

"C'mon, I got the card right here!"

Scott flinched as the small square of cardboard smacked against his chest. He regarded the tawny brown lion with a frustrated look. "I'm not interested in those games, though...."

"It's not *that* bad," the long-haired feline continued, adjusting his square glasses up the bridge of his broad, leonine nose. "Besides, there's a hunky polar bear you would like in the shop right now!"

He grumbled under his breath, Scott staring down at the cardboard card still offered to him. Even though he was a little shorter, he didn't let the few inches the feline had on him intimidate him. "You know I usually only play RPGs."

"Hey, it's free! Besides, I'm buying the card for you," the lion continued, waving the card with the label "V-Bucks" printed plainly on it. "If you dislike the game, it's not a big deal."

Scott looked unconvinced, the human rubbing a hand over the back of his head, disturbing his shoulder-length brown locks. "...Alright, fine. But you promised you'd play Elden Ring with me." He gave the lion a playful nudge with his elbow. "That's why I wanted to come over in the first place, remember?"

"Yeah-yeah!" the lion said with a laugh, squirming away from that particularly pointy elbow. "I figured we could vary things up a little?"

"You just want an excuse to play with someone," Scott replied flatly, stepping around the lion and carrying their bag full of snacks to the self-checkout.

"Oof," he groaned, gripping his chest as he swayed in mock pain as his tail gave a few flicks behind him. "You can't blame me for trying."

Scott snickered, amused with how well he had the lion pegged. He quickly scanned everything, making checking out with their assortment of snacks painless. The pair climbed into the lion's car, starting it up before hitting the road.

Thankfully, it was only a few minutes until they pulled into a short drive. The engine shut off with a soft hum, the lights cutting out as the lion pulled the key from the ignition. It was getting late, the last rays of sunlight painting the sky a captivating mix of pink and violet.

Doors slapped shut before the two wandered up to the front door, the lion unlocking it with a quick key twist. It wasn't a huge place—two bedrooms, but enough for the feline's uses. The lights clicked on, the two having to squint at first from the brightness.

George was already heading into his living room, haphazardly kicking off his shoes as he zipped across the hardwood floor. Scott rolled his eyes at how excited the lion was, the feline already getting to work booting up his game console and scratching off the back of the card.

"You're not exactly doing a good job," Scott said before moving into the nearby kitchen, digging into their bags' worth of snacks. He was after the chips, particularly pulling out a jar of salsa. Searching the cabinets, he found a bowl, giving the contents of the salsa a quick dump, sending chopped tomatoes tumbling.

"I can smell *sa/saaaaa~*" the lion chimed excitedly from the other room. The sound of menus being flicked through could be heard from the TV alongside the noise of clicking sticks from his tightly gripped controller.

Scott balked until he realized that George most likely had a more sensitive nose than his own. It was only now that the signature smell started tickling his sinuses. Grabbing a bigger bowl, he tore open the chips, dumping them in. It was only a short time until he was carting snacks back and forth between the kitchen and the coffee table in the living room.

He grunted under his breath, amused that George stopped what he was doing to snack on a few chips. As excited as he was, he was sure the lion would ignore the growing pile of goodies.

"Oh," George spoke up, muffled, his mouth bulging to one side, full of chomped-up chips and salsa. "You'll need to sign up with your email."

"You can't just make an account without one?" Scott asked, having also kicked off his shoes before dropping himself over the plush leather sofa. Sitting on the floor between the seat and the table, George shook his head before dipping another chip.

"Nah, it's like most modern games. Gotta sign up if you want to play."

Scott sighed before saying, "Alright, fine. Give me the controller." He took it from the lion, thankful he hadn't smeared any sauce, considering how hard the lion was going to town with the corn chips. "When...was the last time you've had those?"

"*Mmph?*" George asked, both cheeks bulging this time. "Oh? Chips? Uuhh..." He seemed to think about it, the gears visibly turning behind his deep blue eyes as they blanked. "...Years? Now that I think about it."

Scott snickered, sliding his rear along the sofa, adjusting himself to sit behind the lion instead. "No wonder you're acting starved."

George let out a low rumble of a sound as Scott's knees wrapped around either side of his shoulders. It was a comfortable embrace—affectionate. He squeezed back into the foot of the sofa, letting the human's legs wrap around his sides in a lower-body hug. It was always fun to

be snuggly with close friends; it was half the excuse to get them over for a night of games if George were to admit it.

"Heh, thanks." Scott chuckled, spotting a salsa-slathered chip offered up to him. Clicking through the menus was a little more complicated, but he worked it with one hand. Typing using the on-screen keyboard was a pain, though.

