

# **Sizable Relapse**

A Story Commission for Andy and  
Adelonda

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Content Warning: Macro, Size/Cock/Muscle Growth, Rampage

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# 1



“So how's work been?” Adelonda asked with a bright smile. “Did you land that big contract you were telling me about the other day?”

His job was one of the last things Andy was interested in talking about in that exact moment, but the question brought a smile to his muzzle all the same. That she cared enough to remember such mundane and uninteresting things about him reaffirmed her genuine interest. “I think so,” he affirmed with a nod. “We've got one more meeting to finalize the details sometime next week, but all signs point to yes. If I can land it there's probably a promotion in my near future.” He straightened an imaginary tie around his neck.

The two continued their idle chit chat as they made their way through dinner. There was nothing of consequence to discuss; the two of them were just happy to savor each other's company. When their meal had finally been topped off with a delicious molten chocolate cake they finally ran out of reasons to linger in the restaurant. By that point, both had imbibed more than their fair share of alcohol, and neither was in any condition to drive. At Adelonda's suggestion, they called an Uber and she offered for Andy to join her at her place under the pretext of it being closer.

The ride in the back seat of the car hadn't taken long. Not that the lack of time kept either of them from letting their hands wander around one another. The ruby scaled dragoness had lit the fuse with a casual squeeze of his thigh. Less than a minute later she had two of the middle buttons on his button-up shirt undone and had her hand slipped inside it to comb her fingers through his chest fur. With only a minimal amount of coaxing from her, Andy's own hand had found its way under her own shirt. By the time the Uber finally stopped in front of her apartment building only one button remained holding Andy's shirt closed while her own top was hanging open entirely and giving both Andy and their driver an unobstructed view of her lacey bra underneath.

The two drunkenly stumbled their way from the car to her apartment, tipsy as much from lust as from the alcohol by this point. They paused briefly to make out with one another against her front door and nearly fell over on top of one another when her blindly fumbling hand finally found the doorknob and turned it. The door was barely closed behind them before Andy was pushed up against the door this time. His slender, vulpine frame bodily lifted off the ground, feet dangling a couple of inches off the floor, as the much larger nearly seven-foot dragoness chose to raise him to her level rather than crouch down to his.

When she broke the kiss and let him go, he had to stumble to catch his balance. Suddenly he found himself looking up at the towering Amazon of a dragoness, nearly a foot taller than him and built somewhere between an athletic runner and an amateur female bodybuilder. It would have been quite an intimidating sight for just about anyone. Not for Andy, though. And that was part of what Adelonda found so attractive about him. This average looking fox was no different from any other person she had met on the streets save that he was the only person smaller than her that had never once flinched or seemed nervous in her presence. Not that she had ever tried doing anything to intimidate him but when you were a girl her size it just happened. But not with Andy.

Both of their breaths were coming in heavy, audible pants at this point. They had fooled around before, mostly just making out, but tonight finally seemed the night she was going to get to do some stress testing on her bed with him. She had been wanting this since their first date and now she had him all alone with her, liquored up just enough that his normally somewhat guarded and passive demeanor had softened and let out a bit more of the assertive man she could tell was somewhere in there.

Turning and making a show of swinging her ass and tail at him as she did, the tall dragon femme sauntered her way across the living room to lead him towards the bedroom. When she glanced back over her shoulder at him, she couldn't help but grin at seeing the fox still standing there, dazed, leaning against her front door. Her grin got wider when she noticed the obvious outline of an erection straining the front of his pants. And it wasn't a small one by any means.

“You just going to stare, big guy? Or are you going to follow me back to my room and make me yours?” she teased.

Her words came out in a sultry, seductive tone meant to draw him in both by complimenting him and challenging him. But the reaction he gave was a lot different from what she had expected or intended.

Andy froze in place, whole body going rigid as his breath caught in his throat and his expression went blank. His ears flattened against his head then perked and stood all the way out. Even Adelonda, far from being known for her prudishness, felt herself blushing when she saw the front of Andy's pants throb visibly and the bulge in them stretch a little bit larger. Adelonda's head tilted a bit to the side; apparently he hadn't been all the way hard yet? But then the mood was broken by a sharp, high-pitched beeping sound coming from Andy's watch.

Beep Beep. Beep Beep.

His blank expression melted into one of concern as he glanced at his watch. Whatever he saw on the face of the smartwatch made his eyes widen slightly. Suddenly he was fumbling with the front of his shirt, struggling to button the article of clothing and cover himself up again.

“I uh-fuck, I'm sorry-I've gotta go-shit-I'm sorry-I'm so sorry-but I really have to go!” came a rapid flood of apologies from the fox's mouth with no pause for breath or punctuation.

Before she knew what was happening Andy already had her front door open, still apologizing all the while as he stumbled his way through it. With a final, desperate declaration of how sorry he was he pulled the door closed and could be heard stumbling around outside heading quickly for the street.

The dragoness was left staring, dumbfounded, unable to process what had just happened. They had gone from being seconds away to fucking each other's brains out to him running off like he'd been caught with his pants down in public. If it hadn't been so obvious that he was as turned on as he was she might have worried she had done something wrong. But Andy had been a respectful, trustworthy person up to this point so she did her best to reassure herself that he must have a good reason for running out on her like this. Not that it did much to help the still raging libido running through her loins that no longer had an outlet.

