

A majestic glow filled the living room, the structure of molecules chained together spiralling around a central point providing an awe-inspiring look into the structure of life itself. The flickering blue began to disintegrate into magical sparks, leaving the room as ordinary as it had once been.

“And that, dear wolf, is why shrinking someone is not easier than making them grow. You have to keep all the variables mentioned in mind.” A rat reclined on the sofa, a flick of his wrist extinguishing the magic.

“Yeah... okay, Nick, I said ‘that’s interesting’, not ‘give me the magic 101 lecture’.” came a tiny voice from beside him. A little grey-furred wolf sat next to Nicholas, facing the upturned sole of one of his furless feet. Merely the size of a single claw, he was utterly overwhelmed in comparison.

“Well gee, Lennox. You could have said something five minutes ago.” huffed Nicholas, rolling his eyes. Rolling his shoulders and stretching out, he yawned and scrunched his toes, those boulder-sized masses of pink flesh tensing dangerously next to the tiny wolf. Biting his lip, Lennox looked up admiringly at the sheer cliff of paw looming over him, squirming a little as he sat. Nicholas sat a little straighter, folding his legs beneath him to sit cross-legged and leaning an arm over the back of the sofa. “I hope being tiny is all you dreamed it would be. Not really to my tastes, to be honest, if I want to see someone big, then I want them to be *big*. You get me?” smirked the rat, pulling a strand of hair behind one of his rounded ears.

“Oh, sure, I get you. I just wanted to see what Tip sees all the time.” snickered Lennox, only to be interrupted by a buzzing from his pocket. Digging his phone out, he took a moment to tap in the unlock code, staring at the screen as he digested the incoming message. “He says he heard that and that I’m a dick.”

“I’m sure he’ll turn up eventually. I’m still sure he’s stuck to me somewhere, probably somewhere I can’t reach. You know how it gets.” grinned Nicholas, those large incisors looking all the more menacing at Lennox’s new height. Those big teeth could snap him in two, if he wasn’t careful... the thought was more than a little thrilling to the little wolf, who shuffled just a little closer to that warm wall of paw.

“Oh, yeah. He’s a master of texting while flattened. One time I woke up from a nap and I had 37 messages calling me a shithead because he was stuck to my balls. Can get pretty hot down there, especially in the summer.” grinned the wolf, tail wagging mischievously. Nicholas shot back an amused smirk, pushing his glasses further up his snout with a finger before pulling a clawed hand through his long black hair. Slowly, he reached down to his jeans, rubbing along the prominent length trapped against the taut material, that incomprehensibly thick shaft threatening to stir and make the whole arrangement in his crotch that much more cramped. With a simple squeeze, Lennox could see that girthy dick rise just a little more as though it were trying to free itself from its surroundings, an untamed beast caught in a cage.

“Your one certainly looks... big from down here.” gulped the wolf, feeling his own shaft stirring at the sight. He silently grit his teeth at not having something more witty to say, but how could he think while staring down that massive mound of masculinity? Leaning into his arm on the back of the couch, Nicholas twisted his hips towards Lennox to give him a fuller view of the whole package, from the thick cylinder of shaft to the heavy, full sack pinned beneath it. The palm of his hand reached down to cup the thick set of balls, squeezing again to prime his cock to plump further.

“Big?” rumbled Nicholas, idly stroking across the taut fabric with a thumb, a claw circling around the edges of the outlined bulge in his jeans. “Do go on. I think it likes compliments.”

“Uhhhh...” Lennox gulped, staring down that mountain of sack. It was like snowy peak just ready to turn into an avalanche, full of potential energy and ready to slam down on him. Sorting through his mental thesaurus for compliments was not on the menu when ogling in terrified, horny anticipation was taking up most of his brain. “Yeah, big. Man, being down here really gives you a whole new appreciation for just how huge that thing is. Crazy how perspectives can do that, huh?” replied the wolf, tail swishing eagerly as he watched the rat toy with himself.

“Mmm. Yeah, I think this poor thing needs a little more appreciation, if you get me. Ever since that dickhead put up his shitty magic tutorial on YouTube, I’ve been inundated with service calls to fix minor disasters left and right. Don’t parents have The Talk with their kids these days? Y’know, ‘don’t do magic unless you have a degree and years of training so you don’t turn your hands into squids?’” Nicholas sighed, leaning back into the couch. He gave his shaft a satisfyingly meaty pat, and tilted his head back. “Doesn’t leave a lot of time to tend to this big fellow.” Lennox watched it pressing against his jeans like it was about to slip free of its leash, taking another step closer to the mountainous rat.

