

## Just One More Drop

An explosion shattered the peaceful evening. Debris plumed in a black geyser and dispersed over posh Scalesborough, its firmament quaking with ominous aftershocks.

Blocks over, spotlights intended to advertise a ritzy restaurant's gala pierced the dust to focus on a rapidly rising shape. Aimed stories above expensive homes and the highest of haughty administrative offices, one would expect the lights to illuminate swaths of brick, glass, metal.

Instead they found a football field of fur. Russet strands with busted chunks of house and furniture caught in their branch-thick tangle.

A figure resolved through the cloud: taller than a skyscraper, too titanic for the city's ambience to illuminate in full. Chiseled out of hill-sized muscles and hung with a bobbing blimp between its—*his*, most certainly *his*—legs.

Percussion rippled miles outside Scalesborough's walls. Citizens in districts of all sizes, from towering dragons to foot-tall mice, all felt equally pathetic as they turned in the giant's direction.

The sound came a second time. On hearing it again, some pieced together syllables. Sonorous, bestial:

*"A-de-lon-daaaaa."*

Millions held their breath. All hanging on this behemoth's next words. Desperate to hear his demands so as to better appease them.

*"I... want... mooooore!"*

Silence gave way to a crescendo of shouts. Emergency alarms. Honking car horns.

The skyscraper had begun to move.

**One Week Ago**

Any other fox would have looked like a child. Dwarfed by every structure, piece of furniture, and resident of Scalesborough. It was the city's draconic district. Gated at every border by brick wall, both on account of wealth and for smaller species' safety.

Andy Renard wasn't just any fox. He was the largest one alive. The largest mammal alive. And in a few short minutes, when the door his hungry amber eyes had been boring a hole through this past hour finally opened, that title would be amended one last time:

He would be the largest *man* to have ever lived.

Cheek propped to palm, Andy sprawled sideways atop a modern white couch. Its frame was solid steel out of necessity. A wooden frame would balk at his tonnage. He was statuesque, and not "for a fox." He had more in common with lampposts than his puny pedigree. He was statuesque. Period.

And he earned that descriptor twofold. First because of his motionlessness, second because he had the sort of exaggerated figure only statues should. As if his sculptor wanted to carve a brutal old-world god in the modern day. Gouging a groove between corded pecs firm as marble. Sectioning thighs and biceps and calves into leaden balloons of sinew.

A bodybuilder's hulking bulk with the face of a monster. Maw vicious and huge. Saber fangs stabbing down even with his lips at emotionless rest. Not to mention he was over a story tall and weighed as much as the average car—which he could bench press just as handily.

The russet beast wouldn't have seemed real if not for his ribbed white muscle shirt and mesh gym shorts. Bare minimum clothing an afterthought that brought him back to the level of mere mortal. A courtesy extended to the world around him; he could play their game and pretend he was their equal. For now.

But back to *statuesque*...

Oh, he liked that word.

Andy was no statue however. He was alive. And though he was too great a mammal to look it: still a fox. Still a predator, keen-eyed and with instincts well used to lying in wait in his mansion. Technically his girlfriend's, but if she belonged to him what was hers was his.

Every now and then his tail animated to perform a restless swish. Its bushy six-foot length of oranges and browns glided against the couch's backrest, betraying a twinge of impatience.

Impatience only an addict could suffer while awaiting his next fix.

Not that he was worried. For all her hem-and-haw hesitation, Andy knew Adelonda wouldn't run... Though if they were both aware of how apocalyptically out of hand their fantasies would grow, maybe she would have considered it.

Then again, maybe not.

His ears perked at the sound of the door opening. A voluptuous hourglass silhouetted sunlight. She turned away to ease the door shut, careful not to make a sound that would attract Andy's attention. Unaware she already had it. When the door closed and she faced the spacious marble-floored den, her body seized. As though she had spied a wild animal in her mansion, rather than her boyfriend of over a year.

"Andy," Adelonda said, tone flat with nerves.

Andy licked his chops. He wanted to claw those clothes right off her. Take what he had been waiting for. Fuck her on the floor until she passed out.

Instead, he held a hand up and beckoned with a curl of his finger.

Adelonda obeyed, creeping across the room. Toe claws clacking against the floor. Scaled feet producing a weighty *thud-thud-thud* that betrayed her unstoppable heft. Confidence used to

brim from her the way her curves brimmed out her crop top and short-shorts: sapphire-colored, a direct contrast to her ruby skin.

That brimming confidence wasn't gone, per se. More like *stolen*. Same as Adelonda herself, it belonged to Andy now. Insidiously sapped away with each foot he gained towards her stature. Grown up from some sad thigh-high twig of fluff that she could send to the ER with a lap dance.

She was the definition of *thick*. Delicious curves leaving his predatory side salivating as if he were inside a butcher shop. Swaying hips heaving left-right-left in a constant dance commanding sexual attention. Breasts that used to weigh more than Andy himself heaving ahead of her. Adelonda was a red dragon, incumbent apex predator...

...for the next several minutes, at least.

Andy's anatomy rippled as he rose to meet his girlfriend. His paws swung over the edge of the couch and pounded the floor with strength he still didn't fully know. Pressure flexed valleys into his thigh muscles as they bore the burden of his full weight.

With how he and Adelonda carried themselves, it'd be easy to assume *she* would be the one craning her neck to look up at him. But at his current monstrous height, Andy's eye level only made it to her slender, vulnerable throat. He watched it do a nervous bob before meeting her eye.

"Do you have it?" he asked. No point chit-chatting over how her trip went. Or giving her a kiss on the lips. Their relationship had evolved; there was only one thing either cared about in that moment.

"It cost a lot, and he tried to talk me out of it." While speaking, Adelonda reached through the pronounced V-cut of her revealing top. With a bust like hers, she had no need for a

purse. “But...” His breath caught, immense heart skipping a beat at the sight of what she fished out. “...I got it.”

It was out of her hands before she could complete that sentence. Andy pinched the little glass vial, smaller than his meaty fingers and filled with what looked like grape juice. Very unassuming. But he of all foxes knew big things came in small packages. A flick of his thumb claw blew the cap off.

Adelonda gave an intent stare to the vial in his hand. With a chest enormous as hers, it was obvious whenever she inhaled. But her breasts were still—breath bated while she waited for her boyfriend to wolf down the formula.

“What happened to those second thoughts?” he mocked.

Adelonda blinked. Her stare flicked from the vial to Andy’s eyes. “Like I said, my associate is tapped out.” When he smiled, she added, “*Completely,*” with a harsh inflection. “Remember our deal, alright?”

“Don’t worry. I’ll keep my profile low enough. I haven’t left your property since my last growth spurt, have I?” Andy gave her a wink. “You’ve given me plenty of good reasons not to.”

Adelonda grimaced. “It’s been getting harder to walk straight in public.”

Since reaching this height, Andy had been confined to Adelonda’s mansion. No one would raise a brow at a 13’ dragoness like herself—but a 12’ fox? That was front-page news. He was her big secret. Her big horny secret. He had warned his girlfriend, told her they would be making what had once been a kink into their lifestyle.

He was much too big for his old job. She had to take responsibility. To feed him, to satiate his every desire. In the physical sense, she had her work cut out—the serum’s side-effects did *not* fuck around. Andy was Adelonda’s pet. Her gluttonous, monstrous pet. Or maybe not.

...after all, they both knew who *really* belonged to who.

“Open your mouth,” Andy ordered.

Adelonda retreated a step back in surprise. “Wait, you want *me* to get bigger?”

“Did I say that?” He caught her chin in his palm, claw tips digging into sumptuous cheek scales. With his thumb claw he probed her bottom lip, repeatedly flicking it. “Open. Your. Mouth. Just don’t swallow.”

Adelonda still had an entire foot on Andy, but where her figure epitomized everything a woman should be, he was the pinnacle of what a man *could* be. For Adelonda’s every plush inch of thigh fat, Andy countered with stone-solid quadriceps. For every hundred pounds of breast flesh that bounced ahead of Adelonda’s chest, Andy had bulging pecs.

She tried to pull her chin free—really tried. But where she was a supple 13’, Andy was a *dense* 12. Like a boulder. She wasn’t going anywhere unless he allowed her to.

“Wh-what if I swallow on accident?” For someone so large her voice had shrunken small. Breathy. Weak.

“You won’t,” he said with a shrug. “And it’s not like the serum works on dragons anyway. So if you waste it by some stupid mistake—you’ll just have to get me more.”

*More.*

Surprise pruned her eyes wide for a second. “Andy, this is it. Seriously. There isn’t any more!”

He put on a knowing smirk. Sure, there wasn’t any more. Just like there hadn’t been “any more” every other time he had asked. And yet, without fail, Adelonda got him more.

At the start of all this, Andy Renard had been nothing. A milquetoast, mild-mannered middle-of-the-pack office drone.

*Five-foot-ten.*

What a goddamned runt! The new Andy—the *better* Andy—looked back at his old self with contempt. He could have backhanded that scrawny twerp across the room.

Adelonda had gotten the formula for little Andy as an anniversary gift. Presented with incredible reluctance: it wasn't legally hers to give. When she explained what he was looking at, he itched to guzzle it on the spot. But she kept the vial at arm's length, and back then he had to respect her strength. A fox like Andy would need a forklift to budge that much woman, so when she insisted he read the warning script first, he did.

*Testosterone overproduction.*

*Territorial behavior.*

*Violent tendencies.*

*Drastically increased libido.*

His eyes glazed over a dozen-dozen side-effects in text so fine he had to squint.

“Well?” Adelonda had asked. “Too many risks, right? I shouldn't have brought this up. You're the perfect man already, just the way you are. I'll take the formula and dispose of—” Before she could stow the vial between her breasts, Andy grasped it around the middle. He gave her a determined look. In that moment they both knew they would have risked far worse side-effects for a chance like this.

Her lips flattened into a thin line. She wanted to be responsible... but more than that, she wanted a bigger boyfriend. Her fingers had parted, and Andy had the vial's contents sliding down his gullet before she could open her mouth to make him see reason.

He would always remember the rush—who forgot their first time? In under a minute, his 5’10” pencil-pushing pipsqueak body cracked and crunched and groaned in its upwards ascent, ending with a 7’, broad-shouldered stud.

The next week was heaven. *Big* suited Andy.

Ducking to get into his own fox-sized apartment.

Ogling himself in the mirror to admire a ripped anatomy slender foxes weren’t built to have—from newfound muscle down to an endowment that would make horses blush.

Savoring stunned-stupid stares from slack-jawed coworkers who had never noticed him before now.

But again, it was only novel lording over others for about a week. Andy had spied Adelonda’s real reaction the moment his growth spurt ended, and he couldn’t help but agree:

Disappointment.

5’10” and skinny, 7’ and beefy. Either way you cut it, Adelonda had been bigger than him since before puberty.

“Are you *suuuure* this is how big you wanted me?” he had probed, walking his fingers up the length of Adelonda’s arm. Still huge. Still powerful. She could flatten him with one flick of her tail.

“I told you a million times, Andy, there isn’t. Any. More. My contact... he could’ve gotten us both in a boatload of trouble if he got caught!” At that, she gave Andy an accusing scowl. “We could *still* get caught, you know. Anyone from Rysing notices the freakishly huge fox stomping around with a former employee, it’s game over. I don’t know what I was thinking. I had a bit too much to drink for our anniversary. It was a lapse of judgment.”



“Usually it’s when we’re drunk that we show our true colors, right?” She opened her mouth to protest, closed it when he held his hand up. “I’m not saying you get me a whole *barrel*, though that would be nice. I just need a bit more.”

“Need?” Adelonda arched her brow. “You sound like an addict.”

“I’m doing this more for you than anything. You’re the one who gave me the first batch.”

“Don’t you think you’ve had enough?”

“Do you?”

The next time Andy stopped by Adelonda’s place, she had thrust the second dose into his hand.

“Just... drink it before I have second thoughts,” she told him.

So he did, and in a minute 7’ became 8’: *a fox the size of a draft horse*. That was when Andy got scary. Cubicle walls shook when he stomped across an office fitted for mammals his former size. Wide as two foxes, coworkers had to make way when this business casual behemoth cruised by. Fit-to-bursting in work clothes: oval gaps punctuating the space between the buttons clasping his shirt, trembling to contain his chest.

“W-we should probably reassign you, Mr. Renard,” stammered the stomach-high wolf who was his employer. “Ah, to one of our branches designed for larger mammals, that is. With... proper compensation as well.”

“A small fox trapped with all those big brutes?” Andy clucked his tongue. “That sounds dangerous for me, boss. They employ *hippos* over there. And I can’t imagine why you’re thinking of promoting me now. I mean, it’s no secret I do half the work I used to.”

The wolf swallowed. No, it wasn’t a secret. Certain parts of Andy’s enhanced anatomy were plain through his dress pants. It looked like he was smuggling bowling balls, and he took

frequent breaks in the company restroom to loudly drain a pipe-clogging amount of spunk from them.

No one knew what was going on with this fox, except that he kept returning to work even bigger than before. Therefore nobody, not even his boss, wanted to be the one who called him out on his behavior.

“A promotion has been admittedly overdue,” the wolf said.

“It’s fine.” A shoulder pat from Andy buckled his boss’s knees and weighed him back into his seat. “I like it here. Big fish. Small pond.” He winked. “See you tomorrow, minnow.”

But the biggest changes, the best changes—those came after work. Behind closed doors in Adelonda’s bedchambers.

Sexually satisfying a dragoness was no easy task. As a fox, Andy may have flirted a big enough game to silver tongue his way under her covers, but when it came time to perform? 5’10” against 13’, it was a hot dog in a hallway situation.

And while Andy now had an impressive 400 or so pounds to his name, he remained a far cry from other species. Rhinos, elephants... let alone his girlfriend and her thousands of pounds. When just one of her juicy thighs matched his weight, precautions had to be taken. Dragons were affectionate lovers to an uncontrollable degree; it was one of the reasons they seldom dated outside their species—only dragons could handle dragons. Adelonda’s mating instincts would have her riding Andy until his pelvis had been ground to dust.

As any horny couple would, they made do. To compensate for her incredible strength, Adelonda employed chains: bound against her bedroom wall by the wrists and neck, bare legs pried apart by ankle-biting cuffs extending from the floor.

Andy used to have to cram his skinny hand in up to the forearm to simulate a dragon dick. Now he could sprawl over her luscious body and *fuck* with his absurd red rocket. What he lacked in size, he made up for in enthusiasm. It was a deafening affair. Feminine groans. Draconic snarls. Full-blown room-filling roars. Chains clanging on chains as riveted fixtures wrestled to restrain two entire tons of woman from flattening her lover.

At 8', Andy could leave her well and truly satisfied. Gallons of dragon cum puddling across the floor, the air filmed smoky after Adelonda's climax had her spewing flames.

Muscular body limp, knees mounted atop her thighs, Andy laid on his bound girlfriend like a sexual waterbed. "Imagine if I could fuck you without the iron," he murmured, jaw locked by cleavage that pillowed his chin.

"I... like... the iron..." Adelonda gasped out, each syllable crossing her lips with another puff of smoke.

"But imagine..." Andy had to stretch his arms to their limits to clasp her ironclad wrists. "...if I was *stronger* than the iron."

"A nice thought." Adelonda let out a faint chuckle. "But..." She trailed seeing that grin of his poking above her breasts. "Andy." She clanged her chains in protest. "We've discussed this. There's no way I can do any more for you."

"Is that your final answer?" Adelonda's nipples overflowed in his hands as he squeezed mercilessly. She threw her head back to belt out a dragon's roar. Cracks zigzagged along the wall, fanning from the rivets that fastened her wrist clamps.

"I would if I could, but I can't conjure formula out of thin air," she hissed out through clenched fangs. Dragons had hide thick enough to repel bullets, but even their kind had weak spots. "Andy, *ffuuuuck*."

He wore a vicious grin while groping her. The erotic equivalent of a tickle fight, only she had no way of fighting back. “Just one more,” he said. Watching her squirm at his touch.