Plopping down on her couch, she continued staring at the closed door trying to organize her still alcohol muddled thoughts. Part of her wanted to go check on him, part of her wanted to go grab him and drag him back inside and have her way with him, and part of her just wanted to go to bed. Eventually the third option won out and she stretched out across the couch trying to get comfortable. As she drifted off to sleep, still staring at the closed door, she couldn't help grumbling to herself that he was lucky that she found him so attractive; otherwise, she would be far less forgiving come morning. And then, just as her eyes started to close, her gaze shifted up from the middle of the door to the top of the door frame and a smile spread across her lips as she fantasized about how much more attractive he would be if he had just been tall enough for his ears to brush the door frame.

# 2



Almost two full days passed without so much as a peep from Andy. Even after that, it took a third day before she was able to get anything more than a brief, apologetic response that he would explain later. Adelonda had just started to feel genuine irritation when he rebuffed a request for explanation the second time on that third day. But when she found out through a mutual friend that he had actually called off from work for those first two days of silence her annoyance turned into a mixture of guilt and concern that there was a legitimate issue behind his behavior. She eventually decided to give him space until he was ready to talk. She hadn't expected him to show up unannounced at her front door on the fourth day since his abrupt departure, however.

The dragoness had just gotten out of the shower and was in the process of drying herself off when she heard a knock at the front door. When she shouted from the bathroom asking who it was and Andy's voice replied she called out the door was unlocked and to come inside.

"I just got out of the shower give me a minute to get dressed." She called out from her bathroom. Then, unable to help herself, she smiled and added "Unless you'd rather I didn't."

She didn't get a response from the fox, not that she expected one with how flushed with embarrassment he must suddenly be. By the time

she was done getting somewhat dressed she heard what sounded like someone speaking in a muted tone too quiet for her to hear across the house. Along with it were several indiscernible environmental sounds that went along with the voice. Adelonda assumed that he must have turned to watching a video or something while he waited for her rather than simply standing there waiting for her. When she finally walked out from the hall in a pair of loose-fitting gym shorts and a sports bra, still rubbing a towel through her damp hair, she found that Andy wasn't watching a video on his phone like she had thought. Instead, her laptop sat where she left it on her coffee table, playing the video she had forgotten she left paused and fully exposed for anyone walking in to see.

The laptop showed a massive figure towering over buildings in the middle of a shopping district. A deep rumbling chuckle came from the beast as he – for the person shown on screen was not just visibly but very impressively male – casually hefted a car in one hand like it were just a toy. Lips pulled back to expose fangs bigger than swords and a tongue wide enough to use as a blanket licked across the exposed teeth as the beast stared through the windshield of the car at its trapped occupants. With neither preamble nor hesitation the monster's fingers clenched abruptly and the car crumpled inwards with a sharp screech of warping metal. Over a ton of steel, glass, and other miscellaneous materials were crushed into nothing but debris like they had been nothing more than an empty soda can.

The giant dropped the ruined hunk of metal a moment later, already bored with his latest destroyed toy. Thunderous footsteps that actually vibrated the laptop from the bass of the recording carried the giant further down the street towards one of the larger buildings that still stood. The giant seemed absent of all care with where he was stepping as street signs, cars, and even a couple of people wound up vanishing beneath his footfalls. Pops from gunfire could be heard after a moment but only the most attentive viewer could see the tiny, brief dimples of the giant's fur where a police officer's handgun failed to even get the giant's attention much less pierce their skin.

The video itself wasn't that unusual. Size-shifters were a well-known, if not common, existence in their world and it wasn't unheard of for some of them to let their unnatural abilities go to their head. Nor was it unusual for other people to find themselves fascinated by the shifters and their abilities. Hell, some of the more famous shifters had actual cults built around them, despite the best efforts of various organizations



and sometimes even the shifter themselves to stop such things. It wasn't strange for people to have a fetish for what, by definition, were the most inherently powerful people on the planet. But what was unusual, what had Andy staring at the video in disbelief and left Adelonda staring there flustered and struggling to come up with an explanation, was that the giant in the video her laptop had been opened too looked almost exactly like Andy.

Well, not EXACTLY like him. The fox in the video was obviously a lot taller, for one; in fact, he was big enough that he could have easily swallowed Andy whole! On top of that, while Andy was fit and in shape, the fox in the video was rippling with the kind of muscle that would have made most professional bodybuilders jealous. Then there was the other major size difference: specifically, that there was no way that Andy was as hung as the fox in the video was – even proportionally. Not that she had any expectations of Andy being small – or even average – from the display he put on that night four days ago; but simply that the fox in the video would not have been able to find pants for his dick to fit in regardless of his height. The thing was as thick around as his own arm and each of his balls was nearly the size of his own head! Her fox – her Andy – was clearly packing from the outline that showed even in the baggiest clothes that he wore, but he wasn't THAT hung.

“I uh... I can explain,” Adelonda stammered.

“No, it's okay,” Andy replied with a sigh. Refusing to look at her he added with a tone of defeat in his voice. “It was only a matter of time. I shouldn't have hid it in the first place.”

Adelonda was halfway through opening her mouth to reply when her thoughts came to a screeching halt. When she didn't respond for several seconds, still struggling to piece together what he meant, Andy took it for her having nothing to say and continued.

“I should have told you after the first date. I know it's not right to hide that kind of stuff, although I'd like to think you can at least see why I might want to. But I have myself under much better control now,” he explained, further confounding the dragoness with every sentence. “That was why I ran off the other day. I got a little too worked up when you were... you know...”

