

Bushes rustled in the dead of night. Moonlight streamed in through bare branches as footsteps crunched over fallen leaves. Three figures stumbled out of the bristly patch that bordered expansive farmland. They were dressed in dark clothes, black jeans, and dark hoodies as they moved under the cover of night.

“Hehehe,” a rat giggled, showing his front incisors as he smirked. “This is gonna be fun.” He jammed his elbow into his companion’s side, a tall squirrel who balked.

The rodent’s bushy tail flicked. “I don’t know. Aren’t there a bunch of guards and stuff?”

The third of the group scoffed, a short opossum with a broad build, his hands stuffed deep into the front pockets of his hoodie. “Dude, you really think they got security for this shit? Buncha roided up freaks that can barely move.”

“Yeah,” the rat chimed in, smile widening. “Not like they’re worried about you stealin’ shit. It’s either milk or bulls, and I ain’t interested in either.”

The shorter opossum, Brooks, said, “You’d need a truck for both.”

“Dump truck for the dudes,” the rat, Randy, said with a hoot of a laugh, clearly enjoying the disparaging commentary. They moved to the fence that separated the pasture from the woods, stopped by the old barrier. The wire itself, despite the patches of rust, wasn’t the problem. It was the curling vines that made their home around it. Pointed edges promised pain for anyone trying to pass.

“Gimme the snips.” Randy reached back expectantly to the squirrel, Sawyer. He rummaged in the torn and frayed backpack he had brought along, the bag missing one of its straps. The clippers glinted in the light as he handed them over. The wire protested as the shears clamped around it, creaking and shuddering. It snapped loose from rotted wood, the pole it was attached to nearly crumbling from the sudden slack. He repeated this process, carefully avoiding the prickly thorns until they had cut a path.

“Piece-a-cake,” Randy said with a smug curl to his voice, casually tossing the clippers back to a fumbling Sawyer. The posse slipped through the hole and into the tall grass, shuffling their way past a few trees that clung to their orange and red foliage.

“So, what are we going to do once we’re in?” Sawyer asked, the squirrel’s bright green eyes flicking nervously.

Brooks chuckled as if it were apparent, the broad-shouldered opossum pushing past the slowing squirrel. “Duh. We’re gonna go cow tippin’!”

“But...They’re huge...”

Randy cocked his head over his shoulder as he said, “That makes it easy. They’re top-heavy, so you just gotta give ‘em a lil push. Trust me, it’ll be *easy*.”

"Wouldn't it be easier if we just egged someone's house?" he asked, a nervous twinge entering his voice. "We still have some cans of spray paint left over from last time."

"We *could*," the rat said, the roll of his eyes obvious even as he spoke. "But I'm bored of that shit. Besides, wouldn't it be hilarious for the farm hands to find their bulls fuckin' *upside down* in the morning? Meatheads probably wouldn't be able to figure out shit. Too big'n stupid to figure out it was us even if they caught it on camera."

"Yeah! We'll snap some pics and put 'em up on Insta. It'll be fuckin' funny," Brooks said with a guttural guffaw before clapping Sawyer on the back.

"Besides, I don't really care for those *freaks* taking over town. Seems like everyone's gettin' hopped up on that Bull Milk crap," Randy said, the mischievous mirth bleeding from his voice. "Ain't normal, people bein' that fuckin' huge. Disgusting, if you ask me," he grouched, rolling his eyes before kicking a stone, sending it flying as it skittered along hard dirt.

"Don't wanna get *too* big," Brooks said, the stout opossum bringing up one of his arms into a flex, "Ain't gonna pull any ladies like that." There was an impressive amount of muscle that stretched his sleeve. However, the group knew it was nothing compared to the monstrous peaks that were hidden in the barns ahead. Closer to the spotlights, they stuck together, moving to the side of the painted red barn. The structure was enormous, stretching the term to the point where "warehouse" might have been a more fitting description.

There was little to no security. The sheers took care of the locks and chains that barred them as easily as the fence. The outer door rattled open, sliding along packed earth as the trio peeked inside. It was dark and difficult to see, their eyes taking several seconds to adjust.

"*Jesus*," Brooks muttered, big black ears falling back. The warehouse metaphor suddenly seemed much more apt. Light pooled into the center aisle between the pens, focused cones providing enough illumination for basic navigation while casting shadows over looming tenants.

Wide-eyed, Sawyer leaned from behind the broad opossum. "Are those all...?"

"*Bulls*," Randy muttered breathlessly. The pens were nearly out of proportion to their occupants. Literal tons of beef heaved as they breathed, monumental bodies filling the space, hoses hooked up to their cocks, and swollen nipples hidden underneath ample chests. Endowments seemed to be in a permanent state of arousal, veins as thick as the intruder's arms twitching along those monstrous logs. Their gaze swept down the hall, noting that it wasn't just bulls.

