You don't need to reduce it... You just need to get better at hiding it." Claves responded cryptically. Scher furrowed his brows and waited for an explanation, but none were forthcoming.

"I've got a friend who could help you with that..." Claves said just as cryptically as before. The thief seemed to be mulling something over. "Hmm... yes, I think that would work..." He muttered as he thought it out.

"What? What's going on?" Scher asked. He was practically pleading for any information.

"I'll explain after I do what I came here for." Claves replied. His voice took on a lusty growl that made Scher's still boned cock shudder in anticipation. "... but before we begin... Did I hear correctly? There's a rumor going around that whoever can help with your 'little' problem will be appointed the new royal tutor?"

"Yes!" Scher replied emphatically. He didn't know how Claves could help him but having the thief as his personal tutor was almost as good as his original plan, and if it meant he'd be mobile again then even better.

"I see that look in your eyes." Claves chided playfully. "But as I said, I won't be the one to help you. I know someone who would be far better suited for the job."

Scher looked crestfallen, but it didn't last for long. Claves crept up behind him and kissed the prince's neck and tenderly caressed the pup's bare bottom. Claves could feel the prince shuddering from his touch. "And now for the reason I came..." Claves whispered lustily into the prince's ear.

Scher knew that tone, and he knew what the thief wanted. As much as the prince wanted it too, he knew he had to resist. "Not here..." He muttered.

"Then where?" Claves asked playfully. "It doesn't look to me like you are going anywhere."

It was then that Scher became aware of just how much he had grown during the course of their conversation. Just being in the sexy thief's presence had kept the prince in a constant state of arousal. His nuts had been steadily swelling the entire time. Now the two immense orbs filled much of the courtyard. Each one was the size of groundskeeper's cabin which resided on the far corner of the gardens.

"All the king's horses and all the king's men couldn't get budge you at this size." Claves explained playfully. Scher knew he was right. He was stuck here until... until he managed to cum.

"Unfortunately we'll have to make this quick." Claves whispered into the prince's ears. "That old crone said she'd only keep the grounds clear for an hour."

It was then that everything had begun to fall into place. The old housekeeper had set this date up for them. That was how Claves had managed to slip past all the wards and guards that kept intruders at bay.

Scher tried to think of any other alternatives. Surely they could use a spell or something to transport him out of there and to somewhere where it was safe for him to unleash his load, but he knew that the castle's own defenses prevented any such spells. He really was stuck here. He tried to search his memory for any other course of action, but his ability to think clearly was fading by the second. Claves's soft kisses along his neck were driving the prince mad, and that's not even factoring in what the thief's hands were doing.

Claves slipped a gloved finger into the prince's shudder hole. Scher inhaled sharply at the intrusion but then let out a soft moan of bliss. It was over for him then. He could no longer muster the resolve to fight back. All he wanted was to have the thief's huge cock planted deep within him.

"I have a little confession to make..." Claves growled seductively into Scher's ear. "... I've been getting myself ready for a while."

Scher wasn't sure what Claves meant, but he wasn't confused for long. As Scher glanced back over his shoulder Claves flashed to prince a smug grin and nodded to indicate that the pup should look lower. Scher did so, and as his gaze fell upon the thief's balls, the prince's eyes went wide as saucers. Claves's nuts were so huge that they rested solidly on the ground and were expanding before his very eyes. There was no doubt in Scher's mind that the thief had used some enchantment to ramp up his production. The prince let out a soft whimper as he imagined being reamed by the rabbit's enormous cock and being pumped full of spoooge. Scher's cock lurched hard and began to dribble pre even faster as he imagined just how full of spunk the bunny was going to pump him.

"That's enough of that" Claves chided playfully as he place a gloved hand against one of the prince's colossal nuts. Scher instantly felt the rush of energy surge through him. His balls began to swell once more, but what was more interesting was that the stream of pre from the tip of his cock had stopped. This was hardly the first time Claves had used such a spell on him. Scher knew that he was not going to be able to cum until the thief saw fit to allow it.

"... do it..." Scher murmured softly.

"What was that?" Claves asked playfully. "I couldn't hear you. You'll have to speak up."

"I said do it..." Scher said slightly more forcefully.

"You'll have to be more specific than that." Claves teased. "There's a lot of things I could be doing."

"You know... just do it..." Scher murmured. Claves couldn't suppress his chuckle as he watched the prince squirm. They both knew what he wanted, but Claves wanted to see how long it would take the posh and proper princeling to say such a vulgar thing.

"Do what? Could it be that you want me to fuck you?" Claves asked playfully.

"Yes..." Scher whined pitifully.

"Yes what?" Claves asked. "I want to hear you say it."

