

“Fiend! I have you now! I'll end your reign and release the other heroes and victims in this *foul* tower of yours! Submit or-”

A flash of light filled the throne room before it darkened once more. Moonlight streamed in from the windows, it gleamed off gemstones and silver candelabras and more than a few large conspicuous mirrors – and off the polished gold filigreed armor of the man standing frozen like a statue in the center of the chamber. It did not seem to touch the body of the figure that stood up from the throne however. Some of it glanced off the royal purple robes he wore, and the claws at the end of his fluffy hands, but not his fur. The pitch ebony of it soaked in the light and gave nothing back. But his teeth as he opened his mouth to smile? Sharper than any rabbit's had any business being? Those were bright as the absent sun.

“Oh my.. I recognize the livery there, you're not just some hero come to visit are you? You're a *Paladin*. Gone and succumbed to a Hold spell just the same though, hmm? Unlucky. *Telekinesis*.”

The word sounded – felt – spidery on the hero's ears, and it preceded an unseen hand starting to unceremoniously rip his armor off his frozen body. It left him with naught but his scarred and nude form standing before the tower's master.

“And *really*, foul tower? I keep my home quite clean! I have a *robust* staff of maids for it you know. Perhaps I should show you, let you see for yourself. *Klaurus' Baleful Polly-Morph*.”

The Paladin expected pain. He braced for it, he prayed quietly to endure it and readied himself to lash out as soon as the Rabbit had to cease his paralyzing spell in order to cast a second one, and that happened.. Only for a body-wide clench and a wave of vertigo and weakness to leave them with their arm harmlessly batting at the Bunny's chest while the room shot upward around them and their strength seemed to fall away like water running off their body.

Seconds passed, the Paladin reached inside to master whatever was happening to him and fight back.. and they did. They swung again and felt their fist contact the fluffy body of the tower's Master, and felt it do nothing. Then again, and again – and only slowly and dimly did the Paladin find themselves forced to grasp that the waifish little arms and supple wrists they were lashing out with were far too weak to do any appreciable harm to the tower's Master and his lean, strong body.

That black fur rippled as the Master smiled again and looked on, down, at the Paladin once more. She had backed off a step, touching her body, realizing just how thoroughly changed she was and she felt the tiniest crack in her resolve. Nothing had yet stopped this creature's magic, nothing

she had done had let her smite him for his crimes, their goddess hadn't intervened. The crack widened, a tiny mote of fear crept in through it.

“Much better. But we could still stand to improve you a bit I think.. That attitude of yours was *quite* rude before and I don't want to take any chances, do we? I pride myself on being a good host to my guests after all, so- *Klaurus' Comfortable Ouvre.*”

The Paladin tried to muster up some kind of challenge, but the magic rushed into her and she felt nothing so much as slow it down, let alone properly resist it. Her body surrendered and some other part of her soul did so as well, but not all of it. There was *something* left, and she gathered together the pieces of her ferocity and dignity-

“Y-you will *not* have me this day, f-fiend. The Goddess *hears me* and.. and I will-”

The Master of the Tower's hand shot out and grasped the Paladin by the chin, lifting her head up, forcing her to look into his eyes as she clutched at his arm and felt the spell changing her. It was leaving her feeling warm, soft, heavy.. all over. She squirmed and writhed while her thighs started to feel an awful lot like pillows and squished against each other.

“I *will* have you today, pet. Because what your Goddess will hear you doing today is begging me to put my offspring in your belly, and if you're a good girl I'll do it~”

When the Master's grip relaxed the girl pulled back, that crack had been letting a steady leaking stream of fear into her and when she reached inside for some of her old power, something Divine to use to finish this, nothing was there. Looking down at herself in a mixture of terror and shame she found something else waiting inside, something that crept into her mind and her flesh just like the magic of the Black Rabbit. Her body was growing, not back into its old strong shape but she was getting thicker all over. Plump belly, thick thighs, a round pillowy ass, all of it growing into a thick coat of pristine white fur. Even her hands, while she watched, blossomed out and formed plump pads on the palms while she tried not to stumble on her transforming feet.

“No. *Never.* I don't want that – this.. I could *never* want *you* t-to..”

That tingling of power took root between her legs, too. She'd not even noticed when her manhood vanished and a wet, hungry rabbit's cunt replaced it but now it was all she could think about. Throbbing and empty, itching and aching. She couldn't help herself, reaching out to touch the lips at its edge and nearly falling over as a lightning-crack of bliss hit her nerves.

