

Loophole
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Chapter 1: Escaping Expulsion

Loophole. n. a means of escape; a method of evading a rule, law, or the penalties thereof.

Mathias recited the definition in his head like a mantra. A loophole was exactly what he needed right now.

He had gotten the notice while he was in the can, of all places. The worst notice a student of the White Rose University of Wizardry could get. The moment it touched his paws, the fur and skin that had made contact turned pitch black and he knew, before he even opened up the message, what it would say. He had been expelled.

He was devastated. Sure, he had been a little ambitious with his research, and a little lax with attendance of actual classes, but he'd never expected the *black letter*. Magic was his *life*. And to receive a black letter with the seal of a white rose on the front? He might as well have been given the kiss of death. But he didn't have long to mope about it. He had seen this happen to a student his freshman year, and he knew that the magical security guards with their enchanted *nightsticks* would soon be banging on the bathroom door.

"No, no, no... there has to be *something*, there has to be *something*," he muttered to himself as he ducked out of the bathroom and behind a column of ancient stone, while security converged on the empty water closet. The dummy he'd set up in there would only fool them for so long, certainly not enough time to scan the library for new information. The administration was all about contracts here. Magical contracts... What did he know about contracts? He would have to look for an ally in faculty territory if he had any hope at all.

He was scared. He knew it was a risky proposition at best. Pick wrong and he stood a good chance of being turned in straight away, or worse, forced into some sort of *apprenticeship* that left him as their personal magical plaything. But he was pretty sure he knew who to avoid. No, he would go *safe*. Safe was his go-to. Safe had served him well. He would go with someone he knew well. Safe. Predictable. *Harmless*. But with the knowledge to help him out of his predicament.

"*Professor Andoras!*" exclaimed the otter, as he strode into the lecture hall only minutes later.

A badger with dark gray-green coat of fur that showed hints of cream at the wrists of his buttoned-up sleeves looked up, and his eyes widened in surprise.

"*Mathias!*" Exclaimed Andoras, adjusting his glasses to make sure he wasn't seeing things. "And to what do I owe the pleasure? Surely you're not here to actually

attend my advanced enchantment class?" In truth, he hadn't seen the otter in nearly a year, aside from when Mathias needed his signature for something.

"To be honest, I've come to you for some *advice*."

"Mathias the genius, deigning to ask advice of little old *me*?" He was only *half* joking. Andoras was head of the department of enchantments and young Mathias was a magical prodigy. Unfortunately, after two years, Andoras had yet to successfully bag the young man as an apprentice. Him and everyone else who had tried. "Tell me Mathias... why are you *really* here."

The otter looked guilty and reluctantly brought out his palm. The black mark told Andoras all he needed to know.

"Ah... I'm sorry to see that, Mathias. It's a shame." The badger bowed his head, doing his best not to crack a grin at the cocky student's comeuppance. Of course, he knew that the school would never really give him up. This was just their way of forcing the boy to stop making the system look bad and apprentice.

The otter shook his head "No, I don't need an apology. I need..." the otter looked around as if someone might be listening in. He drew nearer to the badger and said in a low voice, "I need a *loophole*."

The badger smiled ever so slightly as he heard the edge of desperation in the young otter's voice. "A loophole, you say?"

The otter nodded enthusiastically. "Professor... *sir*... if anyone can help me, you can. I don't know contracts, but I do know that there's always a loophole in the wording. If I could just figure out what it is, I know I could get around the school's security measures and continue my research!"

Andoras's eyebrows went up at the use of *sir*. He had never heard Mathias call anyone sir. He *liked* the sound of sir. He felt a stirring in his pants as an idea began to form in his mind.

"I can help you...", said Andoras, looking down through his spectacles at the desperate otter before him.

"You can?!" exclaimed Mathias, re-invigorated by the glimmer of hope his professor offered.

"Yes, but... no, I don't think it's for you," said the badger, turning away and going to his notes on the board.

"W-what do you mean?" said Mathias, moving to the badger's side in an attempt to meet his gaze once more. "Y-you can *help* me...! You *have to help* me!"

The otter was practically on his knees, begging for the Badger's help, and Andoras was loving it. But aside from the growing bulge in his pants, he hid it well. The

badger set down his chalk, sighed, and pulled off his spectacles, rubbing the bridge of his nose.

