

Claves perched atop a snowy rooftop and peered down at the streets below. The white rabbit didn't have any real goals in mind for tonight, but he just couldn't sit still. There was too much excitement in the city this time of year for him to stay cooped up in his apartment. The lights, the sounds, the smells, Claves loved everything about the holidays... everything except the lack of security.

It seemed like this time of year people didn't seem interested in locking their doors or arming their wards. Everyone wanted to make their homes as accommodating as possible for the arrival of a certain jolly, old, fat man in a red suit. The lack of security took all the fun out of sneaking into places. Claves had even managed to slip right into the prince's bedchambers, and he hadn't even broken a sweat in doing so. It had been a bust though; the young prince was nowhere to be seen which Claves found quite surprising given the difficulty that lord Scherzo had with maneuvering his incredibly massive cock.

Claves was just about to call it a night when he saw something most unusual. Darting through the darkened streets below was a singular figure clad in something akin to the typical garb worn by apprentices at the Arcanum. To the untrained eye the pooch's outfit could even be said to be an Arcanum uniform, but there were some things that just didn't add up.

For starters, the young mage was shuddering from the cold. Warmth spells were considered basic entry level magicks. Every apprentice at the Arcanum knew how to cast spells that allowed them to generate their own heat. Even Claves knew how to use that magic, and he had never had a day of formal training in his life. The heat emanating from his ensorcelled skin had caused the snow around him to melt into a puddle which now pooled at his feet.

Claves was currently clad in his trademark gear which consisted of nothing more than a mask, a cape, some boots and gloves, and his trusty satchel. Claves's bare skin and massive cock were left exposed to the element, but he didn't feel even the slightest chill. His enormous cock hadn't experienced even the slightest bit of shrinkage from the weather. His huge, waist-thick schlong dangled down to his toes. The only thing stopping his enormous cock from touching the ground below was the fact that it was draped over his enormous, beanbag chair sized nuts.

Weather proofing spells such as the one Claves was using were not just handy tricks, but they are also seen as a necessity for Arcanum magi especially apprentice arcanists. For arcanists, bare skin was prime real-estate for runes and etchings. The more skin someone had showing the more spells they could imbue into their skin. As such, young arcanists tended to wear as little as possible. The typical outfit for apprentices consisted of a small shawl, etched bracers for channeling spells, small, functional shoes, and some form of garment, usually a loincloth, to conceal the genitals.

The mysterious mage in question was wearing just that. In fact the canine had even gone the extra mile and swapped out the traditional loincloth for a small, black thong which covered his modest package and nothing else. The mage had also added a wide brimmed, conical hat to the ensemble. The hat made it impossible to make out the guy's face and even obscured much of the mage's hair, but Claves managed to catch a fleeting glimpse of the familiar young man's familiar looking blue locks.

The young mage had the outfit right, but his soft brown fur was completely devoid of etchings or runes. The mage's fur was absolutely flawless; it didn't even have the typical scorches and scarring that a young arcanist tends to accrue during their brutal training regimen. Whatever school of magic the young mage had trained it, it was obvious that he wasn't an arcanist. In fact, Claves would have been quick to write the guy off as a mere imposter had it not been for the glowing, green gemstone hanging from his neck.

The pendant was unmistakable. It was an Arcanum Key; a powerful trinket that was only bestowed to elite magi. It was said that only a select few knew how to even make them. Forgeries were easy to spot, and duplications were thought to be impossible. So how did this apprentice come by one?

Claves's curiosity wouldn't let him leave well enough alone. He decided to follow the young mage to his destination. If nothing else it was a nice diversion from an otherwise boring night, and there were some distinct advantages to trailing a nearly nude dude. The little thong the mage wore really showcased his cute little bubble butt. An ass that fine was a rare sight indeed. The goosebumps across the mage's butt did nothing to detract from his perfectly round and bubbly booty. Claves had only seen an ass like that once in his life. If not for the distinct lack of a monolithic cock, the mysterious mage could have been a nice body double for the missing prince.

Claves kept to the shadows and followed from a safe distance, but he kept close enough to the young man that he could watch that bubbly booty bounce and sway with every step the young mage took. Claves was not at all surprised to see that the mage's trek took him right to the looming gates of the Arcanum itself. This was the moment of truth. If the gates opened for the young canine then he was without a doubt holding a key. If not, then the pendant the young mage wore was merely a very convincing knock-off. Claves crept in closer as the young mage raised the pendant up high. The green glow of the gemstone grew even brighter than before. The pulsing light grew brighter and brighter until the entire courtyard was enveloped in a jade hue. The large, iron gates creaked and slowly began to slide open. There was no doubt in Claves's mind now. That pendant was without a doubt an Arcanum Key, and he had to have it.

Claves crept up behind the young man. He was so close that he could hear the mage's teeth chattering. Claves could actually see the slight shudders reverberating through the young man's freezing body. Part of Claves wanted to wrap his arms around the young pooch and lend him some warmth, but he was far too fixated on his prize to do something so charitable especially something that would have completely blown his cover.

Claves effortlessly undid the clasp on the back of the chain and stood back as the mage bolted into the open gates. Just as Claves suspected, the young canine was in too much of a hurry and was too numb to feel the heavy pendant sliding off his bare chest and landing with a dull thud in the dense snow that covered the ground. Once the mage was far enough away, Claves knelt down and scooped the key up. It was by far one of the easiest thefts he had pulled off, but now the real fun began.