“I can’t get any more. It doesn’t *exist!*”

“Say it with me. Just.”

Another grope and she whimpered: “*Just.*”

“One.”

Again, he seduced the word from her: “O-one.”

“More.”

“*Mooore!*” she roared, both obeying his order and begging that he get her off.

He fell onto all fours between her parted thighs, licking his lips as he prepared to feast on her drooling cunt. “Round two it is then.” He glanced up to meet her sex-anguished expression.

“That is, if you uphold your end of the bargain.”

She nodded. Vigorously.

Adelonda could’ve reneged after agreeing under sexual duress. She didn’t; he knew she wouldn’t. She may have been a big girl, but she was an even bigger sub. And the larger he grew, the more easily he could exploit that fact.

She had that so-called impossible-to-get, nonexistent formula for him the next day.

He ordered her to strip.

She did.

He ordered her to get to the bedroom.

She did.

He ordered her to hand over what was his.

She bit her lower lip, damming back an intense wave of desire. “This is the last one, right?” she asked.

He ordered her to hand over what was his.

“I feel like a broken record, but we could get in a *ton* of trouble here...”

He ordered her to hand over what was his.

“And this is the last batch Rysing ever made! Seriously. You’re already too big for a fox. *Huge*. Any bigger and someone is bound to ask questions.”

He ordered her to—

Before he had to repeat himself a fourth time, the vial was in his clutches. He couldn’t have overpowered Adelonda. Not in a million years. He had to rely on her cooperation.

The chains didn’t go on that night. He had his bed-sized girlfriend in bed for the first time, sitting up with her back to the wall. In between her mighty thighs, he dared penetrate without any protection. Almost instantly, Adelonda’s enormous body avalanched around Andy: crisscrossed arms and interlocked legs swallowing him into a hungry embrace; his head vanished between her breasts; his massive cock crammed hilt-deep inside and still not enough.

Even at 8’, he couldn’t have survived the sheer weight of his girlfriend’s unrestrained affection. So before they started fucking, Andy had made a point of basting her cleavage with the formula. Snout suffocated between breasts, he lapped every drop of serum his growing tongue could find. It didn’t take long before her enclosed limbs were forced apart, making way for a sudden explosion of Andy.

He became an *elephant* of a fox, still 3’ shorter than his girlfriend yet stronger. Newfound muscle made it easy to compensate. He pinned a dragon—a *dragon*—to the bed and dicked her

down hard enough that she was drooling. He had never felt more like a man. When he finished her off and they laid together atop her busted bedframe, he knew he had an addiction.

The first dose, Andy had no real say in the matter. Adelonda simply thrust fate in front of him and he went along for the ride.

The second batch, he had to act sly. More powerful than he had ever been in his life—but nowhere near strong enough to force Adelonda. He had to plead. To appeal to her desires.

The third he seduced out of her.

The fourth? 10' to now. The 12' Andy Renard, strong enough to halt a speeding truck head-on. Tall enough to classify as a dragon and hung enough to fuck one senseless too.

The fourth had been earned much like this fifth, “final” dose. Not by asking nicely, but growling over the protests of a weaker woman. Pinning her to the floor and filling her view with his ferocious muzzle before giving the order:

*“I. Want. More.”*

\*

“Don’t you have enough?” she whimpered in the present.

He answered by probing her lips with the vial.

“You’re already more than twice the man you used to be.”

He dug his claws deeper, fine points dimpling her cheeks.

“You’ve outgrown your work. Your old home. Your life. What else is there?”

“You.” And it was that one-word argument which pouted Adelonda’s lips into a defeated little “o.” She was right. He had outgrown his job. He had outgrown his car, his apartment, his old friends... but he and Adelonda both knew that wasn’t the end. He wouldn’t, couldn’t stop until he had outgrown everything—his girlfriend included.

Tilting the vial unloaded its contents into her maw. It wasn't just a turn-on to force-feed Adelonda, it was a test. She always seemed conflicted. Wanting to cut Andy off from his addiction, one protest away from telling him that she was well and truly tapped out. And he had no real means of proving if she was or wasn't. It was all on her.

If Adelonda gulped the formula down, it would mean her responsible side had won out. No more growth.

But Andy wasn't the only one with an addiction.

He lifted his chin, wrenched hers down. Casting a low-lidded lustful glare into Adelonda's pleading eyes, his tongue crashed over her barricade of teeth.

*She hadn't swallowed.*

His thick mammal tongue swabbed unopposed throughout her reptilian maw. It wasn't spit pooled at the basin of her mouth, it was the entire vial's worth of serum—obediently stored, waiting to be sucked out. It mingled with dragon drool and rolled deliciously down his throat, as if she were his vial.

The formula hit Andy's gut like a lit match, warmth igniting wildfire-fast through his veins as if his blood were gasoline. In one heartbeat the angles of their maws leveled out. Surprise shone in his girlfriend's eyes as she realized they were the same height. Those passionate hands that pawed at his swelling back muscles didn't feel like a dragon's. Vixen-frail. Petite in the shadow of his mounting strength.

Andy's confidence grew with him. After that burst of initial growth, he began inching above his girlfriend. An ominous crackle came from beneath the skin—his body changing. Swelling larger. Growing stronger.

The angles of their entwined maws reversed: Andy tilting his muzzle lower by the second, Adelonda forced to crane her neck. Wielding his pecs, he advanced forward like a horny bulldozer. Her planted heels put up resistance in a slow backwards skid, but with each inch of height he put between them he became more unstoppable.

Adelonda had to start scurrying at the whims of his thudding pawsteps. A gasp escaped her maw as she was rammed back-first against the wall. He fastened his hands around her puny wrists then pounded them above her.

*Who needs chains?* he might have asked if he wasn't busy choking Adelonda with his tongue.

For all her voluptuous tonnage, she began to *vanish* beneath Andy's rising bulk. Bulbous pecs swallowed her chin into muscular cleavage—forcing her to stare straight up. Her eyelids drooped low, joined with fevered whimpers.

As tremors racked through his girlfriend, a sharp scent struck Andy's nostrils. There came a heavy patter on the floor, like a glass of warm water had been dumped across his right paw.

Andy tore himself away. Sexual fat quivered appetizingly across Adelonda's trembling thighs, straining to support the rest of her overwhelmed body. In a slow, defeated process, they gave out: her back sliding against the wall until she hit the floor. She sat there with an obvious wet spot soaking through the crotch of her shorts. Her haggard gasps were drowned out by Andy's deep panting breaths.

He had done it.

He wasn't the biggest fox.

He wasn't the biggest mammal.



He. Was. The. *Biggest*.

DRXXXL (Draconic Extra-Extra-Extra Large) athletic clothing had already struggled to keep up with his excess. While male dragons were incredibly strong, they had more efficient physiques. Nothing close to Andy the Tank.

His clinging outfit now rode up like something fished from the kid's department. Protruding pecs reduced his tank top to the world's manliest sports bra. If not for their spandex-blended weft, his porous mesh shorts would have blown apart to make room for thigh muscles thick as steel beams. Their stretchiness converted them into obscene spats, the distended crotch imperiled by his balls. Aching orbs bloated with such virility that even his bestial hands would struggle to palm one.

"Get up," he ordered, baritone rumbling up to the den's high ceiling. "We're going out."

"What?" At first Adelonda sounded airy, like she was waking from a wet dream. The next, "*What?*" came with panicked clarity. She pawed at the wall for support while scrambling upright. "You can't be serious."

Disregarding her protests, Andy turned and plodded towards the door. Adelonda's own weighty steps thudded close behind. She wrapped both her arms around one of his, trying to anchor him. He stopped—only to humor her. He had been stronger before his growth spurt; now that gap had widened. Seeming to register that fact, she let go and took a step back.

"You going out in that?" he asked.

Adelonda looked down at her shorts and cringed. A majestic dragon reduced to creaming herself just from his pecs. "Wait, you can't leave!" she called after as Andy resumed his exit.

"Low profile. *Low!* Remember?"

He lingered at the door. Back when he first visited Adelonda's, the dragon-sized knobs and handles were so inhospitably high that he had to hop to get ahold of them. Even then, his weight didn't guarantee the door would budge. Now it opened easily as any other. He had to square his stance so his muscles could scrape past the rectangular threshold. Protests followed him down the steps and onto the lawn.

In broad daylight, he turned to face Adelonda lurking underneath the front awning. "You've got one minute to change," he said. "Starting now."

Adelonda let out a huff of annoyance. Her old instinct would have been to grab Andy by his wrist and bring him back inside like a boy in need of a timeout. Without strength to back her up, all she could do was stamp her foot in impotent frustration. "What happened to our deal?" she whined.

"50 seconds."

Cursing under her breath, Adelonda turned tail to race back inside.

To her credit, she made it back in 45. Hopping one-legged out the threshold as she crammed her other leg into a fresh pair of short-shorts.

"That smell," Andy crooned, lifting his nose to take a predator's whiff while Adelonda jogged over. "Someone didn't wash up."

"You didn't exactly give me time," she huffed.

With a low animal growl, Andy swamped Adelonda's shoulders underneath the weight of his arm then began walking her down the long paved driveway. Her testy demeanor shattered as he smooshed her cheek into the side of his pec. "Almost makes me want to fuck you right here on the front lawn while everyone watches."

"You wouldn't," she whispered.

“Wouldn’t I?”

Adelonda scanned his chest and bit her lower lip without shame. “We could go back inside. Give your new self a... a *test run*. Please?”

“Later.” The front gate opened automatically, allowing Andy onto the sidewalk connecting overpriced gaudy mansions. “No offense to what you’ve got to offer. But this right here? *Waaay* better than sex.”

Dragons did double-takes as he escorted his flustered girlfriend through the scaly upscale district. Back when Andy had been a proper fox, so puny he had to orbit his girlfriend to prevent enormous passersby from bowling him over, these other dragons sneered down at him with contempt.

“New pet?” was the question so often posed to Adelonda.

Andy would open his mouth only for his girlfriend to cut in with a harsh, “*No*,” before getting between himself and whoever dared question her taste in men. “Boyfriend.”

Now if anyone needed defending, it was other dragons. The largest among them stepped aside as he made his way down the street. Some looked bewildered, most still offended—a fox with a dragon? Scandalous, no matter how massive he grew.

But with his impossible height, his hulking girth, his fang-riddled grin just *daring* someone to speak up... no one said a word.

Not that he made it easy for them to keep their mouths shut. Adelonda’s squeals carried down the street as he subjected her to shameless gropes. Stolen kisses. This was all new and exciting to him. For the majority of their relationship, Adelonda had initiated most PDAs. Picking Andy up to give him a kiss on the lips. Pinning him to the wall with her breasts and using her tongue to fill his maw.

Now he had her on-tap. Whenever he wanted Adelonda, he got Adelonda.

A handful of ass to grope, to spank so hard she yelped in pain.

Breasts he could finally fit in his massive palms, flicking her sensitive nipples until they perked against fabric.

That dainty muzzle he could wrench upwards to meet his, leaving her bleary-eyed and whimpering while he dominated her with his superior mammal tongue.

“I can’t believe we’re out in public,” she whispered after his tongue left her.

Andy scoffed. “Scalesborough? Hardly public.”

“Where are you taking us?” For the first time since they left her yard, Adelonda tried to divorce herself from the weight of Andy’s arm.

“You know.” Digging his claws into her scaly shoulder, he forced her into a crushing side-hug.

They had been walking the brick-laid border for some time. In here, it was all mansions and fine dining. Out there, towering offices and apartments peered down jealously at the richest residents. Horns honked, senseless chatter carried over the walls. The big city waited.

Though not as big as when Andy left it.

“Scalesborough is one thing,” Adelonda said, “but the *actual* city?” She planted her heels into the pavement, forcing Andy to drag her towards the golden gates. “There’s no way you won’t get caught! If anything, and I mean *anything* happens, I... you... *we*... you aren’t listening, are you?”

A mechanical bell buzzed in response to Andy pressing the exit button. “What makes you say that?” he asked as the gates creaked towards them, yawning out onto the city’s much smaller

sidewalk. Releasing Adelonda, he left her to gawk from the Scalesborough side as he strolled into the city proper.

Lording his size over dragons didn't quite give Andy a sense of his new height. Sure, it had been satisfying to fix that little hiccup in reality—the one where his girlfriend was taller than him. And seeing her scaly cousins look at him with their impotent expressions, knowing they ought to do something but being too scared to. That was fun.

But he didn't *want* to leer a few measly feet down. What Andy wanted was to take up sidewalks. To watch teeming commuters part for him.

To. *Loom*.

And that's just what he did.

The Scalesborough gate began to groan shut. Adelonda remained on the other side.

“Coming?” Andy asked.

“Come back,” she pleaded.

“Your call. But someone should keep me out of trouble. After all—it's hard to keep your profile low from this high up.” With that he began thumping the pavement with his paws. Anyone behind him stayed that way. An increasing number of anthros became aware of him up ahead.

“Andy? Andy!” Adelonda charged past the gates just before they closed. He didn't bother looking back, smirk widening as she hurried to keep up. “Where are you going?” she asked, now at his side. Their presences bullied other anthros towards the margins of the sidewalk, otherwise waist-high mammals risked colliding with a couple whose combined weight matched an oncoming bus.

“Oh, that's easy,” Andy answered: “Wherever the fuck I want.”

\*

Hundreds of pounds in stacked metal weights levered up then rushed down, filling the room with explosive clangs. Simultaneously, burly men belted out their gruffest, most testosterone-laden grunts—as if they were animals and not anthros. Any male with a keen sense of smell would have his hackles on end in here. Sniffing out the mingled scents exuded by buff mammals working up a sweat.

Andy Renard hadn't belonged in *The Jungle* and he had known it the first time he shouldered one of its heavy front doors open. He had to tiptoe to see over the reception kiosk, where the snow leopard clerk gave him a pitying look. The gym's exercise machines were much too large, to say nothing of the clients they were reserved for:

Big jungle cats. Shredded stallions who could perform curl-ups using dumbbells Andy's weight. Hippos who tremored their treadmills with every blubber-bouncing bound.

Even the smallest of the gym's patrons were still towering to him, and none among them thought once to look down. Andy got bruised here and there, knocked over on occasion then given an insincere grunt of apology.

So today he repaid them in kind.

Common courtesy didn't occur to Andy. Not on his way through the city, and certainly not while lumbering through *The Jungle*. Foxes were far from the smallest mammals alive, so he knew to look out below in a mixed-sized society. But he just didn't care. Transforming had atrophied parts of his personality. He had long since lost his ability to feel things like empathy, compassion... fear.

Adelonda had warned him that the formula came with changes. Obvious bodily ones, then the subtler ones. The ones in his head. He had been unconcerned at 5'10", back when he

came to this gym every single day in his useless efforts to get stronger. To improve his fragile fox body so he could cope with dating someone leagues above his weight class... only to find self-improvement impossible. Every species had a natural limit. And pitted against a dragon? Foxes had a very, very low ceiling.

No, he hadn't been concerned about the side-effects. Because *anything* would be preferable to living out the rest of his existence as just another fox. And at his new 15', floor-thumping, head-turning stature, he couldn't feel concern at all. He simply wasn't capable of it.

The pall of pheromones should have warned his sharp sense of smell that he had male competition in his midst, but Andy Renard couldn't feel threatened either. He had more testosterone in one testicle than every mammal in this gym combined.

Their toy weights left them grunting as if to announce each rep to their fellow men. Fellow *boys*. And what was the use? Their struggles reminded Andy of his old self. These same mammals had seemed so strong to him back then, huge and intimidating to the point that he felt emasculated sharing the room with them. Only now did he see them for what they truly were:

Limited, just as he once was.

Andy had entered *The Jungle's* gym, ignoring the receptionist's protests as he passed a sea of too-small exercise equipment. Weights noisily clattered back into place and stayed down. One by one gym-goers stopped their workouts to gawk at the world's strongest man parading past.