“This isn’t going to be easy. There are few things one can do to get around the university wards once you’ve been expelled, and they’re rather extreme. Probably not even worth the risk. It would be much safer to just give up on magic and find another career, you know...”

The otter sputtered. “Wha- Guh- *Give up on magic?! No, no, I can’t. I could never do that!*”

The black mark meant Mathias was incapable of practicing magic, and the truth was, at 18 years of age, magic was the only thing the otter was *good* at. He was clumsy. Self-Conscious. Slow to learn from others. Mathias may have been a genius when it came to magic, but he didn’t even potty train until well into his teens. He’d managed to do so with great difficulty, avoiding the embarrassment of showing up to the White Rose University dorms lugging a case of diapers behind him.

“Please. I don’t care what it takes, I *need* to stay here.”

The badger crossed his arms and gave a skeptical expression, knowing full well that few students would be able to resist the bait he had thrown out for Mathias.

“Well... If you’re really serious about staying at this university, I need to know that you’re willing to do whatever it takes. Are you?”

“I am, sir!”

“Are you sure?”

“I’m sure sir! I absolutely can’t fail here, sir. I’ll do whatever it takes, I swear.”

“Okay then, Prove it.”

The badger unzipped his pants, allowing a smug grin to spread across his face as his semi-hard erection sprang free.

The otter gulped as he looked at the black shaft rising out of the badger’s slacks. He hesitated as it grew longer and harder before his eyes. The badger raised his eyebrows when he saw the Otter hesitate.

“Didn’t think so. Go on, then. Turn yourself in,” said Andoras. He made to zip back up, but the otter stopped him.

“NO... no, I- I’ll do it.”

The otter licked his lips, his heart beating in his ears as he got down to his knees.

I can do this... I can do this... just breathe, he thought to himself. He took a deep breath of calming air as his face went level with the Andoras’s cock and ended up getting a huge whiff of badger musk instead. It smelled faintly of spices, dark green

foliage, a hint of urine, and the overpowering aroma of male sex. Something about the smell made him feel all jittery, put butterflies in his stomach, made his heart pound even harder as he stared at the imposing shaft in front of him. He was snout to tip with the Badger's meaty cock, a hint of charcoal-green fur accenting the black where the base of his penis disappeared into folds of cloth.

Whatever it takes... that's what he said... The otter nodded to himself and let out a shuddering breath. If this was what it took to stay in school, then so be it. He opened his mouth, squeezing his eyes shut as the head of the badgercock came in to rest on his tongue. Andoras didn't move. He just grinned down smirked at his former student, making him do all the work, though it was a battle with his own willpower not to grab the boy's head and face-fuck him right then and there.

Meanwhile, the otter was fighting his own battle. The butterflies in his stomach had migrated up to his chest and down to his crotch as the smell and taste of the Badger's malehood invaded his muzzle. Every breath flooded his senses with more of the scent and the taste of the badger's musky cock. He gently closed his maw around the musky shaft, trapping the scents and flavors inside. He fought the instinct to gag as he pressed his head forward, allowing the flavorful cockhead to slide further up his tongue. He blushed hard as he tasted the badger's savory juices spreading all across his taste buds. He knew that flavor well. It was nearly the same as the flavor of his own cum after his nightly jackoff sessions. His 'midnight snack' was a secret indulgence, but he'd never imagined he'd be tasting the essence of another male. Even more embarrassing, he never imagined it would taste quite this good to him.

"Pick up the speed, young one. I have class in five minutes," said Andoras, holding up his arm and looking at his watch.

The otter had no choice. He began sucking and bobbing his head back and forth over Andoras's hard dark pole.

"That's it. Straighten your neck a bit. There you go. Now bend forward more... yes..."

With a little coaching, the otter was burying his nose in the badger's musky green crotch fur.

"Yes... keep it up... show me how much you want to be here..."

The otter redoubled his efforts, sucking and bobbing like a pro. His cock was hard now, though he was hardly aware of that with all of the sensations assaulting him. The smells, the flavors, the head-pounding pressure, and the butterflies; all of these sensations melded together, leaving him numb to his surroundings and the signals of arousal being sent from his own loins. All his focus was on completing his task.

