

Mental Magic

Splicer clicked the clasp of his favourite cloak shut. He was preparing for his day's tasking. Stepping outside, he stretched in the morning sun which had just started peeking out from the treeline. Why did his missions always have to start so early?

"Just clearing a stupid fucking cave... Not like it's going anywhere..." He grumbled, trying to get his body to wake up. He had never been much of a morning kind of fur.

A few more minutes inside would do no harm, he figured as he retreated back inside, pouring another cup of coffee. He blinked both eyes individually as he idly sipped, hoping to shake the mental cobwebs. He brought the mug with him to the mirror to inspect his dress. His boots were peeling and in dire need of replacement. His armour was covered in deep gashes and a layer of dirt. But not his cloak, it was the one thing he refused to dirty. Even when it did end up getting rips in it, or some careless idiot, which was usually him, bled on it, the first stop he made upon returning to town was the wizard's house. With a few gold coins, the wave of a paw, a couple words in an unknown language to the wolf, his cloak was back in pristine condition. Splicer tried to replicate the action, but he must have gotten a syllable wrong or something as a cloud of dust sprayed all over his cloak and room. He had never really been magically gifted in any case.

He took another sip, focusing on his reflection. Placing the empty mug down, he stared himself down with his burning blue eyes filled with determination. He would get the cave clear, he would move up another rung in his guild, he would prove the hushed whispers about him in the tavern wrong, he would prove his mettle as an adventurer. There were no doubts left in his mind. He clenched his paw tight and gave his reflection a fist bump before grabbing his bow and quiver, quickly slinging them and rushing towards the cave's coordinates. A ring sat on the table next to where his bow and quiver had been sitting, the glowing green gem pulsing gently.

The streets were busy as always while Splicer shouldered his way through passing furs, he was on a mission, he had no time for politeness.

"Going somewhere?" A familiar voice called after him from the body of whoever he had just pushed through.

“Yeah I’m really b-” Splicer started, before looking back for a moment trying to place a face to the voice. It was the badger wizard who always cleaned his cloak. “Shit, sorry Laguna my bad, I’m rushing too much aren’t I?”

“Perhaps, I keep telling you to slow down and relax a bit. But you never listen do you?” Splicer turned to face the pink badger addressing him.

“You know how I am, another mission, maybe things get hairy, might need your services later.”

“Oh?” Laguna cocked an eyebrow.

“Yeah some cave near the mountains due south.”

“I see, need any help?”

“Nah. Probably empty anyways, gotta go. See you around!”

Splicer darted off back into the crowd of furs, leaving the wizard standing alone on the sidewalk.

“Interesting...” The badger muttered under his breath, watching the slender body of the wolf weave in and out of the furs streaming down the sidewalk.

Splicer entered the cave slowly slinking down the dark passageway. The dark didn’t really slow him down. The glowing mark down the wolf’s right eye somehow gave him perfect night vision. He wasn’t sure what it was or how he got it on his eye or left arm. Apparently he was just born like that. It didn’t really matter, it was useful and that’s all he cared about. Made his job of exploring dank and dark places a lot easier. Always made it easier when he could see exactly where his arrow was going and his enemy never saw where it was coming from after all.

As anticipated, the cave was turning out rather dull. Nothing more than a couple slimes and empty chests everywhere he looked until he found an oddity deep inside the cavern. A stone archway cut through the rock wall of the cavern, leading off into a corridor leading to a wide open room.

Splicer stepped inside, surely this place was what he was looking for, probably? His directions weren’t very clear. Just a dismissive, ‘go explore this cave here’ from Brooke, the lion who headed his guild. But this was something that was worth reporting

back for sure. Then again, the wolf hadn't found much good loot in the rest of the cave and this area seemed promising. Just a little look around wouldn't hurt anyone was the thought pushing the wolf forward.

His pawsteps echoed down the long corridor, his fingers traced the cool stone wall, reflecting back a gentle blue tone from the glow on his arm. The questions of who built the almost castle-like interior so squirreled away inside this long branching cave and why wandered around the wolf's head. His pondering was cut short when he nearly walked snout first into a wooden door.