An awkward silence settled over them both and left Andy shifting uncomfortably in place. It was Adelonda that broke it first. "So, you're...?"

"Yeah. Its uh... most can only go up and down. But um..." The fox paused, swallowing audibly as if it were a struggle to admit to the next part. "A few of the more 'powerful' shifters can change proportion as well. And me? Well, um... heh," Andy chuckled nervously, a hand rubbing at the back of his neck. "Highest in recorded history."

Andy still couldn't bring himself to look in her direction and nearly flinched at the flat, disbelieving tone in her voice. "So that's really you? You can really get that big?"

"Bigger, actually." Andy replied in embarrassment. "But uh, yeah..."

"How much bigger?" Adelonda pressed.

"Erm... I actually don't know," he admitted, looking down at his feet as he fidgeted, searching for a way to explain it simply. "I know that I'm bigger than the rehab people's standard measuring stuff goes but they thought it was better if I didn't kn-"

Andy yelped in surprise as he was cut off by Adelonda rushing him. His eyes went wide and he reflexively braced for yelling, shouting, or even shoving. Hell, considering who it was he was dealing with, Andy wouldn't have been surprised if she threw a punch at him. The fox had been right in expecting her to get physical as, an instant later, he felt his back slammed against the front door again as she grabbed his shoulders and shoved him back against it. But what he hadn't expected was for her to follow up by mashing her lips against his in an aggressive, tongue-filled kiss.

Only now that she was pushing up against and making out with him did Andy realize how turned on Adelonda was. Her nipples were like two diamonds stretching out the front of her sports bra and digging into him where her breasts pushed against his chest. Her tail lashed the air frantically behind her and even slammed the floor a couple of times hard enough to make the room vibrate. Her breath came in heated, desperate pants in the brief instances she paused to let them suck in some air. She was practically shivering in barely-constrained lust.

What Andy didn't know was that Adelonda had no idea about who he was until just now. She, like almost everyone else, knew about the massive fox shifter that had terrorized a town for their own self-gratification. Unlike everyone else, however, she had found herself instantly attracted to the massive beast for his physical capabilities as much as his impressive physical proportions and scale. She had always been a size queen, made that much more so by her naturally large size making men even bigger than her so rare, and secretly fantasized since high school about getting a real shifter in bed. While she hadn't put the pieces together because of the differences in proportion, the dragoness had noticed enough of the similarities between Andy and the monstrous fox that had become her go-to macro fantasy target that after they had first met, many a night she had spent fantasizing about Andy being the one towering over buildings and smashing cars underfoot. So now that she knew that it actually had been him, that she actually had been going out with and flirting with a guy that actually could crush her house with his ass and swallow her whole if he so chose to do so, she couldn't help herself!

Despite his trepidation Andy's arms reflexively wrapped around the dragoness and he leaned back into the kiss. One of his hands soon found itself moving down to cup one side of her ass and before he realized what he was doing he gave it a firm, possessive squeeze. The unexpected groping made the dragoness moan audibly into his mouth and she pressed harder still against him in response. Her reaction emboldened the mostly-passive fox and she felt his lips twist into the slightest of grins against her own as he squeezed her ass once again, this time willfully. She practically melted into his embrace in response and it was only thanks to his back bracing against the door behind him that he didn't buckle under her weight.

Beep Beep. Beep Beep.

Andy went rigid, and not in the way that Adelonda would have preferred. His hand on her ass stopped mid-squeeze and even his tongue froze in place where it had begun wrestling with her own. When his hands slid up to gently push against the dragoness's shoulders she reluctantly let the kiss break between them though she refused to pull her head back more than a couple of inches. Her breathing came in excited, rapid huffs that blew warm air across his face. It was all the more infuriating for her that he was panting almost as hard, clearly just as riled

up as she was now. But her obvious desire didn't stop him from trying to extricate himself from her grasp.

"I need to stop..." he huffed reluctantly. It was clear as much in his voice as his actions that stopping was the absolute last thing that he wanted. "That's my warning alarm for when I'm um... slipping. You're heh..." Andy paused and chuckled awkwardly. "You're making it kind of hard for me to control myself. It's like an abstinence thing. I'm really not supposed to..." he trailed off, looking equal parts embarrassed and disappointed.

"...Grow." Adelonda finished for him in a demanding tone that made Andy flinch as though he had been slapped. It was just one word, but when she said it, it didn't sound like she was finishing his sentence for him. No – that sounded more like a command. To further prove her point, the powerful dragoness pressed harder against him, her ample breast squishing against his collarbone and causing their cleavage to bunch up underneath his chin as she straightened up a bit more to accentuate the height difference between them. When he tried to squirm free she pushed back hard against him once more, making full use of her powerful physique to keep the comparatively small fox in check. It was almost like she was challenging him; trying to assert dominance over him with her raw strength and size.

"Do it." She growled, voice equal parts demand and plea. "I want you to do it. I want to see it." Then, calming herself for a moment, the intimidating dragoness relaxed some of her show of force. Slowly she leaned down and brushed her lips against the sensitive edge of one of Andy's ears and whispered to him in a breathy, seductive tone of voice. "Grow for me, big guy..."

