

# SUPER LOSER

*Nine-tailed kitsune villain, Kyobi, is causing mayhem in Celaron City! Luckily, Super Coolest is there to stop her... or... is he? Huh... kinda looks like he's being a degenerate instead.*

**(9000 Words) [ CONTAINS: Mind Control, Shrinking, Paws, Kissin' Butts, Anal Vore ]**

The great city of Celaron was under attack.

In this world of superheroes and supervillains, such attacks were not an uncommon occurrence. Indeed, barely a day went by without someone trying to take over the great city for their own nefarious purposes. Celaron was the capital of the world. So, as the saying went... *to conquer Celaron was to conquer the whole planet.*

But, as stated, this is a world of villains *and* heroes, of good and evil. For every vile and vicious attack, there is a righteous and stalwart defense. The Heroes Alliance Of Celaron, a brave group of superpowered men and women, was always on standby. Day after day they protected the citizens of Celaron and kept the city from falling into the grim shadow of evil.

Today, though, the Heroes Alliance would have their work cut out for them. The villain attacking Celaron today was seemingly of enormous power. Indeed, they'd never seen anything like her before. Some sort of a fox, a vixen. Though with her bright yellow eyes and nine long black fox tails fluttering behind her, she resembled a mythological creature... a magical kitsune of yore. Well, in every way except for her outfit... that was distinctly *punk*. A beaten-up old black leather jacket, a white vest, and a pair of ripped-up jean shorts were what adorned her skinny body as she strode through the streets bare-pawed.

The situation was thus. Though none had been severely injured yet, a great deal of damage had been done to one of Celaron's busiest commercial districts. After suddenly arriving through a bright orange portal, the kitsune had thrown her hands up into the air. One bright yellow flash between her palms later and a spell had been cast that twisted the minds of the hundreds of citizens around her, turning them from peaceful shoppers into violent vandals. One moment they were going about their business peacefully and happily, and the next they were screaming at the top of their lungs, smashing storefronts, looting merchandise, starting fires, turning over cars... whatever they could do to cause as much chaos and noise as possible.

A few members of the Heroes Alliance had stepped up to try and stop her already, though... they hadn't been able to land a single hit on her. Indeed, they hadn't even managed to get close. Whether they flew, jumped, or dashed toward her, it really made no difference, for as soon as they were within about ten feet of the vixen they found a bright yellow bubble of energy enclosing them completely. As soon as they were trapped, said bubble lifted up into the air and hovered a few feet above the kitsune's head, meaning that she soon had a screaming retinue of heroes floating above her in 'balloons' of her own energy. They all tried to break free, of course... but their blows did nothing and their powers were seemingly disabled.

It was clear that the average hero wouldn't stand a chance. The Heroes Alliance would need to summon its strongest, its bravest, the absolute best of the best to defeat this foul kitsune-like woman... and there was none stronger or braver than the leader of the Alliance itself, Super Coolest. Luckily, he was on the way to the villain. Flying through the sky as fast as a jet in a dark blue spandex suit with a bright red cape flowing behind him, he was a gray wolf of medium height and athletic build. Skinny at first glance... until you saw all the lean and well-toned muscle showing through that tight spandex suit. Behind him, a gray fluffy tail marked with cyan stars swayed.

Super Coolest landed like a bolt of lightning in the middle of the commercial district, in the center of all the chaos, about ten feet or so away from the vixen on a rampage. Yellow sparks of energy crackled over his body as the kitsune's magic attempted to seal him away in a bubble like all the others, but, in testament to the brave hero's tremendous power, the yellow energy bubble was unable to form around him. Now completely sure that he could handle this, the wolf placed his hands on his hips and confidently stared down the approaching woman. "Foul creature!" he yelled, his voice a loud boom that rang out into the streets like a megaphone. "I suggest you stop your rampage this instant and crawl back into that portal you came out of... because I haven't faced a single villain in this universe that I haven't been able to defeat!"

"Hey! Coolest finally got here!" one of the bubbled heroes - a sleek speedy woman of a cheetah appropriately named *Turbocat* - yelled.

Another bubbled hero - in this case, a buff tall lady maned wolf who called herself *Leggy* - let out a loud whoop of excitement. "Finally! He can kick her ass and get us out of these stupid bubbles!"

The third and final trapped hero was *Marvelwoof*, a newcomer to the Heroes Alliance who had *quite* the crush on Super Coolest. She was a wolf just like her favorite hero, though, unlike him, she had shockingly bright pink fur. A result of her strange powers interfacing with her biology. "You're... you're so strong, Super

Coollest!" she squealed inside of her bubble. "She won't stand a chance!"

"What a bunch of cheese balls," the kitsune groaned in disgust as if all the chivalry was getting to her. "Though," she said with a smirk as she glanced up at the three heroes and the bright yellow bubbles that surrounded them. "Given what you gals look like right now, *cheese balls* is kind of appropriate."

Now looking thoroughly amused, the kitsune came to a lazy halt, resting her eyes on the hero opposite her with her shoulders slack and her skinny body loose. Hardly a combat stance. "Listen," she said as she brushed a couple of fingers through her bright orange sidecut of a haircut, adjusting a few strands that were brushing too close to her muzzle. "Foul creature is a bit of a nasty thing to call a pretty old thing like me, isn't it?" she sighed, her eyes softening a little as she took Coollest in properly.

Coollest scowled. No matter where he looked he could see innocent citizens being forced to riot. Their screaming was loud and primal, the smell of their destruction and violence thick in the air. The people of *his* city corrupted into nothing more than playthings. *Foul creature* was a perfectly apt description for this monster as far as he was concerned, but...

... the super-powered wolf told himself that he had to try and be diplomatic here. The kitsune had essentially taken three of his friends and a couple of hundred people hostage, after all, so charging in *might* not be the best option here. "Fine," he called out to her, "what should I call you, then?"