Something felt wrong about this place, his chest tightened and the fur on the back of his neck stood up. Even his whiskers twitch on high alert, feeling for the slightest hint of danger. His paw reached up, pushing the door open and he peered inside. Large wooden desks were placed haphazardly around the room. Bookshelves lined the walls with a mixture of books and seemingly alchemical solutions of all colours. He carefully stepped around, ensuring not to kick over anything so he wouldn't alert whoever owned this lab, if they were even home.

Splicer rummaged around, putting this or that vial in his pockets, whatever looked like it could fetch a high price on the market. He picked up one of the many hastily scrawled research notes and tried to make any sense of it. It was less words and more runic drawings with arrows pointing to annotated notes. The notes were in English, probably, but the fervor of the paw that wrote them made them illegible. The wolf wondered if that was some method to keep the notes secret, or the pure excitement of the work they were doing.

"Can I help you?" A familiar voice came from the other end of the room.

Splicer grabbed his bow, but lowered it back down when he saw the familiar pink badger enter the room behind him.

"Jesus, you scared me." Splicer rubbed the back of his neck, trying to make his fur go down.

"Apologies, I recommend you put that note back where you found it though."

"Why so?" Splicer questioned, placing the note approximately back where he had picked it up from.

“Fascinating stuff. Mental magic experimentation. I’d hate for it to get messed up.”

“Oh can you read this?” Splicer pressed on, watching as the badger picked a stack of notes up, tapping on the desk to neaten them out. Something was starting to hit his danger sense. He knew the badger was privy to the cave’s location, but they said the thing about mental magic before even glancing at a single note. Plus the way the wizard seemed so casual coming in, as if he owned the place. No, they did own the place!

Splicer flipped the closest table in front of him over, just in time as he watched the paw constructed pink magic flying towards his neck disappear into the wood’s surface. Bits of paper scattered in the air and vials of liquid clattered to the floor.

“Hey! That’s important stuff!” Laguna cried in dismay, using the multitude of magic hands he now had in the air to gather their research notes and experiments.

Distracted, perfect...

Splicer used the respite to let his eyes dart around the room. The exit was in front of him. But he had a job to do, and he couldn’t imagine the badger letting him just walk out, especially now. No matter how friendly the wizard had been in town all those times, they were a threat, a threat he had been paid to take care of. Pressing his back to the wood he took a steady breath. Nocking an arrow back, he wheeled up from the table and let it fly towards the badger. Red liquid dripped steadily to the floor from the shaft of his arrow.

“Now that’s just wonderful... Do you have any idea how long it took to make that.” The badger said with his voice dripping with venom. The glass of homebrewed healing potion clutched in a mage paw between himself and the wolf was shattered and the precious liquid was now ruined on the floor.

Splicer hesitated for a second, debating what his next move would be. He placed his paw on the wooden table and kicked it towards the now much angrier badger. It skittered across the stone floor. Laguna let a single word fall from his maw and the table erupted in flames. He tilted his head to the side, the arrow travelling through the flames just grazing his cheek fur. The table fell to ashes before even getting close, but the wolf was already gone.

Splicer rushed through the long corridor. He brushed the soot off his cloak as he ran, taking stock of his arrows as he did. The fire was a solid visual cover for him to slip out, but now he was running down a seemingly endless corridor. There was no way it was that long when he came in. All the stones in the odd hallway looked similar, he could swear he had seen the same one, jutting out of the floor repeating every half minute or so. His pace faltered, no, he was imagining things. There was no way a wizard could do so many things at once, let alone something this strong.

Splicer stopped, wondering for a second. Unless they were something more, a sorcerer perhaps? But those were beyond rare, practically an unheard legend. Still even if that were the case, there were limits to their ability and something like this would be beyond insane. Then again, the badger had said something about mental magic. Was it an illusion? Splicer closed his eyes, slapping a paw across his cheek. His snout stung, but when he opened his eyes, gingerly rubbing the side of his face he found he was inside the large open room. Based on the amount of paw prints in the floor's dust, he had been running a circle in the room for a while now.