# 3



The effect was immediate and clearly involuntary. In an instant the beeping of Andy's watch increased in intensity and his whole body abruptly expanded outwards. It was like he was a balloon being inflated in every direction at once and pushing Adelonda back in the process without actually creating any distance between them. His chest shoved back against her breasts as his shirt pulled taut, then became uncomfortably tight to the point fur began to poke through the over-stretched spaces between the shirt's buttons. His already broad paws stretched out across the carpet below; covering almost a quarter again as much space as they had just a moment before. His arms filled his shirt sleeves to the brim while his legs did the same to his pants, causing the latter to ride up and expose his ankles and the bottom quarter of his lower legs. But, for Adelonda at least, the most notable change was that after barely a second the fox who had previously not come up to the impressively large red dragoness's chin was now looking her eye to eye.

A soft whimper escaped Adelonda's lips before she could stop it and she blushed in embarrassment. The sound felt out of place coming from such a large and powerful woman. But while it left the assertive dragoness flustered, it drew out something much different in the fox that had caused it. Pride. A burning, smug sense of self satisfaction that he had made someone who clearly had been able to manhandle just about any man she had met before him make such a noise. A long-withered part of

Andy's psyche flared to life when he pushed back against Adelonda again and, this time, she was forced to take a step back. She may still have him beat in overall mass and strength but he was much more of a match for her now that he'd gained a good foot and change of height even if his proportions were still the same. It was only for that brief instant he was able to overpower her thanks to his larger size and her flustered state; she quickly recovered and pushed back against him to halt his advance. But, if only for that moment, Andy felt that long-buried feeling of superiority over someone else that he had struggled for so long to suppress.

While he was able to beat it back down into his subconscious before it got out of control the fox couldn't help but bask in the feeling of strength that came with newfound size. The way his clothes strained against his larger form. The way Adelonda was forced to exert more of her own impressive strength to restrain him. Even the way the entire room seemed just the tiniest bit smaller in every sense of the word from his new perspective. A perspective that changed again when he heard the dragoness speak again.

"More," She growled out. Her words were still a mix of demand and plea but now held far more of the latter than the former. "Grow more."

Almost as if she were in control of his ability rather than himself, Andy felt his body expand outwards again. This time several of the buttons on his shirt burst open, one of which bouncing off Adelonda's nose, to expose his lean but firm pectorals and taut stomach below. A muffled, soft scraping sound came from down below as his toes curled and he dug his claws into the carpet only for their abruptly expanding mass to grind the blunted top of his claws across the carpet weave as they grew with the rest of him. Another snap came from his waistline as the button of his pants burst open and the zipper was forced halfway down. At the same time large tears formed along his thighs and calves as his legs grew beyond the pants' ability to stretch, leaving thick tufts of fur poking through the openings. It didn't escape Adelonda's notice that there was something very sizable pushing against her waist and the lower portion of his stomach now that his zipper had been all-but torn open. But even that was, for the moment, a secondary detail compared to what her attention was focused on in that moment.

She was looking up at him.

As if their sizes had been reversed, now the top of her head just barely reached his chin. More so, he was so tall now that his ear tips actually extended a fraction of an inch above the doorframe he was pressed against. Meaning that if he went through her front door now he would probably have to duck at least a little bit. It was only then that they both realized that Andy's watch was beeping much more urgently and loudly now. A quick glance down showed that the links were actually connected together by some kind of sturdy elastic that was being stretched apart and acting as a pressure gauge of sorts to warn of size changes. Reflexively, Andy pushed one of Adelonda's shoulders enough to separate them just enough so he could reach down and all but rip the watch off and then toss it dismissively onto her chair across the room. Only when his attention turned back to her did he realize that he had just overpowered her again and a fresh surge of cocky confidence welled up in his mind. This time he wasn't entirely successful in pushing it back down.

When he leaned back into kissing range it didn't escape either of their attentions that it was now Andy who had to lean down a bit for Adelonda. Andy's nose bumped against the tip of her muzzle, lips so close they could feel each other's breath. Despite having caught his breath already from their previous make out session Andy's breathing was still quickened and heavy.

"You're playing with fire. You know that, right?" He panted softly, clearly having a harder time than ever controlling himself. "I could-"

Adelonda silenced him with a firm, but brief kiss. When she pulled back the red dragon grinned wickedly at him, a finger pressed to his lips to dissuade any further discussion. "I'm a dragoness. I like fire. It's hot."

Andy had built up considerable self-control over the months of his "recovery" but everyone had limits. And the dragoness had just pushed him past the point where he gave a fuck. When she pushed back in for another kiss he no longer cared about self-control or being humble or restraining his ego. At that moment all he cared about was getting what he wanted. And right then, what he wanted was Adelonda. Neither knew how long they stood there, making out with each other. At some point both of their hands began wandering around each other once more. Vulpine hands cupped and fondled Adelonda's plump ass cheeks and groped at her impressive bosom. The dragoness likewise let her hands roam over his chest and stomach before cupping a boxer briefs-straining crotch bulge that overflowed her hand and elicited a sharp gasp from

her. Growling deeper in her throat, she gripped that bulge and tugged him with it away from the front door towards the bedroom, a trail of discarded, sometimes shredded, clothing littering the hall along their stumbling, lust-drunk path. When the two fell atop one another on her luxurious King-size mattress both were as naked as the day they were born.