Claves hung back and waited for the gate to shut once more. The last thing the white rabbit needed was to be caught by the mage or one of the other students or faculty members that patrolled

these hallowed halls of learning. Once he was sure the coast was clear he strode up to the large, iron gates and held the pendant aloft. The gemstone glowed once more, and the gates slowly creaked open.

Claves was more excited than he had been in ages. He had long been looking for a way to infiltrate the scholastic fortress of the secretive magi, but he had never in his wildest dreams imagined that the key would almost literally fall into his lap. He was actually a little surprised at how easy this had all gone. He had obtained Arcanum Keys in the past, but they had always been bound to one person. Try as he like, he could never get one to activate for him. Either the young man Claves had tracked here had done something to remove that particular enchantment, or this key just somehow happened to not be bound. Whatever the case may be, Claves wasn't too interested in worrying with it now. He had a lot of exploring to do and not a lot of time to do so... but first he needed to check in on his prey.

There were still too many mysteries surrounding the young mage for Claves to just leave it at that, and the fact that the young canine was so cute didn't hurt either. For the mage to have access to a key like this he had to be a powerful spellcaster, and that meant he had to have plenty of magic energy billowing beneath that luscious fur. Claves couldn't wait to see how huge the dog's cock would become once exposed to his scepter. The mysterious mage might even give the crown prince a run for his money.

It didn't take long for Claves to find his mark. All he had to do was follow all the noise. He soon found his way to the main dining hall which had been converted into a large, festive ballroom for the occasion. It was plain to see from all the co-eds schmoozing and the various Christmas ornaments hanging from the walls that Claves had just stumbled upon the elite magic college's yuletide ball.

Claves peeked around the corner and instantly spotted his target. The young pooch was looking much healthier now that he was out of the snow and into the warm, toasty ballroom, and his comfort wasn't just limited to his physical wellbeing. Now that he was in the relative safety of the Arcanum, the mage had removed his hat granting Claves a clear look at his face.

Claves couldn't suppress his smirk nor did he try to. He had had his suspicions before, but now he knew for sure. This presented Claves with a new mystery to uncover. Just what had happened to the prince's mountainous cock and balls? Claves had no doubt in his mind that Scherzo's new private tutor had a hand in this. Claves chuckled silently to himself as he slunk back into the shadows. He had some preparations to make before he put his plan in motion.

Scherzo sighed contentedly as he watched all the students mix and mingle with each other. He had never had the opportunity to be at a party like this – not incognito anyway. He had had many galas and balls at the palace, but they had all been held in his honor. He had had to sit atop his throne and watch the festivities from afar. Even had he been able to step down into the gala itself and speak with the attendees, he wouldn't have enjoyed it much. The attendees were all foreign dignitaries or high tier nobles. Rarely was there anyone Scherzo's age, and even rarer was there someone that Scherzo could tolerate speaking to.

"Hey. You're a new face." Said a red-headed leopard. Scherzo quickly scanned the new guy's body, and he liked what he saw. The mage's body was chiseled in more ways than one. Glowing red runes adorned just about every square inch of exposed fur of the leopard's form and there was plenty of exposed fur to be seen. He was dressed in the same style of uniform that Scherzo was wearing right down to the stringy thong, but the redhead filled out his pouch much more than Scher did.

"Oh. Yeah. Just transferred here." Scherzo replied.

"Ah yeah. That would explain why you haven't gotten your markings yet." The leopard replied while nodding his head knowingly. He then added. "You know. You don't gotta wear that outfit if you don't want. You aren't marked yet so there's really no reason for it. Believe me, I know it takes some getting used to."

Scherzo could see a faint bit of red tinge the mage's speckled cheeks. It seemed that even just remembering how awkward it had been adjusting to the nearly nude life caused the leopard to blush.

Scherzo on the other hand had no such problem being seen in such skimpy outfits. He had been seen wearing far less. He could still vividly remember what it had been like when that handsome thief had first transformed him. Scher had been left suspended atop his own enormous cock for hours. He knew he should have been embarrassed or ashamed, but he had loved every second of it. It was a completely new experience for him. His whole life he had had people giving him forced adoration. So few of them actually saw him as anything more than the palace brat, but that had changed when Claves had cursed him.

People turned out in droves to stare at his cock and balls. They had fawned over his slim, slender body. He was drop dead sexy, and he knew it. The palace spin doctors had had to work overtime to limit the damage that had been done to the royal family's reputation, but Scherzo didn't care about that. The rumors had already started spreading and so had the images.

"Anyways. I hope to see you around campus." The redhead said. Scherzo snapped from his reverie to see the mage's hand outstretched and waiting for him to return the handshake.

"The name's Rudd, by the way." The leopard said.

"Oh! Hope to be seeing more of you too!" Scherzo replied. He then reached out and shook the mage's tattooed hand. Scher could actually feel the warmth emanating from his enchanted runes. It was as if the mage's hand was bristling with cosmic energy.

Rudd stared at Scherzo as if waiting for something more. It took Scher a moment to realize what it was. Scher's jaw dropped when it dawned on him. This dude had no idea who he was. This was the first time the Scherzo had had to introduce himself. He was so giddy at the thought of being completely anonymous that he had to stifle his own giggles.

"My name's Sch-" Scherzo began to say, but quickly stopped himself.

"Sch?" Rudd replied.