There were other species hooked up to the machines as well, a few unexpected canids and felines catching their eyes. A red fox, in particular, was in one of the nearby stalls, his overblown body fighting for space as the tube hooked to his enormous endowment hummed. He looked a little different from the others, his body still clad in straining clothing. A set of overalls clung to his mountainous proportions; one of the straps had come undone, the other looped like taut piano wire over his trap. His cock was bigger than any of the guys outside of his confines, twitching, looping out the front of his overalls with turgid balls still cupped by straining denim.

“*Holy fuck*,” Randy whispered, the other two following his glance.

“Ain’t that one of the farm hands?” Brooks muttered so as not to wake the dozing titan. The opossum squinted as he moved to the edge of the stall, leaning forward. As built as he was, the vulpine was over twice his height—with the same said for his width.

“Y-You mean they milk their *employees* too?” a horrified Sawyer asked, the squirrel tugging on his sandy-brown ears.

Brooks whispered into that folded flat ear, “Maybe they all end up on the milking line...” Sawyer tried not to let out a noise, but a strangled squeak slipped out of him. He watched in horror as Randy shifted past him, moving to one of the nearby pens and opening the gate. Passing by a placard labeled “Ramon,” the rat moved through the straw-littered floor as silent as a ghost—a testament to how many times he had done this sort of thing in the past.

He sucked in a breath as Randy’s hands reached out, pressing against the wing-like lats that spread from the behemoth’s sides. The highland bull with bushy hair snorted in his sleep but didn’t respond, the sudden exhale fluttering the bushel of bangs that obscured his shut eyes.

Sawyer frantically waved for Randy to stop, but the rodent wouldn’t be deterred. He pushed, getting behind the bull to shove at the mountainous expanse of muscled back. The bovine didn’t so much as twitch in his sleep. Heaving and exhausted, the rat paced in frustration.

“This doesn’t make sense,” he grumbled under his breath as he flashed glares at the immovable mountain. “They should fall right over! Why won’t he budge??”

“More sturdy than they look,” Brooks offered with a broad-shouldered shrug.

“Well, what are you standing over there for?!” the rat hissed. “Get over here and help!”

The opossum sneered, leaning casually against the side of the gate. “I kinda like watchin’ you struggle. It’s funny as shit.” Randy looked fit to strangle him, crimson crawling up his neck and into his cheeks. Brooks put up his hands placatingly as he walked himself into the pen’s confines.

Even with the extra help, the mountain of bovine beef didn’t budge. Front or back—even side-to-side—they couldn’t get him to tip over, let alone list in any direction. Randy looped his head around the bull’s side, eyes boring into Sawyer with an unspoken message, “Why are you standing there like an idiot??”

Even with all three of them, the best they could get was a slight budge on the behemoth. It quickly dawned on them that even if they were to tip him over, he would simply catch on the borders of his pen.

“*Fantastic*,” Randy grumbled, crossing his arms petulantly. He waved a hand in front of his face, expression screwing up. “Why do they all *stink* so much?”

“I dunno,” Brooks said with a snicker, tongue sticking out. “I don’t think they smell too bad.”

"That's because they smell like *you*," he said with a dramatic roll of his eyes. The rat put his hands in his pockets, glancing up and down the barn, looking for potential targets of mischief. His gaze caught on some tankards near the end, stainless steel spigots gleaming. "...I think I got an idea."

Sawyer let out a flustered noise as he was yanked back by his hoodie, the squirrel stumbling as he was dragged along. He stopped just short of one of those spigots, brought to his knees. "What?..."

"C'mon, take a sip," the rat said, showing off buck teeth as he smirked, fingers dancing along the edge of the knob. "Just a little bit. Don't want you becoming a *freak* like these poor sods."

"B-But I don't wanna be big!" the squirrel protested, the lanky rodent waving his arms frantically as he was brought closer to the gleaming tap.

"It's just gonna be a gulp. Stop whinin'!" Randy growled under his breath. "Besides, you could use a few pounds of muscle! Skinny as a fuckin' twig. Look at Brooks over there!"

"*Ey'o~*" the brawny opossum chimed, having sauntered over, hands in his hoodie pockets to amusedly watch the unfolding show.

"B-But I like the way I am! I don't want to be massive! My girlfriend *hates* muscle," Sawyer whined, squirming as a hand clamped over the back of his head, fingers gripping into his long hair.

"*Psh*, you can get a new girlfriend!" The faucet squeaked as he twisted the knob. A gush of milk barreled out, catching Sawyer by surprise. A fair amount splashed into his open mouth, the squirrel errantly gulping some of it down before jerking away from the spattering mess.

"You dick!" Sawyer shouted between coughs, wiping at his sodden chin with his sleeve. He tried to spit out what had guzzled, even retching, though the finger was yanked out of his mouth before he could depress his tongue.