“Maybe I could help?” he offered, feeling the muscles in the back of his neck cramping from having to stare up and up for so long.

“Ah, you’re going to take down that tutorial series, are you? Very helpful of you.” nodded Nicholas.

“No... I mean, maybe I could *help*. With your dick. And the appreciation that it so richly deserves.” The rat snorted a little at the wolf’s statement, leaning towards the tiny figure.

“I know. Just messing with you. First, you gotta get my trousers off, though.” he replied.

Lennox looked across the vast blue field of denim to the shiny button that seemed to be just about ready to pop off in the struggle to keep the rat’s shaft contained. While a plan slowly percolated in his head, he didn’t notice the magic tingling around him. Suddenly, he was whipped up into the air, the sheer speed of his flight giving him no time to yelp in fear before he was driven headlong into the hot and heavy mass of cock trapped beneath those jeans.

“Just giving you a little hand!” chirped the rat, sitting out a little straighter as he looked down between his legs. “I promise, I won’t spoil it by laying a finger on my dick. It’s all you.” Unsure whether or not to be grateful for this, the wolf merely shook his head to regain his composure, straightening his fur with his palm before looking at the task ahead of him. Sitting down atop it, it was so thick that it was less like riding a bike and more like sitting on top of a train. So hot that he could feel his pads getting sweaty. He exhaled noisily, leaning down and pressing his palms into the base of Nicholas’ shaft, rubbing at it through his trousers. He could feel heavy throbs as blood pounded through it, like it was trying to batter down his door to get to him. Slowly and rhythmically, Lennox stroked across it, leaning into his movements to try and make the rat take notice... or at least feel him through the fabric. He tried squeezing his legs into the curved surface, laying out across it and dragging his body across it, and gave serious consideration to jumping up and down on it like a particularly lewd bouncy castle. No matter what he did, though, it seemed as though he couldn’t make it budge an inch beyond the occasional powerful throb. Sitting back, the wolf exhaled heavily, panting a little as he looked up to the rat’s face. With a small smirk, Nicholas twisted his wrist, hand glowing blue with magical energy as Lennox saw that straining button on his jeans pop open, followed by what seemed like an avalanche of cock. The zipper was quickly pushed out of the way by the mountain of meaty shaft, overwhelming the poor wolf with a haze of musk. Once more, he felt the magic take a hold of him as the jeans were whipped out from beneath him like a magician whipping a tablecloth out from under the crockery, leaving him sat square on top of the rat’s dick. It was definitely bigger than the rat’s clothing let on, Lennox getting the feeling that it was awfully cramped in his trousers at the best of times. Now, though, it had room to breathe. Room to grow, as each pulse of blood throbbing through it sent it growing just a little bit thicker and longer.

“Go on, then. Make it your playground. Treat it right.” grinned Nicholas, using magic to toss his jeans to the other side of the coffee table. Lennox felt like it wasn’t so much a playground as it was a football field. An airstrip, maybe. Still, it wouldn’t suck itself. He wouldn’t suck it either, given the limitations of his jaws, but he could always keep rubbing away. Maybe more successfully, given that he could actually touch it now. He walked forwards, closer to the base, feeling the spongy flesh beneath his paws. Looking up, he saw Nicholas twist his wrist again, blue magic arcing around his forearm. Nothing seemed to happen, though, so he put it to the side of his mind. More pressing was the need to bend down and press his hands into the thick shaft that was his floor. The heat of the

rat's skin, the heady, lewd scent of his cock... all of it overwhelmed him. His fingers gripped into the thick meat, his arms pushing into the springy shaft to try and move a fraction of it. For a moment, he felt a throb running through the length of that massive cock: were his efforts being rewarded? With an excited glee, he got down on his knees to grip into it, grinding his body against that turgid, thickening cock and taking each hearty throb as a sign of encouragement. His own sizable (if currently unfavourably compared) cock stood stiff as an iron rod, demanding its release from its own fabric prison as the wolf could feel the precum threatening to moisten it. Panting, his claws gripped at his belt as he hurried to throw away his pants. From above, the behemoth rat merely smirked.

"Haste makes waste, Lennox. Here." He pointed a single clawed finger at the wolf, who suddenly felt a rush of air moving past him. He turned, only to see his pants flying off into the distance.

"Shit, my phone was in there." Lennox muttered, staring over his shoulder as they fluttered out of sight, onto the vast plains of carpet somewhere.