"...Sorry. I almost sneezed there." Scher lied to cover his mistake. He had almost given out his real name. The last thing he needed was to blow his own cover now. His name wasn't exactly common. Only those from noble families had musical names, and even then he was sure everyone in the Arcanum had heard of him.

"Yeah. You can call me Al." Scherzo said as he shook Rudd's hand once more.

"Great to meet you Al. Now if you'll excuse me, I've gotta shake my groove thang." Rudd exclaimed happily. He then turned and sashayed into the crowd giving Scher a great glimpse at his chiseled backside as he did so.

Scher was just about to get onto the dance floor himself when he heard a voice from above. "I do so love a good party." The mysterious voice said. Scher glanced up and gasped at what he saw. It was none other than the notorious thief, Claves. The pink-haired master of stealth's normal cloak was replaced by a red one with white trim which matched his festive Santa hat. His cock was covered in what appeared to be a giant, fuzzy red stocking, but the tip of it was not shaped like a foot. The tip of the cock-sleeve rounded off at the tip to fit his massive dick perfectly. His outfit was a little different, but there was no denying it. Scher would have recognized that smug grin and that huge cock anywhere.

Scherzo was as astonished as he was elated to see his crush make an appearance. Even for the notorious thief, sneaking into the mage's stronghold was thought to be an impossible feat. Scher himself was only able to get in because of the special key he had crafted by Maester Timpani.

Scherzo gasped in shock and his hands shot up to his neck. He felt around but could find no trace of the pendant. How could he have lost it? His teacher had entrusted that to him and he had not only lost it, but let it fall into the hands of one who could cause the most mischief with it.

Scherzo slowly glanced back up at the notorious thief. Scherzo could feel his dick stirring to life as his eyes slowly traversed the length of the thief's massive cock. Scherzo's ass ached to have that huge tool embedded deep within him once more. It felt like it had been far too long since he had been reamed by that or any other dick out there.

When he finally managed to pull his gaze away from that fantastic dick, he realized that Claves was staring straight at him. Their eyes met. Scherzo knew he was busted, but Claves didn't seem interested in him... not yet anyway.

Claves leaned against the stained glass window thirty feet above the dance floor and grinned at all the students that were mingling down below. He did so love to make an entrance. The look of shock on their faces made all the work it had taken to slip in undetected totally worth it.

"You have no business here." Someone from the crowd shouted up at him.

“That’s where you and I disagree. You see, I have business wherever it suits me, and I just looove balls.” Claves replied playfully. He then leapt off of the windowsill and landed gracefully in the middle of the dance floor.

A Doberman mage rushed forward with his wand held high and shouted, “I don’t know how you got in here, but you need to leave.”

Claves didn’t even seem to notice the robed Doberman. He merely began casually rifling through his satchel. “Hmm... I was sure I put it in here somewhere.” He muttered out loud.

“I’m warning you.” The mage stated. He was trying his hardest to sound defiant, but his voice was cracking and his hand was trembling.

“Oh, please. You can’t even hold it properly. You’re more likely to hit someone else than you are to hit me.” Claves replied. Claves’s eyes were hidden behind his trademark mask, but he sounded so disinterested that the people in the ballroom could practically hear his eyes rolling.

The mage’s resolve faltered. He lowered his wand and stepped back in trepidation. Claves looked up from his bag and flashed a benign grin at the mage.

“There’s no need to be afraid. I’m just here for the party. In fact, I brought something that might spice things up here.” Claves said. He pulled forth the jeweled rod from his satchel and held it aloft. Murmurs and chatter erupted from the crowd. Everyone had heard the stories, but the magi of the Arcanum rarely ever left the confines of their fortress. None of them had seen it up close like this.

Claves waved to scepter playfully in front of him as he approached the mage who had stepped forth to oppose him. “You know what this is, don’t you? What it does? How it works?” Claves asked. The Doberman tried to back away, but he found himself pinned by the crowd of magi that had clustered around to watch.

All the students in the Arcanum had heard about the rod. They all knew what it did. There were a few in the crowd who wanted to experience its effects firsthand purely for the sexual rush that was sure to come from the growth it caused, but many of the others had different interests in the magic. If the stories were true then the more innate magical power someone had the bigger their cock grew. The few magi that had ventured outside the Arcanum walls and experienced the scepter’s magic firsthand all came back with dicks that hung to their knees, but this thief had a dick as long as his legs. Many of the Arcanum magi saw this as an insult. There was no way that this nobody could have that much power.

Claves shrugged dismissively and tossed the scepter at the Doberman that had tried to oppose him. The mage tried to dodge, but the crowd afforded him no room to move. The jeweled head of the rod bumped against an exposed patch of fur on his arm, and his fate was immediately sealed. He felt the changes immediately. It was much different than he expected. He had expected the some form of nefarious curse to wrack his body and warp his cock into the oversized tool that the thief was sporting, but it was actually quite pleasant. A warm sensation coursed through his dick and balls. His nuts felt so full that it was as if he hadn’t gotten off in month. His cock and balls steadily grew. Soon the tip of his

dick was poking out from underneath his loincloth, but its growth still showed no signs of stopping. He found himself craving the sweet relief of a good climax. He couldn't wait to drain his pleasantly full balls, and his arousal only grew as his dick and balls swelled and swelled. By the time he was done his dick dangled over halfway down to his knees and his wonderfully full balls were the size of grapefruits, but his euphoria was soon derailed.