"Cut it out!" Randy snapped, pulling the squirrel's arm away. "Besides, you ain't gonna be huge! Just enough so we can tip some of these bulls and get outta here!"

Sawyer groaned as he clutched at his stomach, his expression screwing up as he sat over his knees. It gurgled angrily, churning. "G-Guys... F-Feels hot..." he muttered, hissing through a clenched jaw. He shook like a leaf as Randy released his arm, quivering as he clutched at his chest and stomach.

The other two's eyes widened as they watched Sawyer's entire body squirm and swell underneath his clothing. Once slack fabric started to fill out, the squirrel's pencil-thin back widened until they could see the muscular curves of solid lats and traps.

"*Ungh-!*" Sawyer moaned, his body quivering like a strummed guitar string. "S-So hot...!" he gasped as his chest swelled. The ratty white t-shirt he wore underneath stretched, the collar

pulling around the base of his neck as it thickened, a few veins surfacing.
“Everything’s...ngh...tight!”

The duo watched in morbid fascination as their third ballooned, filling up his clothes to the brink. The sweats he wore went from billowing tents to taut as a drum, hugging around muscular thighs that defined and feathered under the skin-tight fabric. Like air being pumped into him, his glutes ballooned into existence, the waistband of his sweats pulling down to reveal sandy-furred humps. The front tented as well, burgeoning junk bouncing in the elastic fabric.

Sawyer heaved, his head spinning, the dim world around him swimming. He dropped to his knees with a far weightier thud than he was accustomed to, his body shaking slightly, with a slight wobble to it.

“Holy shit...” Brooks muttered, brushing some of his bangs back to reveal wide eyes.

“What?” Sawyer asked, flinching at his own voice, a hand reaching up for his engorged neck. It was deep—far deeper than it should have been. He gasped as he fell onto his ass, bushy tail caressing the sinewy curves of his barely-contained back. “Oh, god,” he whispered, hands immediately going to his face.

Everything felt off. There were curves and mass where there once was none. Sawyer’s jawline had thickened, rough stubble scratching against the padded undersides of fingers far larger than he was used to maneuvering. “Everything’s so...” He groaned as seams popped along the edges of his sweats, revealing more of his sandy-colored fur. “...Tight,” he finished, marveling at his own engorged body.

“I-I’m bigger than Brooks...” Sawyer muttered, a smile subtly creeping into the corners of his slack-jawed mouth. He slowly got up from the ground, some stray straw dropping from herculean thighs and broad shins. It was only when he got his feet under him that he realized how uncomfortable his footwear had become. He flinched, grunting as the ends of them bulged, the material warped to accommodate their increased mass.

The opossum snorted sharply even though his obscured gaze couldn’t tear away from the bodybuilder-sized squirrel. “Yeah, well, just wait until I get a gulp too!”

“Hey-hey!” Randy cut in sharply with an extended arm, blocking Brooks from reaching the tanks. “We only did this so we can tip the bulls over, got it??”

“But...”

The rat gave him a critical look. “You don’t wanna be a *freak*, do ya? Just look at Sawyer! He only had a sip, and he’s already feelin’ himself up!” Almost as if to make his point, Sawyer moaned, cupping enormous pectorals with his broad palms. “You wanna be a blimp like the rest of those bulls?” His eyes narrowed.

“I mean, it might be cool if I could benchpress a—”

“You think anybody is gonna like you like *that*?” He gestured wildly to the heaving Highland bull that filled the majority of its spacious pen. “Sawyer’s ‘girlfriend’ is probably gonna scream when she sees him like this.”

The squirrel didn’t seem to notice the intimately focused conversation. He was too enamored with his body, feeling over an arm, tracing the curves and the split of a bicep that swelled under the once-loose, now skin-tight fabric of his hoodie. As if in a trance, he brought it up to his face, nose brushing against it as his lips parted. His body seemed to be in control, or at the very least, winning the war. The squirrel’s tongue dampened the fabric, warmth spreading where he began to shamelessly worship that mighty peak.

“For fuck’s sake,” the rat hissed as he watched, pushing the squirrel towards the open pen. Or, at least, that’s what he expected. It was like crashing into a brick wall, the lithe rat crumpling into unyielding muscle, barely cushioned by the fabric straining to cling to the meaty rodent. “Stop touchin’ yerself like some fuckin’ pervert and get in there!”

Sawyer lazily brought his attention away from his bicep, as alluring as it was. His eyes drifted to Randy’s outstretched index finger, following it to the burly mountain that heaved beyond. The bucktoothed smile spread a little wider across his blocky mug as he wandered towards him, as if in a trance. Herculean thighs slid together, an obvious tent forming in those sweats as seams popped like miniature fireworks. The soles of his shoes burst, the vulcanized rubber separating as foxing tape snapped off like a rubber band.