"Alright, I think I have it all set up," the human said, the screen lighting up, showing the colorful splash for Fortnite's start screen.

"You're gonna have to go through the tutorial first," the feline mumbled, grabbing a snack cake and chewing on it. "Once that's done, we can plug your card in."

Scott nodded as he was tossed into the tutorial. It took a while, but he started grasping the game's rules, his character moving more fluidly between objectives. "Alright, got it," Scott said after ten minutes of gameplay. "So, card?" he asked, peeking down at the feline between his legs.

The lion was already prepared, holding the pre-scratched card between his index and middle finger. "Oh, don't forget to go to the creator code thing before you buy the skin, though."

"Hm? Why?" he asked, tilting his head.

"You can get rewards and stuff later! The guy says he does giveaways and stuff. I think it's called 'metempsychosis'?"

Scott blinked, lowering his controller. "Metem—what now?" He struggled with the word, chewing on it momentarily before giving up. "Is that the name of some popular streamer or something?"

"Dunno," the lion said with a muffled crunch of more chips. "Jus' the code he wanted us to use."

"...Why—"

"Dude's hot," the lion unabashedly admitted. "Guy kinda looks like the skin you're getting—a big, huge, hot polar bear." He snickered, having gulped his mouthful down. "If I didn't know better, I'd assume he *is* Polar Patroller. He even has an eyepatch he wears when he's on stream."

"That's some dedication to cosplay," Scott replied, leaning back on the sofa and allowing himself to sink into the plush leather. He fumbled with the sticks, trying to input the strange word onto the screen. It took a few tries, getting error messages, until he finally got the spelling right.

"Alright, time for the V-Bucks!" the lion chimed, George leaning back to look upside-down at the human behind him.

Scott groaned loudly, eyes rolling back in his head so hard they felt like they would retreat to the back of his skull. "You put it in. I'm done with on-screen keyboards." He gestured with his hand to the nearby bowl. "Give me some chips, would you?"

It wasn't long until George had the code all typed up, flicking the left stick around like an expert—as if he had done this a thousand times in the past. Considering how pricey some of these skins could be, it formed a pit of worry in Scott's stomach.

Still, the visage of a rather attractive-looking polar bear on-screen quickly distracted the human. He had seen him through images George had shared over the internet, but this was his first time seeing the entire model. "He's...kinda hot, yeah," Scott admitted, letting out a slight cough from the back of his throat.

"Yeah, he's one of my favorite skins! I'll probably be playing as Fennix today, though," the lion said distractedly, his hand diving into his pocket to pull out his phone.

"Fennix? A fox?" Scott asked curiously, taking the controller from the lion; the big cat had been kind enough to complete his purchase for him.

"Yeah! You'll see~" he replied with a pleased purr.

They got everything set up quickly. George had already sent (more than a few) friend requests to Scott's newly created account. Meanwhile, he had set up his new polar bear just how he liked him—not that there was much else to wear, considering Scott freshly made the account.

Scott quickly saw what George was talking about. An orange fox with glowing-yellow eyes materialized in the lobby. He was wearing an aqua-colored outfit with dark shoulder pads as well. The human squinted, staring at the figure on the screen.

"He... looks like a knock-off of Fox and Wolf? Like someone decided to combine both of them for their game." It wasn't an inaccurate statement; the space suit combined with the rougher outlaw-looking aesthetics leaned perfectly into the accusation.

Much to his surprise, George didn't seem to react immediately. Instead, the lion just let out a short laugh. "Yeah, that's what I thought when I first saw him too." He ran his thumb along the edge of his phone, looking down at his screen, the blue light illuminating his face in the dimly lit room.

They both got into playing the game quickly. George spent most of his time showing Scott the ropes; he picked up the basics quickly as they traversed and fought.

"You're pretty good at this for someone who doesn't play shooters," the lion commented, swiveling his gaze back over his shoulder to peek at Scott.

"Yeah..." he muttered, almost as surprised as his companion. "I dunno. I guess I'm a natural?"

"Well, you better keep focused! We still haven't won yet!"

Scott grunted, shifting back and forth in his seat. Something wasn't sitting quite right, yet, he couldn't place it. It almost felt like his shorts were too tight, the fabric riding up, squeezing at his ass in all the wrong ways.

Still, as George said, he couldn't afford to get distracted. His fiddling with the hem of his pants nearly got him killed when another group got the jump on them.

"You're improving," George said with a short laugh, nestling back further into those legs. "Guess it doesn't take much to get your competitive side going." He let out a low rumble as he felt those legs squeeze around him. He didn't think much of it, but they almost seemed...bigger, somehow? They had a strength behind them they didn't before—the lion chalking it up to Scott getting worked up.

