

Pix squeezed her small, fluffy, feline form between the bars of the storm drain, popping out into the frigid winter air. While the plush layer of fur across her figure would normally have kept the chill at bay, the dampness of her escape route turned her protection into a liability. Releasing an involuntary mewl as a breeze blew even more warmth from her body, the escaped experimental subject shook herself off and looked around over snow-capped houses, the small frost-coated trees and bushes in their suburban yards, and the salt-strewn streets woven between them all. The salt stung her nose, the wind stung her fur, and the sentient cat shrank slightly as she released a small burst of magical energy from her form to heat herself up. She didn't have much left, and needed to find shelter - and food - soon.

Scrabbling over a curb with all the difficulties of a kitten, the magical cat looked up and down the street she was on, seeking some source of warmth. Her tiny paw pads stuck to the frosty ground, slowing her even further, coaxing Pix to release even more energy - and shrink even further - to heat herself again. Intelligent as she was, survival instincts were kicking in, and Pix let out another mewl for help, hoping that someone would find her and save her from the frost - though Pix hoped it wasn't any of those mean scientists that had force-fed her all this magic in the first place.

Pix's cries drew the attention of Marc, who had just stepped forth from his house to shovel out his driveway. Bundled up for the chill, wide-brimmed shovel in hand, Marc paused as he listened again for the faint sound coming from nearby. When he saw the tiny wet cat stiffly struggling across the sidewalk, his paternal instincts caused him to drop the shovel and take long, snow-stomping strides to scoop Pix up in his hands and rush her indoors.

"Shh, shh, I've got you. Let's get you warmed up." Marc coo'd to what he thought was a kitten, though Pix continued to cry out, even as she was brought indoors. Marc brushed the snow from her and took off his gloves, rushing to the bathroom to bundle Pix up in several towels. He paused to throw a few more into the dryer. Only when Pix began to heat up did her cries diminish, the tiny feline looking up with oddly expressive, intelligent eyes to view her savior from the cold.

"Who would leave a kitten out in the cold like this? 'Specially someone as cute as you..." Marc murmured, as he rubbed over her body with the towels, and replaced them with heated ones from his dryer. The warmth soaked into Pix and she began to relax even further, drifting off into a dreamless sleep of exhaustion. Marc's soothing voice was the last she heard as she fell unconscious. "I think I'll name you... Pix... huh, wonder where that came from..."

Pix would awaken to the warmth of a modest two-story home, the smell of food, and the affection of a friendly human male. She would awaken this way again and again, day after day, rolling into weeks, becoming ever more comfortable with her new environment, slowly forgetting the magical science she had suffered in the months prior. With the love afforded her by her master, Pix regained her strength and power, and began to grow back to her original size as a large cat. Marc chalked this up to a kitten maturing into a proper cat, only occasionally

suspecting something was off whenever Pix demonstrated an abnormal level of intelligence. To him, he had rescued a perfectly normal cat, albeit one that had figured out the toilet and didn't bother with a litter box.

The nightly routine of warm food, television, and hours of being pet helped Pix feel safe with her new master, safe in a place where she felt she couldn't be found and recaptured, safe in a place where she didn't need to expend her magic to survive. Whenever Marc left, Pix didn't venture beyond the doorway, establishing herself as a housecat, at least while it was still so cold outside. She would watch out the windows, observing these humans as they drove their cars, spoke their strange syllabic language, and threw balls of dreaded snow at each other for 'fun'. Pix could only conclude that throwing such painful spheres at each other was only reserved for hated enemies.

As several months rolled by, the snow began to melt, and a lush green landscape overtook the suburban neighborhood. The warmth of the sun grew stronger, inspiring Pix to sprawl herself out in the sunbeams whenever they shone through the windows. Pix especially liked when the sun warmed her butt, eventually inspiring the intelligent feline to release a little bit of her restored magical power to increase the surface area of her posterior. Marc would often come home to find Pix sprawled half-in, half-out of a sunbeam, her oddly plump rear end reminding Marc of something that would send him hurrying to his computer, and then the bathroom. Pix didn't mind, as he always made sure to feed her after, with hands that smelled so *good...*

With the arrival of Spring, Pix found that she was looking forward to that smell, more with every passing day. It was a smell reminiscent of something at the laboratory, but one not associated with any negative memory. An attractive scent, something Pix found she hungered for, coaxing her to sit next to Marc's door whenever he was on the computer, or lick and suck on his fingers whenever he was sleeping. Pix was careful not to wake Marc when she did the latter, and would sometimes find *herself* drifting off to sleep with several of Marc's fingers lodged deep down her throat, instinctually gulping and never once gagging.