"Uh, my name?" the kitsune said blandly as if it were incredibly obvious. "Which is Kyobi by the way. Not that you bothered asking."

"What are you doing? Quit talking to her!" Leggy roared inside of her bubble. "Just kick her ass!"

Marvelwoof scowled at the boisterous maned wolf. "Hey! Let him concentrate!" she insisted. "He knows what he's doing!"

Coollest held up a hand toward his friends while keeping his eyes locked on Kyobi... a gesture that meant *I've got this under control*. "Fine," he said. "Kyobi, then. You need to live this city - *my city* - immediately."

Kyobi raised her brows. "Or what?"

"Or I'll have to put you down," Coollest said decisively.

Kyobi tilted her head at the hero curiously. Then, shrugging, she started to walk toward him, her gait calm, relaxed, uncombative. "Really?" she said sweetly.

“You’d punch a pretty thing like me?”

The wolf frowned. “I...”

“You’re the type of hero that just, what... punches women out whenever they annoy you?” Kyobi murmured quickly, not even letting Coolest get started on whatever he was going to say. “You’re not like that, are you?”

Coolest stared at Kyobi as she calmly approached him, not raising so much as a finger in her direction. With his jaw a little slack and his eyes all wide and confused, he looked a little *dumb* at this point in time. A far cry from the confident hero that he was before.

Still, though... Coolest had no idea what to do in response. Say something? No, he’d probably just sound like an idiot. Punch her? Seemed to be the most appropriate response, given all the chaos she’d caused, but... *could* he punch a pretty thing like her? Those bright yellow eyes. That gentle smile on her muzzle. That skinny and scrappy body of hers... her toned middle, her gentle curves, the way her hips gently swayed with every step she took toward him... she wasn’t just pretty, she was *beautiful*...

... and that insane arcane power *roaring* from that beautiful body. The power that had contained his friends, the power that had turned hundreds into her thralls, the power that was coursing through his mind and corrupting it at this very moment... how could he *not* want to submit to it?

Despite Coolest’s best wishes... despite the chaos and carnage that ought to be turning his highly heroic stomach upside down... the wolf could feel himself getting slowly getting hard.

Before Coolest knew it, Kyobi was right in front of him. With the kitsune standing about four or five inches taller than him, he had to look up to be able to keep his gaze locked onto hers. His eyes were wide, blue, irises shivering gently just like the rest of his body, while hers were narrow, yellow, still, and confident to match her proud poise.

“Uh, Coolest? Buddy?” Turbocat piped up nervously. “Think you oughta... y’know... start doing something...”

“Stop distracting him,” Marvelwoof said, once again coming to Coolest’s defense... though she sounded a great deal less confident than she did the last time. “He knows what he’s doing, okay?”

Leggy snorted. “Really?” she said with great doubt as she folded her arms and leaned back in her bubble grumpily. “Because it looks like he’s going to kiss

her if you ask me.”

Kyobi raised her hand and placed it against the side of Coolest’s face, pressing her cool palm against his warm furry cheek. “Listen, we could have a great big fight if you really wanted,” she cooed down to him. “My magic against your strength. We could really tear this city apart. Blow some shit up, you know?”

Coolest dumbly nodded his head as he listened to the vixen intently. His friends were speaking - yelling something at him - but it sounded like little more than white noise to him. An incomprehensible and frankly irritating *buzz* that he’d prefer not to listen to... especially when Kyobi was talking to him oh-so-sweetly.

“Or,” Kyobi went on following a seductive little lick of her lips. “Me and you, well... we could have some fun together.”

*Fun.* With Kyobi? What kind of *fun*? Coolest didn’t know, but he desperately wanted to find out. “What... what kind of fun?”

“The *putting your dick in my mouth* kind of fun, of course,” Kyobi chuckled.

Coolest gasped and let out a pathetic-sounding moan as Kyobi suddenly pressed her free hand against the crotch of his costume and *squeezed* firmly at the firming sheath within. “Oh, I can feel that you’re getting excited already,” the vixen giggled as she deftly stroked her fingers across the wolf’s spandex-covered inches. “Well... might as well get it out then, right?”

With a loud *riiip*, Kyobi’s sharp claws shredded through the crotch of Coolest’s suit, creating a perfectly sized hole for the wolf’s bright blue cock and gray furry balls to *pop* free. Already his member was at full mast: completely free of sheath, throbbing gently, knot all swollen up and shaft as hard as a rock. A full six inches of plump canine cock.

Turbocat covered her eyes and let out a disgusted groan as Coolest’s dick came into view. “Why the fuck is he letting this happen?”

“Seriously!” Leggy yelled as she too covered her eyes. “Put that thing away, dude!”

Marvelwolf, on the other hand, couldn’t help but take a long peek at Coolest’s member... he *was* her crush, after all. Still, though, that didn’t stop her from being dismayed that a *villain* was pulling his cock out of that suit! “Coolest, I don’t know what’s happening, but you’re better than this!” she called out to him. “Resist her!”

Despite his friend's desperate pleas - and their disgust - Coolest was in another world right now. The rioting around him, his super friends trapped, the

city in chaos with nobody else coming to help... none of it mattered a bit to him.

Kyobi reached forward and took the wolf's sack into the palm of her hand to deliver a gentle and pleasurable squeeze to his balls. As her fingers kneaded, her gaze lowered to take in Coolest's inches properly. A tilt of her head. A narrow of her bright yellow eyes. A look of... disappointment slowly fell onto her face. "Incredible strength, unbeatable speed, the ability to fly like a jet plane... all those super powers, but no super cock?" The vixen heaved out a sigh. "I mean, it's not bad... average, you know... it's just... expected something a little more impressive, I guess."