Several minutes passed, and more groups fell to the fox and bear. Scott was grinning like an idiot, pumping his arm into the air, his controller going along with it. "Hell *yeah*-!" he boomed, failing to notice the sleeve that split from his triumphant thrust.

Even George was slightly surprised by the voice that boomed out of Scott—decidedly deeper than he was used to hearing. It was...a little arousing; the lion awkwardly adjusted the crotch of his pants.

Their game continued, the two running through the island as the storm circle slowly closed. Occasionally George would peek up from his phone, something decidedly off with the room around him—though he couldn't exactly put his finger on what it was. Maybe it was the rising sun outside, or the walls starting to match the wooden floors...

"Pay attention," a gruff voice came from behind the lion. "There's a group comin' up from behind."

The voice shivered up the lion's spine as he heard it. He opened his mouth to reply but found his voice sounding slightly off. "Yeah, yeah! I know! I see 'em!" It had a suave, snarky edge to it.

The lion felt his clothes starting to grow awkward over him. The fabric of his shirt was pulling tighter into the pits of his arms, making it hard to work with his phone. It didn't help that those legs were starting to engulf him, the darn bear's thick thighs too big for his own good.

...Bear?

George blinked, confusion causing his brows to knit together. He turned his head to look behind him, as if trying to confirm a crack in his reality.

What was sitting on the sofa wasn't just human. Scott's face had elongated, a proto-muzzle had formed, and the end of his nose had thickened and grown padded. He was twice as large as George vaguely remembered him. His shirt looked painted on, a rounded belly pulling it tight, causing his teal shirt to ride up. Those arms flexed every time he twisted that controller around, biceps swelling underneath fatty padding, giving them an imposing heft.

"What?" Scott asked, his voice carrying a rough edge as he stared down at the other male between his legs. If he knew what was happening, he might have thought the same thing as George. Sitting on the floor wasn't precisely a lion anymore. Pointed ears had replaced rounded ones, the lion's tail had turned bushy, a patch of white fur gracing the tip.

"I... don't know," the smaller of the two responded, lowering his phone. Rubbing the back of his head, he asked, "I... Is something going on?"

The larger one grunted, an arching brow going from brown to white-furred. The rest of his hair had turned snow-white as well. It had grown from expansive body hair to an actual pelt threatening to engulf Scott's engorged body; the insides of his arms and patches over his chest and middle were the only place still showing his fair-colored skin.

"What do you mean?" he asked, his voice rumbling out of him like the growl of an engine. He paused, a smirk forming over his slowly elongating muzzle. "Oh, I get it... Gettin' too distracted?" He chuckled, putting his controller aside—and just in time for his body to subtly swell in size, his shirt splitting down the middle, his pants suffering the same fate as a pair of rounded glutes ballooned out the back.

"Wh-What...? Th-That's not what..." the smaller...fox? Had muttered. He grew flustered; the feeling of his clothes hugging tight around him wasn't helping matters as he wrestled with his identity. He could hear the same tears coming from him, the seams of his shirt breaking open as orange and cream-colored fur spilled out.

He gasped, being pushed back—shoved onto the hard floor. One of those big bear feet had pushed onto him, massaging over his crotch teasingly. The fox had to marvel at the size of the stomper—nearly as big as his torso as it slid and ground over his hips teasingly.

If he wasn't hard before, he certainly was now.

"Yeah... Good time for a break, huh, babe?"

Babe...? The word seemed so foreign, yet, at the same time, so right. It sent a shock of pleasure up George's spine, forcing the half-transformed fox to pull in a gasp of air.

Growing frustrated, the changing human tugged at his shirt, tearing the remains of tattered fabric from his torso. He sighed in relief, fat pectorals pushing out, obsidian nipples hanging

perfectly underneath them. "*Haaah...yeah*, that's better...." he growled seductively under his breath.

"B-But what about the game...?" the fox asked, sounding doubtful of his own words—as if he wasn't sure why he was speaking them.

"We've got time..." the bear muttered, pressing his heel down on the orange-furred fox's erection, squeezing it to those cobbled abdominals. "We're safe in the cabin for a while."

"C-Cabin...? Safe? What...?" He didn't have time to think about it as he watched the other foot lift into the air. He caught a glimpse of padded jet-black soles before they dropped down over his face, tilting his head to the side, toes curling around his muzzle.

The fox's feet cracked, changing shape as his lower legs reconfigured themselves. They turned to paws in short order, thick pads adorning the bottoms as his toes splayed. He writhed under those feet as they squeezed down on him, forcing him to pick up on the other male's masculine musk as padded toes flexed around his nose.

