

Pride goeth before the fall, advice that Kinachi failed to heed when he decided to enchant those muffins without checking his notes to see if he was casting the spell itself correctly. In his head, the whole thing was so simple that he didn't *need* to double-check; he'd gone through the motions so many times in his head that, clearly, putting it into practice with some harmless pastries wouldn't be that much of a challenge. It didn't help that the effects themselves were hidden deep in the dough, which is to say they didn't do anything to change the way the muffins *looked*; as far as the Lugia knew, he had successfully enchanted the confectionery so that when anyone ate it, they'd be left in a calm and relaxed state for several hours, all without the need for any additional ingredients that would run both costs and risk of imprisonment up. A win-win scenario as far as he cared, doubly so considering how much his friend Mika needed to relax after such a hard day at work; there had been far more activity than was normal for that time of the week, with the bakery the skunk operated getting dangerously close to running out of stock, and the skunk himself looking so frayed and vulnerable that they didn't even question the Lugia when he asked them for the keys to their apartment above their place of business. Kinachi offered to help with the sales, but by the time he did, Mika had already directed their attention to someone else in line, leaving the visitor to head up and prepare the end-of-day surprise he had in mind. And really, if everything had gone according to plan, and the Lugia had bothered to check his notes on how to properly cast magic, then the two of them *would* have spent the rest of the evening munching on sandwiches and playing video games without a care in the world, as opposed to the innocent-looking muffins being but the first step in what would become the most intense experiences in their entire lives.

All of it unbeknownst to the two hapless friends, of course, neither of whom were aware of what awaited them just half an hour or so after closing time. Kinachi heard the last of the customers file outside, coinciding almost perfectly with Mika letting loose a loud groan-turned-shout that both of them knew was audible from outside in the street; the skunk, however, didn't particularly care if people knew how frustrated and tired he was, because by that point, all he wanted to do was get back to his place, run a shower, and then do absolutely nothing until he finally fell asleep. He was even slightly surprised by Kinachi being there, needing to be reminded that they'd given the Lugia the keys to the apartment, and only after being told that there were muffins waiting did he put all the pieces together and realize why his friend had shown up out of nowhere like that. Sheepishly, the skunk asked for ten minutes to clean up and then rushed into the bathroom, still slightly confused as to how his mind had completely blocked off one of his best friends showing up and heading up to his living space; when he emerged from the shower, wearing a pair of clean shorts and a novelty shirt that hung very close to his knees, all he could think to do was drop onto the couch and forget about everything, getting very close to just falling asleep right there and then until Kinachi carefully placed a muffin under his nose and left it there for him to smell. Somehow, despite the fact that he'd spent an entire day selling confectionery of his own, Mika could always sense the difference between his and the Lugia's baking, mostly because the constant overuse of magic left a certain tint to the scent that his

trained nose could effortlessly detect; just like every other time, he chose not to ask questions and to just devour the pastry without thinking about the consequences, figuring that it was probably just another “calming” spell, as Kinachi insisted on calling them. And for a few minutes, things seemed to be heading down the same path they always did: the two of them sat together, turned the TV on and got ready to pick a game to play while chatting about nothing of consequence, while occasionally taking a muffin from the plate on the table in front of them, completely forgetting about the stresses of everyday life and embracing this simple moment of camaraderie, knowing full well that they were about to be blazed in *very* short order. But, rather than the usual sensation of relaxation, rather than their muscles slowly going limp and their bodies slipping away from their full control, both friends began to feel... tense, like something was wrong about their situation and the atmosphere had suddenly grown a lot more oppressive than before. It took a while before they realized that this tension wasn't coming from without, but from *within*.