What felt like a softball plinked against the front of his left thigh. In reality, it had been several hundred pounds of lion. He looked down at the tawny muscular cat—a kitten from up here—sprawled in his shadow.

“Sorry.” It was the lion, not Andy, who apologized. He flailed to get himself on two paws fast as possible. Back in the day a man like him could’ve buried Andy. Somewhere around 7’ tall, a guesstimate based on the fact that Andy could’ve plopped his nuts on the lion’s head like a hat.

“Just don’t let it happen again,” Andy said. When the lion turned to scurry towards the locker room, Andy reached for him. “Actually, squirt…” He palmed the lion’s head like a ball. “There *is* one thing you can do for me.”

A weightlifter lifted up weightless in his hand, dangled by the head—powerful legs kicking air. All that muscle and he resembled a twig Andy could break over his knee. The lion appeared well aware of that, showing too many teeth in an accommodating grin. “What… might that be?” he asked while held in front of Andy’s face.

“Andy,” Adelonda hissed behind him. His draconic tagalong had conducted herself with the utmost caution, massive tail drawn in close to take up less square footage. “Maybe you could put him down?”

As he had done since leaving Scalesborough, he ignored her advice. “Know a Kent? I’m sure if you’ve gone here more than a day that you do.”

“Kent? Yeah. Yeah, of course.” The lion’s eyes retreated to their corners.

Andy followed his gaze across the room, smile gaining in sharp-toothed glee. He let the lion drop. His paws hit the floor, strong legs buckling to keep him upright. With flagrant disregard for smaller life, Andy’s tonnage heaved forward. The lion made a startled sound, leaping out the way just in time to avoid being smashed over a second time.

Weights clanged down as a rhino abandoned his thigh cruncher mid-rep. A jaguar relinquished pulley weights in the same manner. An elephant stomped from his one-ton squat



machine meek as a mouse—the second-largest species behind dragons, yet the pachyderm measured no higher than Andy’s exposed navel.

There was a new freak of nature at the top of *The Jungle*’s food chain. The roughest, toughest mammals had zero desire to see what might happen if they got in Andy Renard’s way.

Their fear was an acceptable form of respect. The only crime most of the gym’s patrons committed was neglect. He was willing to overlook that. He understood now—it was *such* a hassle to be considerate when most species were so tiny. It only made sense that they make way for him, and not the other way around.

Then there was Kent. And Kent would have been better off today if he had just ignored Andy like the rest.

The sweat-lustered copper draft horse manned a bicep curler in the corner. He was faced towards one of the wall-sized mirrors. Earbuds and strained-shut eyes kept him in blissful ignorance over the mountainous shape growing to dominate his reflection’s background.

He announced each completed rep to the gym with a triumphant *bang*, weights always slammed, never eased. A two-time bodybuilding champ who never let anyone forget it. Only college-aged, a stallion stud in the prime of his life.

When Andy’s hands enveloped Kent’s shoulders, his eyes finally opened. He froze mid-rep, a confused frown furrowing his brow as he looked at himself in the mirror. He didn’t seem to understand what he saw behind him, Andy only reflected up to his chest. Panning his view up, Kent found a monstrous muzzle grinning down.

“Hey there, Kenny,” Andy rumbled. “Remember me?”

It took a long moment before recognition dawned across the horse’s face. He somehow saw the scrawny fox underneath an extra 10’ in height plus a literal truckload of muscle. Surprise

made him release his weights, banging violently back into place. “*Andy?*” he said with all the fear and awe the fox had hoped for. Kent tore his earbuds loose then let them fall to his lap, tinny music blaring for no one.

“In the flesh.” Andy tightened his grip, claws punching holes in the horse’s tank then nipping at his muscles. “A lot more flesh than you’re used to.”

Flat horse teeth bared a nervous grin. “You look—”

“Bigger?” Andy supplied, dropping his cruel grin a foot lower. “Stronger?” He bowed forward several more feet. “*Scar-i-er?*” His nose touched Kent’s, forcing the horse to sink into his seat.

“All of the above?” Kent’s deep pitch cracked as if his balls had retreated inside his body. When Andy rose back to his full height, Kent let out a nervous chuckle before continuing: “Well, good seeing you again. Welcome back to *The Jungle*. Let me, uh, know if you ever need a spotter... for old time’s sake.” While talking, he kept squirming in his seat. Trying to leave.

“Don’t get up on my account.” Andy insisted, applying more pressure to Kent’s shoulders. “Seriously,” he growled. “Don’t.”

Kent glanced around the room in search of help. Whether everyone else thought he deserved to get taken down a peg or were too intimidated to come between him and a 15’ fox, it had the same effect. Spectators looked away wherever he cast his pleading gaze.

In the meantime Andy grinned over his shoulder to wink at Adelonda. His enabler. Helpless while her boyfriend made a scene. But he could tell from her silence—deep down, she *wanted* him to make a scene.

“We had some good times here, huh Kenny?” Andy worked his fingertips into Kent’s shoulder muscles.

“Easy, that sort of hurts.”

“I thought you were tough.” He squeezed until he was certain his grip would leave fingertip-shaped bruises beneath horse hairs. “Was I wrong?”

“You were right, you were right!” Kent hissed through clenched teeth. He didn’t struggle anymore, appearing to grasp that bruises were the least of his concern. Andy could snap his arms off like a doll’s.

“Being here has me all nostalgic. I haven’t been back since I... outgrew it all.” Andy rumbled out an ominous chuckle as he eased his hips forward. “Remember the locker room?” His bulging nuts spilled over the backrest, their weight settling atop Kent’s head. “Everyone thought it was fucking hilarious when you stole my towel.”

Kent tried sinking lower to stop serving as a ballrest. Andy tightened his grip to make sure that didn’t happen.

“I remember,” the horse said.

“Forcing a fox to run around naked in a locker room full of larger species. You always loved making sure the little guy knew his place in the pecking order, huh?” He palmed Kent’s chin then forced him to look up. Stuffing his snout into the fabric-strained crevice between balls, fox musk vented from athlete’s mesh and huffed straight into Kent’s lungs. “How’s a little fox supposed to measure up?”

“*Mhh*,” Kent replied in muffled distress. He patted around at his sides in blind desperation. Searching for some way to escape Andy’s smothering sack. But Andy refused to let up. He pressed harder, savoring Kent’s mounting distress as nut musk replaced what little oxygen he had left in his struggling lungs.

Before Kent could pass out from testicular asphyxiation, Andy withdrew his hips. Kent slumped forward in his seat. He thumped his chest with a fist and let out a hacking cough.

Andy threw his head back to bust out a genuine explosion of laughter. “You are *not* the man I remember, Kenny. Hardly a man at all, if I’m being honest. It’s funny to think that I used to look up to you. Obviously that’s not physically possible anymore.”

“How... flattering...” Kent croaked while trying to regain his wind.

“Yep. You taught me some important life lessons while growing up. Like, ‘might makes right,’ and ‘the weak should get out of the strong’s way.’”

Kent cringed. He could’ve been remembering any number of times he’d bullied a much smaller, much meeker Andy. “Listen,” he blurted, “I’m sorry for screwing with you. Seriously. I mean it. I get the message.”

“What’s there to be sorry about?” Andy gave him a genuine frown of confusion. “I learned from you Kent. There’s nothing to apologize for. I was just a shrimp, right?”

“I should’ve been more understanding. I mean, you’re a *fox*. Your kind are, ah—” His words gave out to a pained yelp as Andy further bruised his shoulders.

“Say it,” Andy growled. “I was a sniveling... little...”

“Shrimp! You were a sniveling little shrimp.”

“A runt.” Andy squeezed tighter.

“A runt.”

“Pathetic.”

“A-Andy, you’re squeezing too tight.”

“Say. It.”

“You were a pathetic runt!”

“I was. And when you’re that pathetic, you get what you deserve. Isn’t that right?”

“That’s right. You’re right. So, so right.” Kent babbled until Andy relinquished his shoulder, at which point he let out a sigh of relief.

“Now.” Andy roved around the machine to loom ahead of Kent. “Pop quiz, Kenny: what are you to me?”

“P-puny?”

“*Verrrrry* good.” Andy squatted until he and his victim saw eye-to-eye. “And?” he asked, seizing opposite sides of Kent’s chair.

“A runt! I’m a runt, alright Andy? Look, I’m sorry. I was just screwing around. I never thought you’d end up the size of a goddamn dragon!”

“A dragon?” Andy scoffed. “You think I’m that small, Kenny?”

Kent forced himself flush against his backrest, head withdrawn far as possible to avoid being anywhere Andy’s beastly grin. The grin he stared down wasn’t a fox’s. It wasn’t a wolf’s, either, though that might have been closer in appearance. Lethal fangs. A maw deep enough to lose his head inside. “What is it you want?”

“Just to teach you the same valuable lesson you taught me. Can you do me a favor, Kent?” Andy hadn’t just become more animalistic appearance-wise. His smell, his taste, his sight—*everything* had sharpened since his transformation. For a fox learning he liked to play with his food, little Kenny was a feast for those senses.

Perspiration, like liquid terror: salty yet sweet to Andy’s nostrils.

A pounding draft horse heartbeat, peaking to machinegun speeds played for Andy’s perked ears.

Muscles, subtly tensed in the ready-to-flee posture of a cornered animal. Drawing Andy's pupils to tiny black slits as he was tempted to pounce.

"Be my spotter," he ordered.

"I don't think that's possible." But while Kent protested, Andy began to tug at his chair, rattling the affixed equipment.

"As for that lesson..." Andy redefined possible for a wide-eyed Kent pitched side to side in his seat. Muscles erupted from Andy's upper back in a flex, bulging as he put the first semblance of strain on them.

"No... matter... what... you... do..." His words came between effortful huffs and puffs.

"Even if you take steroids..." White strips of fabric blew off the back of Andy's undersized tank top as he flexed them apart.

"Get... surgery..." With the machine riveted by over a dozen bolts, he couldn't simply lift it. A pronounced *crunch* came from below as tiles chunked off the ground, the entire machine uprooted along with a rectangular cutout of the floor.

"Push yourself to every. Natural. Limit." On each abrupt punctuation, Andy lifted a ripped-out segment of the floor, the exercise equipment, all its included weights, Kent, and his chair higher into the air.

"To me? You'll *always* be a runt." Staunch quads flexed in unison with bulging traps and bowling ball-shaped biceps. New tears faulted across the front of his shirt, muscle hard as metal erupted through both legs on his shorts.

Kent clutched at the elbow rest in front of him like a handlebar on a thrill ride. That saved him from being flung off as Andy hoisted the machine overhead. He held that pose for his audience—every soul in the gym, no one bothered pretending to exercise. There were those

phone cameras Adelonda had been so concerned about. Not that he gave a damn. His triumphant grin contrasted whatever horrified expression graced Kent's face.

"*Got that?*" Andy roared, chunks of floor tile sloughing onto the floor.

"I've got it!" Kent cried.

"You sure?"

"Yes! Just please, put me down."

Andy obliged. All that weight produced a deafening *bang* as the equipment formed a deep dent in the floor. Kent bounced off his chair with a squeak, rolling a few times before settling onto his side. This man had dragged a car uphill as part of his last competition. He had been born to a powerful species, a big species, and from there sculpted himself into something larger and more powerful than that.

Yet the gap between himself and Andy Renard lay stark for all *The Jungle's* patrons to see. A boy and a man. He let them drink it in for a few more moments before stepping over the groaning Kent. One last mewl escaped the horse: fear for that torso-sized paw capable of trampling his head in.

It came close, making him flinch as it thudded down past him. Then Andy kept on, smug in the knowledge that Kent would replay this moment for the rest of his life. In memories, in nightmares.

"Let's get out of here," Andy told Adelonda. She looked surprised to be addressed by him, as though she had forgotten she was his girlfriend and not just another face in the crowd. He swaddled her in his arm then escorted her towards the door.

"That... was *not* low-profile," Adelonda whispered, glancing around at the phone cameras trained on them.

“Yet you didn’t step in to stop me.” Andy buffed a knuckle against his pec. Gashes in his deteriorating tank top widened further, exposing more cream-colored fluff underneath. “Not that you *could*.”

They had to duck past elephant-sized doors one at a time. Andy went first, immediately heading down the block.

“Scalesborough’s the other way!” Adelonda called after.

“I ruined my outfit with that warmup.” Stepping out at the crook of an L-shaped sidewalk, startled pedestrians cried out as Andy loomed into view. They fanned out of his way. Some lurked between the bumpers of parked cars. Others retreated into nearby stores.

Adelonda trailed his crowd-parting wake with a hasty slew of apologies on his behalf.

“There are plenty of plus-sized tailors back home,” she said from behind him, this sidewalk too narrow for them to walk side-by-side. “I’ll get you a specialty suit at the priciest place in town. Please, Andy. Getting all this hushed up is going to be... costly.”

“But what you’re saying is you *can* get this hushed up?”

“That’s what you got out of it? Come on. Back there, that was—”

“Hot?” Receiving no answer, Andy let out a gravelly chuckle. “Thought so. And thanks for the offer, but a dragon doesn’t know jack about tailoring for a fox.” He halted. Adelonda joined him looking through a glass wall not much higher than his ear tips. “I need a special touch.”

*The Fox’s Fit.*

His and his girlfriend’s sun-blotting presences made them a pair of hyper-masculine, hyper-feminine silhouettes. Their shadows fell over shoppers, clothing racks, all the way to the back wall.



“You are *not* going in there,” Adelonda said.

“Watch me.” On hands and knees Andy took up the sidewalk’s width like an inappropriately parked truck. He began to crawl through the set of waist-high double doors. “Nothing to be concerned about, folks,” he bellowed after bumping those doors open with his snout. Reassurances didn’t sway the looks of concern off his smaller cousins’ faces. Not with his broad shoulders renovating the doorframe. Zigzagging cracks crunching along the glass wall.

Once inside, he rose to his full height.

Unlike *The Jungle*—two floors with a three-story ceiling—*The Fox’s Fit* was fit for foxes. Most foxes. Andy had to use his wrist to brush aside dangling dish lamps so they wouldn’t bean him. Thigh-high display racks jangled to the rhythm of his floor-tremoring tread.

Some shoppers pretended to take sudden interest in discount outfits alcoved along the walls of the store. Others made their intentions more obvious, flat-out running in that direction. To this little crowd of little foxes he loomed like a primitive ancestor. What the wooly mammoth was to the elephant. The tallest among them couldn’t measure above the bottom curve of his balls, which swayed one at a time ahead of him. Creaking against his put-upon shorts, each stride threatening to jailbreak his junk.

Good thing he was at a tailor’s place.

Halfway into the store he stopped and turned to face a knee-high counter. There stood the only person paid not to run from him. Most anthros weren’t used to seeing dragons out and about; a fox bigger than that had this vulpine clerk’s skinny knees knocking together.

With one leg alone Andy outmatched this fox for size. In length, in weight, in sheer mass. He could wind his meaty fingers around this pipsqueak’s narrow middle with ease; he itched to try.

“C-can I... ah, help you? Sir?” the fox asked.

“In case you haven’t noticed, I need new clothes.” Andy gestured to himself. “Had a bit of a growth spurt. You know how it is.”

No, the clerk in fact did not know. “Our tailors are booked.” As Andy raised his brow in obvious annoyance, the clerk hastily added, “But I’m sure they could... pencil you in. Right now! If you’ll give me... just... a... moment?”

“Hear that, Adelonda?” Where each of his haphazard steps had threatened to topple over something living or inanimate, his girlfriend had slinked after on tiptoes. Daintily as a story-tall lady could.

“You’ll have to wait out here I’m afraid, ma’am,” the clerk said.

“She can come. She’s paying for all this, after all.”

The clerk cleared his throat. “What I mean is, there just won’t be room for her. There’ll barely be room for *you*. We only have an old studio fit for an elephant.”

“‘Only’ an elephant?” Andy stomped towards the backrooms. “You need to diversify. What if my lovely girl came in here looking for a dress? You wouldn’t turn a lady like her away, would you?”