Andy positioned himself atop her, further enticing Adelonda's desire by the way it made him loom over her. She could feel him lining himself up between her legs and her whole body was shivering with anticipation. When he finally pushed inside of her, the dragoness already thoroughly lubricated by her own arousal, she let out a gasp at how big he was. She hadn't actually gotten to see it directly since they had been right up against each other this whole time and now that they were in bed together it was too dark to see details. But she still knew without a shadow of a doubt he was the biggest man she had ever had. It was only reinforced as he slowly, carefully pushed deeper and deeper into her with inch after inch of his seemingly-endless cock and made her gasp and moan with each inch. When he finally had his waist up against her groin, buried balls-deep within her she tugged at him to pull him down, wanting to feel his weight pushing her into the bed.

"I'm not used to you being smaller than me," he murmured quietly as he leaned his head down to affectionately rub his cheek against her own. For a brief moment they didn't even continue their lovemaking. They both simply lay there with her inner walls squeezing and clenching involuntarily around his length every time he made the slightest movement to adjust himself.

"But I'm not small, Andy – you're BIG!" she responded, her words causing the fox to huff loudly in arousal. In response, his already record-shattering dick swelled a good ten percent larger while still buried balls-deep within her folds and forced a lustful groan from her.

Neither spoke again for the rest of the evening. At least, nothing more coherent than growls and moans of desire and lust as the two fucked until exhaustion overpowered libido and they finally passed out.



# 4



When Andy woke the next morning, he had the single most intense case of morning wood he could ever remember having. His dick was so hard it felt like it was trying to throb its way out of his own skin! It took a moment for his brain to catch up to his consciousness as he groggily opened his eyes and didn't recognize the ceiling overhead. Then he remembered he had been with Adelonda last night and briefly looked to either side, confused at not seeing her next to him. A moment later, he remembered what he had been doing with Adelonda last night and his hips bucked involuntarily with a spike of arousal.

“MRPH!” came an unexpected grunt of protest and momentary discomfort. Only then did Andy realize part of why his dick was so hard. Rather than the soft, cool fabric of his boxer briefs his shaft was engulfed in something hot and wet. When he finally looked down along his own body, he saw the sheets lifted up far higher than they should have been and a quick peek under them revealed where the dragoness had disappeared to. She was under the blankets with her lips firmly wrapped around his cock sucking on it like a lollipop. Or at least, she had been until a moment ago.

Andy had shrunk back to his “base” size overnight on reflex from his long-time training to suppress his size-shifting ability. Adelonda had apparently taken the opportunity to crawl over and take care of his

morning wood for him. Even at his default size Andy's dick was far from small but the sizable dragoness could easily handle a well-endowed fox. What she hadn't been ready for was for his memories of last night to cause him to buck against her lips and for his cock to swell half again it's previous size in the span of a second! In that instant it had stretched all the way to the back of her mouth and pushed into the entrance of her throat, causing her to gag unexpectedly. Not that it had stopped her from continuing her work a moment later.

Andy's fingers gripped at the bedsheets to either side of him after realizing what he had done in an effort to not do it again. While she had taken him easily before now with his 'upgrade' he could see her lips stretched to their limit and her movements up and down his cock had become a lot slower and more careful. The last thing he wanted to do was choke her. Or at least, that's what he said to himself even as his arousal spiked again and another inch or so of fox-cock pushed down her throat at the thought of the large dragoness literally choking on his dick.

It didn't take more than a minute of her ministrations now that he was awake to get him off. Despite the effort it took to handle his now-oversized cock the dragoness took it like a pro and swallowed down every last drop of his sizable load. It only made his release more intense that he could actually hear the occasional audible gulping sound of her struggling to swallow each shot of cum he produced. Only when he was finally spent, and she had sucked out any lingering droplets did she finally pull off of him. It almost made him want to go again as he saw inch after inch of flesh pulling out of her lips like someone unsheathing a massive sword. When he was finally free they both stopped to stare for a moment as if shocked at her ability to take the now disproportionately massive cock sticking up from his waistline.

"Fuck, that's hot." She panted as she looked his still partially hard cock up and down. "Almost think you should stay this size just to make your dick look bigger."

Despite the building sense of smug superiority bubbling under the surface Andy still found himself blushing at her comment. Reluctantly he sat up and looked around for his clothes. With a smile, the dragoness gestured to the bedside table next to him where his clothes, or at least their remains, were neatly folded and waiting for him.

“Don’t worry, big guy. I know you’ve got work today. We can talk more about things tonight.” Adelonda offered with a smile. She didn’t miss the way his cock twitched when she used her new nickname for him and her smile turned slightly lecherous. “And maybe more than talk.”

Still blushing, Andy quickly scrambled and did his best to dress himself in his partially destroyed clothes. When he spent almost a full minute trying to get his underwear on before realizing his disproportionately massive cock was too big for them he turned to find Adelonda shamelessly leering and licking her lips. He still wasn’t exactly sure how to take the whole situation, his thoughts a mixed storm of calls for self-control and that he shouldn’t have done what he did last night fighting with his suppressed ego yelling at him to tell work to fuck off and pin Adelonda down to have his way with her again. It took him another couple of minutes before he was able to silence those mental images enough that he could reduce his cock back down to a more reasonable size. Or at least it was reasonable to him though Adelonda noted that it looked a bit bigger than she remembered him being before. She wasn’t sure if he had done that consciously or not but frankly, she didn’t care. She liked it. When he was finally heading out Andy gave a last glance over his shoulder to the dragoness who had reluctantly put on a thin robe to keep from distracting him too much more. Smiling, he said goodbye and closed the door behind him.