"Too weird... Need to get out and back to town. Brooke will know what to do." Splicer muttered to himself, walking towards the exit door.

"You know... you're not bad at adventuring..." The voice of the sorcerer came from the exit, stepping out into the wolf's line of sight. Had he been running around that long or was it some kind of teleportation. Didn't matter, Splicer started retreating back, readying an arrow as he took shaky steps backwards.

"Too bad it's all over for you..." Laguna's voice came from behind him. He jumped back, firing off the arrow into the badger who was now face to face with him. Panic made the shot whiff well off mark. He took another from his quiver and took better aim. He watched as it flew right into the wizard's chest, then as it went harmlessly through the apparition.

"Like I said, not bad..." There were dozens of the badger's figures surrounding him now. He felt small as all the voices simultaneously talked down to him. It made his ears fold back, he was the greatest adventurer alive! At least... He would be one day... He had to make it out of the cave first. He stopped rushing too much, as the badger had informed him. His heart rate slowed as he took steady breaths, his eyes slid shut. Hearing and vision, unreliable. He prayed that one of his other senses would be more helpful.

One second... He could hear all the forms closing in.

Two seconds... He smelled something off to his right.

Three seconds... A gust of wind from the same direction as the smell tickled his whiskers. Eyes still closed he whipped an arrow back and let it fly in the direction the wind came from.

"I'm just better..."

Splicer opened his eyes, the arrow was stopped dead in the air right in front of the badger's eye. It started twitching, before snapping in the air, two halves clattering limp to the floor. It was just the two of them again, maybe the sorcerer could only do one thing at a time Splicer figured. Despite how arrogantly the wizard was talking he could see a spark of fear in their eyes that had been that close to being arrow pierced.

"Fuck you you are!" Splicer shouted, drawing another arrow. Laguna began chanting and pink energy rose from the ground, forming a brilliant pink bolt in their paw. He had less than half a second between whatever that pink bolt being thrown and the sorcerer could cast again. That was the opportunity. The two stared at each other, waiting for the other's tell to show. Splicer felt the sweat on his brow drip into his eye. He didn't even blink.

"HA! No magic can affect me as long as I'm wearing my ring of protection!" Splicer said triumphantly, making the first move. He jumped back, taking aim, watching as the bolt came right at him from the sorcerer's paw.

Then it hit him, the ring that was supposed to be on his bow hand was missing. He looked at the clean patch in the leather where the ring was supposed to be sitting but it wasn't there. He looked back up, the magic was too close, he craned his neck to avoid the bolt.

It wasn't enough, Splicer felt the bolt hit between his eyes as he landed on his feet. He giggled, elated at the fact he wasn't dead.

"Guess your magic is a dud!" Splicer taunted, readying his arrow at the smirking badger.

"I wouldn't be so sure..." Laguna crossed his arms in front of his chest, assured his magic would soon begin to work its wonder.

“Your funeral...” Splicer felt his paw shaking. Why was everything looking so pink? Why were his arms so heavy? He tried to keep the arrow drawn back, but his arms couldn’t hold the draw strength of the bow. What was going on? He was always able to draw his bow, no matter how exhausted he was. His bowstring lost its tension, clattering harmlessly to the floor. The arrow hung in his paw.

“Aw poor puppy... You think you stood a chance? Against me?”

“I-I do” Splicer stammered out, bending over, or at least trying to. His body was unresponsive. He could fight this, whatever it was, he just had to...

He felt drool start to trickle down his chin. This was bad. His pants felt warmer. That was worse. His slumped shoulders let him see just low enough to see the puddle of piss below his paws growing. His face reddened. No way, there was just no way he had wet himself.

“Starting to grasp it yet?” Laguna asked the wolf, seeing the struggle going on in their head, trying to regain control of themself.

