

Loophole
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Chapter 2: First Assignment

“Now where were we?”

Mathias groaned as the professor pulled a handkerchief out of his pocket and transformed it into a heavy-weight diaper with little baby badgers running all across the front. With one deft pull, all of the snaps on the inside seam of the otter’s shorts came undone, revealing the soaked and leaking yellow diaper. His deft paws quickly had all four tapes undone.

“Oh, my my,” said the Badger, grinning down at the little otter as he pulled down the front of the garment. “You really *do* need these don’t you? Oh... look here, somebody’s pee pee seems to like their diapers too.”

“I d-d-don’t like diapers!” whispered Mathias, humiliated beyond anything he’d ever felt. He could feel the eyes of his fellow classmates - scratch that, *former* fellow classmates - boring into him as his padding lay open baring his crotch for all to see.

The badger grinned and swiped a finger over the sensitive finger of pink poking out of the otter’s sheath. “This little guy says different!”

The badger than straightened himself up to his full height and looked out at the class.

“Today, our little assistant is going to help us practice a very particular form of charm. Charming a ring. And the ring in question is this.”

The badger reached into his bag and pulled out a piece of metal which, with a flourish of his paw, became a tiny chastity cage perfectly sized for a 10-year-old otter.

The din of the classroom grew as students began to comment, giggle, or laugh. The badger raised a paw to calm the chatter.

“Yes, it’s a chastity cage. And for those of you who *graduate*...” He let the word hang in the air for a moment to let the importance of his message sink in. “You may find this more useful than you know. The first step is to form the object from base materials as I have here. The second step is to charm it, like so.”

The badger spoke in low tones, passing his hand over the cage, which glowed faintly for just a moment.

“Finally, we will place the cage on the subject, and see how well it prevents him from achieving an orgasm.”

The otter lay there, his mouth hanging open in horror as the badger pulled his little plums through the ring, and brought the top of the cage down over his prick. The cage was an open design, rods of stainless steel curved in a tiny dome-shape. His penis should have stopped it, but instead, it instantly shrank when the metal touched it,

just enough for the cage to come together securely. The click of a tiny lock let him know that he was not getting out of this cage unless Andoras wished it.

“There’s the cage. And now to apply stimulation to his little peepee.”

Andoras brought out a leaf of stinging nettle and chanted an incantation, rubbing it over the outside of the cage. A jolt of electric sexual energy instantly shot down the poor otter’s shaft. Soon, he was groaning and humping the air, careless of the gaze of every other fur in the room. He just needed to get off.

“Can you come, little one?”

“Nhhh... hnnn.... I’m- I’m so close... So close!”

“Then go ahead and do it, if you can?” The badger crossed his arms and smiled a satisfied smirk as the otter tried to grab the cage and jerk himself off. He growled in frustration, precum dripping from his soft little shaft. He felt like he was stuck on the edge of an amazing orgasm, past the point of no return, yet never reaching the climax.

“And there you have it, gentlemen. Once we have completed our cages, we will test each and every charmed cage on my eager apprentice. An acceptable charm will stimulate the subject enough to keep them constantly aroused, but not enough to allow them to achieve orgasm. The best one will become a permanent part of his wardrobe.

The students were already clamoring to make notes as each and every one of them was eager to see the arrogant prodigy humbled in their cage, but what the professor said next got them really excited.

“Oh, and those of you who are able to create an exceptional charm will stay after class and help my apprentice learn that he is meant to give orgasms to *others* and not himself.”

The pace of work in the classroom was on overdrive as all the students rushed to complete their assignments. The professor smiled, looking from the students to his squirming apprentice who was still begging for release. This was a better idea than he thought. He got to take the cockiest student in school down a peg; his students were more motivated in class than ever before; and he got to play with his adorable new toy.

The poor otter had his paws on the cage doing everything he could to get off.

“So... close... gotta... cum...” he said, in his now much higher voice.

Ah, ah, ah, little one,” said Andoras, aping up his diaper. “None of that.”

Andoras’s paw shot out to the horny little otter’s tummy to hold him still while he brought up the front of the diaper.

“Your hands stay above your waist at all times from now on. That’s *Daddy’s* domain now.”

“D-daddy?” said Mathias, blushing under his fur as he tried to thrust his hips to no avail.