Coolest normally wouldn't stand for such an insult... or at the very least, he'd provide some form of rebuttal... but with his mind fully under the influence of Kyobi's power, he had become nothing more than a weak little pup in the face of her. Shivering and whimpering in pleasure because of that gentle kneading at his balls. "I'm... I'm sorry," he said pathetically. "Please... please don't be mad with me."

"Holy shit," Leggy growled as she cringed hard behind the hand covering her face. "This is so damn pathetic."

Turbocat let out an embarrassed-sounding growl of agreement. Marvelwoof only whimpered.

Kyobi sighed and continued to gently toy with the superwolf's balls. As she did so, the wolf's dick pumped a steady pour of precum from his spaded tip, sending rivulets of hot silvery white down his shaft. "Wouldn't say I'm mad, just..." The kitsune lifted her shoulders in a gentle shrug. "Disappointed, I suppose? Thinkin' I might just put you in a bubble with the rest of your dork friends... maybe wait for a hero with a little more *meat* to come along..."

"No, no, wait," Coolest whined desperately. It wasn't the threat of the bubble that had him pleading... it was the idea of being isolated from Kyobi. Not being able to see her properly or smell her... to not be able to feel her hand toying with his balls... to never have her use his cock as her personal plaything... the thought of that was enough to drive him almost mad. "I... I can still be fun! I promise!"

The vixen couldn't help but let out a little laugh. *Goodness*, was she driving him mad right now. Of course, the wolf's current state of mind was because of her psychic power tearing into his consciousness like a hot knife slicing through butter, but... she hadn't expected him to become so pathetic so quickly. "I *suppose* I can still give it a suck," she said as she gingerly released the wolf's balls and dropped down onto her knees in front of him. "I practically promised you I would, after all."

“Coolest, *stop!*” Marvelwoof half-yelled half-sobbed, now sounding utterly heartbroken.

“Listen to her, Coolest!” Turbocat yelled as she uncovered her face and *smacked* the inside of her bubble. “We need your help and... and this is just fucking gross!”

“Seriously! Everyone can see you!” Leggy yelled. “Clearly you’ve stopped giving a shit about the city, but... what about your damn reputation, man? Your pride?!”

Once again, the appalled cries of loyal friends didn’t hit Coolest’s senses at all. With Kyobi on her knees - with her muzzle close enough to his swollen inches that he could feel her warm breath puffing over his most sensitive place - he was deeper in the vixen’s sorcerous seduction than ever before. Unable to help himself, he placed his hands on her slender shoulders and squeezed at them gratefully. “T-thank you,” he half-whined half-moaned, “t-thank you s-sooo much...”

Kyobi rolled her eyes snarkily and lifted her lips until they were hovering *just* above the tapered tip of Coolest’s cock. With his slippery precum now pulsing from his urethra like a leaky faucet, the wolf’s fertile and masculine scent was thick in the vixen’s nose... and she made sure to take a nice deep breath of it. To her, it was the smell of total victory. The rich scent of the wolf’s submission. Then, with a lick of her lips...

... the vixen’s lips opened and her head bobbed down sharply. In one wet and warm swoop, Kyobi took about three inches of the wolf’s bright blue cock *straight* into her humid little cavern of a maw. As if in greeting, her skilled tongue immediately started applying firm nerve-stimulating caresses to the underside of that canine cock, lathering it in a coat of her hot sticky drool as her mouth surrounded it...

... and all Coolest could do in response was whine and moan like a bitch in heat as his shaky fingers *clung* to Kyobi’s shoulders like they were his only tether to the world: like he just might fucking float away from how *amazing* her mouth felt on his cock. Part of him yearned to grab at her head - to thrust his hips forward and force everything he had past her lips, knot included - but he had been made into a submissive little bitch, and a bigger part of him knew that he was nothing more than Kyobi’s *toy*. And toys didn’t move - toys didn’t force themselves on their owner - toys were *good* and *obedient*.

Besides... Coolest also knew that if he pumped his hips then he’d cum in an instant. Just being three inches deep in her steamy maw was enough to push

him close to the edge of his release. His thighs quivering, his balls tensing, his throbbing cock *squirting* precum against the back of her throat with all the intensity of a raging geyser... if anything, he needed her to slow down a bit, lest he come to a premature and embarrassing orgasm. “W-wait, wait,” he begged, “slow down...”

But the cock-hungry Kyobi would *not* slow down. With a loud, wet, and *utterly* voracious slurp, the vixen's head bobbed, making her tightly pursed mouth slide down the rest of his inches until her lips *bumped* against the front of his knot in a firm kiss. Her smooth tongue lashed out from underneath his dick at the same time, rolling and wrapping around those inches to give them a firm wet squeeze.

Coollest grits his teeth and closes his eyes. Desperate to avoid the humiliation of cumming far too soon - of losing this sweet pleasure before it had even properly begun - the wolf tried to think of something that would force back his orgasm. Some complicated math for example... or the fact that he was betraying his friends... or the riotous noise of his beloved city falling into chaos all around him...

... but no matter how hard Coolest tried, all the wolf could focus on was the vixen's luscious maw. Her soft lips pursed against the beginning of his swollen knot... her silken tongue squeezing him tight while she salivated hungrily... his sensitive glans rocking against the narrow opening of her slick little throat... it was too much, he was too weak, she was too strong, he was going to...

Coollest let out a loud and *very* unheroic moan as blew his load into Kyobi's maw. Two, three, four, **five** ropes, his balls *clenching* hard in their sack as they urged themselves to give all that they could. The result? Enough cum to completely plaster the back of the vixen's throat with hot salty white... and more than enough to completely blow the wolf's fragile little mind. Each squirt pushed him deeper and deeper into a depraved state of pure bliss... and, by the end of it, he looked, well...