The reality around them was changing. The light from the morning sun shone in from a nearby window, illuminating the scene around them. A deer head was hung over a nearby mantle, a vaulted ceiling set far above them. Strewn about were several rugs, and the TV they were playing on was nowhere to be found.

The table was also gone—and so were the rest of the snacks they had laid out.

George tried to focus, his mind threatening to blank completely out. Whatever force was at play was trying to erase his memories—even his identity. Scott seemed to have given in to them first, embracing his new identity without question. The fact he was hitting all of his buttons was only keeping his thoughts further scattered.

Come to think of it...was...George even his name? It didn't sound right; it sounded—

"*Fen...*" the bear from above growled—indeed, it came from a *bear*. The white fur had engulfed what was left of "Scott's" body, obscuring what was once bare skin. He licked over his lips, the lower one having fattened nicely, the same jet-black color as his nose gleaming in the light of the crackling fire.

"Y-Yeah... Pol?" the fox responded without thought, his face flushed as he finally got a reprieve from that musky, meaty foot on his face.

"Take those pants off," he commanded, a thrumming growl to his voice.

Fennix gulped, shuddering from the possessive tone the ursine was using. He didn't need to be told twice to shuck off his ill-fitting shorts. It took some squirming, but he peeled his toned thighs

out of them. While he wasn't nearly the size of the bear that loomed over him, he had a fair bit of taut muscle that filled out his frame, a junior-grade bodybuilder if he assigned himself a size.

A pleased growl shook from the fully-formed polar bear. The ursine leaned back in the old sofa, the polished wood that made up its frame creaking—looking as rustic as the rest of the cabin. He pushed both feet around Fennix's cock, squeezing it between his supple soles. The big bear reveled in the whining, yipping gasps from the cute, rugged fox below.

The feeling of those feet around his hooded shaft made him howl in pleasure, the now-naked fox writhing on the wooden floor. It was cold, but he didn't care—it was worth the attention he was getting from the massive bear looming over him.

Polar had pulled the scraps of clothes off of himself, the newly minted bear letting out a rumble as he straddled around either side of Fennix's chest. The fox let out a noise of surprise as he saw those furred globes drop down over his muzzle, muffling his sounds. A short tufted tail sat perfectly on top of those rounded globes as they flexed around the vulpine's face.

The musky, masculine aroma was a mind-blowing aphrodisiac to the smaller vulpine. Any thoughts about a former life or that anything out of the ordinary was happening were wholly wiped away from his mind.

"*Mmhhh...* That oughta shut you up for a while..." the bear growled, his tone endearing despite his words. He flexed his ass, clenching it around his lover's slim muzzle to ensure it buried to the hilt between his generously-sized globes. "*Hoofuck...*" he moaned, closing his eyes as he felt that wet tongue lapping against his entrance. It slathered around the plump donut hidden deep between those dimpled mounds.

A muffled moan came from those cheeks, Fennix's toes curling as he felt an immense paw wrap around his cock, giving it a few short pumps. He always loved when he did this; memories came flooding back: of being pinned against walls, squeezed tight against the bear whenever he worked up a sweat. It was always like this—brief moments of respite in the storm where they could explore each other's bodies.

Funny, considering how stoic he was otherwise.

"*MMNNN-!*" Fennix yelled between those cheeks, his eyes screwing shut as he impotently bucked his hips. Polar has shifted forward, eyes opening to reveal one amber and one milky, unseeing white. He had wrapped his mouth around the head of the fox's cock, swallowing it down, bobbing his head up and down.

It was almost too much for him to handle. It didn't help matters that Polar's ass was flexing harder, practically pulling in his head; it was forced deeper in, lips pressing against that flexing, sweaty hole. Just one of those cheeks was larger than his entire head, putting in perspective

just how much larger his lover was—particularly below. Inhaling that intoxicating scent, Fennix went cross-eyed as his cock gushed copious amounts of pre in his lover's maw.

He could feel just how hard Polar was, the bear's big black cock sliding against his stomach. It was thick as Fennix's arm and crawled with veins as dense as his digits.

The poor vulpine's eyes crossed, his tongue lashing deep into the bear. He had the cum practically sucked out of him, Polar's ursine features coming in handy, that plush lower lip and sloppy maw slurping every last drop as he blew his load. The bear slowly got up with a deep grunt, wiping across that plump appendage with his furred forearm.

"*Mngh...*" Fennix whined as he felt his lover getting off of him. It was long enough so he could get turned around, that precum-dripping cock brushing against his muzzle. He knew what to do—having been in this position several times before. He slathered over it, taking it into his maw, deep-throating it, his throat stretching. It was enough to lube his lover, those massive paws flipping him onto his chest.