The temperature increased, and so did an itching, craving sensation between Pix's feline thighs. The maturing magical cat desired Marc's company and attention in increasingly abundant amounts, taking to following him everywhere around the house, jumping on his bed while he slept, and finding any way she could to press her body against his larger anthropomorphic one. If Marc ever noticed her increasing persistence in having some part of him pressed against her, the human wasn't doing anything about it. He seemed to like petting Pix's plump bottom and backside almost as much as Pix enjoyed shoving her ass into his hands, though she constantly wished he would go lower, deeper...

The full season of Spring arrived, and Pix's body released its final wave of confirming hormones, sending the magical cat into heat. The purpose the scientists had created her for was coming into full bloom, and Pix was practically drooling over the thought of Marc, all the

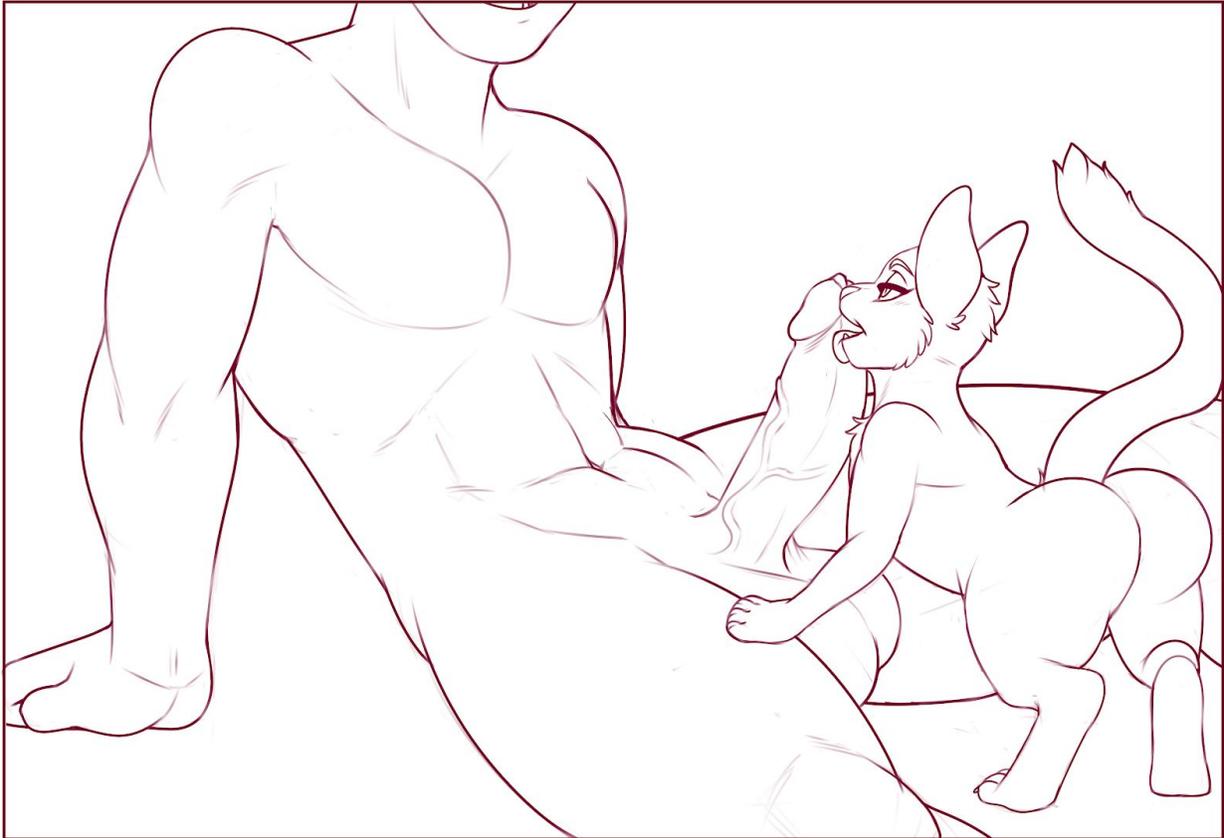
time. His smell, his touch, the way he made her feel. She would fight to get under the covers with him and sleep atop his heated body, occasionally managing to stuff her head between his thighs and sleep with his powerful scent suffusing her nose. Marc would wake and head right to the shower, too bleary and sleepy to really notice that he was waking up with such a perverted feline or that not all the sweat on his body was of his own making. Pix still avoided the shower, but she would slide around in his sleeping spot to soak up any of those delicious smells and juices Marc had left behind.