The clerk tripped over himself in his efforts to get out from behind the counter. He had to run to keep up with Andy’s saunter. “There are plenty of tailoring businesses suited to dragons, sir! Y-you and your girlfriend ought to go there for your tailoring needs.”

Andy stopped, slowly turning to face the clerk. Had he looked so pitiful to Adelonda? No wonder she used to need chains to keep him safe; he could imagine a dozen ways he might flatten this clerk on accident.

A dozen-dozen on purpose.

Similar thoughts seemed to occur behind the clerk's worried eyes. He shied a step back while awaiting Andy's response.

"Luck-i-ly..." Even squatting, Andy towered. It had the intended effect, the clerk flinching. "I'm not a dragon, am I?"

"No, sir."

"I'm a fox, just like *you*." Andy jabbed a finger thick as the clerk's forearm into his chest, knocking him backwards. Clustered jackets hanging from a circular clothing rack caught him at a slump.

Adelonda gasped. Andy looked over, expecting her to speak up on the fox's behalf. A smug smile pulled at his lips as he realized he had misunderstood: that hand over her mouth; the way she coiled her tail tight around the legs; a subtle scent in the air... not-so-subtle to every fox in the room.

She wanted to see him throw his weight around.

Chuckling, Andy reached down and grabbed the clerk around his middle. He helpfully propped him up like a doll then dusted his outfit off with a knuckle. "Get me fitted," he said calmly. "Now."

\*

The clerk had been right to advise against Adelonda tagging along. Andy had to duck to get inside this well-lit broom closet. It was shaped like a silo; he could only stand at his full height in the middle. Stretching his arms out to either side had his palms flat to either wall.

His presence was oppressive to the timid little tailors who shared scant square footage with him. Male foxes. Tiny, bow-tied twigs he could knock to the ground with one tail flick.

The mirror-laden walls were partitioned by narrow recesses they could climb like ladders. They had also brought stepstools. Industrial measuring tape. The difference between himself and his own kind had reached a point where they needed to utilize equipment more suitable for constructing a house.

“Are you going to gawk all day?” his commanding voice thundered back in the room’s cramped quarters. The lesser foxes flinched as if his words were gunshots.

“Sir,” one spoke up. For a professional he didn’t look confident; he was the one dead ahead of Andy. This meant Andy could barely make him out beneath the jut of his pecs. Less than a ruler’s worth of space separated his heavy-hanging nuts from the tailor’s face. “Your… clothing will need to be removed before we proceed.”

“Oh, no problem.” Andy clenched the tatters of his tank top like a used tissue. It came off just as effortlessly. He tossed it aside then gave his attendants an expectant look.

The lead fox waited, grimaced when no one else spoke up—the others had shoved him into the role of diplomat. “Your shorts and undergarments as well.”

Andy cocked his brow. “You do that for me.”

Footsteps thumped outside the dressing room, heavy enough that faint tremors pulsed beneath his paws. They stilled shortly after, followed by a muffled murmur of apology. Andy snickered. He had an eavesdropper with her ear to the door.

Two in the front, two in the back—four foxes reluctantly faced Andy’s enormous legs and climbed onto their stepstools. They needed that height boost just so they could tiptoe to his waist. Their small fists sought handfuls of skintight mesh that refused to come up. They resorted to reaching higher to grip the corded waistband, skinny arms atremble in a concerted effort to strip him.

“Man, I forgot how *weak* us foxes can be. Here.” A lazy swish of Andy’s hips did the trick. “Let me help.” He had the tailors crying out in unison as they kicked their stools out from under themselves. They dangled by his waistband like living hip ornaments.

“That’s it,” he encouraged as their combined body weight began to peel his shorts by the inch. “Almost there.” Rather than budge further down, his shorts ripped into four equal parts. Blanket-sized scraps of mesh came with his tailors as they crashed to the ground.

“Good job.” Close to complete undress, Andy’s tone turned salacious. “Why the surprised looks? Oh. I get it.” He gave his crotch a pat. “Not used to seeing a man around here, huh?”

Because how could any other fox call himself a man with Andy Renard in the room? The tailors stayed on their asses, watching as he palmed one of his bloated testicles—bound in place by his jock’s stretchy black pouch. Their glistening noses twitched in response to an obvious scent filling the enclosure.

“Smell that?” Andy absentmindedly groped himself. His testicle quivered against his palm, as if churning up gallons of fox spunk on the spot. He took a deep whiff then let out a throaty hum. “Damn, guess there’s no way you *can*’t. You’d pick up on musk that powerful even if you weren’t foxes.”

With everything going on, Andy hadn’t been keeping up with his body’s needs. He wasn’t thirsty or hungry. This wasn’t the need of a normal fox. This was his need.

An Andy need.

Another poorly suppressed whimper came from outside the room. He could imagine his oversized girlfriend trying and failing to be inconspicuous. Eyed by other shoppers while she waggled her hips, restless with concern over what he might do to these foxes—as she would

technically be responsible. Concern, yes. But also excitement. Her tail produced a rhythmic, *thump... thump... thump...* as it whapped the floor. An index finger likely dammed the width of her maw, a gag to chomp on.

One of his tailors made a sudden scooch in the exit's direction. Andy routed him with a stomp, wooden floor panels splintering up in jags around his paw. The tailor now sat frozen inches from being impaled by upended panels.

His awe sent another shiver of pleasure through Andy. Scalesborough had been one thing. It wasn't until *The Jungle* that he felt a proper beast. But here, with his own kind who he outweighed 1 to 24, Andy began to feel a real rush. He was a monster to these runts.

The satisfaction he derived from planting his paw next to one of the tailors and watching him gape at its enormity bordered on sexual. In his current balled-up position, knees hiked to his chest, this shrimpy beta fox could vanish underneath alpha Andy's tread.

"Don't go anywhere just yet," he said, emphasizing his weight on the paw dent. Wooden crackles twanged in the air as panels splintered bit by bit. "You've got your work cut out for you measuring me." As his paw ripped through the flimsy veneer of wood and hit an underlying layer of concrete, the tailor scurried back with a high-pitched yelp.

"*You* can start on my paw." Then he swiveled to look down at another silent tailor, who instantly leapt upright. "And *you* can start on my thighs." Another after that. "You get my height just right, got that? Then you..." He addressed the last of his puny attendants. "In case you haven't noticed, I'm built different from the average fox. I shouldn't beat around the bush: I'm hung like a barn of horses." Andy had yet to let go of his crotch, words growling to huskier octaves. "You're going to be sure any pants fit my thick, juicy—"

The door swung open, ripped off its hinges with an, “Oops.” Everyone turned in Adelonda’s direction as she peeked inside.

“Hey, sweetheart,” Andy crooned. Her eyes fell straight to his crotch. “Care to come in? Might be a bit cramped with all *six* of us, but I’m sure we’ll manage.”

“I think it’s time we get going!” she said, voice loud with nerves.

“Outside? In just my jock? That’d go over well.”

The tailors took this as their opportunity to stream out the exit. Hurrying around Andy’s inconvenient paw then ducking underneath Adelonda’s parted legs. She used her tail to bump the last tailor back into the room, smacked against Andy’s leg.

After a quick glance into the store, Adelonda looked down at the terrified tailor and said, “Something’s come up. My boyfriend and I need to get back home. Stat. Would you be willing to put this behind us in exchange for some free advertising?”

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The couple made for a two-person stampede, over five tons total hurrying down the street.

*The Fox’s Fit* was spelled out in bold red letters across white cloth billowing over Andy’s crotch. He strode shirtless along the sidewalk. In lieu of an outfit, he had been given a for-sale banner hanging from the wall. It did the trick—so long as no one walked underneath him and looked up.

He let Adelonda lead the way, preferring to stalk close to her shapely swaying rear. To loom as a reminder of what awaited when they got home. Leaning low, he growled, “When we get back, you are *so* fucked.”

Her breath caught, then she let it out in a shaky laugh. “In all honesty, this was less disastrous than I expected. Nobody filed a report for sexual misconduct... or died.”

Andy chuckled. “I can behave myself.” He sniffed the air. Beneath the usual city smells he plucked Adelonda’s heated sex like a fine flower. Oh, he was going to *ruin* her. “I’m only 15 feet tall, not 1500.”

“1500?” Adelonda gave another insincere laugh. The scent of her sex thickened at the mention. “I don’t think the world could handle that much Andy.”

“I think you’re right.” Stooped forward, his grinning face had become the devil on his girlfriend’s shoulder. “I’m already on a rampage. Imagine if it were literal.”

“Not that you wouldn’t... *deserve* to be as big as you want to get.”

“Oh?”

“I can’t wait to get home,” Adelonda murmured. “Looking up at you... god, I can’t stop thinking about how big you are.”

“And you’d want me bigger than that?”

“Did I say that?” Her husky voice cracked. “I don’t think I did.”

“You implied it. Such a shame you’re out of serum.”

“I am.” Newfound firmness entered her speech.

“Completely tapped out.”

“You drank each drop in existence. I couldn’t get you more if I wanted to.”

“But you *do* want me to have more, right?”

A pause. “Do you... want more?”

“Just thinking aloud.” Andy rubbed his cheek against hers. “I couldn’t *get* much bigger without becoming everyone’s problem, though.” He rolled his eyes upwards to look at buildings



that still outmatched him. His heart beat with newfound ambitions. “My goal of outgrowing you seems kind of small, in the grand scheme of things.”

“I’m the fourth largest woman in the *world*, Andy. You can’t hit a much bigger milestone than outgrowing every dragon at once.”

“*Mm*,” Andy hummed his approval of that thought. “And now everyone knows who’s in charge of our relationship.” Ramming his hands past Adelonda’s underarms, he groped her breasts and forced her to a grinding halt. He seized her chin, forced her to look up. The instant she parted her lips to say something he filled her petite maw with his tongue. Her throat bulged as she choked on it in public.

Adelonda’s lids drooped, eyes glassy. Submitting to his every whim in an instant. Andy could have ripped her clothes off and fucked her on the sidewalk. Instead he forced himself to let go.

“*Fuck*,” she rasped. Gnawing at her lower lip, she noted the dozens of eyes trained on the two of them. “D-damn right they do. We should get home, Andy.

“Andy?” Repeating his name, Adelonda looked over her shoulder only to find Andy was gone. He had tuned her out. The world, too: car horns blared as drivers slammed their brakes to avoid colliding with legs that would have crumpled their fenders. He ignored shouts and honks while jaywalking.

A neat brick wall spanned the sidewalk. Not Scalesborough’s, though.

Adelonda’s concerned voice followed. She caused a second traffic upset on her way across the road. “I thought we were going back to my place?” Her hand only fit around one of his meaty fingers; she tugged, trying to coax him away.

Andy wrenched his hand free, tracing fingertips along the wall as he went. Adelonda was forced to follow until he stopped at a barred gate that came up to his chest. The sidewalk dipped here, accompanied by a no-parking sign as if this were a driveway.

*Mousehole*, read plated golden letters riveted atop the rainbow-shaped arch. A low arch to Andy. Chest-high. Wide enough for an average mammal's car to drive through. Narrower than his shoulder span.

Dragons laired in isolated neighborhoods for everyone else's safety. Mice did it for their own. There was a certain cutoff where looking out below all the time just stopped being feasible. For the majority of mammals, that cutoff was 1' tall. So mice and rats and other small scurrying critters built their own cities-within-the-city. Walled. Gated. Efficient. They took up no more than a block's worth of space yet teemed with aisles of brick-laid apartments and malls no taller than grocery store shelves.

Mousehole was one of those mini cities.

It wasn't like Andy hadn't known any mice before his growth spurt. Except back then he had been about a third his current height, and with a fraction of the bulk. Now the tallest Mousehole residents, calf-high to the average fox, only reached his ankles. His *fingers* dwarfed their small skinny selves. Lightheadedness overtook him as these comparisons came to mind one at a time. His nostrils flared, breathing heavy.

He was bigger than them.

So. Much. Bigger.

He was huge.

Massive.

*Colossal.*

He could hardly consider the squeaky populace people! Dolls. A much better description. And though Andy considered himself much too old for dolls, they tempted him to play nonetheless. Going about their miniature existences indifferent to his behemoth presence. Pedestrians often stopped to gawk at the city's tiniest citizens, annoying but ultimately harmless.

They entrusted their lives to the flimsy gate keeping him out and them in—until a metallic screech broke the peace. Mice turned. Dropped groceries. Braked bikes. Threw windows open to poke their tiny heads out of windows. Hundreds pausing their day-to-day to crane their necks as steel bars crumpled for this fox's bare hands.

Swatting the arch aside. Squeezing past brick walls. Entering Mousehole's model-scale borough, Andy felt like he had just stepped into a giant monster movie.

And he was the 100' star.

Wrinkled faults fanned out where his paw stomped its print into pavement. Squat brick rectangles sprawled in ordered rows for a mile on end, mini-blocks were stories-high to mice but he could leer over them with ease.

"Now *this*—" Falling forward with all the weight of a toppled building, he slammed his hands atop opposing apartment rooftops to brace himself. A crowd of mice threw their hands up and squeaked in terror. But he stayed steady, catching dozens in his shadow. "*—is. Big!*"

Mice scrambled. Jumping and shouting for him. And he had thought the attention at *The Jungle* was gratifying.

"*Andy.*" Adelonda's urgent hiss made him look over his shoulder. She made for a much gentler giant, lurking near Mousehole's entrance instead of stomping inside.

"Something wrong?"

"You're terrorizing them."

“Relax, they’re only mice.” Andy stomped between their buildings.

“Th-they’re still *people*.”

“If they weren’t born so small, maybe.”

“But—oh.” Adelonda stepped into Mousehole to intervene too late, wincing as Andy almost trampled a mouse. A male. Well-dressed and now stuck running in place like a cartoon character unaware of his plight, stringy tail snared under-toe. He grasped it by the base and pulled to no avail. “*Everyone* is smaller than you, Andy.”

Despite her protests she tiptoed to peer over Andy’s bulk. When he propped his paw up at the heel, a look of disappointment flickered across her face as the mouse bolted.

“Your point?” he said, watching her flinch as he stepped forward and made the runaway mouse vanish beneath his paw pad. Though she looked sympathetic towards the little creature, her body conveyed a different reaction—the welcome scent of draconic arousal wafting to Andy’s nostrils.

He heaved his paw up at the heel to unveil his prone victim. Suit rumbled. Mussed fur caked in gravel. One stomp had disheveled the mouse. This could’ve been an important businessman. A scientist. The remote-working executive of some big fancy company.

Today he was none of those things. Today he was a bug on the sidewalk. Trembling legs brought him upright. He snapped his head left, right, forward in a sort of waking nightmare trance. Wherever he stared, his own kind stared back. Frightened expressions misting the glass from inside buildings. Pint-sized pedestrians racing out of reach. They all said the same thing:

No one was coming to help him.

With nowhere to run, he craned his neck to see a truck-sized paw poised mid-step, its pudgy black pad his ceiling.

Then because he could...

Because it was fun...

Because he could impress his girlfriend by throwing his weight around...

Andy Renard stepped on him again.

“The only thing that’s keeping me from treating everyone else this way is my height,” he lectured. When he lifted his paw again, the mouse came along for the ride—impressed into the main pad’s plush skin like stepped-in gum. Pinching his shoestring tail, Andy peeled him free to dangle in Adelonda’s face. Her eyes bounced in their sockets as if hypnotized. Following the mouse’s side-to-side motion.

“That includes you, dear.”

“You’ve proved your point,” she said.

“You don’t sound so sure. In fact, I have this feeling you want me to keep going.” Andy stooped so he and Adelonda were eye-level. The only thing that kept their snouts apart was the mouse hanging between them. “Open your mouth.”

Like a pet refusing its medicine she set her jaw. With his free hand, Andy grabbed her crotch and indented fabric with the force of his thumb. Adelonda gasped, her open mouth providing an opening.

Crammed in feet-first, the mouse landed in a wet heap atop her bed-sized tongue. He and his unwilling host shared similar slack-jawed expressions before Andy closed in. She may have been a thousand times stronger and heavier than the mouse, but Adelonda was equally helpless against Andy’s sexual advances.