"That's *my fox...*" he whispered, a husky growl to his voice, cock twitching as he ground it between Fennix's eagerly twitching cheeks. While Fennix didn't have the sheer size of his glutes, Polar could appreciate the taut, toned ass his boyfriend sported.

A moan passed over Fennix's lips, followed by a deepened groan as the hefty weight of a polar bear several times his size dropped onto him. The bear's big belly pressed into the small of his back, rolling over him as he fell to the floor, the pair of them splayed out over the furred rug in the middle of the quiet cabin. He released a series of expletives as the precum and saliva-slicked shaft pushed against his hole, sliding between his cheeks before slowly sinking in.

Slow clapping echoed in the room as hips slapped together, the fox whining and gasping. He was utterly pinned underneath Polar's oversized body. He had to wonder if he was even visible underneath all of that white-furred bulk. If someone were to look in, would they see any trace of him underneath the hefty hulk?

Those meaty arms lifted him, tucking around his chest possessively, pinning his arms to his sides with bulging biceps as those strong hands clasped around his wrists. He moaned in need, his ass clenching around that soda bottle of a cock as he felt Polar's mouth wrap around the base of his neck. Those teeth bit down, squeezing hard enough to cause him to cum a second time.

The sweat, the musk—Fennix could practically taste it as he was slammed into the floor repeatedly at the massive male's mercy. At some point, he was turned over, twisted like a top on Polar's endowment. His nose pushed into one of those sweaty pits; a bushel of snow-white fur parted as his nose was plowed into it, guided by his boyfriend's iron-like grasp. Those fingers threatened to engulf his head, dense digits wrapping around it near-completely.

Only then did he feel the bigger bear nut inside of him. The feeling of all that hot cum gushing inside him was bliss, the fox's stomach subtly distending from how much was forced inside him—only augmented by the dent the ursine's oversized shaft had shoved out.

Fennix gasped, a full-body shudder going through him as he felt that battering ram slip out of him. It pulled out with a wet pop; the fox let out a long, breathy exhale as all that pent-up pressure released as all that cum spilled out of him.

His pointed ear twitched as he heard the heavy thumping, catching a glimpse as those white-furred, dark-padded stompers strolled past him.

"C'mon," the bear grunted, wiping the worst of the mess from his shaft with a blanket off the back of the sofa. "We need to get moving."

Stumbling to his knees, Fennix groaned, reaching back to massage his gaping, cum-dripping ass. "Can't we have a few minutes...?" Polar shook his head, already picking up his clothes; what were once shredded scraps were now a more form-fitting attire. He slipped a pair of combat slacks on, getting his shin guards fastened over those meaty stompers.

Fennix could feel his face burn as he watched his boyfriend bend over. He got a perfect shot of those massive glutes sticking out, the tufted tail sitting over them like a cherry on top. "Y-Yeah... The storm is probably closing in..." he muttered distractedly. His outfit was in a similar situation, flight suit discarded nearby on the floor, the fox quickly hopping—or hobbling—back into it.

"We'll take another break at the gas station outside Faulty Splits," the bear said, getting the last of his gear back onto him. Tying his signature crimson bandana around his neck was the finishing touch, his leather eyepatch snugly covering his left eye.

"Not wearin' your helmet?" Fennix asked, strolling up to Polar, nearly getting lost in his shadow.

Polar rumbled, letting out a dismissive grunt as he headed for the door. "Nah; feelin' too hot."

A soft cough came from the fox, cheeks flushing a tad. Padded paws thumped as he walked, following in the wake of the bigger bear. "Can't exactly argue with that~"

The fighting was intense. As soon as they left the cabin, Polar snatched his lover up under his arm as they made a run for it. Sprinting through snow drifts, they found themselves breaking out of the tundra and sneaking through the woods, taking potshots at other duos that dared to fight them.

One after another, they fell—vanishing into digital vapor under the bear's crack-shot gaze.

Leather creaked as the pair walked, and Fennix occasionally gave his boyfriend side glances. Polar's outfit was fitting a little tighter, rounded mounds pushing further out of his suit. His pecs were jutting out his vest, the straps looking like they were minutes away from snapping, those hefty mounds bouncing with every heavy thud of those padded feet.

He bit his lower lip, trying not to watch the straining fatigues that clung to the bear. Every step caused those glutes to roll and slide, tenting out the back of those combat slacks. He was thicker than they first started—that much was certain. Once form-fitting clothing looked a size or two too small for the brawny bear. Every elimination seemed to fuel him, feeding the party leader's engorging brawn.

...And Fennix was eager for every second of it.

He wasn't sure why it was happening, but he wasn't about to complain about more bear. Something about the topic seemed...normal—natural?