... *fucked silly* was one way of describing it. Eyes wide and almost in the back of his skull. Jaw unhinged and maw open as he panted and drooled like the mutt he'd become. A series of high-pitched and guttural noises bubbled up from his throat. The appearance of a man who had been milked for every last drop of his cum.

“I hate you!” Marvelwoof screamed. One might assume that she was yelling it at the villain of a vixen, but... her eyes were fixed on the utterly drained coolest. Her ire was projected at him. “I... I thought you cared about us... I thought you cared about what we were doing!”

“Clearly he never did,” Turbocat scoffed. “He was just waiting for a pretty



villain to come along and corrupt him.”

Leggy snorted. “Starting to wonder if I care about any of this hero shit myself,” she spat aggressively. “Hard to give a damn after this guy turns it into a *joke*.”

Kyobi drew her head back, letting Coolest's cock pop from her mouth. Despite the wolf's utterly spent state, his canine length didn't even begin to retreat back into its sheath. Dripping in frothy saliva, it remained hard, throbbing and pulsing against Coolest's belly as it stuck up at an almost perfect ninety-degree angle.

Figuring that *she'd* do a good job even if the wolf didn't, Kyobi tilted her head back and presented a wide open maw to Coolest, giving him a full display of that sticky pink cavern that had pleased him so... as well as the creamy white load that was pooled against the back of her throat. A couple of seconds for the vixen to enjoy the sight of the once-heroic wolf whimpering as he stared down at the biggest load he'd ever made swirling around the hottest mouth he'd ever been in... followed by a simple, efficient swallow that sent it all disappearing down her gullet without a trace.

Then, sighing, Kyobi closed her muzzle and looked back down at Coolest's dick with a *severe* look of disappointment in her eyes. “Well, I can tell that *you* had a lot of fun,” she grunted, “but I sure fucking didn't. What the hell was that? Barely even got to *suck* on that little thing before it popped.”

Kyobi's harsh words hit Coolest like a hot thunderbolt of shame. In his utterly mindfucked state he'd forgotten that his orgasm had been incredibly premature and embarrassing... and the reminder was enough to knock him right out of it. Now rather than bliss, he felt humiliation. Strong, burning shame...

... that was only made worse by his allies - or, perhaps, his *former allies* - piping up in complete disgust. *Disgusting creep, what a pervert, fucking hell I hate him, why did we even bother...* things like that, all murmured hotly between the three.

“See?” Kyobi said as she gestured up to the bubbled heroes floating high above her head. “Even your super pals think you're a fucking creep.”

Coolest whined. “I'm... I'm sorry...”

“*Who* are you saying sorry to?” Kyobi suddenly barked as she rose from her knees and stood back up, looking Coolest straight in the eyes. “Them... or me?”

Coolest looked up at his friends raging inside of their bubbles. They were so very, very mad. Furious at him, for so easily succumbing to this villainous kitsune, for betraying them and their noble organization for a *suckjob* of all things. He

owed them an apology, he knew he did, he knew that if he said something earnest now and then focused on *smiting* this kitsune then he might be able to turn this situation around and win their loyalty back. Staring up at them with wide-eyed regret, he opened his mouth to promise them all that everything would be set right...

... but before Coolest could, his baneful blue eyes fell down to Kyobi. Unlike his friends, she didn't look furious. She just looked *vaguely* disappointed. Which made sense. Unlike his friends, she hadn't had her heart shattered... her only issue was that she'd had to perform a very boring blowjob. Her issue paled in comparison to theirs, so petty and insignificant, and yet...

... unable to resist her, Coolest fell to his knees submissively. Like the mindless and depraved wretch that he'd become, he bowed his head and puckered his lips to press soft little kisses on each of Kyobi's bare toes. "You, you, I'm saying sorry to you," he panted pathetically between his worshipful little smooches, brushing his lips delicately over the tops of her toes. "Please, please forgive me..."

"Of course he says sorry to *her* and not to us," Marvelwoof rambled on, kicking the inside of her bubble furiously.

Turbocat snorted. "Can't believe I've never noticed how much of a degenerate this guy is before. I should have known, though... fucker makes an all-girl team, other than *him*," the cheetah grunted. "Remember when he said you looked good in your new suit, Leggy?"

"Yeah, I do... bet he was looking at my ass or my tits, though," the maned wolf grumbled, no longer struggling, just fuming with her arms crossed as she gazed up into the air. "Now I just wanna burn the damn thing."

Kyobi looked down at the beaten hero who was simpering over her paws like a pathetic little mutt. To say that she didn't look impressed with his efforts was an understatement... while she hadn't looked pissed a couple of seconds ago, she definitely did now! Snorting aggressively, the kitsune raised one of her paws and *stomped* it down into the back of Coolest's head in a firm curb stomp, making him bite on the pavement rather than kiss her toes. "When did I fucking say that you could lay your filthy little lips on those?!" she snarled angrily as she ground his muzzle down into the pavement. "Huh?!"

Coolest couldn't respond... though not because his head was being crushed underneath Kyobi's paw. As uncomfortable as the relentless weight of her sole grinding down into him was, it wasn't really doing any damage other than smothering him thanks to his super durability. What *really* shocked the wolf into silence was a strange new feeling tingling through his body. A feeling like he was

getting smaller...

... or that Kyobi was getting larger. It was hard for Coolest to tell given his unfortunate and humiliating position, but either his *head* was getting smaller or that *paw* was getting bigger. The vixen's leathery pawpad and furry sole expanding on top of his head made that clear.