“I can still... win...” Splicer got out, feeling less sure of his words with every passing moment. His body still wasn’t responding to anything, the puddle under him began cooling all the while he was straining every muscle for some kind of movement. Not even a single muscle twitched.

“Of course you can still win! We just need to play a new game...”

Splicer felt his body floating up into the air, at least he wasn’t in his own puddle of shame. He was curious what the sorcerer meant by new game. Or why he was still alive for that matter. As the pink paws slowly started stripping him he began to understand what the badger might have in mind. First his gloves and armour, then his shirt, pants and even his underwear. All tossed aside leaving him naked save for his cloak, which he saw one more paw coming for the clasp.

“No!” He begged and pleaded, he didn’t care about being naked, but not his cloak, anything but the cloak.

The paw didn’t listen, pulling the clasp open, letting the cloak drop into the puddle below. As an added humiliation Splicer’s body was flipped around so he could see the paw rubbing the cloak back and forth, using it as a mop to clean up.

“Much better!” The paw threw the cloak aside. “Now that that unsightly puddle is dealt with, it’s time to deal with you.

The badger was practically purring, a curl of his finger flipped the wolf back around as he inspected his prize. The wolf was slender, and more than putty in his paws, to be reshaped to his heart’s content. His paw traced up the frozen wolf’s thigh, stopping to pay close attention to the sheath. Gripping the fuzzy balls inside, he pressed them together gently while rubbing. Splicer was powerless to stop it, he hated how much the perverted sorcerer was enjoying this. The badger on the other hand, went back to inspecting the wolf’s body, then the face, even opening a muzzle for a look at the wolf’s teeth and blue tongue.

Satisfied with his inspection complete, Laguna stepped back. Letting a pink flame erupt from his open paw. Splicer tried to close his eyes, guess he was dying after all. Instead the badger smirked, flames diminishing into a shiny black chastity cage of onyx. Splicer felt the cold ring slip over his sheath, the icy bars squeezed over top, two pieces coming together, lock clicking shut. Key removed and grasped in the badger’s paw.

“A little tight, I’m sure you don’t mind though, right pup?”

“Fu-fuck yourself.” Splicer very much did mind. It felt like his bits were being squeezed by pure ice. Still, his body didn’t so much as shudder.

“Good idea! Though I think that will suit you much better...”

Splicer felt his body turn back upright, then his paws touched the ground while Laguna left the room. Splicer could easily run away now, if only he wasn’t stuck as the badger’s squatting statue. Where did he even go?

Splicer’s question was answered minutes later when Laguna returned with a piece of folded fabric. Light crickles filled the room as they unfolded it and placed it underneath the wolf’s hips.

“Since you made such a mess earlier I think this will be a fitting new wardrobe for you. That other stuff didn’t really suit you anymore...”

A fucking diaper? What was wrong with this guy? Splicer thought wanting nothing more than to tell the badger to fuck right off. If only his voice worked.

“Now for the new game! The rules are simple.” Laguna started waving his paw in time with his words, a glowing pink knotted dick formed over top of the diaper and just below Splicer’s tailhole, threatening entry. “I fuck your cute little tail, you try to keep your mind intact! Simple right?”

Horror flooded Splicer’s veins. Not just at the violation he was about to experience but for some reason he was caught up on the last part. What exactly did the badger mean by keep his mind intact? What was going to happen, what was that thing he was about to sit on?

His question was answered when his body was forced down onto the tip of the rod below. As soon as his tailhole was stretched the slightest amount by the magic, he could feel his head getting fuzzy. It felt like things were being forcibly pulled out and sucked into the badger’s magic.

“Please stop...” The wolf whimpered out, surprised to find his voice was working again.

“No, I don’t think I will. It’ll take me days to clean up the mess you made here, not to mention this is a fight you started.” Laguna licked his lips. He didn’t really care about the fucking of the wolf. But seeing the despair of the once arrogant wolf, teetering on the edge of being broken already, and the efficiency of his magic, was ecstatic. The wolf dropped down a little lower. A pathetic moan escaping their muzzle as more of his intelligence was sucked out. Perfection.