Pix's desires only increased, as did her instinctively wielded magical powers. Her love and desire to protect Marc strengthened, as did her addiction to his taste and smell. Whenever Marc drifted off to sleep, she found she could tap into his dreams, deriving energy whenever he had a good dream. The bond between Pix and Marc intensified, enough that Marc had nary a dreamless night nor a nightmare, nor a night without a nocturnal emission. An emission Pix was always there to lap up, cleaning her human up just enough to keep him from making the connection between his cat and this spring's supernaturally charged sexuality.

The heat and itch between Pix's thickened thighs grew stronger each night, and even after a day of licking herself in the sun was leaving her unsatisfied. Every day, Marc would come home and head straight to his computer, and Pix would sit right outside his door, grinding her rump against the doorframe until Marc went to the bathroom to clean himself up. Both the human and magical feline would have the same hot-cheeked expressions, and over time the entire house had been permeated with their mutual sex scents. If Marc had any qualms or had noticed the change in the atmosphere of his home, he wasn't complaining to Pix about it.

One night, as Pix sat beside her master's bed as he prepared to climb in after a lengthy session at the computer with several bathroom trips, she caught a glimpse of the source of the delicious smells and taste from Marc's body. A pillar of flesh that twitched seven inches long from his groin, dribbling a clear, musky fluid that Pix recognized as so often clinging to Marc's fingers even after he had washed his hands. Unlike in previous nights, Marc had stopped bothering to put his underwear back on, his erection stubbornly refusing to go down even after multiple ejaculations. Pix purred as she stared at it, the sight of the plump pillar stirring her built up stores of magical energy, the source of her *favorite* nightly meals. Marc crawled into his bed without any clothes on at all, seeming intent to sleep this heated night off without any warmth protecting him.

Pix hopped up onto the bed, as she so often did, yet Marc was too amorous to have fallen asleep yet. He sat up, unsure as to whether he should push his pet away or put something on so she could cuddle with him. Insistent, Pix pushed past his fumbling hands and plopped herself before the tent in his sheets, looking him in the eyes with her expressively intelligent gaze, and dragging her coarse tongue across the bell shape at the end of his cocktent.