He barely noticed that with each drip of precum that landed in his mouth, his frame grew a little bit smaller, his muzzle a little bit shorter, his clothes, a little less tidy. Centimeter by centimeter he shrank, the buttons of his dress shirt beginning to blend into the fabric as cartoon characters began to appear on the front. His pants getting

shorter and shorter, creeping up his legs, his underwear taking on a new thickness and weight as he began to dribble warmth into the front of it. It began to puff out under his shorts, a faint crinkling growing louder each time the otter went down on the badger's malehood. The otter continued to dribble into the garment leaving it warm and wet, and as it gained heft, the swollen padding began to rub against the hapless otter's cock, stimulating him further as he rocked his body back and forth .

The change continued little by little until, without warning, the badger drew up his lips, exposing his bright white fangs and pink gums as he released the contents of his balls down the otter's throat.

The otter, not knowing what else to do, swallowed as fast as he could, right up until the badger pulled partially out, resting his cockhead on the otter's tongue to make sure his new apprentice got a good taste of the last spurts of cum.

"Good boy," he said, rubbing the otter's head as the otter smacked his lips, excited and disgusted by the lingering taste of Andoras's spunk.

In the following seconds, the otter lost 8 whole years in age, shrinking to half his size, his adorable shirt now stopping just above his belly button. His pants were now bright blue shorts with crotch snaps while his socks and shoes disappeared entirely. His diapers were already beginning to droop as his rapidly shrinking bladder forced all its pee into the front of it at high pressure, soaking it immediately. In the blink of an eye, he went from a fully grown otter back to the body of a 10-year-old. It all happened so fast, the otter had no chance to stop it or even understand what was happening.

"Uh... wha...?" Mathias looked around, as if waking from a daze, looked down at himself, then back up to the big badger, his mouth open in shock.

"What... why... what... *why am I small?!*"

"It's simple transductive magic. I moved your age into the sperm you just drank. I might have regressed you a little more than I intended, though... or have you always worn diapers?"

"Wh- how?" said Mathias, his eyes widening in surprise as he realized that Andoras might know something he didn't about magic. "Why?!"

"You *said* you would do *whatever it takes* to stay. And then you got between my legs and *showed* how much you wanted to be there."

The otter gasped and sputtered, his face growing hot as he realized the badger had never specified *where* the otter was to stay. Apparently it was on his knees with his nose buried in the Badger's musky green bush.

"No! Th-that's not what I-"

"*I'd* say that constitutes a magical contract. I fulfilled my part; I regressed your body to before you got the black letter. So now you are going to do whatever I tell you in order to satisfy your end, *apprentice*."

“No, no, no! This is all wrong!” said the otter, holding his head and moaning. “You can’t! Change me back!”

The otter groaned as he realized he was in the same dorky clothes his mom made him wear when he was entering puberty. It was only the University’s uniform requirement that saved him from entering school still dressed like a toddler, and he did not relish the idea of reliving such an embarrassment in his adult years.

“Sorry, little guy, but this change is permanent, and I’m afraid you won’t be able to live in the dorms on your own anymore. Don’t worry, though, you won’t just be my apprentice; I’m going to *adopt* you. I’ll look after you as if you were my own son, and I’ll make sure to feed you plenty of *Daddy’s* yummy badger milk to help you stay small and submissive. And after all, it *is* in your contract.

“B-B-But I thought this was just a test... a one-time thing! ... I didn’t think I was going to be made into... into... *this!*” The otter held out his paws and one of his crotch snaps popped open, as if on cue.

Andoras smiled. Mathias’s sagging shorts and his small stature made quite the picture. He would make an excellent apprentice.

“You thought wrong. Now hush and get on the desk, *son*. You need a change, and my students are about to come in... Unless you want one of *them* to change you while I lecture. Would you like that?”

The little otter froze, looking longingly toward the door and then to his new ‘Dad’ holding his arms out to pick him up. He had always snickered when he saw an unfortunate apprentice being humiliated or toyed with. Now he had a sinking feeling that he was going to find out just what it was like.

Mathias bolted for the door, but his sprint looked more like a high stepping awkward waddle and the badger’s arms reached out and picked him up with no problem.

“Gotcha!” said Andoras, grabbing the little otter under the armpits.