"... please... f...fu...." Scher stammered between hormone addled huffs.

"Come on... It's one syllable. How hard could it be?" Claves teased playfully.

"... fuck me..." Scher finally managed to utter softly.

"You'll have to do better than that. I could barely even hear you." Claves growled seductively into the prince's ear and then returned to planting kisses on the nape of the pup's neck.

"F-fuck me." The prince groaned.

"Louder." Claves growled sensually.

"Fuck me!" Scher cried out.

"Well... If you insist..." Claves replied with a soft chuckle. The thief took a few steps back so he could aim his huge cock at the prince's eager hole. Scher whimpered and shuddered as he felt the bunny's thick dick stretching his hole. Claves went slow at first but once the tip was in he shoved the rest in in one swift motion. Scher cried out in ecstasy as he felt the immense cock ram into him. He could actually feel his gut stretching and distending to make room for the enormous tool.

Scher was so lost in ecstasy that he didn't even care that there were no doubt several guards in ear shot or that his nanny was still most likely nearby. All he cared about was how great it felt to be so full of cock. He cried out with each and every thrust of the rabbit's huge cock. He felt like his insides were being churned into butter, but that was just fine with him.

With each powerful thrust, Scher's cock tilted ever so slightly forward until it was too far for it to remain upright. The two lovers were carried along as the titanic member fell forward and landed with a deafening thud against the stone pathway. The two lovers were far too lost in each other to really worry about the sudden change in venue. If anything it just made things easier for them. Now Claves was free to really dig in.

Claves grabbed the pup's hips and buried his cock in down to the hilt which caused the prince to cry out louder than ever. Claves began reaming the pup so hard that Scher's entire massive cock lurched back and forth with each thrust. With each pass, the tip of the prince's cock mashed against the far wall of the courtyard. Each collision sent a shockwave of pleasure which arced through his cock and then

exploded into his brain. He felt like he could cream just from that, but the feelings in his dick was nothing compared to the sensations that wracked the rest of his body.

Scher's body was already warping and stretching pleasantly with each pass of the bunny's massive cock, but the second Claves began to cum, Scher entered a new and exciting world of bliss. His skin felt wonderfully warm and tingly as his gut began to stretch and swell. His fur stood on end as it felt like his whole body crackled with raw sexual energy. He couldn't even form a rational thought anymore. All he could think about was how warm and wondrous he felt. With each passing second more and more of the thief's spunk washed into him. Already his gut was so huge that he could no longer wrap his arms around it, and judging from the way the pink haired bunny was still plowing into him at full speed, Scher doubted Claves would be stopping anytime soon.

That was just fine with the prince. All he wanted was to feel like this forever. As his belly continued to swell and fill, it soon got to the point where his he was lying face down on a king sized mattress of bloated belly. His huge, swollen gut began to spill over the edges of his humongous cock.

Scherzo was barely even conscious by the time Claves finally reached his limit. The prince was left writhing in ecstasy. It was as if every millimeter of his body was begging to cum, but he was simply unable. He was stuck in a maddening state of perpetual bliss. All he could do was cry out in ecstasy as the sloshing reservoir of cum that was pumped into his belly gently rocked him back and forth. His cock shuddered and lurched but nothing came out. The prince continued to cry out. His voice was an orgasmic wail that simultaneously begged for more and pleaded for release, but there was no one to free him. The thief had once again vanished into the night.

Scher remained in that delirious state trapped between heaven and hell until the early morning light washed over the courtyard. A large crowd had gathered to gawk at the spectacle, but no one could do anything. None of the court wizards had ever heard of such a spell. The king had placed a call out to any and all enchanters that could save the prince from this curse, but so far no one had been able to do anything.

"Oh. Excuse me. Pardon me. Sorry. I think this is the place?" A wiry little mouse rattled on as he forced his way up to the front of the pack.

"This area is off limits." The guard growled menacingly.

"Yes. Quite. Of course, but I was asked to come down here personally and see to the state of the young lord." The mouse rattled on. "You see, as a member of the Arcanum I have insights into such matters that may or may not be useful, but I will not know until I see the see the subject first hand. This kind of spell it really quite rare, and I would love the chance to look upon-urk."

The mouse's rambling was cut short when the guard brusquely grabbed the front of his robe and picked him by the collar. "Arcanum..." The guard growled into the mage's face.

"What? Arcanum? Yes. Right. As I was saying." The mage squeaked as he fumbled for his pendant that showed his rank within the order. "My name is Timpani. First apprentice to the high enchanter of the Arcanum." Tim rattled on as he flashed his badge of office.