"That's it? Give me that." Another mage spat. The ferret was thinking what all the other magi were thinking. There was no way they could lose to this nobody. They were the best and brightest magi in the kingdom. He shoved his way to the front and grabbed the scepter for himself.

The second his hand made contact with the staff of the jeweled scepter, an orgasmic moan escaped his lips. The ferret could hardly think about his desire to prove the magi's superiority. All he could think about was how great it felt. He found himself staring at his swelling cock with an expression of manic glee as he watched his bulge swell and the inches stack on. His thong snapped and his bait and tackle spilled out revealing a still swelling dick. He was sure he was going to be the one to put the thief in his place, but his growth ground to a halt just before his cock could stretch half way down his thigh.

The Doberman mage sneered at the would-be show-off. "You were saying?" He asked sarcastically. He swished his hips slightly causing his huge, fat cock to sway and wobble mockingly before the other mage. The Doberman's was only a few inches longer, but his grapefruit sized nuts dwarfed the other mage's orange sized balls. It was a categorical defeat for the ferret, but Claves wasn't too interested in that. He was just enjoying all these magi failing miserably at coming even close to rivaling him.

Another mage and then another lunged for the rod. Before anyone knew it students were clambering over one another to get their hands on it. Cocks swelled, and waistbands snapped. Throughout it all the partygoers were gloating and cheering and measuring against one another, but still no one came even close to matching the thief's enormous cock. The only one who was even in the same ballpark was a morose looking jackal. The slender mage's dick had grown so large that it reached his shins. His thick cock rivaled his own slim, slender midriff for sheer girth, but it was nowhere as fat as Clave's fantastic cock.

Throughout it all, Claves kept a keen eye on Scher. The prince had kept to himself and observed the spectacle from the sidelines. The look of pure, unadulterated lust on his face made it obvious that he was enjoying watching those cocks grow and swell. There was no doubt in Claves's mind that Scherzo was wishing he could feel that rush once more.

Claves still wasn't sure just how it was that Scher had gotten his dick back to a manageable size. At first Claves thought that maybe someone had discovered a way to undo the enchantment, but the more he watched the more he realized that that was impossible. As Scherzo got more and more aroused, it was clear that something odd was happening in the small pouch of his skimpy thong. It looked as if his bulge was warping and distorting into odd shapes. The size of it didn't seem consistent at all. Claves tried to think of where he had seen that happen before. A sly grin spread across his lips as the

realization came to him. He was going to enjoy unveiling Scherzo's cock for these competitive magi. If they thought his cock was daunting, wait until they get a load of the prince's palatial prick.

Claves redirected his attention towards the party. The magi were sporting boners of all sized. The more adept of them had cocks that rose up almost to their faces, but for most of them, the tips of their dick reached up towards their midriffs. Claves recognized the look of lust in their eyes. The effects of the extra enchantment he had added to the scepter were readily apparent.

There were only a handful of magi whose pride would not allow them to succumb to their arousal. They fought back Claves's enchantment with all their might and scoured the ballroom for anyone who had not yet undertaken the trial. They searched high and low until they found him...

"Make way. We've got another!" One of the magi shouted.

Claves looked over to the source of the commotion and saw a group of magi shoving a redheaded, leopard mage towards the front of the crowd.

"H-hey now! This is ridiculous!" The redhead shouted.

"We need you to do it!" The first mage shouted.

"You're the top of your class. If anyone can beat him it's you!" The second mage said. The group of magi gave one last powerful shove which sent the leopard staggering towards the masked thief. Rudd barely managed to regain his footing before colliding with the smug thief.

"So, um. Hi. I guess I'm taking the trial." Rudd murmured.

"You don't seem too enthusiastic." Claves replied.

"Well, you know. I don't see the point in proving anything, but I mean, they demand it so..." Rudd responded uncertainly.

Claves merely shrugged. "Let's give them what they want then." He said. He snapped his fingers and the scepter flung through the air and returned to his hand. The sheer speed at which it hurtled through the air knocked a few unfortunate magi sprawling to the floor.

Claves held the scepter out in front of him and nodded. "Take it... if you're ready." He said solemnly.

Rudd shrugged and said, "I've come this far. Would be kinda silly to back down now." He reached out and placed his hand on the bejeweled head of the scepter. He immediately began to shudder as a wave of euphoria coursed through him.

"Oh... That's actually... kinda nice..." He moaned. He was so lost in the pleasure that was wracking his body that he couldn't even focus on his dick, but the rest of the crowd had their sights firmly locked on his expanding cock and balls.

Everyone could see that this was different than anyone before. His dick wasn't just swelling. It was surging outwards as inches stacked on in rapid succession. It wasn't long before the tip of his dick reached his knees, and still it kept growing. The student body held its collective breath as his cock grew and swelled some more. With each additional inch the anticipation rose more and more. Would he be the one to finally surpass the smug thief? It seemed like he just may, but right as it seemed he would surpass the masked marauder his growth ground to a halt.

The entire crowd of magi began to groan and grumble, but Rudd was not about to complain. His cock looked absolutely fantastic. It was so huge. It was almost as wide as his hips and dangled down to his ankles, and he had two, massive, beach ball sized nuts to go with it. His dick felt even better than it looked. The whole length of his monstrous cock was tingling with arousal. Rudd couldn't keep his hands off of it. He wanted to feel and stroke every last inch of his gigantic cock.