“Never w-want.. to, to touch me, and.. and get inside, and-”

Another shudder wracked the bunny. It left her words trailing off into a wild, incoherent moan as she curled her arms around her thickening body and a set of fuzzy breasts grew out over top of them. Perky little things at first, but they soon swelled. Heavy, fluffy, like luxurious cushions fastened to her chest. They gave her something to hide her face in as she felt the rabbit's muzzle start to push out from the dainty visage she'd been trapped inside.

Inside, the Paladin was still praying. At least, it felt like prayer. She kept begging something for help, but the more she did so and the longer she clenched her thighs against one of her hefty pawbs and ground her pussy against it the more confused she became about who she was asking for help, and why. Soon she ran out of room to back away, her thick, fattened ass bouncing off the stone of the Tower wall and leaving her nowhere to go as the Master of the Tower approached her again.

Every other time she'd looked at him she'd seen something horrible. First it was just a visage of evil for her to challenge, slay, and dominate. Then he'd become something menacing and terrifying. Now, though? Now.. he was still menacing, but the terror wasn't there. At least not the way it was before. Now some part of her was feeling excitement instead and she was trying oh so hard to keep calling that part of her a traitor. Judging it and castigating it, promising penance, and yet when the Black Rabbit reached out for her this time she didn't shrink back. She just lowered her eyes and lifted her chest and let him grab hold of one ripe half of her bosom to give the thing an appreciative, exploring squeeze. Then the other.. then he curled a finger around her chin and lifted her gaze, forcing her to look him in the eye, which she found she could *barely* do.

“Not bad, not bad at all. Now you were saying something about what you did and didn't want? Come on, spit it out girl. Or maybe.. one more thing to *swallow* instead? *Klaurus' Blissful Perspective.*”

She watched those pitch black hands of his carry a little mote of *nothing* along and press it against her brow. The bunny's ears went flat, her thoughts went.. dim? It got hard to string an intent together into anything coherent as she felt the arcane wisp settle into her mind, and her flesh. That weight on her chest blossomed out into something heavier still, needing her to keep both hands under it to steady the massive things. They'd gone well past the size of her head, she'd seen smaller things on ogres back before.. this, before the fuzzy things in the back of her mind she couldn't seem to get a grip on anymore.

“See? Isn't that better? Now, tell me again dear, tell your *Goddess*. What do you want?”

Whimpering and squirming, the bunny felt her own ass pushing her closer to the Master. It was growing just like her chest was, adding more soft weight for resting on – for sitting in laps with – for.. holding onto? While he-

“I w-want.. Oh *Goddess* that.. m-my.. between my-”

Her eyes wouldn't go up to the Master's ones, but the bunny found she had a much easier time veering her gaze toward his waist instead. Toward that thick, twitching bulge in his robes that was leaving that *delicious* smelling damp spot there. The bunny looked at it and her whole frame sank a little as tension left her body.

One other thing left in the same moment. The moan she let loose was *mostly* one of desire as she reached out to touch the Master's swollen dick and make it clear with something simpler than words what she needed, but there was thin undercurrent of despair to it. It was a delicate mixture, a desperate whorish breeder's first real, true feelings and the final expression of the Paladin that had so brazenly walked into the sanctum not so long ago.

“I.. *love* that sound, you know that? All that virtue and fire *dying* and withering while something soft that knows the value of pleasure and *service* is born in the aftermath. It's a shame I only get to hear it every so often. Now, in the meantime.. why don't you turn around, pet.”

Pet listened to her Master, twisting about so he could see the two enormous halves of her ass and take hold of them. So he could guide her along to the throne he'd been sitting in not so long ago and bend her over it. Master let her rest atop her fat belly and her gigantic tits, then spread her thighs apart with his hands and tucked his fingers between her legs. What little thought she could still muster like this crumbled as she licked her lips and felt *those* thicken subtly as well.

“Time to set your fate in stone. Once you've *really surrendered* and *enjoyed* your new fate nothing short of an actual Miracle can change you back. So~”

Master's hand retreated, but only so he could plunge inside of her. Pet's body clenched down tight on every inch the Black Rabbit had to offer, and she felt that clear up into her belly. Something in her, that last thing Master had been talking about, shattered as he began hammering and thrusting inside. It didn't matter. The only thing Pet could think about, the only thing the little white bunny wanted in all the world, was for Master to put babies inside her over and over again, for the rest of her life. Pet had resolved, back when she had resolve, to get what she wanted when she entered this Tower – and thanks to Master's little Perspective shift.. she would get exactly that.