His tongue washed over the mouse in a maw-filling tide of drenched sinew. Tiny hands, kicking legs—too feeble to fend off a single lusty rollick. Piping yelps—blasted silent by his bass drones.

Seizing Adelonda by her ample hips, Andy pierced his claws through her shorts and panties to get a good grope at her silk-smooth ass. Her hands glanced off the armored thickness of his back muscles as she, Mousehole's only available protector, fought to fend him off.

He walked her deeper into the city uncontested. Denting walls with the wrecking ball impact of their hips and thighs as they went. Shattering mouse-sized windows, tiny glass shards skittering into the street. Sending mice fleeing in every direction as clumsy strides became a careless waltz.

His *Fox's Fit* skirt snagged on the corner of an apartment and was left to hang there. Andy stomped forward in his jock alone, a jock readier to burst with each passing moment. It could compress his balls, barely. It could hug his flaccid sheath, barely.

What it couldn't endure was the two-foot semi lolling out that sheath, bloating fatter and needier and harder. The flared shaft erupting upwards like a third arm, engorged head punching flexible fabric.

The confining pouch creaked in protest as his dick ingratiated itself between the two titanic lovers. All the blood rushing to bloat his exaggerated, forearm-thick organ left Andy lightheaded. It drained what little reason still circulated through his brain. Second thoughts turned to lustful ideas. Concerns over getting caught took a backseat, supplanted by an overbearing command that played to the rhythm of each erotic throb: *fuck*.

*Fuck.*

*FUCK!*

Their movement came to an abrupt halt as Andy backed Adelonda into an apartment building. He swallowed her slim shoulders in his hands then slammed her onto the rooftop as if it were their bed. He parted their lips, holding his girlfriend down to hover over her.

She looked blissful in his shadow, a hand over her forehead as though fighting down a fever. “Holy shit,” she moaned—heard over mouse-sized blocks. Her eyelids fluttered, head woozily swaying. First she regarded the immovable hands pinning her shoulders. Next the full mast jutting proud above her abdomen, its jock jail shredding at the seams to unveil more aroused red flesh. Lastly she looked up, stiffening at what she saw in Andy’s parted panting maw.

“*Holy shit,*” she repeated with newfound alarm, thrashing against unbeatable strength as she remembered where they were.

With a mischievous smile he bowed his head forward and drooled the mouse out like a large spitwad. He splatted onto Adelonda’s bare stomach, the slobber puddling around him holding more weight than his drenched body.

From there Andy transferred his grip to her throat, pinning her singlehandedly so he could use the other hand to tease a trail with his index finger. The claw tip dimpled pale scales along her tender underbelly, arriving at her crop top’s cleavage window.

Her complaints were easy to tune out. Just the usual babbling: “*But we’re in public,*” coupled with reminders of his broken promises. “L-low profile. There’s probably a thousand cameras on us right now!” Words did nothing to deter his index claw’s clean cut through the middle of her top. Without tough fibers to dam them back, her unleashed breasts seemed to balloon an entire cup size. From there he traced lower, running a circle around the dazed mouse just regaining enough sense to kneel.

Adelonda clenched her thighs to keep Andy from his ultimate target. He met her pleading eyes. She wanted him to take her back to the mansion and fuck her until she couldn't stand up.

But this wasn't about what she wanted.

It wasn't even about having sex with her. In a way, Adelonda *was* protecting Mousehole. He could take or leave her. If she hadn't been present, he wouldn't have been able to redirect his volatile lust—instead of her womb, he would flood an entire block with his spunk.

“Either here, or not at all,” he said.

Adelonda stiffened at his ultimatum. “What... do you mean?” she asked.

“Either I fuck you here, or I don't fuck you at all today. I want to be seen. I want to feel big.”

“I'm keeping you out of trouble for your own good. When we... *if* we do this, there's no telling—”

“Do you want to get fucked?”

The scent teasing his nostrils screamed yes. Adelonda gnashed at her lower lip and glanced away. “I...”

“No. I guess ‘want’ is putting it lightly. You *need* to get fucked, right?” He broadcasted louder to make sure their exchange would be heard.

“Yes,” she rasped as the hold on her throat tightened. Her carotid pounded beneath his palm.

“What was that?”

“Fuck me,” she said with conviction. “R-right here. Show the world how big you are.”

There was his enabler. The woman who got him his growth formula every time without fail, consequences be damned. “What?” he asked, louder.



Her face contorted into a mix of embarrassment and sexual frustration. She threw her head back over the side of the apartment rooftop. “*Fuck me!*” Her legs unlocked, and before she could take it back, he reached down with one hand and ripped a convenient hole for himself. Shorts and damp panties, a ragged patch removed in a melodramatic *schriiip*. What remained between her legs was all-natural dragon: a slit drooling anticipation over the rooftop’s ledge and smearing windows.

“Good choice.” He went from pinning her throat to grasping her thighs. “Just remember,” he said, “you’re the one who put me up to this.”

His jock erupted, individual straps snapping free in opposite directions. The crotch pouch slingshotted blocks away. If balls could sigh, his would’ve sounded relieved to have their weightiness sag forward—no longer pinned in place. His knot surged up, majestic as a breaching whale before clapping atop Adelonda’s belly and burying the spit-slicked mouse underneath.

“Hang on.” Adelonda propped herself by her elbows, watching Andy drag back a cock so stiff his old self could’ve done chin-ups off it. “What about the—”

The instant his dick traced from her abdomen and slipped along the slope of her sex-lubed lower lips, he rammed forward.

“—*mouse!*” And she squeaked like one too.

This was the first time Andy could describe Adelonda as tight. *Extra-tight*, snatch stuffed with one squirming, thrashing, helpless extra ingredient. He gripped her shoulders then smashed her back against the apartment, a shockwave of powdered brick blowing around them.

Then he fucked her.

He fucked her for every miniature resident of Mousehole...

...to watch.

Admiring him from streets and rooftops like a god. Fearing him like a natural disaster. Awed when his muscles tensed, bulged, and rippled with enough force to demolish any of their homes. Instead it was devoted to his street-shaking self-pleasure.

...to hear.

Shameless roars commingled with fretful feminine yipes and moans.

...to *feel*.

For the tenants in the apartment underneath Adelonda's back, Andy's every public-decency-law-flouting thrust was tantamount to an earthquake.

Then there was the mouse squirming inside her pussy, transforming their romp into a technical threesome. The incomparable sensation of an actual, full-grown *person* whose life depended on the whims of his dick.

He had such girth to him now that Adelonda's belly bulged like elastic to the shape of his shaft. Through that bulge he saw the rodent. A dick-dwarfed blip. She had stopped fretting over one measly mouse's wellbeing, preoccupied with pleasure—her expression wavering between the bliss and agony of being stuffed past capacity.

“Look at you,” Andy grunted through his thrust. “You're no dragon. You should've been born a *mouse*.”

“N-no.” Adelonda rubbed her dick-distended stomach.

“*Yes*,” Andy's succinct counterargument came with a brutal hip thrust, ruining her cunt for any other man. Renovating her insides into a custom-fit fleshlight. “You're my mouse.”

“Everyone,” she gasped. “*Everyone* should be the size... of a mouse... to you...”

“Just when I thought I’d have to fuck some sense into you. My knot’s the size of a fucking *blimp* to these runts. You don’t want to be filled by my dick, you want to drown under it.”

“Yes.” Again Adelonda shuddered as he rutted the answer from her lips. He could’ve fucked any word out of her. She was his cock puppet.

“I’ve seen that look in your eyes all day. You want me to abuse my power. You want me to be a *monster*.”

“Yes!”

“A rampaging. *F-fuuucking...*” He fought for composure, his mighty legs quaking under the weight of these aroused thoughts. These feelings. Like he was a sleeper agent being activated.

“God!” Adelonda shrieked loud enough to be heard well beyond Mousehole’s gates.

That word hit just right.

A fearsome grin bared Andy’s collection of fangs. “Your destructive...” He drilled deeper into Adelonda. Even their tiny audience flinched in sympathy. “...in-*saaaati*able...” Another thrust. Fractures split through the grout between bricks in the apartment.

“...*God!*” both howled as Andy rammed her to the cusp of his knot.

Climax came with a geyser of red dust. The thrust of his hips was a hammerblow against the apartment, bricks reduced to rubble beneath their combined weight. Floor after floor one after the other pulverized under Adelonda’s back until she hit the bottom with a haze-spreading *boom*.

Andy lumbered upright to loom over his girlfriend. She laid with her tongue lolling, a hand over her seed-bloated belly—wrecked as the apartment itself. Fox cum dribbled from her parted thighs in a puddle that filled cracks between brick crumbs. Almost unnoticed, a limp

figure splatted free. If Andy's jizz had been overwhelming for a dragon, to that rodent it must have felt like a blast from a firehose.

Rubble and an assortment of rodents sloughed from Adelonda's body as Andy gathered her in a bridal carry. She still leaked as he took her down the street, a thin white line glazing roads and bridging the gaps between rooftops.

She said the craziest things in the delirious afterglow. Mumbling about how he was already her god. About how much *bigger* she was going to make him. Until Scalesborough looked punier than Mousehole from his vantage.

"Until I'm your mouse."

Andy snickered. She really was out of it. A shame the only remaining growth formula existed in the fever dream he had fucked her into. Maybe that was for the best—for the world's sake, not his. After that romp through Mousehole, his definition of big had been revised. If there *was* any more formula, well... 15' wasn't much.

It was just getting started.

\*

Adelonda had everything she wanted in a boyfriend.

A bigger boyfriend.

A ravenous boyfriend.

A monster-cocked *beast* of a boyfriend who had deep-dicked her several times each day this week to the point that her footsteps shot a mixture of pain and pleasure through her stretched-out inner walls.

But it was in a dragon's nature to be greedy. With her heart's desire fulfilled, she wanted more. She tried to go against that nature. She was supposed to want less—*less*. Her sabbatical,

however, had turned into a pet project growing increasingly out of hand. The memories refused to leave her. They haunted her dreams.

Andy Renard was inescapable.

She had made the public indecency charges from last week's stunt go away. Draconic money meant draconic clout; the monster she had helped create could get away with anything short of murder in this puny rodent Podunk.

Though Adelonda hadn't admitted it, she had been to Mousehole before his big arrival. Many times, in fact.

"Just once," she had told herself during that first visit, 5'10" to 7'.

"Just one more time," on the next: 7' to 8'.

"Just..." And the next. 8' to 10'

"...one..." 10' to 12'

"...more...." 12' to 15'

"...time." Now. She meant it, of course. Not all those other times. This time for sure.

Her careless strides inflicted lethal weight upon tiny mouse roads. Disinterested in stealth or the wellbeing of the general populace, she spooked the evening crowd underneath calf-high awnings for cover. Their alarmed squeaks fell on deaf ears, Adelonda incapable of hearing any sound beyond her thunderous heartbeat.

*I can't believe I'm doing this.*

Her lips quivered as she fought down a smile. The flustered, sexual sort as she replayed their last encounter here. A couple blocks over she saw the conspicuous missing apartment that had been leveled beneath her. Then there had been that poor mouse, pummeled by Andy's tread. Crammed into her maw then tenderized by a relentless tongue.

And finally forced inside her by that massive, burning-hot—

“Fuck.” She braced against the roof of a small apartment to take a breather. Smoke poured from her maw, venting heat topside to cool off between her legs. As her dizziness subsided, Adelonda did a double-take, recognizing the cracked windowpane around the height of her navel. She was already here.

Hesitantly, she held a fist up to the window.

“Oh no you don’t,” came from inside the little apartment as that window flew open. A tiny scowling face poked out to confront her. “It almost shattered last time you ‘knocked,’ you big red brute.”

Adelonda cleared her throat before stretching up to her full height. “Exactly who I wanted to see,” she said in her attempt at sounding businesslike.

“And you’re precisely who I *don’t* want to see.” A bespectacled brown bat tall as the average Mousehole resident somersaulted from the window then flapped his way up to her face.

“You came back for another batch!”

“You *have* another batch?”

The bat questioned her question with an arched brow.

“I’ll pay you,” she blurted.

“Pay me? Come on. The last few were out of pity.”

“I can get you anything.”

“Yeah, but what you can’t get us is out of trouble with the Big Man if you do anything stupid.”

“Please, I—”

“Nuh-uh.” The bat flapped back inside his apartment. “Besides, didn’t you explicitly tell me the point of this whole ‘out-of-town’ trip was to see what it’s like to date someone *smaller* than you?”

“It was.” Adelonda cast her guilty gaze a few blocks over. “But you... can’t blame a girl for having tastes.”

“A fetish. Not a taste.”

“I’ll be responsible with it.” That was a lie. But she would have said anything at this point. She wanted—*needed*—to see more Andy. After watching what he did to Mousehole, the thought of limiting him to 15’ was unbearable. A man like that... he deserved more.

“No. You most certainly will not.” The bat went to shut the window, except he had made a grave miscalculation: he was very small.

Adelonda, not so much.

“Quit it!” he yapped, scrawny arms shaking as he tried to force down a window upheld by her pinky finger. He let out an, “Ack!” and leapt away to avoid being knocked over. Her hand drummed against his apartment floor. Swatting aside his couch, knocking over his refrigerator—and batting away the bat himself when he tried wrestling with her hand.

“Nonononono!” she heard him squeak as her fingers furred around a conspicuous container. “Come *ooonnnn!*” Withdrawing her hand, she popped the lid open and let out a soundless gasp at what she saw.

*Jackpot.*

Before her contact could swoop out to berate her, Adelonda nudged his window shut. By the time he had thrown the window open to shout, “*Get back here you junkie!*” she had already put three mouse-sized blocks between them.

Maybe she had a teensy little bit of a problem.

If she wanted a bigger boyfriend, there were dragons aplenty in Scalesborough. Except she didn't want a bigger boyfriend. She didn't want a smaller one either.

She wanted a *fucking huge* boyfriend.

What she had in her hand—it was like giving a pyromaniac dynamite. Except she hadn't been *given* anything. Like a true junkie she had escalated from paying to flat-out stealing. But she didn't care. Not when she had her fix.

*Junkie*. She resented that phrase. Like she couldn't stop anytime she wanted. Like she had no off switch. “Like I need to be cut off by *him*,” she huffed, stowing her new batch of hyper-concentrated growth formula into her cleavage. “I can be responsible.”

Except she knew “responsible” meant taking the formula and dumping it down the drain. Blasphemy. She would *never*. At the same time, she couldn't let it go to waste...

“One more,” she resolved. “Just one.”

\*

With a beer keg the size of an oil drum tucked beneath her arm, Adelonda slipped surreptitiously through the front door. Acting like an intruder in her own home. Dragons lacked a fox's keen sense of smell, but she didn't need one to pick up on her boyfriend's scent. Tub-filling loads of spunk from a hyper-virile 15' fox left the atmosphere with a permanent sex smell.

She tiptoed into the foyer, tons of dragon trying to be sneaky for the first time in her life. Listening for a hint of sound. Being able to hear Andy's footsteps echo through the mansion was the norm; being unable to hear him was unnerving, like knowing a jungle predator laid in wait—more aware of her than she was it.



Slinking down the hall, she felt for the container between her breasts. Still there. One vial wasn't too greedy, right? It would grow Andy a little bit. *Just* make the biggest anthro on the planet that much bigger.

That's all.

But first she had to—

An enormous shape lunged from her right. Adelonda had descended from dragons. Those immense apex predators which no other species came close to competing with. Thus the extent of her instincts when defending against an even greater predator was to turn in his direction.

Andy, meanwhile, remained a fox. Stealthy. Efficient. Quick despite his mass.

He collided with her like a runaway train. The beer keg left Adelonda's arm and gonged to the floor as he seized her wrists. Forward momentum hammered his superior weight against her, the wall shuddering with their combined weight.