"Don't worry, terminal velocity is too low to hurt your phone at this size. Or were you worried about texting me if you get lost somewhere?" he snickered, a dark tone in his voice making Lennox's ears droop. "I'm sure you'll be... just fine." He added, gesturing to his shaft with his opened hand. Deciding it was probably best to put it out of his mind for now, he went back to worshipping the pink altar. He bent low, as if in prayer, to lick across its warm, firm surface. His palate was filled with the scent of lust, everything about the rat's body screaming out just how addictive it could be. With slow, rhythmic movements, he began to work into a groove, matching his pace to the beating of the rat's heart, felt just under the skin. His own shaft tingle with anticipation, body tensing and toes beginning to curl as he arched his back upwards to slide his cock along the rat's...

"Mmm, think I'm getting there. You'll definitely not want to miss this." Rumbled Nicholas, focusing his attention on Lennox. He pointed his right hand out towards the coffee table, and cupped his left as though he were cradling his dick in it, that meaty organ overflowing his palm even while imaginary, and with a crackle of blue, Lennox was gone. In an instant, he reappeared, staring down the barrel of the rat's cannon from the coffee table. As Nicholas slowly pulled back his left hand, the wolf could see the bulk of that massive, looming shaft twitch and move, as though gripped by an invisible hand. The rat smirked, leaning back in his seat a smidge to plant his feet down on the coffee table, trapping Lennox inside a valley. White furry walls surrounded him on either side, the rat's toes looking a little like a mountain range from down on the table. With a wagging of his tail that could be from nerves, excitement, or both, Lennox watched the rat priming his pump. Shaft and hand alike glowed with energy, the rat shifting his hips as he felt orgasm rising from his hefty sack.

"This is *safe*, right?" murmured Lennox, suddenly trying to work out just how much the rat could cum. How far he might need to run. Either the rat didn't hear, though, or he didn't listen. Squirming and teasing and stimulating himself, the rat gave an almost surprised grunt as the first sticky rope of cum came soaring towards the wolf. Like dodging meteors or rocks from a volcanic eruption, Lennox found himself ducking and diving from those thick missiles splattering the table around him over and over again. Though he was desperately scrambling out of the way, he managed to keep count of the cumshots. Each great explosion of jizz towards him was added up, and on the twenty-fifth, he stopped for just a moment too long in sheer amazement. Not one shot hit him, but three: a heavy bombardment of thick, rich cum utterly drenching him as he struggled to swim to the top. Wiping desperately at his mouth and nose and gasping in the hot, wet air, he saw the table practically drenched, heavy waterfalls of seed oozing over the edge. Yet another shot splattered into the table, and another, each weaker than the last until there was nothing but a slow ooze from the tip of that mountainous cock. Laying back and floating on the dense pool, Lennox sputtered out a mouthful as the rat wound down, reclining back against the couch with a satisfied sigh.

"Yeah, that was a good one. You're a big help there, little wolf." he rumbled, cupping the base of his shaft with his hand, idly rubbing a thumb across its thick surface.

“Get me outta here!” yelled Lennox in reply, splashing as he waved his arms in the sticky puddle of jizz. Nicholas merely rolled his eyes, a flash of magic lighting them up as Lennox felt something lift him from the steamy lake. He dangled mid-air as he felt a blast of air scour the seed from his body, leaving him bedraggled, but clean. As the rat closed his eyes, Lennox felt himself falling flat onto the soft mass of that warm dick below, sinking just a fraction into it as it slowly began to succumb to flaccidity. With a weary grunt, he settled himself up on his knees, looking out towards the disaster zone of the coffee table, jaw nearly agape at the sheer size of the rat’s load. A few laps of that pool would have been more than enough exercise for the day, as far as he figured.

“Mmm, kinda pent up, sorry. I’m sure Tip will deal with it.” yawned Nicholas, adjusting his balls as he slid his legs back under the table, avoiding the jizz waterfall cascading over the edge. “He’ll have it nice and tidy for us.” A buzz from the rat’s phone indicated an irritable response from the smaller rodent, but it was left unread as Nicholas tipped his head back. Moments passed, but as Lennox turned back to stare up at the rat, it was clear his efforts had tired him out. His mouth hung open, his eyes were shut. Shrugging to himself, the wolf laid down up against a wide vein, soaking in the scent, heat, and the comforting afterglow. He could do something about it when he was back to normal. Or... Tip could.