

Pride Cums Before the Small

Nicholas

Carefully cultivating such a collection of small-scale cities had certainly paid off for Lennox. With the passion of an unabashed hobbyist, he had gingerly plucked a generous portion of the tiny metropolises from their incubating cases and set them out haphazardly on the floor. The grey wolf constructed his own little floor nation of cities, each around the size of a thumbprint, and surveyed his work. It had taken him more time than he cared to admit, but he was eager to see the result of his hard labour. After his own effort came someone else's, and that was a show he really wanted to watch. Lennox turned with a swish in his considerably thick hips, pushing open the door to the living room and laying eyes on the two rats there. Tip, the shorter brown-furred rat, was busy entertaining himself with VR goggles strapped to his face, his arms wiggling this way and that. Nicholas, on the other hand, was draped like a rug over the other end of the couch. The black and white rat lay with his thick pink tail drooping onto the floor, his eyes closed as his phone laid up against his chest.

"Nick..." called Lennox, leaning into the doorframe. "C'mon, Nick, I finally got it finished."

The rat's eyes opened behind his gold rimmed glasses, one hand swiftly taking hold of his phone while the other gripped the edge of the couch to help lever him upright. He yawned, long and sharp teeth glinting menacingly in the light as he stood. His phone was gingerly tucked into his pocket, his hand straying to his belt to gingerly push against the heavy shaft trapped below it.

"Let's have a look, then. I'm interested to see what this secret project of yours is." Nick replied, following Lennox's gaze downwards to the considerable bulk below his belt. A slight blue blush appeared as Lennox quickly turned back into the room, leaving the door open for Nicholas to follow. Smirking, he padded into the room, adjusting his glasses as he peered down at the floor.

"That's a lot of urban sprawl you've got on your floor."

"Oh, yeah. Just a smidge. I thought I'd ask for your expert pest control services," grinned Lennox, watching as Nicholas stood up straight again. The rat took a couple of steps forward, one hand gripping at his belt as he raised a foot into the air...

"Much as I like the idea of that, I was thinking that you could maybe try out a different method."

Once more, Nicholas followed Lennox's gaze to his waistline; to the powerful prick barely contained in thick fabric, those massive balls making a pair of jeans look more like a taut speedo. With a widened grin, one of Nicholas' thumbs dug into his belt. Slowly, he pulled it loose, his trousers resting on a shelf of shaft for a moment before he wiggled his hips, sending it crashing down: no doubt a few of those cities on the floor had already found themselves destroyed merely with the shockwave, their inhabitants blasted by what would seem like high winds and impossible storms.

A quick magical gesture ensured that the rest of his clothes were quickly dispatched, unveiling the doom of many a city in the form of his considerably-sized cock. The beast began stirring from slumber as he rubbed a hand against the base, giving Lennox a coy look.

"Guess you got the best seat in the house, huh?" smirked Nicholas, sitting himself down in a comfortable chair as Lennox eyed his sizeable shaft.

"Oh, that's for sure." replied the wolf, tail wagging eagerly behind him as he looked for a seat of his own. As his shoulders turned, he felt something hit him in the back. Energy crackled down his spine, a sudden sense of vertigo rushing over him as his vision became a smeared blur. Dizzy and reeling, Lennox stumbled until he collided with something – a lamppost..? His grey-furred fingers gripped the streetlight, his neck craning up as he saw a street full of people doing much the same. Far, far above the buildings, was a sight that chilled the wolf. A sight that stirred him up. A massive rat, both hands unable to fit around the tremendous girth of his cock, sitting what

seemed to be miles away from him, looming over all like a mountain range. A *horny* mountain range. The great pink length was massaged into its full, ferocious size, and the scent of eager rat began to tease at everybody's noses.