"*There's* my breeding sow!" Andy growled in delight, grinning down at her more like a high school bully than her boyfriend. He stole a kiss from her lips. Then another. Releasing Adelonda's wrists, her arms dropped slack at her sides.

"*Andy,*" she managed before fox tongue flooded her maw.

Drool streamed down his chin after their lips parted. "You know you can't leave for that long," he told his gasping girlfriend—his sow. Forehead touching forehead, his domineering eyes devoured her view. "This new body of mine, it's got maintenance costs. *Big ones.*"

He was rubbing the biggest one up against her in an animalistic heat. More ferocious by the second, stare intensifying as he smelled excitement.

Adelonda had managed to keep Andy from venturing off the property by lavishing him with attention. More plaything than girlfriend, sharing a living space with a sex-addicted monster

made for a more rigorous task than any full-time job. He had the right to barge in on her at any hour of the night, rip her clothes to ribbons, then fuck her where she stood.

Could she really give a man like this *more* power?

“Wait,” she whimpered.

Of course she could.

“I don’t want to wait.” A protracted *schirrr* came from the back of her shirt as his claws scythed five distinct parts through the fabric. “I want to *fuck*.”

“It’ll be worth it. Promise.”

Andy took a step back and folded his meaty arms. Adelonda had mail-ordered him a new wardrobe. Bodybuilder apparel that could serve as a comfortable camping tent to the average anthro. Inadequate to his body’s needs, but he liked his clothes one flex from bursting. Track pants hiked and pinioned to his calves. A muscle shirt that had become his signature, stretched so thin its ribbed knit became a flat cotton pane. See-through white over muscles.

“It better be,” he said.

“I, ah, got that beer you like!” Adelonda picked the keg up. Dragon-sized. Large even to Andy.

“That it? I bet I can tap you for something better with my tongue.” Said tongue flirted out to sheen his chops with saliva.

Adelonda tried to disarm him with a seductive smile. “The way I prepare it?” She walked her fingers up his pecs before giving him a gentle tap on the nose. “You’ll be begging for more.”

His chest heaved with a loud snort. “Just make it fast.”

“Right! Right away, sir.” She headed down the hall, Andy’s stare a tangible force groping the seat of her shorts. In the same way you shouldn’t run in the presence of a feral carnivorous

animal, she kept the sway of her hips under control. His libido could change at a whim; she would be on the floor in an instant, squirming underneath his weight. His paws all over her, lethal teeth flirting with her tender neck, then her clothes would be off and he—

Needless to say it was a relief when she rounded the corner *un-fucked*. Free from his voracious line of sight she picked up the pace: a hard left through the den, down the hall and inside an adjoining pantry. Kneeling, she placed the oil drum of a keg between her thighs then pried off the lid.

Churning froth broke the reflection staring back into chunks. As a refined dragoness she preferred her wine aged. Expensive. But Andy was a fox. He liked his beer strong, cheap, and now by the drum. There was enough here to intoxicate him. More important, to mask the flavor of growth formula.

Adelonda fished the stolen container from her cleavage then flicked the lid open with a claw. A cold cloud puffed out from the refrigerated interior, foam-lined to pad each vial. Ten in total all brimming with purple formula, labeled *X-tra Dose*; this... this was the good stuff. The dangerous stuff. If the old formula was like the beer in this keg, these little vials were the vodka equivalent.

She extracted a vial from its slot, pinched between her fingers with the utmost care. The brittle glass was easy for a regular anthro to handle. Not for her. She was strong.

But she didn't feel that way. On the inside she felt weaker than a mouse.

"I'm actually doing this," she whispered, slowly tilting the vial sideways above the open keg. Thin veins of food coloring purple branched beneath the yellow surface.

“You can stop pouring now,” she told herself. “Half is plenty.” Yet she angled the rim further towards the keg. “Adelonda.” Her tone turned testy, as if addressing an incompetent coworker. “You *should* stop pouring. You’re getting carried away.”

Adelonda shook the vial with an expectant frown, only to realize she had already emptied it. The beer looked the same as it had before, formula diluted until there wasn’t a hint of purple. A concerning thought occurred: what if beer served as some kind of counteractive agent? What if it watered down the formula? Worse, made it useless?

“One more, then. Just to hedge my bets.” With the second dose there was no hesitation. She turned it upside-down and spread its contents around like a condiment. Again the formula disintegrated.

Guilty eyes gazed back from the keg. Two doses down. What the hell was she thinking? Andy would grow too much, too fast. Too big to satiate. Too big to hide.

She would be capital S-crewed.

Then *why* did she have a third vial in her trembling grasp? No, best to—

*Crack.*

Her hand closed around the glass and it fractured to pieces. Formula trickled through her fist. Glass shards bobbed to the surface—that would’ve made the keg undrinkable for any other species, but Andy now had enough jaw strength to chew through steel. Aside from flavor he couldn’t distinguish a solid rock from a meatball, both equally fragile versus his teeth.

*Flush the beer, her conscience urged. Replace it with something from the wine cellar and spike it with one dose. Half a dose. A quarter! Better yet: none at all. He’s going to become a disaster.*

“Adelonda!” Andy barked loudly enough from the den that his voice seemed to surround her. “Get your juicy ass in here... or do I need to come get it?”

“Coming!” she cried, obediently reaching over to seal the keg only to pause. A lump thickened in her throat. She watched her hand move away from the lid towards the container. She had zero self-control. As though Andy had snuck into the pantry to force her into carrying out this sacred mission—his grip powerful enough to make a full-grown dragon feel small. Guiding her wrist. Moving her hand towards one of the vials.

*Do it.* She imagined Andy’s growl so vividly that she felt his breath warming her neck.

Any evidence of the fourth vial dissolved within seconds. Only then did she muster the willpower to snap the container shut and stow it into her cleavage for later—for *never*. She resealed the keg before lifting it off the floor. Knowing what was inside somehow made its sloshing contents a heavier burden.

She crept through the hall with a learned timidity. The ceiling lights were off, replacing the den’s two-story ceiling with a cavernous black. Lamplight kept the room lair-dim, how Andy liked it. He sat in the middle of the couch, outstretched arms hogging the backrest.

Adelonda lingered at the hallway’s threshold, peeking around the corner. His eyes had already found her however; he had been watching that spot. Waiting for her to arrive. He didn’t bother getting up. She didn’t come into the room, hugging the barrel tight to her chest.

“*Well?*” he asked.

Without any excuse to stay away, she let her magnetic desires reel her into the den. It wasn’t as if a 15’ Andy was utterly terrifying. He was taller than her, not a *god*. Not even close. A small police force could take him down if need be.

But Adelonda knew what he was capable of. She was terrified because she saw what he *could* be. Would be, with her help. An insatiable, room-filling hulk that, once let out, couldn't be put away again.

"There's my good girl," Andy said as she arrived in front of him.

"That's me," Adelonda answered with unconvincing enthusiasm.

"Who'd do anything to please me."

He had no idea how right he was. "Andy?" Unable to handle his stare any longer, she looked down at the keg and gingerly traced its side with her claw. "What do you really think you would do if you were..." She hesitated before finally whispering: "...*bigger*?"

Andy snickered. "You're obsessed." He extended his palm to receive the keg. The grin he wore conveyed an unintended warning. *Last chance*, it said. But when Adelonda hesitated too long, he clapped his palm atop the keg and jerked it singlehandedly from her grasp. She had been hugging it to her chest, but he was too strong to notice.

Last chance? No. She had run out of chances a long time ago.

Her monster-in-the-making grasped both ends of the keg to hold it sideways. "If I were bigger," he said. His brow furrowed in thought as he looked back at his reflection in dulled grey metal.

This must have been how traitors felt in olden times while waiting for the king to take his poison. She winced when Andy snapped his gaze from the keg to her. His laughter rolled up to the ceiling. Rich and deep... also menacing. "You sure you want to fantasize about me growing even more?" he asked. "A whole week at this height and you're still a doe in the headlights." His eyelids drooped to a lustful look she knew well. "I'd reassure you that I'm not going to eat you,

but we both know that's a lie. If I'm the predator of this habitat, you're the prey they send in to keep me fed and happy."

Adelonda let out a hollow laugh. "You're my boyfriend. Why would I be afraid of my boyfriend?"

"Because you're smart." Andy set the keg next to himself then gave his thigh a pat. "Sit on my lap."

"I—"

"When I say," Andy snarled in interruption. "You *do*." He yanked Adelonda off the floor by her underarms. His ample crotch bulge became her seat cushion, his pecs her hard backrest. With her head tucked beneath his chin, he mounted the beer keg atop her thighs. Like an emperor preparing to declare an execution, he pointed his thumb towards the lid. His claw stabbed through steel. Beer suds fizzed around his thumb then shot up in a brief spout after he uncorked it.

"Oh, dear," Adelonda whispered, following the keg's ascent as Andy used both hands to lift it to his face. He dragged his broad tongue upwards to catch froth cascading down the front, outpacing its leakage by licking upwards until he reached the rim. After that he heaved the keg higher then started hosing a constant stream of beer into his maw.

With his every audible gulp, a shudder ran through Adelonda—she was *letting* this happen. Giving her great glutton of a boyfriend growth formula to guzzle by the beer-mixed gallon.

After a certain point he ripped the drum away from himself to catch his breath. Droplets of alcohol and drool sprayed from his maw as he belted out a satisfied, "*Ahhhh*." Drink sloshed around the keg's innards as he set it down at his side. "That's fucking *good*." His girthy right

hand clapped across Adelonda's lap, stinging her with a thigh-dimpling claw grope. "Whatever you did to that beer, you're doing it every time from now on. Got it, bitch?"

"Anything you say, Andy," Adelonda replied at a hoarse whisper. How long did she have? Seconds? Torturous *minutes*? The thought that it would come without warning made her heart race from some mixture of fear and excitement; her two most common emotions when dealing with Andy.

Guttural breaths bellowed hot against her head. "I can smell you, you know."

"I know." She squirmed in his lap.

In a bass growl, he ordered: "Touch yourself."

"Andy, there's something you should know." Her wrist vanished into his grasp; he directed her hand between her legs. "S-something, ah, important."

"Later." His hand eclipsed the back of Adelonda's own, forcing her to paw at her crotch. "So, how big do you fantasize about me being?"

When she wasn't forthcoming, he gave her crotch a violent jab, extracting, "Dragonsshouldbelikemicetoyou!" like an expert torturer.

"That was fast."

"I... may have been thinking about it this week. A lot, I mean. A *lot* a lot."

"No need to sound so embarrassed." Andy's deep voice shook through his chest and massaged Adelonda's back. "I have too." He curled his index finger over her own. Fabric crackled apart like tissue paper as their claws sliced through the front of her shorts and underwear.

She squirmed as he exposed her vulnerable slit. "Andy, I—" A jolt ran through her as he crammed both their fingers inside.



“*Quiet, mouse.*”

“*Mmmh,*” she whined, shivering in time with Andy’s invasive, guiding finger. This wasn’t close to the ER trauma of his dick, but a finger could bend. Worm and wiggle mid-knuckle in a relentless probe of her most tender erogenous zones.

“Except, know what I’ve been thinking?” Something dangerous hid in that question.

“What?” But Adelonda could only play along.

““*Mouse*” isn’t small enough for you.” Andy shunted both their fingers to the knuckle. As if the toe-curling sensation wouldn’t suffice on its own, his finger thickened inside her. Excavating deeper with an elongating trunk.

Adelonda clapped a hand over her maw to stifle a whimper. Her boyfriend needed the soundscape all to himself, his growing body filling their once-quiet den with a racket of sounds.

His pecs let out an almost cartoonish *pop* as they rose against her back, swelled upwards to flank her head—now nestled into their muscular cleavage.

*Schhrrriip* complained his shirt, streaks of white chest fluff bursting through fabric ripped inside out.

Various *creaks* rolled from his burgeoning physique. Muscles packed onto muscles, producing a sound like that of a sturdy wooden house somehow gaining volume by developing new rooms. Growing in height by sprouting new floors.

The *crackle-crunch* of underlying bone did the same; Adelonda could *feel* his anatomy stretching out around her.

And then there was the disturbed *groan* of the couch’s metal frame against unexpected weight.

Adelonda looked up expecting to see her boyfriend's knowing, excited grin. Instead he had his head thrown back, eyes shut. "*Bug*," he growled. "I want to be able to look at a dragon and think 'bug.'" "

Perhaps it was a side-effect from taking so much growth formula at once. Or maybe the copious amounts of beer had something to do with it. Whatever the case, his woozy tone said he was already intoxicated. Too growth-drunk to recognize the inches he put on by the second.

"I can't stop thinking about it," panted Andy. His pectorals crept upwards until they could no longer hold the back of Adelonda's head. Strained shirt fabric peeled then burst to scraps that fell into her lap. Confetti patches of his pants flew into the air, scattered across the couch and floor. "How *good* each milestone felt. From under six feet to *this*... Look at me. I mean, *really* look at me. I'm a monster!"

Adelonda knew she ought to speak up but found herself too terrified. He was already dominating her without any understanding of what was going on. One merciless finger had shallowed her breaths. Could she even *survive* if he gave her the full brunt of his sexual attention?

"*Fuu-uu-uu-uck*." Each protracted syllable Andy bellowed came out an octave lower than the last. The couch's frame produced a new groan as his hips encroached on adjacent cushions. "I'm giddy just thinking about it. Like an addict. I can hardly sleep some nights. Remember Kent? I want it so that mite-sized jock can't bench press my goddamn *toe*."

He had to have grown at least 3'. Inch after inch with no signs of stopping, giving the impression that Adelonda was sinking into him like living quicksand. She hugged his expanding forearm to ground herself while he worked her cunt more thoughtlessly. The moment's respite

she experienced whenever he withdrew his sex-drenched finger was nothing compared to the urgent distress that followed—impaled on a finger even larger than before.

“I want every one of you lizards to know how low you are on the food chain when I’m stomping around.” With his free hand, Andy reached over and picked up the beer keg. His fingers effortlessly crumpled dents into the side.

“I want...” He brought the keg to his lips and squeezed, wringing out another mouthful of beer.

With the formula already an active catalyst, what he downed in an obnoxious “*glp!*” compounded the effects. His valiant scraps of a wardrobe blew apart in a fireworks display of cotton and spandex. He kicked his bare legs forward, right paw glancing the coffee table—sent flying until it smashed against the wall. The room-filling *bang* didn’t elicit a reaction from Andy. Not even a bomb could have woken him from his trance; half-awake, half-submerged in a horny dream.

“I want to be the alpha. Of foxes. Dragons. Of *everything*. So fucking hung a flatbed’s tires would pop just trying to hold one of my balls!” As if to toast the sentiment he raised his keg into the air then took another drink.

Looking up, Adelonda didn’t see her boyfriend anymore. What she saw was some great growing god of debauchery. A leviathan in fox’s fur. Beer streamed grandly down his cheeks and beaded off his chin. His physique had become so bloated with burdensome muscles that his ability to move seemed impossible as his size. Unaware, ungrateful of his incredible gift—he only ranted and guzzled and grew more frightening.

“And I would drown *you* in all the fox cum those flatbed-flatteners can cook up, Ada... Ade... Alda... *bitch*.” Closing on the 20’ mark, he momentarily forgot his own girlfriend’s

name. He must have been running out of room for any data in his head outside of himself.

Adelonda didn't blame him. She didn't have much room for Andy between her legs and her head was similarly overstuffed with fantasies of him. The world's fourth tallest woman, little more than a hatchling in his lap.

He took another swig.

His legs sprawled ahead, paws heaving into the air with each growth spurt as though he had a violent case of the hiccups. On thundering down again, they hammered heel dents into the floor further out than when they first kicked up.

*"Fuck,"* Andy gasped, his oil drum of a keg now closer to a large beer can for scale. Its middle had been wrung into an hourglass crumple; what remained sloshed around in the bottom. "What did you put in this, Viagra? I feel so damn full I could start a flash flood next time I get off!"

That was closer to the truth than he thought.