The leopard's already enormous dick swelled to life as he rubbed it down. As the blood rushed to his massive cock it steadily hardened and rose. Before long he was face to face with the gigantic, puffy head of his fully-boned cock. He couldn't control himself anymore. He needed to experience even more. He leaned forward and began lapping at the head of his massive cock. His tongue glided across soft flesh. He could taste his own pre as it oozed out his rock-hard cock and dribbled down the spongy tissue of his cockhead.

Rudd was so overcome by his own hormones that he didn't even notice that he had laid down atop his own cock. He straddled his dick and ground it against the smooth, stone floor of the banquet hall while continuing to groan and stroke and lap at his cock. Somewhere in the back of his mind a single memory struggled to force its way to the front of his thoughts. He knew deep down that if he continued he'd soon be cursed to have such a huge cock for the rest of his life, but he couldn't bring himself to care. It felt so fantastic and it looked even better. He couldn't see any downside to going through life with this fantastical beast between his legs.

Rudd's body shuddered and his cock lurched. He couldn't hold back, nor did he want to. He let out a moan of pure bliss that reverberated through the dining hall and surrendered himself to his fate. His cock bucked and lurched as huge, thick spurts of creamy jizz erupted from the tip. He came again and again, but he never felt like he was getting any closer to relief. His balls still felt full, and his cock still felt as hard as ever. His spooge sprayed across the room dousing friends and classmates in a hail of warm, sticky spunk, but nobody seemed to be complaining. In fact the lewd display spurred others on to abandon their inhibitions as well.

Everywhere one looked, magi were going at it like bunnies. Those whose cocks were still small enough that they could get their hands around them were pounding away with all their might, but the larger students had to find new ways to find relief. Some of the largest magi took a cue from Rudd and proceeded to hump the ground, but others found others to help them out. Friends and rivals were soon locking lips and grinding cocks as they worked themselves into an erotic stupor. One by one they each blew their massive loads and collapsed into a sex-addled heap. Before long everyone in the ballroom was coated in sweat and cum... everyone except for the two party crashers.

Claves looked over and smirked at the prince. Scherzo had kept to the sidelines throughout the entire lurid ordeal, but the look on his face made it clear that he wasn't completely unscathed. His hormones were raging just as hard as anyone else's, but the small bulge in the front of his thong didn't seem to indicate arousal.

Some of the magi had already recovered enough to be relatively coherent. "Nobody could beat him..." One of them muttered.

"Oh, worry not." Claves replied and nodded towards Scherzo. "There's one last person who needs to take the trial."

The few magi that had recovered all looked over to where Scher was standing. It was as if they were seeing him for the first time.

"Who is he?" One mage asked.

"Why are we even bothering with him? He doesn't have his marks yet." Another said.

"You don't know who this is?" Claves asked playfully. Scherzo gasped. Was he going to blow his cover? Scher silently pleaded with the thief, but Claves's coy smirk showed no signs of sympathy.

The magi muttered amongst themselves, but no one recognized the new recruit. It wasn't until Rudd managed to snap himself out of his own euphoric trance that someone finally spoke up.

"Oh. Hey, Al." He murmured groggily.

Claves chuckled. He hadn't expected someone to know Scherzo, but that didn't change anything. He doubted Scher had devised a decent cover story. The prince was not the duplicitous type. Claves was amazed that Scher hadn't accidentally given away his royal status already.

"You are looking at the first..." Claves stated dramatically. Scher looked mortified. He shook his head and silently pleaded for the rabbit to stop.

"And only..." Claves continued.

Scherzo braced himself for the big reveal. He knew what was coming next. He was the first and only son of the current ruler of Sonata. He was the crown prince, and soon all these people would know his secret.

"... apprentice to the newly appointed Maester Timpani." Claves concluded.

Everyone including Scher stared at him in silent shock. The magi began once again murmuring against themselves.

"Tim got a promotion?" One asked.

"I didn't think he'd ever take a student." Another said.

“Yeah. He can’t remember where he is half the time. You think he can teach someone else?”
Another chimed in.

Despite the snarky jabs and playful jibes there was a sense of reverence that had descended on the room. Tim had a reputation of being a total space cadet, but his skill as an enchanter was undeniable. Everyone knew it was only a matter of time before he got made a professor, and there were students waiting for the chance to seek his tutelage. The fact that this nobody had beaten them all to it was shocking and humbling.

The murmuring and muttering slowly died away. Soon the entire banquet hall became dead silent. The magi looked amongst each other as they waited for someone to say something to break the tension. Finally a lone voice rose up from the crowd.

“Give him the trial!” The voice shouted.

“Yeah! The trial!” Another shouted. Soon the entire banquet hall erupted in cries and shouts. Everyone wanted to see Scher touch the scepter.

“I... I don’t think that’s a good idea.” Scher muttered nervously.

“Nonsense. Your fellow magi want to see if someone can beat me, and I think you’ll be the one to do it.” Claves responded playfully. He strode across the banquet hall and effortlessly hopped over exhausted magi as he did so. He finally came to a stop directly in front of the skittish prince.

“Do I get a say in this...?” Scher asked nervously.

“No.” Claves said flatly as he gave the prince a soft, playful tap on the chin with the tip of the scepter.

Claves stepped out of the way to give everyone a clear view of the prince. A hush fell over the crowd as everyone waited for the changes to take effect, but nothing seemed to happen. The small bulge in Scherzo’s thong didn’t grow at all. As it became apparent nothing was going to happen, the magi began to mutter amongst themselves.

“Are you sure he’s apprentice to a Maester?” One mage asked.