“What, did you think I'd let you sit back and just watch? C'mon, Lennox. It's far more fun if you experience it firsthand, isn't it?” The rat replied without moving his mouth, the telepathic message making his fur stand on end with the realisation that he was so small, the rat's voice would be utterly incomprehensibly deep. While others on the street were gripped with panic, Lennox found himself stuck to the spot, unable to move even his gaze from the monolith of rat dick above. Slowly, furless fingers massaged across a great length of cock. City after city could comfortably fit on the girth of that behemoth organ. Slowly, precum began to bead at the tip of that considerable cock like rainclouds growing heavier and heavier. Lennox found his teeth gritting together in anticipation, his claws digging into his sides as he stared up and his neck began to cramp. Even though he was out of the splash zone, the wolf knew that once that shaft started going, it'd be impossible to stop. Impossible to find safety, perhaps. The rat's breathing picked up, his toes creeping forward as he slid into his seat, his paws annihilating the outskirts of the great metropolis Lennox had created on the floor. Claws ground into city blocks, turning their huge concrete structures to sand and dust. The first few droplets began to drip from the end of Nick's cock, utterly devastating and washing away yet more cities in sex-scented tides. A long exultant exhalation left Nicholas' jaws hanging open, his tongue lolling against his sharp, dagger-like incisors. His tail curled around the back of the chair as his left hand slid down to grope his thick, full sack. He squeezed those virile balls, teasing himself to bring on the main show a little quicker.

Below, Lennox stood affixed to the ground, transfixed. Watching the rat was like watching a natural disaster in all its terrifying awe. Gradually, those spatters of precum became thicker, the rat panting as he worked his shaft. The wolf could see him tensing, his leg muscles shifting like avalanches as white fur rippled over his toned thighs. Eventually, though, the dam had to break. The typhoon was upon them. With a victorious yelp, the rat launched the first of many volleys. Watching from below, Lennox saw it arc overhead. He twisted to follow its path, as a meteoric cumshot slammed into a city across the floor. The force of the impact simply wiped the city out, washing it away as a great sticky tide flowed into the neighbouring towns, and yet another shot spurted out over his head as the rat gave a pleased grunt. While it seemed like an uncontrolled series of blasts, Lennox could spot the subtle movements of the rat's fingers as he guided the head of his shaft. Was it more terrifying that he was *aiming* at the city around him than it would be if he were just shooting off randomly? Lennox swallowed a lump in his throat as his dick pressed urgently into his pants. Fear and arousal were a curious couple, but it ultimately meant that his heart was racing and his cock was eager, practically begging to be let loose with some simple shapeshifting. When he dug into his powers, he found that they were suppressed. No shrinking, no shifting, and certainly no growing. The uneasy arousal only intensified as he realised just how in control the rat was, despite his animalistic ejaculations.

A few murmured, pleased profanities later, Nicholas opened his eyes from their half-lidded bliss to survey his seed. With every spurt sending a pint of sticky semen splattering across the ground, gallons of the stuff had made its way to the floor. He looked down to see most of the tiny cities swamped or blasted away, which only made his dick all the harder. Biting his lip, Nick gently directed his cock towards the small central island in the middle of the floor, a small jizz-free haven that had kept the target of his little show nice and safe. But not for much longer.

“Oh, *Len-nox!*” Nicholas sang, pumping at his cock to squeeze the last few pints from his ever-churning nuts. “Watch out, wolfie! You wouldn't want to get soaked~!” From far below, Lennox tilted his head upwards, staring down the barrel of a colossal cum cannon like he were facing a one-rat firing squad. Nicholas wouldn't *kill* him, right? The answer to that question ultimately came in the form of a cumshot. Fired low to the ground, it skipped across the floor to roil

across the tiny city, crumbling the tenements and office blocks like cardboard. Lennox squeezed his eyes shut and opened his arms, embracing the endless warmth and wetness as it swallowed him whole.

The door opened a crack, a brown-furred rat tipping the VR headset up off his face as he examined the floor with a frown.

“Dude, you better clean that up, because I’m definitely not doing that shit. Where’s Lennox?” he asked, peering around the doorframe into the gooey mess.

“Somewhere down there.” shrugged Nicholas, chest rising and falling with the effort of his display.

“Will he be okay? Will he survive?” replied Tip.

“Ugh. Why does everybody ask that question? Yeah, he’ll be fine, he’s just going to reek of rat cum till he has a good shower,” sighed Nicholas, leaning back in his seat. Down below, Lennox floated, arms clasped around a piece of debris. A tingle down his spine told him that his sizeshifting was coming back to him... but he could stay here just a little longer.