From Kyobi's lofty perspective, it was easy to tell what was happening. She wasn't getting bigger, Coolest was just getting smaller and smaller underneath her paw, shrinking inch by inch at a few centimeters a second. The kitsune had considered outgrowing his beloved city and *breaking* it in front of him, but it felt *far* more fun to shrink him and go for a more personal approach instead. After all... his friends, his fans, his *city*... they all needed to see how tiny and pathetic their prize hero was in comparison to her. She was going to turn him into nothing more than a *bug* for her to squash.

Though the wolf wasn't a bug yet. With the back of his head almost completely smothered by one of Kyobi's paws, the wolf had only lost a foot or so of his stature, making him roughly four feet tall in total. For the moment, this was enough for Kyobi. Deciding that she'd let this wretch breathe - and get his voice back - the vixen lifted her paw from Coolest's head and *stomped* it down onto the ground beside him instead. "I asked you a question, dumbfuck!" the kitsune barked furiously. "Did I give you permission to kiss my paws or not?"

Whimpering and spitting out a mouthful of gravel, Coolest raised his head and shook it weakly. Kyobi looked so much larger now. *Everything* looked so much larger now. But with Kyobi's question ringing in his ears, he had no time to focus on the fact that he'd lost over a foot in height. "You didn't," he yelped as quickly as he could. "I'm sorry!"

"I'm not interested in your apologies," Kyobi scoffed as she wiped her paw on the pavement like she'd just stepped in something disgusting. "What I care about is accountability. So, from now, for every mistake you make, you're gonna lose a foot of your height. Understand, super shithead?"

Coolest understood. Having lost a foot of his height already, he understood all too well in fact. The idea of losing even *more* than that was gut-wrenchingly terrifying... the world around him - and the fox in front of him - already looked far too big as it was. "Yes, I understand," he said as he tucked his tail between his legs and pressed his forehead against the ground submissively.

"Good. Now, tell me where you're *supposed* to kiss when you're begging for my forgiveness."

Coolest blinked a couple of times as his mind drew a complete blank, truly

unable to think of anywhere appropriate. Her paws? Obviously not. Her mouth? Completely out of the question. Her crotch? That felt far too forward. "... I don't know," he said.

Kyobi snapped her fingers, once again shrinking the wolf at her feet. This time, rather than happening centimeter by centimeter as it had beneath her paw, the change in size manifested itself instantly, going from a weak four feet to a pathetic three feet in the blink of an eye. "Another mistake," the kitsune sighed.

The wolf let out a surprised gasp as he suddenly became *much* more puny. Kyobi was almost twice his height now. If he was stood up rather than down on his knees, he'd be crotch height to the vixen. This 'mistake' - this punishment - felt *particularly* unfair to the wolf. How was he supposed to know? He barely knew Kyobi... even if she was all that was in his mind right now. But as much as he *wanted* to protest, he feared another snap of those fingers - another reduction in height - so he kept his mouth shut and just let out an apologetic whimper instead.

Kyobi turned on her heel and proudly presented her rear end to Coolest. All nine of her fluffy tails hiked *all* the way up, making the wolf's jaw drop as his little eyes filled with the sight of fox butt. The tight denim short shorts that she wore left *very* little to the imagination. The fabric clung to her behind almost like a second skin, all snug in the crack of her ass with her pert cheeks looking all round and perky at either side... and with their difference in size, each of those said cheeks was about as large as the wolf's *head*.

A doggish pant came out of Coolest's maw. The anxiety he was feeling before - the fear of being shrank - that was gone now, replaced by the burning mind-consuming lust that he'd felt while his inches had been deep in the vixen's mouth. Those perky cheeks were... well, the only word that the wolf's twisted little mind could come up with was *perfect*.

Already Coolest was huffing hard, his sharp canine nose breathing in deep of the rich, sweaty, and musky scent that was emanating from that close-by butt. His eyes wobbled in their sockets, hands clenched and unclenched fitfully, and his dick throbbed as if it were on the edge of another pathetic orgasm. It was taking all of his restraint to not stand, to not lunge forward, to not bury his snout between those cheeks... but he had to hold himself back, he had to, he couldn't disappoint her again...

... luckily for Coolest, though, his dream was about to come true. "The place that you kiss is my ass, super mutt," Kyobi said with a sensual little sway of her hips and tails. "So get up and apologize *right* this time."

Coolest rose to his feet immediately, standing quicker than he ever had

before. Then, without a hint of shame, he pushed his face *right* into the middle of Kyobi's ass. At his regular size, the vixen was skinny enough that he'd barely be able to budge his nose into it... but 'thanks' to the fact that he'd been shrunk, the giddy was able to cram half of his muzzle into that sweaty crack.

Soft, warm cheeks surrounding either side of his snout... the taste of her salty sweat tingling on his lips... the musky scent of her tailhole pouring into his nose as he rubbed the front of his face against the very source of it... this was heaven. Oh-so-thankful, the wolf laid firm a kiss down right on top of the kitsune's asshole... or at least, right on top of where the fabric was covering it.

"I... I can't watch," Marvelwoof said as she curled up on the bottom of her bubble, limp and defeated.

Maney rolled her eyes as she stared up at the sky. "Trust me, none of us are watching this right now," she grunted.

"Yeah," Turbocat murmured. "None of us want to fill these shitty little bubbles with puke."

While Coolest returned to a state of pure reverence, Kyobi remained disappointed as the wolf started to smooch away at her rear. Indeed, she was distracted... several news helicopters were now hovering in the sky overhead. The shrill *buzzing* of their rotors burning and their blades spinning was loud and annoying. It was tempting to just lift a finger and erase them.

But, then again... they were also recording the entirety of this pathetic display. No doubt their cameras were fixed *right* on the city's favorite hero as he smooched at her villainous behind! What an amusing thought. She supposed that they could stay for now... if only so that she had a funny headline to read tomorrow.