“Even Tak’s grew more than that, and he’s failing half his classes.” Another mage shouted.

“Hey. Fuck you, Jin!” Tak shouted back.

Claves raised a hand to shush the crowd. Once the magi stopped bickering amongst themselves, he began to explain. “He can’t grow because he’s already been exposed.” Claves said. This elicited another round of murmurs and mumbles from the magi in the room.

“He’s been given the trial long before any of you have even heard of it, and I can safely say he beats everyone in this room.” Claves continued. He shot the entire crowd a sly grin and sensually stroked the prince’s flat stomach as he waited for the latest round of murmurs to die down.

"But I don't see any growth!" One mage shouted.

"Oh, please. You think the student of a Grand Enchanter wouldn't know a few tricks to hide something like that?" Claves asked mockingly. This retort spurred another round of chatter from the crowd. Claves continued to grin as his fingertips brushed across the prince's stomach and made their trek lower. His fingertips glided across the prince's fuzzy crotch and slipped beneath the fabric of Scher's little, black thong.

All chatter stopped as Claves's hand vanished beneath the fabric. The pouch was far smaller than the thief's hand, but he had his entire hand, fingers and all, buried into the pouch, and there wasn't even the slightest change to the shape of the bulge. The silence grew more and more deafening as Claves shoved more and more of his arm into the pouch. Soon his arm was buried up to the elbow, but still he kept shoving his hand further in. It wasn't until his arm was buried down to the shoulder that he finally stopped. The thief's entire arm had vanished into the thong, but the bulge hadn't changed at all.

As the magi slowly overcame their shock, they began to chatter anew. The shock and awe was audible in their voice. No one was quite sure what to make of what they saw.

"You knew...?" Scher asked.

"What good thief doesn't recognize a bottomless bag trick when he sees one?" came Claves's smug reply.

"I can only imagine how much focus it takes to maintain this spell. You can't even maintain a simple warmth spell while holding all this in, can you?" Claves asked. The magi once again murmured amongst themselves, but Scherzo gasped in shock. He had dealt with the masked thief enough to know where he was going with this line of thought.

Claves stood back up and sidled up behind Scherzo. He slipped both hands down the front of the prince's thong and whispered softly into the blue-haired lord's ear, "Next time you sneak out of the palace, I suggest you get some warmth rings. They'll save you a lot of trouble in the future."

"That's if there's a next time." Scher replied.

"Heh. You've learned from the best. They'll never be able to hold you in." Claves replied with a soft chuckle.

Claves pulled one hand out of Scherzo's pouch and slipped it around the prince's round, bubbly butt. He loved the way those juicy cheeks felt against his fingertips. The prince's soft moans were maddening. He couldn't wait for those moans and sighs to give way to cries of ecstasy.

"I wonder how long you can maintain that spell." Claves asked coyly as he slid a finger into the prince's twitching hole.

Scher shuddered in ecstasy. His mind was flooded with thoughts of the thief's huge cock. He wanted it inside of him so badly, but he resisted. There were hundreds of eyes glued to him. He felt

more like a performer than a partygoer. As much as he loved the attention - as much as he loved showing off his slender build and his huge cock, he just didn't feel ready.

"I wonder what they'll say when they see your cock in all its splendor." Claves teased some more.

Scherzo shuddered again as he felt another finger slide inside of him. He could feel the warmth and softness of Claves's lips against the nape of his neck. The way the thief's fingers were stretching out his hole felt so nice, but he wanted more. He needed more, but he didn't dare let himself have it.

"Wait... stop..." Scherzo moaned.

"Are you sure?" Claves asked playfully. He curled his fingers and tenderly stroked the inner linings of Scherzo's hungry hole. The prince writhed in ecstasy but said nothing. Claves was surprised at the prince's resistance, but he didn't let it show on his face. He slowly, tenderly pulled his fingers out of the prince's ass and whispered softly into Scherzo's ear.

"Are you sure?" He asked again, but this time his voice took on a serious tone. It was an honest, gentle question.

Scherzo knew from the tone of his voice that the rabbit wouldn't go any further without permission. Scherzo could have called it all off right then and there, but he felt so empty without those fingers inside of him, and Claves's soft voice sounded so wonderful in his ears. He couldn't think of anything else other than how much he needed it.

"Do it." Scherzo moaned.

"Do what?" Claves asked. The coy, playful tone of his voice returned in full force as he did so. He had been hovering at a semi throughout the entire ordeal, but his cock slowly swelled to life as he felt the prince writhe and moan in his arms. He knew that Scherzo was going to give in. Now the fun part began. He always loved teasing and toying with the prince, and he couldn't wait to hear the blue-haired mage begging to be impaled on his huge cock.

F.... f-f.... fu-..." Scherzo stammered.

"Say it..." Claves gently coaxed him on.

"Fu-fuck me." Scherzo moaned.

"Right here? In front of all your friends?" Claves asked. The question was playful and teasing, but the delivery was that of a sultry grown. Scherzo shuddered from the intensity of his own arousal. Claves's voice was driving him wild.

Scherzo glanced out at the crowd. Everyone was staring at him. Some were staring in awe or fascination, and even a few others were looking at him in confusion, but most of them were staring at

him with a look of unbridled lust. Nobody knew how he was expecting to take a cock that was thicker around than he was, but the look in his eyes made it clear that he was determined to do so.