A storm had been brewing beneath Adelonda. One that bounced her in place with each growth spurt Andy underwent. His track pants had been reduced to a ragged blanket for her to sit on. It covered his crotch, a sub-centimeter degree of separation between her ass and her boyfriend's swelling excitement. Not enough separation to stop her from feeling the rising heat.

Like a monster in the basement knocking against a sealed trapdoor, she felt it underneath her. Slithering out from the sheath, throbbing fuller and more dangerous. Her weight kept his sensitive spongy skin folded in on itself.

Not for long.

“But you want to hear something crazy? I thought I’d be satisfied at *seven* feet. I mean, who’s heard of a seven-foot fox? But I wasn’t. You definitely weren’t. Each time I grew, I figured that’d be enough. Now I get it: neither of us will *ever* be satisfied.”

Andy drank again. Another gulp, another entire foot gained. His finger still twisted around inside Adelonda; its movements lacked any form of sensuality. A man like this was too powerful for a delicate touch. He only knew brute force, and he wielded it with glee.

Every twisting motion wrenched a soundless scream from the dragoness, overfull pain before a gunshot of sensation blasted point-blank through her pleasure center. He had no need to coax her into arousal, he just jackhammered her g-spot until she was panting and gasping and reduced to a horny ruby-red puddle. Writhing in her behemoth boyfriend’s couch-filling lap, every movement rubbing and bouncing her butt against his increasingly massive shaft.

Andy had reduced his girlfriend to a stimulating sex toy. A fevered, thrashing vibrator: kicking, twisting, smacking the back of her head against his abs with the certainty that she had been stretched to capacity—only to be stretched a little more.

The amount of pleasure made her feel like she was going insane. She couldn’t handle more fox. If he didn’t stop growing she would explode.

“I think I could grow every single second of every single day...” Andy paused to take another swig. “...and it just wouldn’t matter...” His erection rumbled underneath Adelonda. Shuddering like a volcano ready to leave dormancy. Too powerful for even her tonnage to suppress much longer. “...I’d never be satisfied...” Another abrasive gulp, more size piling on—god, her insides *burned* from that finger. “...I’d just...” And again. Her tongue hung out like a dog’s, eyes rolling desperately around in their sockets. She mouthed Andy’s name, throat too tight to form words. “...want...” One last time he drank. “...more!”

The emptied keg produced a metallic screech as it vanished into his fist. Testosterone possessed him to chuck it across the room, where it struck the wall then rattled around on the floor. Adelonda was forced to slump backwards as Andy's erection sprouted between her legs. She had to spread them to their widest, luscious thighs straddling the sides of his knot. The shaft pointed upwards, girth and length a perfect match for her torso.

*Twice the size of a dragon* with a boner more massive than Andy's former self. Veins thick as Adelonda's forearm twitched to keep this lustful red rod swollen. Rivulets of pre already oozed from its head by the quart, drooling down in all directions and perfuming the air with thick animal musk. The scent tapped into something primal in her brain; it told her there had never been a more potent man—a more virile, *powerful* man.

Andy's needs had grown with him. Consumed by lust, he pried his finger out from Adelonda's pussy. He needed both hands to wrestle with this beast. It had a circumference that exceeded his grasp. Claws capable of rending metal only produced tiny dimples against the rigid slab of skin.

Free from his fingering, the relief Adelonda expected never came. She felt more desperate than ever—cramming four fingers in to fill the void left behind. Trying to emulate just a fraction of the sexual thrill he had instilled.

Andy was done growing... for the time being. His feral exhalations rumbled to the ceiling. Each open-mouthed gasp rocked through his abs and in turn the dragoness nestled against them. Every shift of a couch-filling hip jostled her like a rolling wave.

“If I had any more growth formula, you would be *fucked*,” he told Adelonda, jacking off with his eyes shut. Delirious after the drug-high dopamine hit that came from growing larger, more athletic, altogether physically superior.

“This whole city would be fucked,” he added.

Unsatisfied by his hands—too small to cover all the square footage of such an immense implement—Andy brought his erection into a crushing hug. This was of course without regard for Adelonda. Hot flesh mashed against her front, crushing her into the hard space between a giant fox’s abs and his erection.

“If my balls need to be drained every hour at this size, they’d never let up when they’re both big as houses!” Andy pumped his arms up and down, indifferent to Adelonda’s struggles. “I’d never stop cumming. I’d never stop growing. My entire existence, just one big orgasmic power trip.”

Precum soaked through Adelonda’s clothes. She thrashed her parted legs, flailed her arms against his manhood—not out of panic, or to help Andy get off. His tree-thick dick had blocked the way to her cunt; all she could do to get herself off now was hump Andy’s knot.

“The world would be my playground. Skyscrapers. Towns. Cities. Mansions. States. Continents.” Precum pooled along the bridge Adelonda’s nose. She licked and licked, whimpering subserviently. The scent, the taste; sense-scrambling, leaving her horny and desperate for release as a vixen in heat. *She* had become the fox.

Andy, her dragon.

“So what would I do if I was bigger?” he said. “I’d find a way get even bigger than that. And then I’d get bigger. And I’d never. Stop. Growing!” At this denouement the couch’s steel frame—already so deformed its middle came close to touching the ground—broke beneath Andy. His enormity devastated the floor with a den-rattling *thud*, a sound overpowered by the roar he let out. It echoed through the halls; any guest in any room of Adelonda’s sprawling home would have heard him.

Cum sprayed upwards with the force of a firehose. That first geyser cleared the gap from the den's floor to its two-story ceiling, spattering wetly and sticking there. He unwound his arms to make his shaft fall forward, clamping its sides with his hands to pump the remainder of his load out. Too weak to support herself, Adelonda faceplanted atop the shaft—pitching up and down while gallons of spunk spewed across the room. It pounded the opposite wall then dribbled down to form a spreading puddle on the floor.

Sighing satisfaction, Andy relinquished his cock; despite having to uphold Adelonda's tonnage, it didn't bend any further. A *crunch* came from the wall—he had slumped backwards with enough weight that cracks fanned around him.

Adelonda's world spun while she crawled off her boyfriend, dropping from his right hip onto all fours. Arms shaking to sustain her, damp thighs quivering as a trickle of ejaculate gushed from her legs. She gulped for breath in a room that now reeked of cum. It dripped from the ceiling, decorated the wall. With great effort she staggered upright. Deep moans came from behind her. She almost didn't want to turn around.

But, slowly, she did.

Head tilted to the side, Andy used his muscular mound of a right shoulder as his pillow. His eyes were shut, bedspread of a chest heaving in time with every breath. He looked to be basking in the afterglow. Or maybe he was still going—an amount of cum did still spill from his shaft. Nothing like the hose from before, but a faucet trickle. A constant stream of spunk from the head into the divot between his lap-filling testicles.

As for Andy himself...

He was fucking terrifying.



Slouched and seated yet still a match for Adelonda's full height. Steel bars that once made up her couch lay scattered about the room. With his weight he had dented the floor, the wall behind him.

Perhaps, Adelonda thought while tiptoeing backwards in the hallway's direction, she should let Andy sort this out for himself. Give him a chance to get used to his new body before—

She froze mid-step as the sound of sniffing filled the den. Andy had his snout pointed at the air. He rolled his head forward, as if it were heavier than the rosy, muscular neck underneath. His large eyes blinked one at a time as he came back to himself. He looked at his new body, the den's wreckage.

"*Adelonda.*" And inevitably: her.

"Andy," she replied, cracking a nervous grin. "S-surprise!"

The marble floor crunched as he began to shift his weight. He hadn't learned how to conduct himself at this height and in all likelihood didn't care to. He was still sniffing the air, like a predator on his prey's scent trail. *Thud-thud*, the simultaneous sounds of his floor-shaking palms coming down in front of Adelonda.

On hands and knees, cock angled from the hip so its tip continued making a mess all over the floor, Andy was at the exact height that his huge face could hover in front of Adelonda's. Leering eyes the size of truck tires stared unblinking.

"What *is* that smell?" he asked.

"Smell?" Adelonda yelped, intimidated by her own boyfriend. Except, no. That wasn't right. The *intimidated* part was correct, but... what right did she have to call all this her boyfriend?

Whatever he had sniffed out must have smelled good: a fist-sized gob of drool rolled from his lips. Salivating at the scent.

Wait.

No.

There was no way his sense of smell was that good...

“You made me bigger.” The calm in his voice was offset by his array of teeth, all thick around as Adelonda’s forearm. He slammed his right hand onto the ground next to her. She jumped aside as though he had fired a gun at her feet.

“It turns out I still had some more.” She reached instinctively for her chest.

Andy sniffed again, snout creeping closer until it hovered inches from her face. She held her ground as saliva droplets landed atop her breasts.

“We both know what has to happen,” he said. The floor crackled as his fingers clawed grooves through the floor. “I can smell it.” He licked his chops in her face. “Taste it.”

Adelonda took another step back.

Andy’s arms bowed at the elbow. For a second it looked like reality had caught up with his impossible body, like he was going to collapse under the weight of his own muscles. But it was nothing like that. Biceps sturdier than pillars flexed, impressive back muscles bulged, and then with a grunt he bucked his beefy hips and left a fresh cum puddle on the floor.

Just the thought of more growth was enough to make him orgasm.

“You’re the size of a bus.” Adelonda tried to make him see reason as she backed into the hallway.

Andy's razor smile remained, the floor shuddering as he crawled after. "That's all?" he said. Where she could stand in the center of the hall and stretch her arms out without touching either side, Andy had to contort into a box shape just to fit through the threshold.

"I-it was a heat of the moment decision!" Adelonda continued putting space between them. She reached into her bust and withdrew the container. "These..." She popped the lid open and saw the vials remained intact. She snapped them shut, tearing her eyes away to resist temptation. "...need to be disposed of."

"*No!*" The hallway's echo made Andy's roar that much louder. He tried to force himself forward, but he was stuck. Too broad for the hallway.

"I've made you the biggest man in the world," she said. "I'm like a vixen to you now. You can still live a normal life like this, ah, sort of. I'll take care of you. S-serve you. You'll never want for... for..." Her speech faltered as she realized Andy wasn't paying attention. He had closed his eyes, snout wrinkled and brow deepening with a glare of concentration. Before he could pop a vein in his skull, his eyes flew wide open.

His malicious grin made for a dark opposite to Adelonda's shocked expression.

"Come here, bitch." He no longer had to conform to the hallway, it conformed to him—rectangular shape becoming more parenthetical. His back rose like an ocean swell of muscle until it grated against a ceiling Adelonda had to tiptoe to reach.

*Boom.* A tremor rocked through the hallway as he reached forward and slammed his growing hand to the ground.

*Boom.* His other hand came down in the spot Adelonda had been a second ago.

A cacophonous grinding sound filled the hallway as he began to bulldoze his way forward. An unstoppable force, shoulders cracking marble to pieces. "I can still feel it,

Adelonda.” His level baritone echoed as if through a loudspeaker. “Moving inside me.” His back refused to be contained, smashing through the ceiling—and in turn entering the second-floor hallway above. “I’m nowhere *near* my final height.”

Even with Andy needing to smash his way through walls to get to her, Adelonda now had to turn and run. His movements might have seemed slow, but each time he advanced, he propelled his massive self forward another dozen feet—a little more each time, now that he was growing.

“We both know I can’t stop, even if I wanted to. I don’t need breath or food or even sex. There’s only one thing I need, and you’re gonna give it to me.”

She had reached the end of the hall. Fumbling with the door handle, she entered through another extraneous sitting room and began to sprint. Where she used the door, Andy rammed clean through the wall. Debris flew past her. Pieces of furniture crunched underneath his palms.

“*A-de-lon-daaaaa*,” his deepening volume always made it sound like he was right behind her.

“I’m sorry, Andy!” she yelled back. “I can’t!”

“*Of course you can. It’s the easiest thing in the world.*”

This was a nightmare.

A sexy nightmare. The walls of her home roaring into collapse while she sprinted in a race she was destined to lose.

She couldn’t hide... he would smell her.

She couldn’t run... he would outgrow her stride.

She couldn’t stop him...

And deep down, she knew she wouldn’t.

Entering into another hallway, she rammed through the first door on her left. It was an indoor Olympic pool, already several feet shallower than usual. Constant tremors from an impending Andy gave it the appearance of a stormy sea. Waves thrashed against the rim then left chlorine puddles across polished floor tiles.

Her scaled feet glided over those puddles as she raced alongside the pool's longer end. "*Adelondaaaa*." She could hear her name reverberating up to the lofty glass ceiling. Andy sounded louder. Closer. Inescapable, his words filling every room of her home.

Halfway around the pool the door she had entered through erupted off its hinges and screeched across the floor until it plunked into the pool. The entire wall rattled from the impact, and in turn the room itself. Adelonda stumbled, kicking almost comically for her footing against the wet floor only to trip in a puddle. She had her arms crossed the entire time, keeping the formula shielded from a hard landing.

She had just enough time to roll over and sit up before the cracked wall absorbed another blow. Boulders of marble broke apart, hurtling into the room. Plumes of water erupted where they bombarded the pool's surface. Those that struck the floor dented its tiles, half-sunken into the ground like meteorites.

*"There you are."*

Through the half-obliterated wall, Adelonda saw a second wall. A living wall. One made up of browns and whites and oranges.

And *gold*. His eye now the size of a dinner table, glaring in through a ragged crack where wall met ceiling.

Adelonda carefully got to her feet. "The formula's done its job." Her voice echoed up to Andy. "Too much of one! You're bigger than anyone's ever been, ever could be! Isn't that

enough?” While talking she slowly backed away until she arrived at the end of the pool opposite him.

She could plead, she could reason, she could argue all she liked.

Andy had a simpler retort.

“*Make.*” His bulk hurtled away from the wall, a battering ram drawn back before the gatecrash.

“*Me.*” Andy came through with the third blow. Enough of him to make a dragon feel like a mouse. Tonnage hurtling, his upper torso soared. An earthquake racked the room as he pounded Adelonda-sized hands on opposite sides of the pool to brace himself.

Arms bowed low, faults skittering around his handprints. Rather than swim through the pool, he cleared it by leaning forward. Adelonda’s feet left the ground as he thumped his nose against her middle. He carried his snout forward until he had her back to the wall.

“*Biiiiiggggerrrrr.*” A steam cloud of breath rolled out to envelop Adelonda.

The moment he withdrew his snout, she hit the floor and crumpled to her knees. She could have crawled inside the smirk hovering ahead of her. Drool droplets the size of her fist hung from Andy’s thick black band of a lower lip. It would have been chilling if he had been hungry for her. It was even more chilling, knowing he was starved to get bigger than this.

“There’s no telling what this will do,” she warned.

His maw eased open, slowly filling her view with teeth and tongue and long columns of fox slobber.

“You could outgrow the city.”

Wider, until his chin hit the floor.

“Th-the planet!”

His tongue splatted out in front of her knees like a carpet. She hugged tighter and tighter to the remaining formula until the container threatened to break. Then the fight went out of her with a defeated whimper.

He could devour the formula without trying.

He could devour *her* without trying.

But even addicted as he was, Andy wanted Adelonda to pull the trigger. One last act of domination, then he could go on to dominate everyone and everything else. She put the container on his tongue and it immediately withdrew, drawn into the spit-shined shade of his maw. His lips sealed together; a megaphone-loud *gllllp!* gloated after.

Silence fell. It was just Adelonda, Andy's smile, and the crushing weight of what she had done.

"I just signed the world's death warrant," she said in disbelief. One might expect this to be accompanied by an expression of horror, but no. A smile had flustered its way onto Adelonda's face. After all mental anguish trying to ensure Andy Renard didn't make a scene, it had happened anyway. It felt good to give up her last shred of self-control. She could have dumped the formula in a drain somewhere before Andy got to her.

But she hadn't.

A rumbling sound came from Andy's body. Like the threat of a stampede. An avalanche. Jowls thick as the blankets on Adleonda's bed began curling upwards into an eager grin.

This situation was beyond her control. All she could do now was enjoy the ride.