Kyobi lowered her eyes. Time to focus on what was *really* annoying her... which was Coolest's miserable attempt at an apology. "Ugh, you're so small I can barely feel anything," she complained snidely as if that were somehow Coolest's fault. As if it were *his* fault that he'd been shrunk. "Maybe this will help."

Coolest tensed up in fright. Thinking that he'd made another mistake - that he was about to shrink again - he reluctantly pulled his face out of Kyobi's behind. Fortunately for him, though, the vixen's move was to simply pull down her shorts. Wearing no panties at all, her perky cheeks gave a soft bounce as they were freed from their denim confines...

... and, once again, Coolest's fear was instantly vaporized by arousal. He didn't think that the sight of Kyobi's ass could get any more perfect than it already

was, but he was *very* wrong. Those skull-sized cheeks looked a lot better covered in a lush layer of soft jet-black fox fur... and the fact that he could see her sweaty pink little wrinkle of an asshole peeking at him from between them...

... well, the wolf wasted no time at all in shoving his face *right* back in there. His eager lips connected with her pucker, planting not a brief peck, but a full-fledged *smooch* that rubbed every wrinkle of that sphincter against his pursed lips. The taste of the sweat that glazed his lips was divine. He wanted *more* of it, he wanted to shove his tongue deep inside and desperately french kiss that asshole like it was his crush's maw. But barely, just barely - with the threat of being shrunk still looming over him - the wolf managed to keep his kissing respectful... or, respectful enough.

Whether Coolest smooched that asshole or shoved his tongue all the way into it was irrelevant, though: because Kyobi was *still* displeased. "For fuck sake," she grumbled. "I go bare ass for you and I *still* can't feel those pathetic lips of yours. What a goddamn joke."

"Of course you can't feel anything," Marvelwoof grumbled weakly. "He's pathetic. A joke."

"You know who isn't pathetic, though? Kyobi," Leggy suddenly murmured. "Sure... she's kind of a degenerate too, but... at least she can keep her fuckin' head screwed on her shoulders."

Turbocat had never been the type to support a villain before, but... she couldn't help but nod at Leggy's assessment. "Yeah, if we followed her, then we'd *really* get some stuff done."

Coolest let out a whine as Kyobi sharply yanked her butt away from his muzzle. Like an addict, his puckered lips chased after it, craving one final kiss... but the vixen turned heel quickly. His lips ended up landing on the inside of her thigh instead... just a couple of inches away from the vixen's pussy. Naturally, the horny wolf's eyes and nose were immediately drawn to those blushed pink folds. Sticky and trickled with nectar. Despite her attitude, she *was* aroused. The wolf couldn't help but feel a hint of pride.

Though that pride - and all the air in his lungs - was knocked out of him by a fierce kick. Something inside of him *cracked* as the vixen's mighty hind paw smacked into his stomach and chest like a steel mace. Then, like a limp ragdoll, he went toppling backward onto the pavement with a wheeze. "Yet another mistake, dipshit," the vixen sighed tiredly... though the way she was gently rubbing her thighs together once again implied that she was enjoying humiliating the wolf. "Time to shrink you again. Try to smile: there's a lot of cameras watching you right now."

Kyobi snapped her fingers together. Another surge of arcane energy, a quick blink of the eye, and, the wolf was now *two* feet tall. "Oh, and... so is everyone else."

The raging civilians slowly started to cease their rioting and looting. Slowly but surely, all of the vixen's puppets turned to look at the city's strongest protector as he whimpered in the long nine-tailed shadow of its most dangerous villain. Or at least... they looked at what was *left* of him. The naked little scrap of a wolf looked more like a super loser than a superhero.

"Not to mention your friends, too, though... we already know *they* hate you." Kyobi looked up at the trapped heroes above her with a smile. They were no longer raging inside of their bubbles, no longer trying to break free. It was pointless, exhausting, and humiliating... and beyond that, they were utterly disillusioned with their cause. With their leader and mentor defeated and depraved, they were already starting to wonder what the point of all this hero nonsense was. "Hey guys," she called up to them, "what do *you* think I should do with him?"

"Just get rid of him," Marvelwoof grumbled.

"Make him go away," Leggy concurred.

"Get him out of our sight," Turbocat growled.

Kyobi rubbed her chin thoughtfully as she lowered her gaze back down to Coolest... who was still wheezing all pathetically as he struggled to recover from that hammer blow of a kick. "How about this... since he likes my butt so much," she said as she stared at the panting little wolf with great disgust. "I'll sit on him, and for every kiss he puts on my asshole, I'll shrink him by an inch."

"Perfect. With how much of a whore he is for your butt, he'll be gone in no time," Leggy chuffed.

"Yeah, he'll kiss it so much he'll turn into a fuckin' flea!" Turbocat yelled, suddenly sounding quite excited.

"I don't care," Marvelwoof grumbled. "As long as he's gone."

"Wonderful," Kyobi said. "Let's do that, then."

Coolest let out a terrified scream as a villain the size of an Amazonian started stomping toward him. Wanting to enjoy this last act as much as possible, the kitsune had pulled her psychic presence away from his mind completely, allowing

the wolf to have control of both his body and emotions. Under normal circumstances, this would be the time for him to stage a valiant counterattack and win the day...

... but Coolest was a whole two feet fucking tall and he couldn't do jack shit. His powers? They were gone, drained from him throughout the sadistic humiliation he'd been forced to suffer through. Flight? Not a chance. Speed? About as much as a slumbering seal. Strength? Zero, as proven by the fact that he couldn't even pick himself up off the ground. No longer a hero, no longer even *super*, he was now just a toy. A limp pathetic ragdoll of a canine.

"You can't... do this... to me," Coolest barely managed to wheeze. "This... isn't... fair..."