Scherzo made eye contact with Rudd who was staring at him with a look of hormone-addled, slack-jawed, lusty awe. Scherzo managed a weak smirk and shouted, "I said fuck me. I command you."

"You're in no position to command anyone, but I'll accept your invitation." Claves replied with a saucy chuckle. He slipped his hands under the prince's arms and effortlessly lifted the shorter, slimmer guy up above his head. Claves was lifting the prince as high as he could, but it still was not enough. The tip of the thief's fully-boned cock pointed straight up at Scher's abdomen.

It was clear to the prince that Claves's cock had grown some a bit more since their last encounter. Claves could no longer lift Scher high enough to lower the prince down onto his cock, but Scher wasn't about to let the pink-haired thief do all the work. Scher grabbed the huge, thick tip of Claves's cock and hoisted himself the rest of the way up. The tip of Claves's cock was staggeringly huge. It was thicker and wider than Scher's hips by a good margin, but Scher wasn't about to let that stop him. He knew he could take it, and he desired to have it inside of him.

A gasp of shock echoed through the crowd. No one could believe what they were seeing. They couldn't believe the new apprentice was actually insisting on trying to take that huge cock inside of him, but here he was with his ass poised to go down on the impossibly huge cock. Scher flashed a saucy smirk to the audience as he leaned forward and pulled the back string of his thong aside to give the cock unimpeded access to his hungry hole.

Scher moaned and cried in ecstasy as his hips spread wider to accept the gigantic cock. He was sure of it now. It was even larger than before. He hadn't been spread so wide last time. As he sank further and further down along to colossal shaft, his gut began to bulge out obscenely. He stared on in manic glee as the bulge became more and more pronounced. Soon the very shape of the thief's immense cock head could be seen through the prince's taut tummy. Scher ran a hand across the bulging protrusion. He felt like he and Claves's cock were one. He could feel the spongy head flaring up inside of him. He could feel the warm pre oozing out inside of him.

By the time Scher's ass made landfall atop Claves's immense nuts, the bulge in his gut poked up higher than his head. His entire field of view was filled by Claves's cock and his own tummy which was wrapped around the thief's dick like a second skin. Scher couldn't even see his audience anymore, but he could certainly hear them. The magi gasped in awe at what they were seeing, but soon their awe gave way to lust. They were all so turned on by what they were seeing that they couldn't help themselves. Everyone reached for any cock that was in range whether it was theirs or not. Friends, rivals, and strangers took turns sucking and stroking each other off until finally a shout split the air.

"Wait! Look!" One of the magi shouted.

The arcane orgy ground to a halt as everyone turned to stare at the prince. His small package was warping and shifting rapidly. It no longer looked like a small cock wrapped in black fabric. The shape

and size was fluctuating wildly, but no one could deny that it was steadily getting bigger. The fabric of the pouch was steadily becoming sheer as it got stretched far beyond its max capacity.

A loud shredding sound split the air. A single tear formed on the front of Scher's thong. A huge clump of flesh began to spill through. It looked like a single, fleshy vein protruding from the front of his skivvies, but it didn't last long. More and more tears began to form, and soon the fabric gave out altogether.

The prince's cock and balls spilled out so fast that his expanding balls shoved countless co-eds aside. The impact had bowled over many of the magi and sent them hurtling into the rest of the audience. As the magi clambered to their feet they began to see the true size of the prince's cock.

The balls alone filled much of their field of vision. Either colossal nut looked to be the size of a carriage and sloshed and roiled audibly with pent up cum. The shaft itself dwarfed even the massive pillars the lined the sides of the room. Scher's dick was thick as a redwood and rose so high that it nearly touched the roof.

The magi could do nothing but stare up in awe at the towering cock. It dwarfed everyone's in the room. There was simply no comparison. No one could believe that such power existed in this world, let alone that this powerful mage was a mere apprentice.

They didn't have long to ogle the enormous cock though. The sudden expansion had knocked Claves and Scherzo off balance. It was simply impossible for them to keep Scher's titanic cock upright. Gravity soon took control and pulled the prince's cock downwards. The magi scattered as the colossal cock came slamming down in the middle of the room.

Scher let out a loud cry of pure orgasmic bliss. The impact of the ground against the sensitive flesh on the underside of his cock as well as the thief's dick shifting inside of him was almost too much. He wanted to cum so bad, but held back with all his might.

Now that his cock had made landfall, the magi could see firsthand just how huge it was. Even just the massive, pre-oozing slit was taller than anyone in the room. The shaft itself was longer than the banquet tables that lined the sides of the room, and each table was designed to easily seat forty people.

The audience was so overcome by the sheer size and magnitude of the enormous cock that they couldn't help themselves. The orgy resumes in full, fervid force. Even total strangers were soon locking lips and grinding cocks. There was only one mage in the crowd who couldn't pull his attention away from the mountainous cock that filled his field of vision.

Rudd's cock filled much of his field of view, but he could still see Al's enormous, oozing slit in front of him. He could feel it calling to him. It was as if the gigantic dick itself was begging to be fucked. Rudd was not one to turn down an invitation like that.

He staggered forward until the tip of his dick was lined up with the massive, shuddering whole on the tip of Scher's cock. He could feel the warmth and wetness of Scher's pre cascading down across his own dick. It felt so fantastic that he needed more.

He quickly grabbed a nearby bench and carried it closer to the massive cock. It was an incredible strain even for his well-defined muscles, but he was driven by a force so powerful that no matter how much his muscles screamed at him he could not back down.