“No! Let me go!” cried Mathias, as he was lifted up onto the desk and his legs were brought up from under him, landing him squarely on his back. The otter struggled but a sharp glance from the badger and a swat on the rear quieted him down. He covered his face as the students began to trail into the lecture hall.

“Stay right there,” said Andoras, reaching into his bag. “I have something I’ve been saving for the occasion...” The badger’s paw gripped a dark green object. Mathias risked a peek and gasped at what the Badger held up in his paws. He was going to be one of *those* apprentices.

“Andoras, I swear to the gods if you put that thing on me...”

The badger grabbed the little otter’s chin and leaned in close, speaking in a low and deadly voice.

“That’s *sir*. You will call me *sir* from now on, am I understood?”

Several students gawked at the young otter – young, but still clearly too old for diapers – being laid down for a diaper change on the Professor’s desk.

“Is that a kid?”

“Nah, gotta be a new apprentice -- look at the collar the professor is putting on him.”

“Hey! His paws are black...”

”ohhh... wait... Is that-?”

Just then, two security guards burst in.

“Excuse us, Professor. Have you seen Mathias? He was last seen around here and we need to escort him off of university property.” That’s when one of them spotted the otter on the desk with the tell-tale black paws.

“A-ha! There you are! We can see you have the black mark. No fooling us, Mathias. We’re here to take you...” the guard who was speaking stopped mid sentence as he took in the scene. The little otter’s shorts were bulging at the seams from an obviously wet diaper, and he was wearing a thick dark green collar the color of the Professor’s fur.

“Are you speaking of my new apprentice? We already sealed our magical contract. He will be staying right here with me for the foreseeable future.”

Expecting the guards to protest this arrangement, Mathias braced for the shouting, but the guards just smiled and shook Andoras’s paw.

“Congratulations!” said one.

“I knew you’d get him,” said the other, leering down at the otter. “Looks like a fitting form for him too”

“Great work, you two,” replied Andoras. ‘Come back after class and I’ll make sure you get your reward. You can help me break my new pet in. He’s already made good use of his mouth with me.’ The guards beamed brightly at the praise, and then blushed, their pants quickly tenting at the professor’s suggestion.

“W-well,” said a large mouse guard, his ears turning visibly red. “That’s very generous of you, but...” He looked distinctly uncomfortable with the offer, especially in front of the students.

The second guard, on the other hand, was positively drooling at the prospect.

“F-fuck... I haven’t gotten any in a while,” said the second guard, a beefy skunk, whose powerful crotch-musk Mathias could smell from the desk. “We’ll be here. Isn’t that right, squeaks?”

The mouse gulped and nodded as the skunk stared him in the eyes, daring him to say no. The two of them bid the professor adieu and made their exit, the skunk's erection snaking down his uniform pants and causing him to walk stiffly while the mouse hunched forward, hands at his crotch, in an attempt to hide his obvious arousal.

"Wha? What's going on?" Mathias asked, completely confused by the friendly exchange. It wasn't until the guards were out the door that he put two and two together. He had been tricked! This was all just a ruse to get him to apprentice to someone. And he had made a very unfortunate choice.

Apprenticeship was a rite of passage for magicians, but there were many kinds of apprentice. There was the purely platonic relationship - though such a thing was rare in the testosterone laden environment of the all-male University. Much more common was something between a mentorship and a romantic relationship. Then there were the submissives, apprentices who would be collared by their mentor/master and forced into all manner of naughty situations at their master's pleasure. All apprentices were at the mercy of their mentors for as long as those mentors chose, and collared apprentices often stayed that way for life.

"Alright everybody, settle down," called Andoras to the class. "As you may have noticed, we have a new assistant today."

He gestured toward the nervous looking otter on the desk.

"Everyone, meet my new apprentice – *Mathias DuPont*. Say hello to the class, Mathias."

If it had been the professor's intent to calm the class down, his little speech had the opposite effect. Gasps and murmurs of recognition filled the lecture hall as the students realized who the new apprentice was. The more astute of them made note that the last name given was that of the professor's - DuPont.

"It'll be just a moment before we begin, this little guy's diaper needs tending to."

The badger smiled at the little otter and unbuttoned his sleeves, rolling them up mid-forearm.