He was late for work, obviously. He hadn’t gotten in until almost noon after the time it took to go back home and get dressed properly. But the extra time let him think more on his experiences last night. It was only when he got home that evening that he noticed his clothes felt a bit tighter than normal. Upon inspecting himself in the mirror he realized he was a bit taller than he normally was. His body had filled out with a little bit more muscle. It wasn’t a lot, certainly not enough to set off warning bells. Though it did explain why a couple of his coworkers had commented on how he looked like he had been hitting the gym. He had grown himself without even realizing it and, in hindsight, he had rather enjoyed the extra attention he had gotten. It hadn’t escaped him that a couple of the women at the office had been eyeing him as well. It was only then that he realized the implications of having grown without realizing it. A glance down showed that his wrist was still bare; the watch he had gotten so used to wearing at all times still left on Adelonda’s living room chair.

His initial inclination was concern but the expected panic never arose. Somehow the idea of a relapse suddenly didn't feel like such a terrifying thought. He was far more in control now than he had been back then so what was a couple inches here or there, right? After all he was a shifter, what was wrong with letting himself be just a bit bigger than normal? Otherwise, why did he even have this ability? Was he supposed to just act like some normal person just because they couldn't change their own size? As long as he was moderate in his usage there wasn't any problem with using his own natural gifts the same as someone with a good singing voice or a sharp intelligence.

Before he realized it Andy was standing in front of his full-length mirror admiring himself. He worked his way through a couple of simple flexing poses to inspect his newly enhanced musculature. When he flexed his bicep, he watched it almost fill out the sleeve of his shirt. It bothered him that it only almost filled it, though, and within moments his arm had swollen to noticeably stretch the sleeve. The rest of his body had proportionally muscled up as well and caused his whole outfit to tighten a bit further. After looking himself over a bit longer he decided to stay like this. Now far more beefy than lean, Andy headed out to meet up with Adelonda again as promised. Maybe it was a bit more muscle than was reasonably modest, but he wanted to see her reaction when he walked in looking like he'd crammed a couple years at the gym into the span of half a day. Her reaction was pretty much what he expected. He had barely closed the door behind him before she was all over him. It was a good thing that he had thought ahead to bring an extra pair of clothes. His current outfit didn't fare any better than the one from last night did when Adelonda was done riling him up.

# 5



“Have you seen Andy lately?”

“I know, right? He must be living at the gym.”

“I never realized how much he used to slouch down before he started packing that muscle on. It’s like he’s six inches taller now.”

“I wonder if he’s single...”

“I don’t care if he’s single. I just wanna get him in bed with me.”

The office gossip had become increasingly centered around Andy over the last couple of months. No surprise considering how much he had changed. He no longer scampered around the office as the reserved little fox he had been before. Now he strutted down the hallways with a confident swagger. His arms casually swung at his sides as he did, straining the chest and sleeves to their limit and more than once pulling the buttons around his pecs open far enough to expose a bit of fur. His legs similarly strained his pants around the thick girth of his thighs and plump, muscular ass. Then of course there was the front of his pants that there was simply no way to keep hidden. The borderline obscene bulge was visibly outlined for all to see and almost audibly strained the fly of his pants whenever he sat down. All of which was only magnified

by his increase in height which, thankfully, mostly had been rationalized away as him not slouching anymore. Though at the end of the day it was obviously self-delusion. The only explanation for the majority of his coworkers not becoming suspicious when his previously soft and almost inaudible footfalls becoming heavy thumps that caused ripples in nearby coffee cups when he passed was that they simply didn't want to believe the truth. If it hadn't been so uncommon for shifters to be able to change their bodily proportions instead of just their overall size, there was no way that his coworkers would have been able to ignore the reality of what was truly amongst them. But ignorance is bliss. No one expected to work alongside someone who secretly could outgrow their office building.

Ever since those first few nights after Adelonda found out about him, the real him that is, she had been coaxing him to indulge more and more. It started with fun in the bedroom and little things after the fact. It wasn't hard for her to get him to let loose a bit when riled up, but he'd always felt like he had to go back to normal afterwards. Well, mostly normal. But he was easily convinced that another inch of height, a couple more pounds of muscle, or a bit more downstairs wouldn't be noticed. That it was perfectly fine for him to be just a bit bigger. What was the point of having power if he wasn't going to use it? He just had to use it responsibly.

Or at least, that's what he told himself.

In reality he was eating up the attention. His ego had been forcibly suppressed for so long that, if anything, it was getting worse now than it had been before. It didn't help that now he had someone actively encouraging his growing sense of superiority. It got to the point that just hearing her call him 'big guy' by itself was enough to get him riled up. Something she abused relentlessly. They both wound up staying over at each other's places so often that after just two weeks they decided to move in together.

Andy couldn't remember the last time he woke up and didn't have Adelonda already dutifully taking care of him under the blankets. Sometimes she would simply be cuddled up against his side and stroking up and down his length under the blankets. Other days he would wake to her weight bouncing down on his pelvis as she rode him for all she was worth. His personal favorite was waking up with his dick buried down her throat. It became almost like a game where every morning when she woke him up by blowing him, he would slowly enlarge his cock more and more until she either finally got him off or he just couldn't physically

fit inside her mouth anymore. If that happened, she was forced to resort to kissing, licking, and stroking with both hands and, sometimes, even both arms before she finally got him off and he stopped growing.