"Oh, I won't be doing anything to you. Like I said, I'll only shrink you by an inch if you kiss my ass... so if you don't want to shrink anymore, then just, you know, *don't kiss my ass*," Kyobi explained as she came to a halt before the small and shivering Coolest. Stripped of his power and two feet tall, his body was now small enough that a single one of her hindpaws could cover his head and shoulders. "As for this not being fair... of course it isn't. I'm a villain. I don't play by the rules."

Coolest had no time to 'admire' the sight of Kyobi towering over him, for as soon as she was done talking, she took a seat on his face. Or... with how small he was, she really took a seat on his upper body. What I'm trying to say here is that the wolf's little muzzle was squeezed *right* back between plush fox cheeks... except this time, the full weight of a vixen over twice the size of him was bearing down into his shrunken skull. Soft and heavy all at once, it was an absolutely dizzying smother of fur, flesh, and bitter musk.

Even without Kyobi's magical influence upon his mind, Coolest once again found himself utterly lost in his own arousal. Fear still prickled at him heavily - he was almost suffocating underneath a villain's ass, after all - but as much as he wanted to try and fight back, as much as he wanted to escape...

... the wolf's snout was tilting downward, his lips were puckering up, his horny mind moving him on autopilot to *kiss* the vixen's pink pucker just as he had before. Like the rest of her, that musky 'little' sphincter was so much larger now. To a person of regular size, it was a slim dimple of an entrance... but now that Coolest was the size of a toy, that little wrinkle was twice as large as his lips. An asshole big enough for him to *squeeze* his entire muzzle into.

But just as his lips were about to connect - just before he was about to give that huge overwhelming asshole a *smooch* - the wolf managed to catch himself. *No*, he screamed at himself internally. *Stop. Don't. You'll shrink. You need to*



*come up with a way to fight back.*

“Oh, hey,” the wolf barely heard Kyobi murmur thanks to her ass muffling his hearing... as well as every other sense he had. “I felt *that*.” Her heavy cheeks bounced on top of the wolf’s head as she wiggled her hips and spread her arms out to the news helicopters still circling overhead - to the crowd of puppets that were circled around her. “Did you see that, everyone?”

Coollest didn’t reply... mostly because he couldn’t, but also because he was too embarrassed to even try. Instead, he ignored the kitsune’s words and focused on what little was left of his sanity. *Make your mind a fortress*, he thought to himself. *Don’t listen to her. Don’t let her get to you. Don’t think about her ass.*

Though that was hard when Coolest’s entire world was Kyobi’s ass. Even if he was trying his best to push them back, invasive and aroused thoughts were breaching the shattered defenses of his feeble mind. ***Just one kiss***, the needy thoughts pleaded. ***It felt so good last time. You’ve shrunk so much already. What’s one more inch? Come on, just one kiss. Just one!***

*Just one more*, Coolest thought to himself deliriously. *One last kiss. To remember what it felt like. It’s not like an inch is going to make much of a difference, so... you can taste her sweat **one** last time, and then I’m figuring out how to get out of here.*

Coollest pressed his mouth up against where the sun didn't shine. It wasn't a reluctant peck... or even a brief kiss... but a firm, needy, full-on *smooch*. Pressing his lips against the vixen's back end as hard as he could. It was deeply humiliating to turn his own mouth into a sweat rag... but if he wanted to sate that burning need inside of him, he had to soak up as much of that taste as possible. He had to make losing more of his height *worth* it.

The wolf immediately felt the kitsune’s heavy asshole *clench* against the front of his muzzle as her body tensed with satisfaction. A couple of grinds of her hips - just to press his defeat, just to make sure that his snout and lips were absolutely *smear*d in a layer of sweat - then...

... laughing loudly, the kitsune once again gestured to the news helicopters. “He did it! You saw him, right?” Copying their new mistress, the hundreds of people gathered around them began to chuckle too...

... as did the wolf’s former friends. Up in the air, now floating joyfully in their little bubbles, the three female heroes all fell into a fit of laughter. “Yep,” Turbocat roared with great amusement. “I told you he’d kiss it!”

“Of course he did! He’s a gross fuckin’ loser!” Maney roared.

Even Marvelwoof's crushed spirits were starting to feel lifted. Her friends were laughing, after all... and with how much she hated Coolest now, she *did* feel a great amount of pleasure seeing him humiliated underneath the kitsune's ass. "Heh, yeah," she giggled. "He really *is* gross."

Still giggling loudly, Kyobi raised her hand and snapped her fingers, taking another inch off the wolf's height. Or... a little more than an inch. Closer to two, actually. When you were brimming with as much power as she was, it was hard to make such small adjustments... and, really, who could tell the difference between an inch and two inches at this point? Not her, not the news reporters, not the crowd around them...

... heck, not even Coolest could tell. The male knew that he'd been shrunk, of course. The smother of the vixen's heavy ass intensified as he became smaller beneath it... the wrinkles of her twitching asshole deepening slightly against his mouth... the smell of her musk somehow growing even more intense as his face narrowed and squeezed deeper into her crack as a result. Combine that with the now familiar sensation of feeling even more pathetic than he had before, and... Coolest knew that he'd been shrunk. How much, though? No clue. No clue at all. Smothered underneath fox ass, he couldn't see a thing...

... and even if he could, his mind was elsewhere. ***Another kiss. More.***

Coolest's tongue slipped out of his maw without a second thought. With it, he slashed a firm lick across the vixen's asshole, swiping his flat tongue across it hungrily and soaking up more of her taste.

"Ah," Kyobi quietly moaned as she shifted her hips a little, genuinely a little surprised at the wolf's depraved little lick. "What a freak. He's getting his fucking *tongue* in there."