“That’s right, sweet pea. I’m your Daddy now. And you will call me sir or Daddy at all times. It doesn’t matter which. But if you call me by anything else, then you’re going to wish you hadn’t. So don’t forget.”

This was enough to send a shiver down Mathias’s spine. He had seen subby apprentices publicly punished before, often tied up in heavily trafficked parts of the university where students and staff alike could see - and use - their exposed bodies.

“No, sir, I won’t,” he said with a whimper.

“Good ott,” said Andoras. The moment he said it, the little otter felt a warm feeling blossom in his chest and spread throughout his whole body - except, of course, for his cock. He smiled, his eyes glazing over slightly as the effects of his master’s praise kicked in like a drug.

“Does that feel good, little ott? Yes, you can find being my apprentice to be quite pleasurable as long as you do what I say. With my guiding hand, you’ll become a *very* good ott so you can feel like this all the time. And when you’re a *bad* ott, well...” The badger grinned, showing his fangs as he stroked the little otter’s cheek. “I’ll make sure you remember not to repeat your mistakes.”

Mathias whimpered, wondering just what sort of punishments his devious professor might come up with.

“Oh, don’t worry, little one,” said Andoras. You only have to learn one rule to be good for *Daddy*. You just have to listen to what Daddy tells you, and then you will be a *good ott*. You want that, don’t you?”

Mathias found himself nodding. Voices whispered at the edge of his awareness. He *did* want that. Being a good ott for Daddy felt good. The feeling slowly ebbed away, leaving him aware that those were not in fact his thoughts. He shook off the feeling, as a new terror gripped him. It was an *enchantment*.

“What are you doing Mathias?!” He squeaked. He immediately regretted it as the badger gave him a dark look and picked up a ruler.

“You’ve just earned your first punishment. So soon, too,” he said, shaking his head. He untaped the little ott’s diaper once more and drew his hand back. “Legs up,” he commanded.

At first the otter resisted, but the collar soon tightened and he was compelled to comply. The badger took his ruler and rubbed the otts tight little sac. “You’re such a quick learner of magic, Mathias. Let’s see how quickly you learn discipline...”

Meanwhile, students were working at a feverish pace to complete their projects within the hour. Some were in such a hurry that they ended up with imperfect cages that

didn't clock properly, or reverted back to the base materials after a minute or two. They grumbled in frustration and had to start again.

"Haste makes waste," stated a ferret, who methodically followed the necessary steps to create a perfect cage for his former rival. Telran was one of the top students in the school, and Mathias had been a thorn in his side from the beginning. Seeing his cage on Mathias would be a crowning achievement for his academic career. He would not make any stupid mistakes due to haste.

Nearby, another student's charm misfired. "Oh, no!" said the unfortunate fox, pulling down his pants in alarm as his penis began to glow bright pink. The nearest students noticed and began to laugh as his penis shrank until barely an inch poked out of the sheath. "I can't feel my dick!"

The fox ran out of the classroom yelling that same phrase at the top of his lungs and the class applauded. Several students slowed their pace considerably once they saw what was happening to the more hasty of the scholars among them.

The badger smiled down at his new apprentice. "You're being a very good otter lying there with your legs up and your hands out of the way. I just want you to remember how this feels the next time you think about shooting off your mouth to Daddy.

And with that he brought his paw up, letting it hang there for several seconds as the otter whimpered in terrible anticipation.

In an instant, the hard wooden ruler sailed through the air, making a distinctive *SMACK* that caused half the class to jump in their seats. Eyes turned to the front of the class once more as students turned their attention from their projects back to the pitiful otter whose tight little balls were getting beaten.

You might think that the otter would have cried out at the pain. In fact, quite the opposite occurred. That first strike knocked the wind out of him, causing his stomach to contract involuntarily as the pain shot through him. Fresh pee dribbled out of his caged little dick as all the muscles in the lower half of his body contracted in agony.

"I think you'd better suck on this," said the Badger, knowing that silence wouldn't last for long.

A pacifier was pressed into the otter's maw, and with an incantation he found he could not remove it. He crossed his eyes and tugged at it with first one, then both paws, but it wouldn't budge whether he pushed, pulled, or twisted. While his focus was on the pacifier, the badger pulled back his wrist and let loose with another strike to the otter's sack. He screamed into the gag, squeezing his legs together as tears began to form in his eyes.

"Has the little otter learned his lesson?" asked Andoras.

The otter nodded vehemently.