The guard growled menacingly, but put the mouse back down and allowed Tim to pass. Tim quickly scurried over towards the bloated mound that was the prince and balked at the sight. Scher's

balls alone filled the entire courtyard, and even the massive slit of the prince's enormous cock was taller than the scrawny caster, but what really got Tim's attention was the lack of liquid flowing from the shuddering cockhead. "Yes. Quite. I really wish I hadn't taught him that spell sometimes, but this is a very simple matter to reverse. All I have to do is undo the seal and then allow the built up pressure to handle the rest. If I could just... yes, that should work... and then factor in the first law of quantum hydraulics... very good."

Tim's calculations were interrupted when one of the guards grabbed his shoulder and spun him around. "You can fix this!?" The guard asked. This new guard had much shinier armor and a sash that denoted a higher rank. He was obviously much more intelligent and rational than the grunts that were handling the crowd.

"What? Fix? Why yes. I believe I could. If you could just get the citizenry back so I can take care of the rest. It will be a simple matter. As I was saying I just need to-" Tim rattled on until he was once again cut off.

"Yeah. That thing you said. I don't understand a word of it, but if you can help the prince, then I'll leave ya to it." The captain replied flatly.

Tim opened his mouth to say something, but the guard didn't give him the opportunity. Without even a moment of hesitation, the captain was rushing towards the front lines to give the order. Tim merely stood there for a moment in bewildered silence, but then decided not to worry about it and go about his business.

"Let's see... a slight swish of the wrist, a flourish, aannnddd... viola." Tim said as he went through to motions of undoing the enchantment. He was actually quite impressed with the quality of the seal. He had been the one to design the original spell, but Claves had added a lot of personal touches to it. Tim was about to make a note to try and get the elusive thief to sit still long enough for a discussion into the finer points of the newly modified spell, but he was once again rudely interrupted.

"Is it done? Is the prince safe?" The captain asked. The seasoned soldier was practically begging the mage for answers.

"Huh? Oh yes. All I have to do is place my palm upon the subject to finish the incantation." Tim said calmly as he leaned over and rested his hand upon the soft, spongy flesh of Scher's shuddering cockhead. "I must say. I am impressed with your efficiency. I never would have imagined you could have successfully evacuated all those people in such a short period of time."

"Evacuated?" The guard asked nervously.

"Oh my, yes. As I said, you need to get the people away from here because once I finish the incantation..." Tim's voice drifted off as he looked over at his hand which was now resting against Scher's cock. The prince's massive dick was shuddering violently and the young lord's cries were getting louder by the second.

"Oh dear..." Tim uttered meekly. "This could get messy..."

Scher cried out in pure sexual bliss as he finally managed to cum. Shot after, thick, massive, gooey shot of spunk erupted from his titanic cock. Each spray was enough to coat an entire building in his spooge, and there seemed to be no end to the amount of spunk stashed away in his colossal nuts.

Scher couldn't see; he couldn't hear; he couldn't even think about anything other than how great he felt. With each new shot it felt like his brain was exploding like a firework of sexual frustration. After just three shots he lost the ability to shout altogether, and was reduced to a quivering, panting heap as his cock continued to fire away completely of its own volition.

Claves and Leo watched the scene unfold from atop a nearby rooftop. Claves gave an impressed sounding whistle as the first jet of spooge launched over the palace walls and rained down upon the main thoroughfare. There were gobs of jizz that were larger than people crashing down upon the crowd. Within seconds, everyone who had gathered to watch was completely drenched in the prince's jizz, and Scher showed no signs of stopping.

Leo didn't have near as good a view of the festivities as his boyfriend did. The cat was too busy trying to catch his breath after clamoring up to the top level of a three story building.

"Why are you so tired? I practically carried you up here." Claves sassed playfully.

Leo didn't dignify his lover's ribbing with a response. Instead he breathlessly asked, "Did you really have to leave him like that overnight?"

"I had to be sure that Tim was the one to free him. It's not my fault that he was late." Claves replied with a noncommittal shrug.

"Still... that was a nice thing you did." Leo replied.

Claves responded with a dismissive "pff." "You said it yourself, having an Arcanum official in our debt is good for business, and I can only assume that goes double for princes." Claves explained huffily. "Plus once little Scherrie is out and about again it'll make it so much easier to tease him."

"Riiight..." Leo responded sarcastically as he got up and dusted himself off. Leo then casually sauntered over towards the edge of the roof and dropped down onto the second floor balcony. Leo landed with a dull splat. The lake of spooge had already risen so much that it was beginning to spill over even onto the balcony.

Claves scurried over to the edge of the roof and leaned over to shout a retort back at his boyfriend. "I am not nice!" The thief cried out indignantly.

"Whatever you say, dear." Leo replied dismissively as he ducked inside the house to get away from the rising tide.