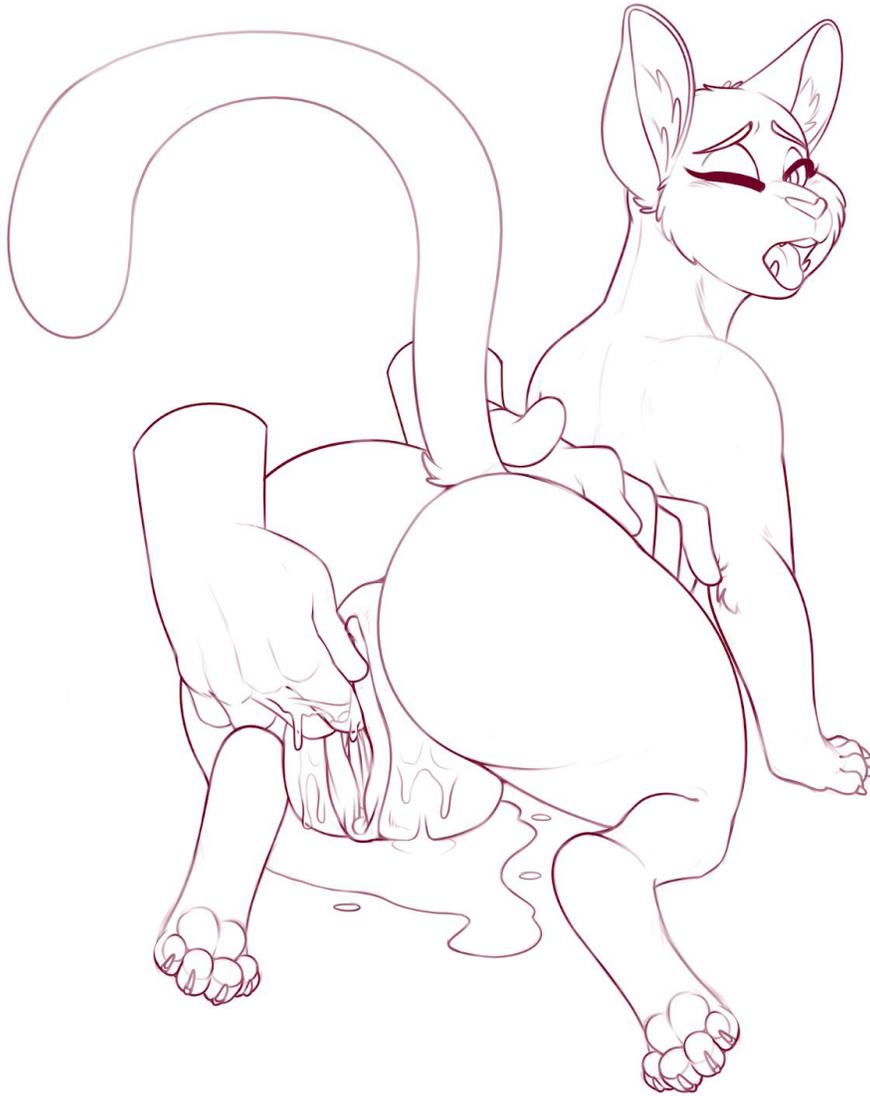
“Pix...” Marc huffed, leaning back on his bed as his cat nibbled at the barely concealed pillar of his own cock. What he should have realized weeks ago began to dawn on him, as Pix tugged down his sheets with her paws. “...it’s been you this whole time, hasn’t it.” Marc groaned, neither encouraging nor... discouraging his strange feline pet from her activities. She kept pulling at the sheets with a skill and dexterity that belied her feline shape, a sharp huff escaping Marc’s lips as his tense erection soon sunk against Pix’s silky chestfur. Still meeting his gaze, Pix washed her coarse tongue across the pre-slicked glans of his cockhead, tasting her master’s flesh directly for the first time.

The magical energy within Pix swelled and released, yet in a way Pix had never experienced before. The amount of energy *increased* as she lapped over her human’s cock, as if pleasuring him gave her power. Power that swiftly turned to heat and mass, as Pix’s body adjusted for the original purpose she had been made for - a succubus, to feed and grow from pleasure. Her already ample rear and thighs thickened as she sat between Marc’s legs. Svelte feline curves bloomed into padded muscle, her animalistic shape nudging towards a more compatible form to derive and manipulate pleasure in her chosen partner. Still suckling upon Marc’s cock, Pix grew larger. Her pheromones pumped into the room as Marc’s pre pumped into her mouth, and Marc felt a juicy heat nestle against his aching balls.



With unsteady hands, Marc turned Pix around, observing the engorged girth of the demifeline's pussy. It looked enormous upon the slightly-too-large cat's body, yet looked distinctly humanoid in its shape. His sheets were staining with her estrus, and as Marc palmed over Pix's plump ass and thighs, he could feel her asscheeks slowly growing larger. Her haunches and forelegs gently bulged thicker with additional muscle. The expression on Pix's face as she looked back at him, biting her lower lip, told him that his 'pet' cat knew what she was doing, seeming to modify herself further and further for compatibility.

After such a long and fruitless night of masturbation, Marc's body - having also been primed for weeks from Pix's proximity and magical influence - responded in kind to the invitation.



Strength and energy pumped into Marc's body, causing him to sit upright more assertively. Placing his hand upon Pix's back, just above her tail where she loved to be scratched, he placed the palm of his other hand upon Pix's plump bottom and sunk two fingers into her engorged sex. A hot mewl of pleasure popped from Pix's muzzle, along with a musky squirt of feminine juices. Juices that splattered Marc's naked body and soaked into his bedsheets, staining him and his bedroom with magical estrus. Stirring and thrusting his fingers within Pix's pussy, the more he got her to squirt, the more excited and energetic Marc felt. His balls felt tight and full, while his cock nudged up larger, thicker, and even more eager to breed than ever before.