"Good. I trust we won't have to have this conversation again?"

The otter nodded again, turning his head to see how much of the class had watched that exchange. Many students had forgotten their projects altogether and were staring open mouthed. A few were tented and rubbing themselves absent-mindedly as they watched Mathias in his new position as the professor's plaything. The more astute students, however, saw this for the distraction it was and continued at their work, or used the opportunity to sabotage the distracted students in any way that they could.

"You have fifteen more minutes," said the Professor, taping up the sodden diaper once more.. "Don't forget we need time to test all those cages out. Come down as soon as you have finished."

The first student down was a slight-bodied lizard. He shakily held his ebony cage out for the Professor to inspect. The professor didn't even touch it.

"Disqualified," he said, not even giving it a glance.

The lizard was shocked and offended.

"But you didn't even look-"

"If you're so confident it works, why don't you try it yourself?"

The lizard looked like he had just been punched in the gut. Try it? On himself?

"Weren't you listening? I said put it on."

The badger looked down at him and adjusted his glasses. From the viewpoint of most students nothing happened, but the lizard could swear he saw Professor DuPont's eyes flash blue for a second before he began to undo his belt.

"H-Hey, what's-"

"Quiet," said the badger, and the lizard's mouth snapped shut. His own body was working against him. The otter watched on, seeing exactly what was happening as the horrified lizard watched his own hands work at the clasp to his slacks, drop them down, and pull out his penis. *Fool* he thought, as the lizard closed his own cage around his manhood. The black material seemed to tremble a bit, and then the whole thing came apart with a dramatic puff of smoke.

"I-I don't understand..." he said, as the cage crumbled in his hands.

"That cage was tampered with," said Andoras. "If you had put it on anyone else, it would have ended up on you and you would have been unable to remove it. That was the easiest way to neutralize it. You're welcome. Now please remove yourself from my class"

The lizard looked crushed as he trudged out of the classroom to the laughter of his classmates. A few of the higher level students looked at each other and grinned. This was another reason Mathias avoided classes. Professors and classmates alike could be downright hostile. He had had enough humiliation in his life *before* coming to

the White Rose University. He had no desire to risk more of the same. And yet, here he was.

“You might want to double check your work before you present it as complete,” said Andoras, adjusting his glasses and looking at the class. Suddenly a whole lot of students were second guessing themselves. Now no one wanted to go down there first.

Jornace, a large bear who had been eyeing the little otter the whole class chuckled and shook his head. Intimidation and mind games wouldn't work on him. He knew that a good wizard couldn't afford to second-guess himself.

“I'll do it, you cowards.”

He stood up, sporting an obvious chubby which he had had since spotting the smaller fur on the desk. Mathias' eyes bulged when he saw it. Everyone knew Jornace had one of the thickest cocks on campus. He caught a whiff of musk from the bear as he neared the desk, holding his blue-silver cage aloft.

Professor Andoras looked interested, which was a feat in itself.

“You may try it on the otter,” he said, snapping his fingers.

The cage unlocked itself and the bear was able to switch out the cage with his own. His cage was made of simple thick straight bars that looked a little heavy on the small otter's diminutive boyhood, but it fit snugly enough.

Mathias immediately felt an intense sexual stimulation from the cage. He whined, as he stuck his nose up in the air. That smell - the smell of bear-musk. He couldn't help himself, he had to have more of it. He found himself crawling forward on the desk toward the bear, making a beeline for his crotch.

“Hey there, little buddy,” said the bear, resting his hand on the little otter's head as he dove muzzle first into Jornace's crotch.”

The otter whimpered and moaned, turned on by the masculine scent emanating from between the powerful bear's thighs. The whole class gasped as it looked like the otter might be getting ready to blow his load. However, as satisfying as it was, it was nowhere near getting him off.

“You want a taste? Maybe after class,” said the bear, pushing the otter hard enough to send him sprawling on his little behind.

“Excellent,” said Andoras, smiling at the bear. “You will be staying after class.”

“Does that mean he won?” Whispered the student in front of Telran. “Hardly,” Telran replied, though the question wasn't addressed to him. “I haven't shown my cage yet.”

Several more students went before Telran. He let them go, even though he had finished first, because he liked watching the little otter squirm.

One bunny student's cage created too much stimulation and the badger had to intervene to insure that the otter had a ruined orgasm, and that his balls refilled with seed quickly so he was ready for the next cage. With a flick of the wrist from Andoras, the cage zapped onto the student, who immediately started moaning, realizing with horror that there was no lock.