The first signs that something went wrong with the spell came when Kinachi did, his fairy-type side reacting especially well to the poorly-cast enchantment he placed on those muffins he'd eagerly devoured. One moment he was relatively fine, if possessed of a certain sense of foreboding doom, and the next he felt his cock twitch, his nuts clench slightly, and a single load of spunk firing into his boxer shorts; it was so inexplicable and came so much out of nowhere that the Lugia didn't even have time to feel embarrassed, with the only emotion he could muster being the utmost confusion at what had just happened, followed by stomach-sinking realization once he felt a second climax slam into him from within, forcing yet another rope of cum to smear itself against the inside of his underwear. Mika, for his part, was blissfully unaware of what had just happened... at least until it did so to him as well, with the two friends looking at one another in silence afterwards, as if to confirm that they weren't imagining it. Whatever calm had been there before had left the building completely with the two young men left paralyzed as they waited for the next wave of pleasure to come take them and whatever was left of their dignities; it wasn't until both of them let out a couple of involuntary means that they decided to act, and even then it was just by getting up and unceremoniously dropping their trousers in an act of pure desperation. Maybe, if they saw what was wrong with them, they'd be able to do something about it... or at least that's what they kept telling themselves, because even after letting their briefs fall to the ground and fully confirming that there was nothing visually wrong with their respective packages, they didn't put anything back on; then again, considering they were still cumming every few seconds, and hard enough that each had to dodge the ropes of spunk fired by the other, perhaps it was best if they *didn't* keep any clothes on. On the other hand, this didn't really do much to help, and in fact only served to leave them both in a state of confused state that mixed together panic, fear and a *lot* of arousal in equal measure; neither of them wanted to admit it, but there was something about what they were experiencing that ticked a lot of boxes that they preferred to keep to themselves, and as the cum kept coming, so too did their ability to hide the fact that they were *enjoying it* on some level start

to falter. They still refused to outright admit it though, and with some part of their brains legitimately terrified of what was happening, it was easy to come up with meaningless expressions of surprise and terror that nonetheless didn't translate into any sort of action taken to prevent yet more spunk from being wasted on the floor. After all, Kinachi could easily snap their fingers and work their magic to fix it, couldn't he?

Well, if only it were that simple. Had the Lugia cast whatever spell he did intentionally, it *would* have been relatively simple, if not entirely lacking in embarrassment; the two of them would have to work overtime in order to try and forget this incident ever happened, but at least the actual cumming would stop. But alas, Kinachi *didn't* know how badly he screwed up the supposedly simple incantation, and even if he did, it wasn't exactly easy for someone to maintain their composure and concentration when under fire from sensations coming from every inch of their bodies at once, owing to the pleasure waves crashing into one another and spread out in directions that they weren't supposed to. Every neuron in his brain was telling the Lugia to just take one of his hands and wrap it firmly around his shaft, to just *accept* the gift that he had inadvertently given himself and ride it out for as long as it lasted, while the rational side of him clung onto the last vestiges of reason and sanity, putting up a strong fight as it kept Kinachi's body from moving at all, lest he do something he'd regret later. And though he didn't know it, his friend Mika was much in the same spot, though at least the skunk had the additional annoyance at having his night "ruined" to draw on for fuel... not that it really did much at all, seeing as he was still having to deal with a dick that wouldn't stop firing his seed at everything it was pointed to, but at least he managed to put on a nice frown before it eventually melted into two glazed, half-open eyes and a drooling mouth. Wouldn't take more than a minute or so before the two friends stumbled backwards onto the couch, slumping onto opposite sides with their heads thrown back and their hands conspicuously placed as far away from their twitching cocks as they could, perhaps believing that if only they kept from pleasuring themselves, if they allowed their bodies to run through the whole process, then they'd eventually run dry and return to normal. Concern or care for appearances were *gone*, as was any awkwardness that might've once existed between them in the short few moments of realization; they had utterly surrendered to the sensations, if only because they had for some reason convinced themselves that what they were going through was temporary, and all they had to do was wait for it to pass.

So they waited. And they kept waiting, even as their cocks continued to twitch and spurt, the loads got thicker and longer-reaching, the sheer *pressure* kept rising even as the amount of cum they were outputting only got worse and worse; slowly, but surely, the realization that the ground would sooner become white than their balls would run empty began to dawn on him, though it took quite a bit of time before it filtered down from their subconscious into anything that resembled their active minds, and even more before they tried to do anything about it. How could they, when every time they tried to move a muscle, it felt as if their bodies actively punished them for it, keeping them firmly rooted in their spot as if to say that they were to sit still and

enjoy what was happening to them? The creeping dread that had taken them over while they were still standing certainly *tried* to make its way back inside their heads, but with the two of them stuck pumping out load after load, second after seconds, leaving their legs and the carpet in such a sorry state, there wasn't a lot they could really do to extricate themselves from the literal mess they were in; even Mika couldn't bring himself to hate it anymore, nor be angry at his friend for bringing this fate upon them... it just wasn't possible, not in the mindstate they were in.