That grin gave way to gritted teeth. Strained against mounting pressure, as though a new Andy aimed to molt from the current one. Even his stories-spanning muscles faltered, threatening to send him into collapse.

But then he caught himself. His mouth cracked its widest to loose an ear-ringing roar. Poised as he was, Adelonda had a view beneath his ceiling of a chest; his bus-sized erection lolled over the opposite end of the pool. He bucked his hips once and began to orgasm like a leaking oil tanker. His cum readjusted the water level, compensating for what had been shaken out with thick gobs that sank like stones to the bottom.

He began to grow—violently; destructively; *massively*.

His new muscles and expanding bones creaked and groaned like a swaying skyscraper. The air became oppressive with his body heat, the smell of his sex palpable. Water roared out from the pool, displaced by aroused red flesh filling it from end to end—down to its deepest.

The room *brimmed* with Andy. Balled up small as hundreds of feet of endlessly growing fox could: kneeling, hunched forward until almost prostrate, arms folded beneath his chest. All this and his back still scraped the ceiling. There wasn't a shred of room for anyone else except himself and his crumb of a girlfriend. Even then she was less than arm's length from Andy's maw, fingering herself in front of his house-sized head.

But it couldn't last.

Walls shuddered. The glass ceiling crackled. Before Andy could outgrow his girlfriend—or the concept of having one for that matter—he gave her one last horizon of a grin.

Then there was no more containing him.

Walls crashed down. The ceiling broke against his back, glass shards the size of minivans sent flying through the air. Smoke rolled through in a great black plume, leaving Adelonda unable to see. She heard booms. Roars. Walls and ceiling giving way. She couldn't differentiate the sounds of destruction from the ones produced by Andy's swelling body. It was as if she were at ground zero for a detonated bomb.



A violent gale cleared the smoke. Overhead waved fur strands the size of trees. Several hundred feet of *tail* had blown past to reveal the ruin that had once been Adelonda's mansion. Dirt-caked, sprawled on her soaked back in a crater shallow with cum and pool water, she stared up at a dark shape. Too massive, too close for her to get the full picture; a single toe claw arched above, thick as she was tall.

"*A-de-lon-daaaaa.*" She could barely recognize his voice. Distant yet all around her.

She held her breath. Hanging on this behemoth's next words. Desperate to hear his demands so as to better appease them.

"I... want... *mooooore!*"

\*

A step.

He needed no more than that to demolish a mansion and leave behind a pool-deep crater in the shape of his paw. He cleared one yard to its neighbor's in a lone stride, guaranteeing he always had a different Scalesborough residence buried under either foot.

Dirt geysers plumed up in his hundred-thousand-ton wake—the strength of a bomb packed into every stomp. Dragons fled their homes and spilled into the streets. The largest anthro species in the world, demoted to *second*-largest. And it wasn't even close. Toe-tall. Pathetic as mice. At a whim, Andy could change his course to torment them. Hovering a single meteoric sole over the crowd, their fastest sprint futile against slow-motion sadism like a boy terrorizing an anthill.

Boulder-sized crumbs of uprooted earth would hurtle from the gaps between wiggling toes, raining hundreds of feet down and pancaking parked cars. Flakes of mansion would uproot from whatever parts of his supple pads they had lodged into like stubborn splinters. Busted

furniture shattering to tiny pieces when they hit pavement. Chunks of wall powdered to the point of resembling snowfall.

Then the paw itself, roaring from the sky to reduce hundreds of lives to a mere footprint.

But the idea never occurred to Andy. These dragons weren't worth a thought, let alone the modicum of exertion it would take to reroute himself. Their borough was his stepping stone. Destroyed not for fun—though it *was* fun—but because it was in his way.

The border wall put up as much resistance as a line drawn in the dirt, obliterated along with everything else caught beneath his tread as he thundered into the city proper. Greater than the greatest architectural feats, skyscrapers impressive to him as Mousehole's brick-laid rows—except at this size, these were flimsier.

Hundreds on hundreds of feet.

Floor after floor.

Muscle stacked on muscle.

City-shaking.

Ground-breaking.

Tremor-making.

Mountainous amounts of fox laughed in the face of physics and its laws with every percussive exhalation. His path may have seemed like the wanton destruction of a kaiju hell-bent on leveling the city, and it was. Destructive, at least.

Not wanton, however. No. The formula had rewritten Andy Renard down to his brain cells. Rational thought seared away in the inebriating haze of post-growth pleasure. He cleaved a singular path through the city with singular purpose. Like any beast, his goal was simpleminded.

But he did have a goal.

The same goal he had set himself towards since his first drop of the stuff. Oh, sure, he had to posture back then. Delude himself into thinking anything more than the next hit mattered. Because back then he still had to be a person. To suppress the testosterone-fueled, lust-drunk animal.

That part of Andy had been forever unleashed by his enabler.

His bitch.

His breeding sow.

Her name... What was it? Already forgotten. Irrelevant. Memories from before he hatched from that mansion became foggier by the step. He had been reborn, his mammoth body a prison of pleasure. Anytime his train of thought might remind him that he too once stood among these fleeing insects, a sensory overload throbbed through his cock—derailing any hope of reason.

Andy carried himself with a bulldozer's mechanical indifference. His fists remained balled at his sides, shoulders swaggered one at a time as if stomping towards a fight. His erection paved the way: engorged flesh stiff enough to fuck through a skyscraper's glass, steel, and concrete. Long enough that, by the time the knot arrived to smash the skyscraper's hole larger, the head erupted out the other end.

Then the rest of Andy ensued, lagging hundreds of feet behind his erection. Against the pressure of his body's advancing bulk, skyscrapers surrendered any semblance of structure. Reduced to a puff of glass and fire, from which he emerged unscathed. To walk around these buildings asked more of him than walking right through them. His size had reached that impossible point where anything between himself and his goal couldn't put up a moment's resistance.

And what was his goal?

He articulated it constantly. Whether anyone could fathom his miles-spanning bellow was another matter. Meaningless to a god.

“*Big-gerrrrr.*” All slow and rumbling, as though he had forgotten how to form words. They were useless to him, after all. Who would he communicate with? *Bugs?*

“*Gr-ooooow.*” Window-bursting bass booming from his chasm of a throat one protracted syllable at a time.

“*Mo-ooore!*” A rapturous roar like calling out a lover’s name at climax. Because he had forgotten his former lover; his new one commanded his every thought, defined his very being. More than love, he was *consumed* by a need for it.

*Growth.*

Raw sex throbbed through each square foot that made up his landmass muscles. His cock salivated at the idea of swelling to greater sizes, drooling excess from testicles constantly churning fresh fox batter. A river’s worth trailed him from where he first grew. It gummed gutters. Filled cracks in the razed road. Painted rubble pearlescent while slopping over men and women, gluing them prone to the ground.

Andy’s gluttony refused to let him rest. A fox who dwarfed every manmade object in his view, but it wasn’t enough.

*More*, pulsed through his brain, his instinct, his DNA.

And with a sense of smell supernaturally strong as the rest of him, he knew there was more to be had. So much more.

As power grids were pulverized and electrical wires snapped like string, buildings dimmed in an increasing radius around Andy’s rampage. Meanwhile Rysing’s biopharmaceutical

campus remained a well-lit beacon on the city's outskirts. From its office buildings, wary employees watched a hulking shape coming for literal miles.

Dots of red light flashed along the campus's perimeter. Seeing that earned a collective sigh of relief from panicked citizens. Rysing as a company was decades ahead of the world in terms of technology. Some would say centuries—no government had access to their secrets.

Rockets roared from silos, dozens blasting through the clouds at sci-fi speeds. Were they explosive missiles designed to neutralize threats? Or perhaps something less nuclear, built to unleash paralytic agents or knockout gas into the air?

Neither. After the rockets stabbed through the clouds they never came back down.

Understanding bloomed in the terrified expressions of news reporters discussing the Andy phenomenon. At the time a local curiosity, of no current danger to anyone outside the city. But the implication was clear: if Rysing's privileged executives had up and left not the city, rather the *entire world*...

The rest of them were screwed.

Every car on every floor of Rysing's ten-story parking garage bounced to the rhythm of nearing pawsteps. They crashed back down in a rave of blinking lights, a cacophony of set-off alarms. Then Andy's paw crashed down next to the garage, his step's proximity enough to send it roaring into collapse.

He had arrived.

The biopharmaceutical branch looked unassuming as any other overnight campus: tall glass office buildings and private labs. They weren't what he was here for. His rampage concluded at the heart of Rysing's campus, where a monolithic smokestack stood. White smoke

billowed from its chimney, windblown above the tallest skyscrapers. There was nothing to interrupt its path to Andy's nostrils.

That insidious scent had lured him out from Scalesborough like an invisible hand giving his chin a loving stroke. A caress for every groove carved through his bodybuilder physique. An unbreakable grip fastened around his cock, giving an endless handjob that kept him in a sexual fugue.

His ego, his greed, his lust—this scent preyed on them all. Worked so deep into his nostrils that it took root inside his brain. First with little whispered promises, now a giant's constant roar which left room for no other thought. Drawing him nearer and nearer until he stood before a smokestack that wasn't a smokestack at all.

It was an enormous vat.

Skyscraper-sized and chest-high to Andy. He peered through the steam to admire its bubbling purple contents. His claws gouged chunks of concrete as he grasped the rim by opposite sides. Leaning forward, he savored the runoff fumes with a prolonged breath.

*You'll be bigger than any building,* the scent promised.

*...any mountain.*

*...any state.*

*...any country.*

*....any planet!*

Seeing his own monstrous face reflected in that bottomless pool, Andy's grin grew wilder with each promise that upped the stakes. He silenced the voice in his head with a counteroffer:

*"Annnnyyy...thiinnng..."*

His maw crashed through the surface and he began to gorge himself. Each pool's worth of growth formula forced him to bow lower to continue his feeding frenzy. His claws pierced into the vat's sides, cracks zigzagging along the base. The pillar of concrete came up in Andy's hands, heaved high like a keg for him to chug.

Purple river rapids gushed past his cheeks and messily matted chest furs. The ultimate example of gluttony, soaring to ever-greater heights while only craving more. The bigger he grew the stronger he got, and he used that strength to heave the crumbling vat higher, washing untold gallons down his throat.

The end of the world stole the city's horizon. A virile masculine building rapidly evolving into a living skyline, the vat once close to his rival in height now a soda can in his grasp.

Andy yawned his trench of a maw at the sky then turned the vat upside-down and shook it. When the last Olympic pool-filling droplets proved too tiny for his taste buds to register, he let the vat go. In the time it took the vat to fall from hand to tongue, he had grown until it was the size of a pill. Then he sealed his lips shut and it was no more than a breadcrumb dissolving in his drool.

From skyscraping to cloud-piercing, Andy Renard was immeasurable. Not only due to his world-ending stature, but because if anyone devised a method to measure him, whatever number given would be wrong. He would already be bigger. And then bigger than that.

His erection alone stretched for miles, jutting from one extreme of the city to another—its unending potency now a flash flood warning, a lake of pearly gunk piling higher than the highest buildings.

For the helpless citizens at the foot of this breathing mountain, the stars winked out. Above hung cloudless black. Not night's pitch black. *Skintone* black. Surviving buildings still shone in the dark; their collective lights made for a beacon that illuminated their terrifying fate.

That wasn't a sky at all. It was flesh. Miles after mile of black skin coming down to meet the world in slow motion. Air overhead whooshed with a maelstrom's howl, displaced by the might of a billion-ton toe.

Running, driving, flying; Andy Renard's divine digit was too massive to escape.

A nuclear blast's worth of dust radiated around the city-turned-toe-crater. No more of a feat for him than a tourist scrunching his toe through sand on the beach. The fates of millions couldn't hold his interest. His hungry eyes stared out on a distance dwindling closer as he grew to meet it.

From the depths of his chest, "*Mooooore!*" exploded out his maw with the force of a sonic boom. A command mustered with all the ingratitude that had gotten this glutton to the status of god.

Unfair as it was to demand more after getting everything he wanted a million times over, he got more.

And he would keep getting more.

Forever.

\*

In orbit around the dying planet drifted a Rysing Emergency Observation Shuttle. Seated in front of the REOS's front window, the shuttle's sole occupant observed the world she had personally doomed.

Who knew the apocalypse could look so good?



Space was the only place that offered respite from Andy-geddon. Only for now; with that much of Rysing's patented formula churning within his oceanic veins, space would soon have anything but—no more room for planets, stars, nor galaxies.

Only one fox.

Until that complete collapse forced her to evacuate this universe, Adelonda Prime watched her boyfriend fuck creation apart like it was a porn flick. Violently fingering herself while he swelled from the world's eighth and largest continent to a Moon-sized cataclysm warring with the planet's gravitational pull.

Terrestrial debris plumed free of orbit through explosions that made atom bombs look like children's toys.

Pristine tree greens and ocean blues and cloud whites became smog blacks and magma reds and dirt browns.

Andy curled himself around the planet's dwindling curvature like Adelonda's favorite web browser. His claws impaled the seas with the same possessive grip he used on her. Signifying he had moved on to a bigger, better lover.

A thrust of his hips skewered his erection clean through the other side of the planet, spewing a brilliant geyser of magma and cum beyond the atmosphere. His vast spine arched as he threw his head back and split his maw wide. Even with space's vacuum, Adelonda's REOS sounded alarms. It shook with the explosive emanation of Andy's roar—not the sound, but the force behind it.

She couldn't hear that singular word his growth-drunk brain could still utter, but she could *feel* each protracted syllable rumble through her bones:

*“Mooooore!”*

“Figured I’d find you here.”

Hearing that nasally voice made Adelonda rip her fingers out from her skirt. She wiped the juices off just in time before a familiar brown bat fluttered onto the control table to accuse her with his irate glare.

“Didn’t hear you come in, Kyrn,” she blurted, guilty grin showing too many teeth.

“Most people don’t.” He turned, hands behind his back to watch their destructive handiwork unfold. “Entering an inactive universe. Taking a joyride in the body of one of your alternate-timeline selves. Oh, yeah. Right: destroying. The. World. Can’t forget that one, can we?”

“I didn’t do anything this Adelonda wouldn’t,” she sulked, giving their shared body a pat on the chest. “I just... nudged her.”

“...into destroying the world.”

“Did the Big Man send you?”

“Nnnope. He’s got other stuff to preoccupy Him. Though at the rate this one’s going, got a feeling He’ll have to do a fixer-upper soon.”

Adelonda eased back into her seat with a laidback smile. She looked over her coworker to savor in the fruits of her labors just a little longer. “He’ll be fine with it,” she decided.

“With breaking the cosmic laws?” Kyrn paused here out of respect for the known world blowing apart in all directions against the girth of this particular Andy’s growing erection.

“Yeah, okay.”

“Cosmic laws.” Adelonda snatched the bat into her fist, leveling him with her serene smile. “Are meant to be broken.” Then she chucked the bat over her shoulder, sending him somersaulting in zero-grav.

“That is *not* how the saying goes,” he grumbled. “But whatever. You coming?”

“*Yesss*,” Adelonda hissed, fingers already stuffed into her panties. After a couple seconds she realized they were not on the same page for definitions. “I mean...” Biting her lip, she debated her next move. The REOS had been captured in Andy’s gravitational pull. Estimates until landfall skipped forward several minutes every few moments to recalculate since he was growing miles on the millisecond. “...you go on ahead. I’ll catch up.”

“Whatever. But if you get lost in an intergalactic fur follicle, don’t expect me to be the one who fishes you out.”

“Thanks, Kyrn.”

“Yeah, yeah.” And with that he was gone, leaving his coworker well and truly alone.

Alone as could be with the most massive living being in this entire universe. The ship juddered. Red lights flashed. Alarms blared. Warnings for imminent impact with a dick that would be the size of the solar system before sundown, meaning there wouldn’t *be* a sundown before sundown. None of that bothered Adelonda. Now alone, she couldn’t keep from indulging. Groping and fingering herself to the view of her rising god.

Unaware of his germ-sized worshipper.

His enabler.