Splicer felt funny. He knew it was wrong, but the more he bobbed up and down on the pink magic he was starting to forget why it was wrong. It felt good. More moans escaped, along with more of his brain. Steadily dripping out like the pre from his cage, being absorbed by the diaper below. He didn’t even realize he was controlling his body again, he just kept doing what felt good. Filling his tail with the pink magic.

Wait no! Splicer came back to rationality for a second. He had to fight, he had to stay himself and figure out how to escape. He pressed his paws to the ground and tried to push off the magical dick. It was like a vacuum sucking him down. His arms started shaking. Drool was dripping on his chest. He didn’t care. Every single part of him wanted him off that thing. Every single part but one. His sheath was still dripping, a large wet spot was forming on the diaper below. He was so close to cumming and that one part of him wanted to just slam down onto that knot and pop it inside. Consequences be damned. He wanted it so bad, and the residual hazy in his head

wasn't sure why that would be so bad. But he knew better, he was a great adventurer! He was a...

"Good boy..." Laguna cooed into the wolf's ear, pressing his paws to their shoulder.

"N-no I..." Splicer's legs trembled under the added pressure.

"Once I clip this collar on you, you'll be the perfect puppy."

"Stop pl-please..." Splicer was quivering and he slipped down the dildo a little more. The brain fog was returning. Suddenly the collar that was being flown to his neck didn't seem like a bad idea.

How much of his intelligence had he lost at this point? The badger wondered. He stepped back around to the wolf's front. They had already lost, they both knew that at this point. It was only a matter of time before they let go and embraced it. Laguna could see the vacant expression in their eyes, the dumb drooling smile on their muzzle.

Splicer stopped thinking for a moment, the leather collar began closing around his neck. It only took that single moment for his elbows to give out. He fell backwards, slamming his tailhole down, taking the big knot of magic deep inside his tailhole. It was all gone, his mind was dissolving along with the glowing magic still deep inside him. Then it was gone, the magic, his thoughts, the growing orgasm inside the wolf, leaving an empty headed thing with a needy, dripping sheath, splayed out on top of an open diaper. The collar locked shut around his neck.

Not soon after, the wolf that was once Splicer began letting a steady stream of pee fall from his caged dick onto the padding below. Magically, none of it spilled. Laguna had a few mage hands finish taping the wolf's diaper up.

They had control of their body once again, not that it mattered much. They had no idea what to do with it. Laguna left the room to get a leash, he was planning to go for a walk into town with his new pet. But before they left he thought it would be a good chance to test out that maw he had inspected earlier.

Clipping the leash on, Laguna guided the pup to open their muzzle. Watching his magic thoroughly destroy the smug wolf's mind had worked him up. And he thrust his dick in and out of the puppy's muzzle. His grip around the leash tightened, he was close. He coiled the leash around in his paw, pulling the wolf tighter, closer, unable to

get away. Not that they could but it was still a necessary display of dominance. He shuddered, spurting ropes of cum into the back of the pup's throat. Their empty, glossed over eyes stared vacantly into nothing as they drank down every shot. It didn't even gag, it probably didn't even know how.

Splicer felt the dick withdraw from his muzzle. Something resembling a thought passed through his mind. He did a good job! Some cum trailed back, connecting his tongue to the badger's dick. He sat there on his hands and knees, slack jawed. Laguna scooped the trailing cum up on his finger and rubbed it on the wolf's tongue before gently cupping a paw under the wolf's chin to close it, and give it a scratch or two.

Splicer liked the taste, it was good, and it made him feel good to make others feel good. Now as his collar was pulled by the leash held in the badger's paw, he realized it was time to move. He followed obediently behind the badger, enjoying the feeling of the late afternoon sun on his back. He only stopped for a moment, pulling back on the collar when he felt an odd feeling. He pressed his face to the ground, gripping tightly onto the grass as his face scrunched up. His tail flagged and he pushed hard instinctively. His diapered seat expanded as he messed himself like he didn't know any better. His muzzle let out a soft sigh at the relief he felt.