The fox rubbed at his brow, padded fingers massaging into it, his pace slowing. Something was amiss—even down to the very world they inhabited and the people they were. He couldn't precisely place why, the consternation pulsating between his eyes, a budding headache building.

"Everything okay?" Polar's gruff voice asked, the bear having to turn his broad shoulder to look at the fox, unable to look over it from his increased size.

"Y-Yeah! Why wouldn't it be?" Fennix asked with a nervous laugh, his cheeks burning. He blinked, having to drop his weapon as Polar tossed a shield potion his way.

"Here. Hold this."

"I don't got enough room!" the bratty fox protested. "How am I supposed to hold my weapons??"

"You think you're going to use them?" he asked with a smirk. The bear brought his left arm up, his fingers curling. His bicep jumped, swelling as his tricep pushed out as well. The band wrapped around his upper arm strained, creaking and groaning as it started to fray. A few more pumps sent it flying off like a broken rubber band. The shotgun shells tucked inside went flying through the air, scattering across the forest floor.

Fennix gulped audibly. The front of his suit twitched as it tented. "I guess not," he said under his breath as he tried to adjust himself.

It was like this all the way to Anvil Square. Polar would push items into Fennix's chest, forcing the fox to hold more and more healing items for him. As the former had predicted, he did not need to fight when the polar bear was such a crack shot.

Pinned inside a small shed, Fennix whined. The haze of the more prominent male's musk made the air suffocating. He had grown significantly bigger since the woods, having taken out several groups along the way with a pistol alone. Every elimination found those pecs pushing out further—ass jutting from the rest of his fatigues; even the bear's belly was getting bigger, decidedly hanging out away from him, lush white fur sticking out as his vest rode higher up on his burgeoning torso.

“Stop movin’ around...” Polar growled under his breath, the over-muscled ursine adjusting the sight of his sniper rifle over the edge of the busted-out windowsill. His meaty feet spread, his shin guards straining to contain swollen calves that pushed out the back. Even the straps looped around his stompers looked strained, the leather creaking and tearing—unable to keep its grip around those impossibly wide stompers.

If he had trouble finding footwear before, it would be impossible now.

Polar's junk had also swollen up, a hefty bulge now half the size of his companion pressed tight against Fennix's chest and chin. Fennix whined under his breath, his aching erection making it hard to focus as he kept breathing in the masculine musk that radiated from the bear.

It didn't help that the bear seemed oddly aroused as well; the outline of his cock was clearly visible through his camo-patterned fatigues. The fox was close enough that he could see the subtle webbing of veins pushing out from it as well from underneath the straining fabric.

"Mngghh..." Polar growled under his breath, rolling his mammoth shoulders—seemingly annoyed by the discomfort of his clothes. He was roughly twice his size since he had set out with his lover from the cabin. His entire outfit clung to him like a second skin, patches already having failed along pressure points, particularly his pecs and the sides of that massive middle.

A crack of a shot went off from the rifle, filling the silence with ringing tinnitus in both males' ears.

The sudden swell of the polar bear's body was enough to tell Fennix that the ursine had landed his shot. That belly surged forward, pushing him against the wall, the iron-like dome keeping him pinned against creaking, old wood. The straps for his shin and foot guards had broken off, having to adjust his position a few times to accommodate widening feet.

Another shot rang out, a brief flash of light from the muzzle filling the enclosed shed. This time, the growth didn't wait. A moan slipped past Polar's lips as he shut his exposed eye. His entire form swelled, his shin guards popping off, clattering to the floor as his body engorged. His thighs ballooned, growing wide, calves shredding the bottoms of his pants until they looked like barely clinging tattered shorts. His arm guard also shredded, the sleeve tearing apart under the strain of the trunk-like forearm that rejected it.

Stretched to the limit, his vest clung like some sort of crop top, his bulging belly jutting out underneath it. The crotch that had strained his pants had pushed out, destroying the zipper and peeling it open to the point where Fennix had a front-row seat to see that obsidian flesh. The bear's rear had done similar, pushing out far enough where the globes warped and squeezed out the top, giving a generous offering of that ravine between them for the world to see.

It was hard for Fennix to believe that was the same cock that had fit inside him less than an hour ago. Now it was as big as he was—barely contained in those fraying fatigues.

"*Fuck...*" the bear growled, cheeks burning as he panted. "Shouldn't...be many more left. C'mon," he muttered breathily, pulling away from the window. Fennix gasped as he was allowed to breathe again, the front of his suit now sticky with precum; several strands of it snapped as the bear stood back up, leaving the fox a musky mess.