"H-how do I get this off?!"

"Figure it out yourself, fluff butt." Said Andoras. "But first, hands on the desk."

The student then endured several sharp whacks to his furry testicles from the Professor's ruler and ran out of the classroom with his tail - and his paws - between his legs, much to the amusement of Telran and the rest of the students.

After a few more minutes, Telran stood up and walked calmly toward the otter.

Telran stared his former rival right in the eyes as he approached. Andoras smiled.

"Telran. I was wondering when you would decide to come down. You've been finished for some time. What kept you?"

"Just enjoying the view," said the ferret, grinning as he approached the otter from the side. "May I?"

"By all means," said Andoras, sliding his hand sideways in the air, and causing the bear's cage to come apart in sync with his movements. Then the otter began to struggle, indignant at being made to submit to his arch rival and the badger made another motion with his foreclaws, causing two wide green cuffs which matched the collar to coil around the otter's wrists and ankles, then drop, holding fast to the desk.

Telran grinned at the now immobile otter. He held an elegant jade cage with a dragon motif in his hand.

"This pretty little piece of jewelry should go nicely with the new apprentice's collar," he said, amusement evident in his voice. "I hope you like it, little one. Actually, I don't really care if you like it; but it's going to *love* you. Soon enough you and this little cage will be inseparable."

The elaborately carved cage, which had plenty of openings and details to show off the little otter's captive dicklet, slid into place. First the heavy jade ring, which would ensure that its presence was always felt, was slid on over his semi-hard cock. The little otter's balls were pulled through next, causing him to yelp and squirm in pain as they were squished through. Next came the diminutive tube of carved jade, which fused itself like liquid at the spots of contact before becoming a single solid piece.

Tears of frustration beaded the regressed otter's eyes as his former rival towered above him. The cage seemed to be coaxing his erection out but he felt no pleasure in it. He couldn't understand why, but even as more precum began dripping from his shaft, he could feel every sensation associated with his shaft being manipulated except the pleasurable parts.

“Wondering why you can’t feel good in that cage, little ott?” asked the Ferret, rhetorically. “I’ll tell you why. That dragon eats pleasure. That’s right. Any pleasurable sensation you manage to generate down there will be diverted to the dragon, strengthening its power.

“Oh, well done indeed, said the badger, clapping with glee.

The bear frowned, feeling that the ferret had bested him.

The otter was dismayed that his pecker had been shrunk down to such miniscule proportions, and was now to be trapped, denying him any release. It’s not like he had a large one to begin with, but now with his 10-year-old body, it looked positively infantile. As is to prove the point, dribbles of urine spilled out onto the open padding, reminding him that at any moment, he was likely to leak more pee pee without any way of stopping it.

“Why?!” was all the fallen star could manage to squeak out.

The Ferret chuckled as he watched his nemesis realize his complete humiliation.

“The problem with geniuses is they’re all lazy. Everything comes easy to them so they never learn to try hard. They don’t spend hours studying. They don’t even come to class.” This last one was meant as a direct jab toward Mathias. “I hope you serve as an example to every student out there who thinks that natural talent and smarts is enough for them to stay on top and look down on those of us who pour our blood and souls into learning and improving our abilities.”

“That’ll be enough, Telran. You may be seated and leave the lecturing to me.”

Telran returned to his chair, a self-satisfied grin on his muzzle.

After that showing of impressive skill, the other students were reluctant to even try, lest they humiliate themselves with their inferior creations.

“Is that all?” asked Andoras, looking around expectantly at the remaining students. “I’ll say this much - I don’t need to see anyone else’s work who does not have the confidence to present it after they have seen truly excellent wizardry. You may set Telran and Jornica’s work as something to aspire to.” At this, both of the students in question beamed with self-satisfied pride. The professor continued.

“I ask you once more, is there no other student who wishes to present their work?”

A small voice could be heard, just barely over the sound of shame from the class and the echoes of the badger’s own resonant voice.

“Well then. If there is no one else, class is dismi- what? What was that?”

He paused as the sound repeated itself, a little more loudly this time. It was coming from a mild-mannered fox, slight of build, who usually escaped his classmates' notice.

"What? Was that, Yarikh? Speak up, boy."

"I will show my cage."