Grunting, Marc scooted to the edge of his bed, spreading his thighs to either side of the bed corner. Gripping and lifting Pix with both hands, his own arms gently swelled with new muscles, enough to lift his heavy and growing cat with some modicum of ease. Pix, for her part, held still as her master positioned her in front of him, pressing the blunt bell of his engorged cock to the thick petals of her overgrown humanoid sex. She encouragingly swooped her tail around the base and underside of his cock, brushing over his seed-swollen sac, flexing her heavy rump as she prepared for the pleasure to come.

Without waiting further, Marc sunk Pix down upon his staff, sinking her entire body down upon his rod, feeling both it and his lover grow larger in response. Inches poured into his cock, thickening him and extending his length over a foot long, yet all of it disappearing into his bulking magical pet. Pussyjuice poured out from Pix all over Marc's shaft and sac, as her whole body plumped and pumped bigger. The pleasure from her pussyride poured into her paws, causing her forepaws and hindpaws to thicken into heavy, smoochable paddlers. The muscles in her legs and arms broadened, filling out into round calves and biceps, forearms. Even her neck thickened with new strength, while below, her belly filled with still-growing cock and softened into a pleasantly padded dome of furry womb.



For his part, Marc's body absorbed much of the magical energy Pix was leaking, his own strength and size becoming increasingly swole. His thighs bloomphed thicker to support his increasing weight, the bed creaking under the additional mass he was packing on. The fat spheres of his balls bloated bigger and heavier, sloshing with rampantly productive loads that were all too eager to boil over and pour into Pix's heavenly, heated cunt. Cupfuls of ejaculate exploded within Pix's womb, seeming to feed her and his growth spurts at an increasing rate. Yet, he never ran dry, always filling back up and recharging for an even stronger, needier load to blow.

The strength Pix provided to Marc increased at the same rate as her own growth, giving the human male all the power he needed to lift and heft her. Yet, Pix was becoming far larger than any cat, and Marc needed to shift his grip to maintain leverage. The space between Pix's backside and Marc's pelvis was shrinking as they grew together, and Marc's bed was beginning to buckle beneath their combined weight.

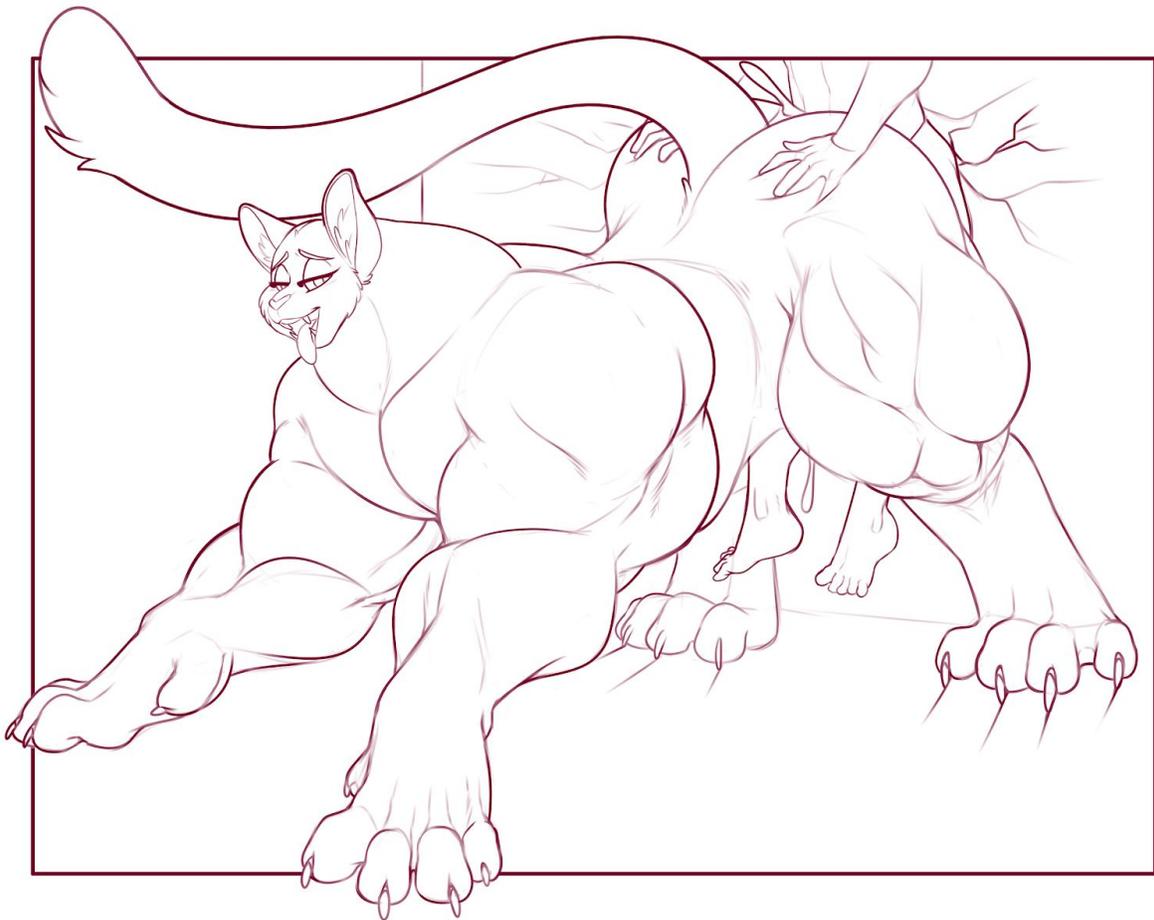
With his sixteen inch shaft still plugged into Pix's three foot long body, Marc flexed his new muscles and stood upright, hauling himself and his fuckpet from the bedroom and into the living room, upon a much larger and stronger chair that could, for now, hold both their bodies. Trails of cum and estrus tracked their passing, as did the increasingly large claw marks along the walls.