Fennix watched as the ambling bear walked, a distinct waddling gait to his movements. He could not keep his arms to his sides, elbows jutting out at far angles thanks to the sheer size of his lats. Polar's back was like a swollen mountain range, traps having juttied up along either side of his neck, flanking it.

"You comin'?" the bear asked, patience audibly running thin. He didn't even need to look over his shoulder to know that Fennix was still watching from his seat on the floor—not that he could see past those monstrous traps and delts if he wanted; it would take a nearly-180 degree turn for that.

The fox's jaw dropped as he watched Polar try to leave the same way he came in. The bear turned, his swollen pectorals and monstrously muscled back catching no matter which way he attempted to step through the door. In sheer frustration, the bear stepped forward, bulldozing his way through it. The old wood's resistance was nothing compared to Polar's newfound strength, the bear ambling through it almost like it never existed in the first place.

Wood splintered, cracking apart as boards went flying. Fennix shakily got to his feet, whining in arousal as he chased after his bigger-than-life boyfriend.

It turned out that the bear was leaving footprints in the earth and solid stone at this point—the sheer amount of weight he was carrying assuring it. Fennix tried to point this out, but the bear didn't seem to care. "There's only one group left," Polar had told him, a confident growl as they made their way to the castle that loomed off in the distance.

The Citadel. An imposing fortress that seemed out of place with the modern amenities afforded by the island. However, Fennix only had a little time to dwell on that. The storm was fast approaching, the burning walls of acid rain forcing whoever was left towards the cliff-bound structure.

Climbing up the vast stone staircase was an easy task for Polar. He ascended several steps for every one that an average person would have taken, his feet crushing the stone to rubble with every step. Fennix had to huff and puff to keep up, stepping over vast potholes his boyfriend was leaving behind. He couldn't help but blush, noticing the sticky trail that the bear was leaving behind.

Copious amounts of precum slathered along the stone, almost like the trail from a snail. The goopy, semi-opaque liquid filled the craters, each of those holes almost big enough for the fox to fall in.

"Got a few good vantage points up, here," the bear grunted, his absurdly deep voice like the rumble of an industrial engine as he spoke. "Those lil sniper spots won't work for me." They made their way up further flights of stairs, the bear getting adjusted as they stood over a terrace at the top of one of the lookout towers.

"Y-Yeah..." the fox muttered, crossing his arms as he leaned against the nearby stone wall.

Polar rumbled, turning almost entirely around as he hunched himself to regard the other male. "Somethin' wrong?" he asked, his exposed pectorals shaking, the last vestiges of his vest barely covering the center of those jutting planetoids.

"N-No-!" he snapped, the fox growing flustered, especially with how low his boyfriend had to bend over to see him. He was over twice his height now, at eye level with the bear's best assets. The ursine was like a living, walking wall; the extra fat that filled his frame made his torso incredibly broad—like the width of a barn door. He could spot the faintest outline of distended abdominals underneath that bulging belly, only adding to the allure of the hulking ursine.

Polar smirked, watching the flustered fox with his good eye. "...You mad we didn't stop for some fun?"

A gulp made Fennix's Adam's apple jump. The bear was only inches away from him now, pecs pinning him against the stone wall, causing his slim—in comparison—figure to sink subtly between those beefy pecs.

"I can make it up to you," the bear whispered seductively, his nose only an inch away from the fox's. His features had only augmented since his growth, his lower lip plumping into a plush pillow, a broadened jawline supporting it.

Before Fennix could come up with a reply, those lips pressed against his. He moaned, his eyes rolling back in his head as he was forced to suckle over that denser lower lip. The bear's tongue lashed into his maw, exchanging darker flesh for that saliva-slicked appendage. He practically choked on it, feeling it sliding down his throat as it was force-fed.

And just as quickly as it started, it ended. The kiss ended with a wet pop, a few stretching strings of saliva snapping between their lower lips.

"Just one more win," the bear cooed, his voice a low, affectionate purr. "Then you get to have as much fun as you want." He pressed another shorter kiss to Fennix's lips to seal the coming statement, "Promise."

"YO-!"

Both ears shot up at a gruff voice breaking the silence. Polar was the first one to break from his position, waddling along, stone churning up as his junk dragged along with him. His cock had broken free of his pants, the massive log of a shlong dropping over the edge of the battlements as he peered over the edge.

A smirking werewolf with torn clothes watched from below, standing on the cliff's edge. He had a massive hammer propped over his shoulder, violet crystal glistening in the head of it. Behind him was a green-scaled figure in what looked like ninja armor; he wore nothing else, completely naked save for the spiked plates running along his shins and forearms.

"Someone's lookin' big!" the werewolf laughed, hefting the hammer over his shoulder. "I take it your boyfriend's still kickin'?"