The fox stepped out into the aisle and made his way down, his face carrying a look of keen determination and restrained enthusiasm.

"And what is this," said Andoras, adjusting his glasses to peer down at the thin wire-frame chastity cage the fox held in his hands. It had no adornments. The color was dully metallic. Much like its creator, nothing marked it as out of the ordinary.

The students began to murmur and jeer at the audacity of the fox to present such a humble looking offering to the head of the Department of *Enchantments*.

"SILENCE!!!" boomed the badger's voice, freezing every student in his tracks and causing the fox to flinch, slightly, though he still held his paws aloft with his submission.

The badger peered at the cage a few seconds longer, his face a stone mask showing neither pleasure nor disdain.

"Interesting.... Very interesting." he said to himself.

Andoras made a slicing motion, rubbing his palms across each other, and the stone cage cleaved in two at the point of contact. He gripped the ring and tugged it off the otter, eliciting another bout of squeaking and squirming as his balls resisted being squished through again. The otter's tiny sac simply did not have that much stretch, though, and that resistance was only fleeting before the ring was able to slide free of the otter's body.

The fox looked up at the badger, and Andoras nodded his assent. Yarikh brought his paws forward, and Mathias winced, expecting another painful experience. Instead the cage seemed to lose its solidity and stream over Mathias's member, returning to form perfectly fitted over his cock, then gradually turning the same color as his fur, before glowing and fading from view.

The otter blinked. It had disappeared. And yet no base materials appeared in its place. If it had been a failure, the components should still be there in some form - even as vapor.

Some of the class began to snigger, writing it off as yet another failed attempt from an incompetent student, but most of the onlookers were just confused.

The badger said nothing. He simply raised his eyebrow and nodded at the little fox, who blushed slightly, looking a little bashful. Yarikh snapped his fingers, and the cage reappeared in the form of glowing light.

The otter's back arched at the intense sensation of cold moonlight - that was the only way he could describe it. He let out a voiceless squeak as his balls churned and his need grew, yet no relief could be found. Not even when the badger released the cuffs and allowed him to frantically try to stroke himself off.

"You will not be able to," said the fox, quietly. "This cage follows the cycles of the moon. It glows brighter and increases your need when the moon waxes, and it disappears from view when it wanes, but you will never find pleasure from within its confines as long as it covers your malehood."

But the otter was beyond hearing, beyond listening. He was desperate to get off, and in a sexual frenzy, he began to try anything he could imagine to get himself off. He tried to finger himself while reaching for the fox's pants, but the fox was too quick. He reached for Andoras's pants to pull out his already stiff member, and the professor stood there, a grin playing across his muzzle as the otter debased himself, in front of the class.

The fox snapped his fingers again and the cage's light faded to a very low level, reflecting the state of the moon at the time. The otter stopped mid stroke, looking up at the badger first then glancing askew to see the class, his little paw still gripping the badger's turgid member. He pulled his head back and the badgercock came out of his tight little mouth with a pop.

"Eep!" he squeaked, covering his face in humiliation at his depraved conduct.

Andoras cleared his throat. "Students. I want you to remember what you saw here today. Being a great wizard is not about puffery or bragging rights. Boasting about your accomplishments does not make you great. Feeling satisfied with past achievements does not make you great. Impressing your classmates *does not make you great*. A great wizard does not boast about how great he is, because his work speaks for itself. And this, my students... this... is simply... brilliant," As Andoras said this, a small tear rolled down his cheek. He began a slow clap. And soon, the whole class was clapping and cheering as the fox stood there, not knowing what to do with himself and looking quite uncomfortable with all the attention.

"I believe we have our winner!" said Andoras. "and two excellent runners up. Class is dismissed. I will see you all in two days for our next lesson. We will be making and testing enchanted tail plugs. Be sure to bring a toadstool as one of your components!"

The class began to file out, chattering excitedly and sporting erections that could drill a hole in an iron door. Behind them trailed the musky scent of a roomful of horny men, and no doubt several would be taking it out on the smaller and more submissive classmates before long. The four horny furs in the room wouldn't have to wait very long at all, however, as their prey was right in front of them, and at their mercy.

The otter's heart began to thump in his chest as he his eyes darted from the hungry looking bear to the grinning ferret, the amused and lecherous badger, the keenly curious fox, and finally to the two guards, who had just poked their head in the door.

The badger snapped his fingers.