Situated upon a new throne, Pix twisted her body around her master's shaft, to come face to face with him. But, a growth spurt shot through them both as Marc unloaded several gallons of spunk into Pix's succubi-powered womb, sending the felinoid shooting upwards in size, mass and strength. Her fluffy chest smothered Marc's face as she grew larger than him, each of her forelegs more muscular than his strengthened thighs.

Yet, Marc's potent hips continued to rail upwards again and again at Pix's plush ass and engorged sex, plugging her depths with his two-foot pillar of cockflesh and pumping her with nigh endless loads of enriching semen. His hands roamed across her powerful thighs and plush ass, admiring and loving and fucking his powerfully magical rescue, savoring her sharp feline cries of pleasure each time she orgasmed, too.

The fucksession continued well into the morning, and the next day, and the day after that. Pix seemed reluctant to ever let Marc be released from her backside, while Marc's constant ability to find new energy and cum even larger loads gave Pix all she could feed from. As she grew larger than any lion and more muscular than champion bodybuilders, Marc's stamina kept pace, her succubi powers ensuring neither of them would ever get tired.



Marc's house suffered from the two beasts and their rampant fucking. Walls cracked and crunched as Marc's muscled butt was crushed against it by Pix's massive ass, her bulky forelegs and high thighs clenching and swelling with each backwards bash of her hips. Her reward, every time, was a bigger and bigger gush of cum, more seed and more pleasure to fuel her growth and his durability.

Only days later would Pix release Marc's four foot erection from her eight foot tall body, basting the huffing man's fleshy body with hot backslash. Marc stumbled for a moment, his hips still jerking and juddering with muscle memory, only to find a huge paw pressing him down to the floor, and a massive maw swallowing over his cum-pouring cockhead. Pix's soft lips and lapping tongue swirled around Marc's cock as she began to drink, and drink, and drink, enjoying the endless supply of seed and pleasure her human provided.



Marc gazed up at his massive feline companion, neither understanding nor caring about the circumstances that had led him to this point. He loved the feeling of pressing against Pix's perfectly immense muscles, the sensation of her silky fur, the way she purred when she sucked him off. She only ever got stronger and bigger; he only ever got larger and more well hung to feed her increasing desires. The succu-cat knew that she would protect her master, her companion, her source of true nourishment and sex.

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"Subject P-9 has been located, ma'am. She has bonded with a member of the public and we are conducting field observation. Residents in the area are reporting strange dreams and increased sex drives, dating back to early spring. Those in closest proximity are showing other signs of influence as well. We concur that animal-based SUCCUBI experiments are indeed less dangerous, but their estrus cycle leads them to be phenomenally more powerful than human subjects. What are your orders?"

“...I see. Thank you, ma’am. We will open the brothel-lab immediately, and install power siphons to capture the excess magical sex energy. If you’ll excuse me, now, I need to jerk off.”