He wasn't stupid. It didn't take him long to realize she was purposefully trying to inflame his ego. Especially when she started calling him "Sir" instead of "Andy". It had started as a teasing nickname she would jokingly use but quickly became her primary pet name for him alongside "big guy". He would wake some mornings when she was jerking him off to find she had been whispering lurid thoughts into his ear. Things like how any other guy would pale in comparison to him. How horses would wish they were hung like him instead of the other way around. How he deserved to be big, powerful, unstoppable. Sometimes she would get so into her verbal fantasizing that she wouldn't even realize he was awake and listening, getting herself riled up with her own wordplay. Every time she would get him to the edge and make sure he always got off right at the moment she started calling him a god in her little fantasy.

A god. Andy? I mean, to think so would be blatantly narcissistic, right? That's what he had asked her one night when the internal battle between his growing ego and self-restraint came to a head. Of course, Adelonda said he was in fact a god. At first, he thought she was joking or teasing him but when she said it again, she said it with such conviction that it honestly shocked him.

"Andy. Big guy. Listen to me. You can change your body at will to be as big and powerful as you want to be. I spent years working out to get in shape and you could effortlessly overpower me without ever having stepped in a gym. You could make yourself so big you could eat my car like a piece of candy or crush my house with your balls. You could make your dick so big that if you set me on it it'd be like I was standing on the deck of an aircraft carrier. Fuck. Not even YOU know how big you can actually get. For all anyone knows you don't HAVE a limit. What if you could grow bigger than the city? Bigger than a mountain? Andy you could possibly outgrow the entire damn planet itself. If you can potentially make yourself so big that every footstep is a literal earthquake, every breath is a hurricane, and every word you speak is a national cataclysm then how else could anyone describe you but as a god?"

By the end of her little speech, she was practically shivering with self-induced lust. It didn't escape either of their notice that Andy, too, had gone rock hard from listening to her. It had been the single hottest

thing he had ever heard anyone say, pushing thoughts of his abilities beyond even what he had ever considered. Things that were terrifying to imagine. Things that he desperately craved to try. What if he didn't actually have a limit? What if he just kept growing forever? No one could stop him.

In moments Andy had Adelonda on her back beneath him, his raging erection slapping heavily against her stomach as it, along with the rest of him, had already doubled in size. An instant later he didn't even fit on the bed anymore, instead straddling it on his hands and knees. His dick continued to grow larger and heavier until it, alone, pinned Adelonda to the mattress under its weight. Her eyes were as wide as saucers as she watched him grow over her, bigger than he had ever gotten with her before. So big that he soon filled her bedroom to its limit. His back pushed up against the ceiling with enough pressure she could hear it cracking. His hands alone could easily wrap around her entire torso. And his dick was almost as big as she was and almost certainly weighed more than she did. His voice came out in a deep, resonant rumble as he lowered his massive muzzle down towards her head and licked across her face with a tongue wider than her thigh.

“Well then. If you're so insistent then who am I to refuse? I think it's time you showed your god the proper worship and attention he deserves...”

Her voice came out in a breathless pant as she simply replied. “Yes, sir...”



# 6



“Footrub.” Andy’s deep baritone of a voice rumbled through the house.

Immediately the red dragoness currently snuggled up against his side on the couch let go and slid off the couch. Practically on all fours she scrambled around the heavy slabs of meat that were his legs until she was in front of his broad paws. These days Andy never spent any time under ten feet tall unless absolutely necessary so each of his massive feet could nearly cover Adelonda’s entire torso. Not that their intimidating size dissuaded her from doing as he had ordered. If anything, their sheer size made her that much more eager.

As he felt the dragoness wrap her arms around his foot and spend a moment hugging against it the massive fox savored the attention and adoration in her actions. She had lost a lot of her domineering personality over the last few months. It wasn’t to say she still wasn’t a powerful, authoritative woman. She just no longer was one around him. She could still make men cower in her presence and do anything she said with a ‘yes ma’am’. All of them except Andy. Where other men cowered in her presence, she turned into an obedient pet anytime she heard his voice. Whether it be her size queen fetish finally reaching its ultimate extreme culmination, simple animal instinct to follow a superior predator, borderline brainwashing from the constant assault of Andy’s powerful musk that she lived all-but bathed in every day, or some

combination thereof, Adelonda was as obedient as a well-trained puppy for her fox god.

Andy let out a sigh of contentment when he felt the dragoness drag her tongue along the underside of one of his two middle toes. If he listened closely, he could hear the faint moan of raw desire that gleaned from her lips as she practically ground against the underside of his foot. It was impossible for his own loins not to stir at her borderline desperate desire to please him and admiration of his size and power. More than once he felt her push hard against his foot just to egg him on into pushing back against her so she could feel how easily he overpowered her. Today, though, he decided to do more than just push back a bit. Taking his massive cock in one hand – not even his huge grip could cover half of its length now – he waited for her to push against him like she always did. When it finally happened, he didn't straighten his leg out to push back against her. Instead, he grew.

Suddenly the dragoness was being scooted back across the floor as her arms were stretched wider and wider by the expanding mass of his foot and the attached leg. Her eyes widened and he heard her gasp in mixed shock and arousal. In seconds his foot had more than doubled in size and pinned her up against the far wall with enough force to shake a couple of pictures from their settings. The side chair and coffee table had been pushed aside by his expanding legs without him even seeming to notice their comparatively inconsequential weight. Not surprising considering the roughly ten-foot-tall fox had more than doubled in size and was now hunching forward to keep all twenty five feet of him from breaking through the ceiling into the second floor.