Polar growled under his breath. "*You two.*" The words were like an accusation as he glared down at Dire and Hybrid.

"Yeah? Who did you expect? Fuckin' fish-face and weird-ass banana?" the cocky wolf said with a crack of a laugh, giving the giant warhammer propped over his shoulder a playful spin. "Where's your boyfriend hidin' at?~ I wouldn't mind havin' some fun with 'em—y'know, as a victory prize!" The comment got a snicker from Dire, the otherwise silent reptilian smirking, showing off rows of sharp fangs.

Fennix's ears perked at being referenced, but his behemoth of a boyfriend spoke for him.

"Why don't you come up and find out?" his voice boomed, shaking the castle, layers of weathered stone dust rising. "Unless you are too cowardly."

The wolf's expression screwed up, his smug aura dissipating quickly under the defiant challenge. "Oh? You want a challenge, Fatso?" He reared back, whipping the hammer off of his shoulder threateningly.

"Dire, don't—" Hybrid spoke up, growing visibly distressed as he reached a hand out for his duo's companion. However, it was too late: the wolf had already committed to his rash action. The canine reared back before bringing the hammer down. The glowing crystal that comprised the head glowed with an intensity that bathed the pair in violet light.

He shot into the air, the concussive force from the hammer sending him flying straight toward his target. He brought it behind his head as he sailed like a dark-furred projectile through the air. His eyes opened wide as he saw what he was barreling straight towards.

Polar's pants had torn open, that massive cock throbbing right out of it. A step back found his hips turning, that massive log-sized endowment swinging, a rope of precum lashing through the air. It came around like a bat, hitting the wolf in the chest and face, intercepting him in mid-air.

The moment seemed to last a small eternity.

Dire's momentum suddenly reversed, the hit from Polar's monster-sized shaft sending him flying—even faster than he had launched. The precum-coated wolf slammed into his partner, Hybrid barely able to let out a noise of surprise before they both tumbled off the ledge and off into the thrumming, purple storm that had surrounded them.

Fennix stood over the edge of the battlements, hands perched on the stone railing. "Holy shit..." he whispered under his breath, squinting at where the pair vanished. A sound of deep grunting pulled his attention away; next to him, Polar was moaning, his cock throbbing, urethra swelling as a blast of precum shot from it like a geyser.

His body swelled violently, several feet pushing into the bear as he expanded in all directions. He leaned back, slamming into the wall behind him, cracking the stone, nearly causing it to collapse from his overbearing weight. His belly ballooned, extra fat pouring on top of muscle as if it were competing in a race with the sinewy stuff. The last vestiges of his clothes started to tear, his ass ballooning out what was left of his fatigues. The vest that covered his pecs snapped off, flying off the battlements and into the abyss below.

The fox let out a yelp as an enormous mitt suddenly snatched him up. It quickly engulfed most of his body, forcing his arms up as those dense, musk-infused digits squeezed around his torso as he was hoisted above the bear's burgeoning mass. The castle was crumbling around him, but the bear didn't seem to care, leaning back into the rubble as he bucked his hips, endowment swinging through the air, slinging precum across the castle.

The fox was dropped between those pecs, struggling to pull himself out, climbing for higher ground as he clung to those looming traps. His cheeks flushed as he spotted his Boyfriend's mostly-trapped head angling for him; a blush painted over those cheeks, the breathy pants he was making indicating a particular need. He didn't need to be told; the fox laid himself over that swollen pec shelf, nuzzling the end of his muzzle with his boyfriend's for a deep, post-victory kiss.

His fingers dove into the snow-white fur lining his broad jawline, digits wrapping around it as he gave his boyfriend everything he had.

Polar moaned, his voice churning up from his titan-sized body, standing a good 20 ft tall at this point—and just as wide—towering over the structure around him. His voice traveled straight into his boyfriend as they desperately kissed, muzzles locked together in a passionate embrace.

The bear finally loosed his load; his urethra ballooned, his cock engorging to twice its usual size as the monster-sized balls perched behind the bear started to churn and gurgle. It was like a volcanic eruption, floods of polar-cum flooding across the castle, destroying and knocking down what was left of it as the storm slowly encroached. He was so large that his body fought with itself, quickly losing mobility as its mass pushed his arms and legs away.

Fennix panted heavily, his mind swimming in ecstasy, having blown his load inside his jumpsuit—staining the front fabric. It didn't matter too much, considering all the sweat the monstrous male was outputting; he was practically slathered with the stuff. He was wedged in tight, unable to move as those pectorals swallowed him up to the shoulders.

The storm raged around them, closing in, but Fennix knew things would be alright.

They would get to do this again. And again...and again—forever.

Together.