***Snap*** went Kyobi's fingers and *down* went Coolest's size. This time, in her excitement, a whole *three* inches. Face pushed deeper into her ass, and that little tongue that was draped over her hole *slipped* right into her tight backside. The kitsune covered her mouth and bit back a moan as that slippery little muscle gave a pleasurable *writhe* of surprise inside of her guts.

Counting that as a kiss - even if it *was* accidental - Kyobi shrank Coolest once again, cutting him down by another three inches. Now a mere fourteen inches tall - or, just about short enough that Kyobi could completely smother him with one of her legs - he was really barely visible to the camera and the crowd around him. Just a skinny little pair of legs sticking out from underneath her ass...

... and a tiny pale blue rod of rock-hard canine cock jutting up between them.

Twitching, throbbing, and gushing thin little streams of hot precum onto his and Kyobi's thighs, it was blatantly on the cusp of orgasm without even being touched once! Simply being muzzle deep in a tight warm ass was enough to have him on the edge of emptying his balls. The musk, the shame, the humiliation... well, it was clear that Coolest was a complete *whore* for it. Even if he was shrinking into nothing, he *wanted* this.

"You've seen this pathetic thing, right?" Kyobi murmured as she pointed a finger down at the tiny wolf's overexcited dick.

"Yeah... even if I don't want to," Maney grunted between chuckles.

Turbocat giggled. "Well, at least we can *barely* see it up here," she said gratefully.

"Personally, I can't wait until I can't see it at all," Marvelwoof grumbled.

Despite Kyobi and his friend's mockery - or, perhaps because of it - Coolest's muzzle opened a little wider in the kitsune's rear to better swirl his tongue around the inside of her ass, sending a few gentle jolts of pleasure up her spine. His hips arched up as he got a deep and truly *dirty* taste of the kitsune's gut. A taste that would make anyone with a hint of shame recoil, but...

... in Coolest's case, it made him cum. Hard. His hips arched upward as best they could as his cock exploded like a geyser, splattering *quite* a few ropes of thick hot sperm onto Kyobi's thigh. Over a dozen hot bolts of it, in fact - by far the hardest orgasm he'd ever had in his life - though as much as his little dick squirted, it didn't really amount to much. In fact, thanks to his size, it was rather miserable looking... nothing more than a small glistening patch that could be taken care of with a single tissue.

Even though Coolest had just pumped out an impressive load - or a pathetic one, depending on how you looked at it - there was no pause in his frantic frenching of that asshole. No post-nut clarity, no sudden burst of shame, no regret. Shit, the slut didn't even go limp. His cock continued to twitch, spasming pathetically, yearning for another orgasm despite its overstimulated state. His fate was sealed, his defeat ensured, his once-bright legacy forever soiled. He'd always be known as a perverted loser of a hero who liked eating ass more than fighting crime.

"Well, that was disgusting," Kyobi grunted as she scraped Coolest's seed off her thigh with a couple of fingers. Then, snorting derisively, she flicked it away onto the pavement like it were a stray booger. "Plus, he's been licking the inside of my ass this whole time... and I've been so freaked out that I've forgotten to keep up with shrinking him." She pursed her lips and looked up at her three

lovely heroes. “What do you think I should do, girls?”

“Get him out our sight!”

“Just get rid of him!”

“I don’t want to see him anymore!”

“Alright, then,” Kyobi murmured agreeably as raised her hand and tensed her fingers. “What if I make him small enough to shove up my ass? That way we can just ignore him and get on with taking over the city together. You three *are* gonna be my little lackeys, right?”

“Of course!”

“You bet!”

“Absofuckinlutely!”

One last *snap*. Made one inch tall in the bat of an eye, he vanished from the outside world as he *completely* disappeared underneath Kyobi's ass. Once a hero - then a toy - he was now nothing more than an insect-sized mound of fur firmly pressed against the outside of Kyobi's asshole all-spread eagle. Was he screaming? Was he begging to be brought back to his original size? Was he even trying to escape? No. Now small enough to *dig* his tongue into all the wrinkles and drag out all the sweat that had collected in them, the wolf continued to lap like the thirsty little degenerate he'd become.

With Coolest glued to Kyobi's buttohole by his own sticky saliva, the kitsune was able to stand without nudging the wolf away from his favorite place in the whole wide world. Lifting her tails, she bent over slightly and presented her rear to the cameras above, her cheeks spreading to reveal the absolute speck of the asshole-addicted 'man' between them...

... and then, with just the edge of her thumb, she pushed the wolf inside, letting out a satisfied sigh as he made a fitful squirm inside of the tight sticky confines of his new forever home.

Was Coolest as eager inside of that wretched place as he was on the outside? Hard for Kyobi to tell - she could *really* barely feel him - but going off the edge of panic she could detect in his vaguely-there writhing, the answer was no. Actually, going off the feeling of tiny paws uselessly trying to pry her sphincter open for a breath of something *other* than her raw, pure, fetid ass stench... the answer was *definitely* not.

But what Coolest wanted or didn't want was irrelevant now. Honestly, it always was! He was just an obstacle in Kyobi's path, and, like most obstacles the kitsune had dealt with in her long, long life, he had been eliminated, erased, deleted. With the city's once finest hero no longer a concern - just a squirmy feeling in her rear - the kitsune decided to get back on with what was *really* important.

The bubbles popped around Kyobi's new lackeys, sending the three girls falling down onto the pavement. Though landed awkwardly, they were quick to get themselves up onto their feet, eager to help their new mistress conquer the city they had once protected.

"Let's get this show on the road," Kyobi said as her crowd of thralls broke back into a noisy riot. Smirking, she raised her hand and pointed a finger toward the very center of the city. "I ain't leaving until this place is flattened into the dirt. Anything that super loser wanted to protect isn't worth keeping around."