His toes were now almost as big as Adelonda's head and his paw covered two-thirds of her body. The pressure pushing down on her was enough to hold her in place even as his foot slid upwards until her feet left the ground and was held aloft by his paw alone. None of this stopped her worship of his enormous foot, however. If anything, her licking and kissing came with more fervor even as his middle toes shoved down to either side of her face and smothered her muzzle between them as they pressed against the wall behind her. Neither of them seemed to notice or care about the sound of breaking furniture as Andy's abruptly increased weight crushed the couch and something in the coffee table broke when it was knocked over. He had intended to leave things here and just enjoy dominating her while breaking some of her furniture, knowing she wouldn't dare complain about it. It was a bit of a petty power move, but

he was the one in control here and he could do as he pleased. Something about that pettiness just made it more appealing to him. But then for some reason he remembered her little speech to him those months ago when she had finally inflamed his ego into a full-blown god complex. He had been mulling the idea associated with it around for quite a while and a grin spread across his lips as he came to a decision.

“I think it’s time, pet.” Andy growled as he lazily stroked across his own erection. When he got no immediate response, he shifted his foot slightly; just enough to let her face poke out from between two of his toes. “I’m going to give you what you’ve been wanting. It’s time to see what your god can really do.”

Adelonda’s eyes widened in disbelief that quickly turned to excitement. Or at least, they tried to. Before she had a chance to even respond she felt the wall behind her cracking and splintering apart as the foot pressing against her doubled in size yet again! A loud crashing sound thundered through the air as drywall, piping, and wood cracked and crumbled around her. For a brief instant she was sent flying by the force of his growth and sprawled out in the middle of the adjacent bedroom. But her brief freedom vanished when his now even larger foot crashed back into her then angled to press her down into the floor. Though she could no longer see anything but the firm, heated pads of his paw she could hear the deafening sounds of destruction all around her. That, mixed with the paw pads pinning her down stretching wider atop her, told her that he had yet to stop growing.

When she was finally freed from beneath her foot she gasped audibly when she saw it raised up off of her. The foot that had once ‘only’ been the size of a serving platter now was bigger than a truck. It hit the ground beside her with enough force she actually bounced off the ground. Now that it was no longer in the way she could see the rest of the massive, musclebound fox looming over her like an actual god, just like the god from that video she had watched and become obsessed with so long ago. When he spoke this time, his voice wasn’t just deep it was downright thunderous.

“How do I look, pet? Do I look godly enough for you yet?” Andy thundered with a chuckle.

Still stroking his now boat-sized cock with one hand he crouched down and roughly scooped her off the ground in his other. A brief pang

of terror filled the dragoness as she found herself manhandled by fingers as big as she was. But that fear was soon buried by raw lust as she peered up at her fox god finally looking like the actual god he deserved to be. But he wasn't done yet. That much was clear when she felt his palm beneath her beginning to grow once more along with the rest of him.

Adelonda watched with wide eyes as Andy grew all around her. His body seemed to get further and further away from the hand holding her yet still took up more of the background with each passing second. His head rose higher and higher into the sky until it started to become slightly blurred and hazy from the sheer distance into the atmosphere it was. He was growing so fast, so terrifyingly fast, that before she realized it the previously driveway-sized palm she had been sprawled out could now comfortably fit an entire sports stadium inside it. Finger pads with wrinkles deep enough to trip over stretched out around her and his partially curled fingers loomed in the distance like massive obelisks that could clench around her and crush her like an ant.

When she turned her attention back to the rest of him Andy's abs loomed in front of her like a cliff face that stretched out across her entire field of view. Looking up, she could barely even see his chin poking out past his massive pectoral shelf. When a tiny speck zoomed towards him then morphed into a bloom of something bright red on one of his pectorals, she struggled to figure out what she had seen. Then it dawned on her. A plane. She had just seen a plane crash into his chest and explode. And he hadn't even seemed to notice. And yet still he continued to grow. Soon clouds were floating around her perch in his raised palm. She could no longer even see his face as it was simply too high up even if his pecs weren't in the way.

An explosion of noise knocked her from her awed staring and forced her to cover her ears from the sheer volume of it. It took her several seconds to realize it had been Andy speaking, and several more to figure out what he had said. When she did put it together, she froze in a mix of fear and desire. Soon the hand holding her began to tip and it was like the world itself was slowly inclining. Soon she could see an endless field of pink flesh down below and was left to slide off his palm to fall down onto it.

"Remember when you talked about standing on my dick like the deck of an aircraft carrier? You were thinking much too small. How about standing on the surface of a new continent?"

The massive expanse of pink seemed to stretch in every direction around her and a mixture of heat and an all-too familiar musk enveloped her from head to toe. Without thinking about it she dropped to her hands and knees and began kissing the ground below her; crazed by her lust and the overwhelming musk in the air. It was all she could do for someone so enormous, so unstoppably powerful as her god. She couldn't fathom the kind of devastation that must be going on below under the feet of someone so big that their dick literally stretched out in every direction as far as the eye could see. But the idea of him stepping on cities, states, or even countries drove her almost mad with desire. Any attempt she made to draw herself back into some sense of rationality, of concern for the danger that Andy posed both to herself and the world at large was drowned out by a single reoccurring thought that nearly drove her to orgasm all by itself each time the words echoed through her thoughts.

He's still growing.

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