An indeterminate amount of time passed. Minutes, perhaps, or maybe even hours, it was hard to tell; the passage of time became warped when one's mind was constantly under assault by sensations that it was only built to endure for a short burst of time, every neuron they had firing at the same time, again and again, as their cocks continued to twitch and erupt with endless amounts of spunk, far more than they should be capable of producing without any kind of abnormal swelling. Perhaps this was the oddest part about it; it would've at least made *some* sense if their nuts had bloated outwards in order to fit all that extra seed, but both of their packages remained at the exact same size as before, despite the fact that they had clearly emptied out their entire contents several times over by the time the two of them returned to some semblance of consciousness. The ground in front of them was thoroughly coated in a layer of cum that left both the carpet and the floor around it a complete mess, thus removing the option of moving around to get to the bathroom; not only was it legitimately dangerous to try and step through the gunk when they were already barely capable of getting up to begin with, but seeing as the damage was already done, they might as well just go for broke and keep on unloading where they already were... or at least that's what their tired, battered minds could come up with as a justification for why they remained sitting down even after their thought processes returned to them, when they really *should* have tried to do something about the endless flood. Intellectually, they recognized that this was a problem they had to fix, but with their muscles having gone limp and their whole bodies similarly turning into two big wet noodles, their options were seriously limited; not to mention, while their rational sides might be telling them that they should get up and *fix this*, the more animalistic, primal side of them kept repeating the same message, over and over again: just relax. There was no problem here, no big issue, or else dehydration would've already set in; this was clearly just a spell gone wrong, an enchantment gone haywire thanks to the Lugia's inability to remember the proper words for it, and it'd therefore run its course and end... eventually, at least. Therefore, the two of them should focus on enjoying themselves and just indulging in a few hours of mindless release while they still could, and leave the more practical concerns for later; no need to worry about having to scrape cum off the walls and pressure-hose the layers of spunk off the ground for several hours until the point where they *had* to do it, and they were both still releasing, so clearly that point hadn't been reached yet. So the two remained there, their bodies unable *and* unwilling to move as their minds turned into a battlefield between the shards of their fractured psyche, all vying for dominance and for control over whatever remained of the Mika and Kinachi's muscle power; there wasn't a

lot to go around, but it was enough to serve as a legitimate threat for the parts of them that just wanted to relax and enjoy themselves should more responsible impulses prevail.

This is where the two friends finally diverged, for while Kinachi was more than happy to sit there and let his dick keep pumping out copious amounts of cum onto the floor, the small table in front of them, their own legs, chest and even head, the skunk beside him didn't have that luxury. There was something in Mika that told them they had to *do* something about what was happening, even if what that something was didn't exactly form as a coherent thought yet; the confusing images coalesced in their head as something to do with a bathroom and a bathtub, something to do with emptying out somewhere that actually had the ability to withstand such an egregiously oversized release like the one they'd been experiencing. The skunk acted more on instinct than anything else, sinking their fingers into the cum-soaked upholstery in order to push themselves onto a standing position... before promptly falling back down as their legs failed to keep them up for more than a handful of seconds. It took several attempts before they got up and *stayed* up, and even then Mika didn't dare make any other moves; they feared, and quite rightfully so, that the moment they lifted a foot in order to head to the bathroom, the fragile house of cards that was their bodily balance would utterly collapse, causing them to fall down onto the growing, thickening pool of spunk that their living room floor had turned into... and while this wasn't exactly the worst of fates, they *had* gotten on their feet in order to move somewhere, not splatter down into even more cum. If they'd wanted to do *that*, they would've just remained sitting down on the couch, waiting for the constant loads to eventually bury them completely like they were Kinachi; turning around to face the Lugia was a mistake, as the skunk was made fully aware of just what their fate was if they didn't do something about their supernaturally-strong release: themselves, sitting in a corner somewhere, mouth open with drool mixing together with their seed, body shape increasingly unrecognizable underneath an inch-thick layer of cum that only became thicker with time. Kinachi would sooner become caked by their own juices than do anything about it, something that Mika *insisted* they didn't want to happen to themselves, no matter what those other voices in their head said, so they slowly shuffled around without lifting their feet, carefully maneuvering themselves to face the living room door while avoiding too much slippage. They couldn't move normally, that much was a certainty, but they could still drag their feet along and closer to the entrance... at least in theory. As usual, it was far easier said than done, seeing as all the spunk on the floor had reduced friction by a dangerously high amount, making it practically impossible for Mika to move their feet without them trying to slide away and out of their control, *forcing* the skunk to take it far slower than they initially wanted; not that their situation was getting any worse, but it wasn't getting any better either, and the longer he took to get to the door, the more cum ended up smeared all over the floor in front of them, thus making the next leg of the journey unnecessarily harder in a cycle that, try as they might, Mika just couldn't stop nor break out of. They even considered giving up when they were halfway there, just stopping and allowing their body to succumb to the pull of gravity; all that cum on the ground certainly looked appetizing, warm and