He didn't know any better. He let his tail fall back down on top of his freshly filled diaper. The weight of it was nice to the wolf. It felt right. He was just a puppy after all. Puppies filled their pamps all the time! At least that's what his owner had told him! His owner had been telling him lots of things on their walk. Filling their empty head with much nicer thoughts. He was sure they were a good owner, taking care of him so well. His tail wagged as they kept going on their walk.

"You can get a change in town, I know someone would love to see you!" Laguna urged the puppy onward. He didn't want to delay the reunion any longer.

"Is that.. Splicer?"

"What happened?"

"Is he... Diapered?"

"Is it... used?"

A bunch of townsfurs voices filled the wolf's ears as he walked by on all fours. He didn't mind them at all. There was only one voice he cared about, and that voice was on the other end of his leash.

The badger would occasionally stop and explain himself to the odd fur or two. Saying something along the lines of, 'I found the poor thing wandering the forest like this on my walk. No idea what happened. I might be able to reverse it but until then I have to keep him close. Might get hurt if he wandered off in this state...'

Splicer looked at the building the badger stood in front of, for some reason it looked oddly familiar. There were letters on the front, but he couldn't read. One lingering thought told him maybe once upon a time he could, it didn't matter though. Once inside he was ushered into an office.

"I thought you said you'd take care of him?" The lion glared at the badger.

"Does this not look taken care of?" The badger responded, waving a paw emphatically toward the wolf who had rolled onto his back and was idly pawing at the front of his now overly soaked diaper.

"Well I suppose he always did have a cute tail. Speaking of, would you mind if I?"

"If you change him? Sure."

Suddenly pink magic paws grabbed Splicer below the shoulder, pinning his arms to the floor.

"But daddy I want to keep playing! I don't need a change yet!" The wolf wiggled and squirmed, very eager to get back to his playing.

"Daddy? You kinky fuck!" Brooke roared out with a hearty laugh. He went over to the wolf, and pressed a paw down over the lock symbol on the front of the diaper. "Nice touch, where's the key?"

"Here. And I was thinking, what if I claimed ownership of him? He is little more than a toy now, wouldn't be able to do much of his own thinking. Plus it would help cover for me trying to 'cure' him if I was taking care of him full time." The badger tossed the key over to the lion, who quickly snapped it in half in front of the wolf's eye.

“Not even a whine or a whimper... How deep down is he exactly?” Brooke marvelled.

“Quite deep I’d say, deep enough he’ll never recover on his own.”

Brooke opened his paw and slapped it across the wolf’s cheek. That elicited a whimpering moan from the wolf, who’s cock spurted some pre into the front of their well used diaper.

“Hey! You break it, you buy it!”

“Just testing it out... I need to be sure he’s never coming back up. Before I buy it I’ll take it out for a test drive. See the desk attendant for the registration of ownership papers. Me and the puppy here are going to have a very special change...”

Laguna produced a diaper, wipes and powder for the lion, laying it on the floor next to the snapped key. He didn’t care that the lion had snapped it. He could make as many as he wanted, not that he ever would make another key. He hummed, heading for the door, gently closing it as his business partner began to get intimately acquainted with the new Splicer.

It was a wonderful partnership forming between the three. Laguna was hesitant to trust the lion but when he was offered the opportunity to have the wolf given to him on a silver platter he couldn’t resist. The way Brooke explained it was, if Splicer was ‘disappeared’, all the curious furs would steer well clear of the cave Laguna used for experimentation. While the wolf wasn’t gone, the sight of what he had become was more warning than if he had been. In re.turn, Brooke would get rid of an annoyance to him, the wolf was causing far too many ripples within the guild, taking higher rank’s spots and missions at a pace too fast for their own good. Now they were permanently slow.

Laguna had a new toy to experiment with. Brooke had gotten rid of a thorn in his paw. Both had a new puppy to play with.

And Splicer, Splicer would have a perfectly pampered life. Maybe not the one he imagined. But a pampered life all the same.