He hopped up onto the bench and took aim at the massive, shuddering slit that spread out before him. He could feel the warmth, slick walls of the inside of Al's cock gripping his dick as he slid his own dick in further and further. It felt like heaven. Rudd's massive cock shuddered and lurched. He felt like he could cream at any second, but he refused to allow it. He needed to feel this even more.

Before he knew it, his nuts slapped against the spongy tissue of Al's colossal cock head. Rudd couldn't believe it. He was face down against a cock that dwarfed his entire body. His dick which was low longer than his legs was buried down to the hilt down the oozing opening of this massive cock. It was all so surreal, but it felt far too wonderful and vivid to be a dream.

Rudd wholeheartedly threw himself into fucking the gigantic cock. He could feel the sides gripping and hugging his cock as his dick slid in and out and in and out. It felt so fantastic that he couldn't even keep his eyes open. His eyes rolled back and his breaths came out as loud, guttural moans as he continued to slam his dick into the gaping maw over and over.

Scher moaned in ecstasy. Being reamed by his crush's cock was more than he could take, but now he could feel something else filling his dick from the inside. It was maddeningly fantastic. It was as if he was already cumming, but his balls had yet to lose any of their pent-up spunk.

Scher couldn't take it anymore. Try as he might he had reached his limit. He threw his head back and cried out. His orgasmic wail was deafening. It reverberated through the large, open banquet hall. All the magi looked up from their own erotic endeavors and stared at the massive cock as it shuddered and trembled... all of them except for Rudd.

Rudd shoved his cock in one last time and cried out in unison with the prince. He could feel the cum launching from his cock straight into Al's cock. Rudd pressed himself against the spongy tissue of the head of the colossal cock and braced himself as he came and came again. No matter how much he came he never felt like it was enough. He had so much cum he needed to drain. His dick just didn't seem large enough to funnel it all through.

Rudd's loads hadn't even begun to taper off when he felt the giant cock head give a hard lurch. A massive surge of warm, thick, sticky spunk slammed into him with such force that it sent him toppling off of the bench and sliding across the smooth, stone floor of the ballroom. The massive spurge of jizz from Scher's cock blasted through the crowd like a flash flood. Magi were spent sprawling onto the floor from the sheer force of the gooey tidal wave.

Rudd quickly staggered to his feet to get above the rising pool of spunk that was flooding the banquet hall. He was so horny that he felt like he'd never be able to get ahead of the cum churning in his nuts, but what he saw as he stared at the massive, spewing cock made him cream even harder.

Scher groaned and moaned as he rubbed his gut. He knew what happened next. He could feel Claves's cock shuddering inside of him. Soon he would be pumped full of his crush's spunk, and he couldn't wait. He craved the warmth that came with it. He craved the orgasmic feeling of being stretch into a balloon. He craved the peaceful rocking that came from having gallons upon gallons of cum sloshing around inside of him. He heard Claves grunt and knew it was time.

Scher cried out once more as he felt the rush of jizz pump into him. Even after just the first spurt he could already see his gut swelling and distending even more than it already was. There was no doubt in his mind that this was going to be a huge load, and he couldn't wait to take all of it.

Which each consecutive spurt, Scher cried out louder and louder. His throat was dry and scratchy before Claves was even halfway done, but he was feeling so amazing that he couldn't stop shouting out in ecstasy. His gut continued to swell and swell with each passing second. Soon his cum-blimp of a belly was so large that it blocked his view of even his enormous cock. All Scher could see was soft, taut expanse of his own fuzzy, white tummy. He dug his fingers into the stretched out flesh which just sent another wave of ecstasy arcing through his body.

By the time Claves was spent, Scher's gut was as large as a reservoir on a water tower. It was comically huge even compared to his colossal cock which filled much of what had once been the dance floor. The standing pool of spunk in the room was so deep that the magi had to stand up just to keep their heads above it.

Scher murmured incoherently as he nuzzled up against his swollen gut. Claves gave him a soft peck of the cheek and slowly pulled out his dick. Scher's ass made a loud, sticky popping sound as Claves's cock slipped free. Cum flowed freely from his stretched out hole, but it would be hours and hours before he would even begin to shrink down enough to be mobile again. It'd be even longer still before Scher would be cognizant enough to begin another bottomless pouch incantation.

There was no doubt in Scher's mind that he was going to miss the palace Christmas party, but he didn't care. He doubted anyone there would even know he was missing. At least here he would be in good company.

"Hey! Al!" Came a familiar voice from down below. Scher glanced around. He was not at all surprised to see that Claves had already slunk off into the shadows. Rudd was standing down below and was waving his arms to get Scher's attention. Scher was surprised to see a familiar green pendant in the cum-coated, redhead's hand, but Scher was too blissfully exhausted from the mind-blowing sex to really show it.

"This is yours right? I found it lying on the table over there. These're important. You really shouldn't leave 'em laying around." Rudd said.

Scher couldn't respond even if he wanted to. He tried to make some semblance of a response, but he only succeeded in sighing wistfully. He was just about to drift back into a post-coital stupor when he saw a shadow darting across the stained glass window high above the ballroom. Scher tried to catch a glimpse of the elusive thief, but Claves was already long gone.

Claves easily vaulted the high walls surrounding the Arcanum and landed flawlessly in the courtyard below. He'd have to find a new way inside next time, but that was fine with him. Having a key made it far too easy and boring, and after the stunt he pulled tonight they'd be talking about him for ages to come.