inviting, and Kinachi was absolutely enjoying being covered by it if his moans were any indication... but the skunk knew better, they *had* to reach the bathroom, they *had* to get to the tub so they could at least *try* to keep their release contained.

Kinachi, meanwhile, had all-but succumbed to their own magical mishap. If there had been any regret, any apprehension, any shred of resistance to the idea of just sitting there and letting it happen, they were all washed away just as easily as his shame; he couldn't even move his body anymore even if he wanted to, what with it being so thoroughly coated in his own seed that it almost felt like a blanket of sorts: warm, tigh, pressing down on him in just the right amount, keeping him tucked into his odd sleeping position and beckoning him closer to unconsciousness with each passing moment. If Mika was struggling between the side of them that wanted to fix the problem and the one that wanted it to keep going, then Kinachi's mental battlefield was fought over whether the Lugia should remain awake or not; the latter was emboldened by the mental image of going unconscious and then waking up hours later underneath a foot-deep layer of cum flooding the entire apartment, while the former argued that such a thing would be better appreciated if Kinachi remained cognizant throughout the entire process. In the middle of it all, Kinachi himself just... sat there, letting his urges and subconscious impulses fight it out while he enjoyed every moment of his blissful existence: every twitch of his cock, every spurt of cum that produced a rope thicker than he'd ever seen coming out of himself before, every instant that he wondered whether he should bring a hand to that rod, only to find that he lacked the strength to do so. It was an odd sense of powerlessness that didn't at all detract from the experience, as he was subservient not to someone else, but to their own body; if he looked around, all he'd see would be *white*, a thickening and increasingly permeating layer of creamy white on the couch, the walls, himself, *everything*. And that was *his* fault, both directly and indirectly: his fault for fucking up the spell, his fault for panicking and not trying to fix it when he had the chance, and his fault for, well, being half of the problem itself by volume. But rather than fear, rather than apprehension over whether or not Mika would be mad at him, all Kinachi could think about was how *impossibly* pleasurable it all felt, something made even better when the skunk beside him started to moan just as loudly in their flailing attempts at getting up from the couch. The Lugia wondered whether he should say something, maybe try to convince his friend to stop moving and just enjoy himself, but at the end of the day, both of them were still pouring with gallons upon gallons of their spunk, so what use was there to try and dissuade Mika from doing something they had no ability to control? The skunk was probably going to end up slipping and falling anyway, so Kinachi figured it was better if he focused his attention back on himself, on the escalating spiral of insane, mind-bending pleasure that he felt at every waking moment and that he fought to keep holding onto, regardless of how much he knew it was just going to make the recovery that much harder... assuming there even *was* a recovery to begin with. It was one thing to know what spell he cast; that way, at least, he could somewhat tell when the effects would wear off and how they could make them come sooner via conditional triggers. But in the state that he was in right then and there, utterly unable to formulate any thoughts that were longer than

a handful of words, plus being entirely ignorant of just *how* he screwed up the enchantment to begin with? Honestly, there was no way to guarantee that the backfired curse would *ever* stop on its own; in fact, there was a reasonable chance that it would just keep going forever until they stumbled onto whatever action was needed to make it stop working its literal magic... and with the two of them in the state that they were, running through lists of potential solutions wasn't something they'd be capable of doing for *quite* a while, perhaps even longer than when they inevitably passed out from exhaustion and woke up to Mika's apartment having been turned into a large swimming pool full of the world's lewdest custard. And while normally Kinachi would be worried about such a state of affairs, it was hard for him to even bring himself to care; how could he, when the "curse" just felt so... good?