Brooks watched in fascination, his tail swaying behind him, a goofy little smile pulling the corners of his muzzle. It was contrasted by Randy, the rat watching in abject horror as the squirrel sidled up to the looming behemoth. Even with his increased size, he was only a fraction of the size. The three moved into place behind the behemoth bovine, with Sawyer taking center stage. His arms looped around Ramon’s lats like they were handles, hands gripping fat pecs.

The bull moaned, a deep moo of a sound even as he slept, cock twitching as he was slowly pushed forward, massive meat flipping up between a set of heavily furred pecs. “Holy shit, it’s workin’!” Randy said with a hissing snicker, a shit-eating grin spreading across his face. The ripping and tearing pulled his attention momentarily away, drawn to Sawyer’s display. His body swelled, fighting the clothes that confined him. It was winning the war, seams bursting open, tears forming as feathered sinew pushed forth. Veins as thick as the rat’s fingers snaked over those arms, webbing over his burgeoning body as he grunted and huffed.

Worst of all was what was flexing down below. A sizable shaft had torn free from his sweats, unable to contain the sheer heft the squirrel now possessed. It arched up into the air, hooded glans glistening in the low light as veins branched over it like twitching roots.

Wood cracked and splintered as it was forced to bear Ramon’s weight. The tubes attached to him strained, stretching and pulling from the rafters. Reels and bolts blew, causing the cables to whip free and separate from the bull, allowing his juices to flow freely.

"Watch out!" Brooks shouted as the bull tilted ominously. It didn't deter Sawyer, the squirrel grunting and huffing as he pushed with a wild-eyed obsession. Muscles swelled, traps hiking higher along his neck as his body pumped from the strain.

"*Hnnghh...*!" the squirrel groaned as his hoodie ripped down the middle, swollen pecs pushing out, banded muscle clenching together with enough force to pulverize rock. The other two stepped back, too taken aback by the unexpected display of ferocity to fear for their safety.

The behemoth fell like a tree, crashing through the borders of his pen and onto the ground. His broad shoulder hit first, cratering it before he rolled over onto his back. A wet slap echoed through the barn as his cock landed squarely between his fat pectorals, head nestling deep into the hirsute depths.

Before either of them could say anything, Sawyer leaped onto the felled behemoth, huffing and panting like a beast in heat. The other cattle stirred in their pens, moaning and shuffling, a few needy moos rattling through the rafters. The cataclysmic impact seemed to have done more than wake the flock. Floodlights flicked on, crackling to life as they sequentially lit up, fully illuminating the pen and forcing Randy and Brooks to shield their eyes.

"*Shit*," Randy hissed, going wide-eyed. "We gotta get the fuck outta here!"

"How?" Brooks asked, waving his arms at the behemoth that blocked the door. Indeed, his broad back had effectively plugged the way to the doors, Sawyer now on top of him. Escape took a backseat to the spectacle as they watched their supposedly straight friend grapple with that enormous endowment. The squirrel's mouth opened wide as he leaned forward, wrapping lips around the helmeted glans, bobbing as much of it as he could and nearly unhinging his jaw in the process.

"...What the *fuck*, Sawyer!" Randy barked, fingers going into his hair as he tugged at it. "What the hell are you doing?! Get off of him! We gotta get out of here!" But the words were lost on the squirrel. He jerked and worked the cock like his life depended on it. His arms bulged, biceps pressing into the sides of that trunk-sized length hard enough to make supple flesh bend and roll beneath them.

The bulls were awake now, washing the room with a constant low cacophony of mooing moans. Masculine musk filled the air like a growing fog, Randy's nose twitching. "*Eugh!*" he groaned, pulling up his shirt to cover the end of his muzzle. "Fucking BO! C'mon, Brooks! If he wants to fuck another guy, I ain't stickin' around to watch that shit."

He paused. "...Brooks?"

The opossum was frozen in place, head tilted up, his nose twitching. The front of his torn jeans was starting to stain, a small darkening spot spreading from a painfully obvious tent. "*Fuck...*" he muttered, hands seemingly moving of their own accord. One lifted to his chest, squeezing it, the other wrapping around the outline beneath distressed denim.

"*Goddamn it*," he hissed. "You've both lost your minds!" He flinched, suddenly becoming aware of the writhing bodies around him. Walls of muscle, all moaning in sexual ecstasy, their muscles thrumming, fighting against various-colored pelts as muscles crashed together. Cream-colored cum and copious milk flowed through the collection tubes, rattling along the rafters as they filled the tanks with more of that potent, transformative stuff.

"I gotta get the hell out of here," he muttered in desperation, taking a stumbling step back. "I ain't gonna turn into a *freak*!" He nearly tripped over his own feet as he spun. His head went along with him, the musky aromas around him nearly causing him to topple over. He could feel the growing need deep inside himself, a burning desire in his loins. It was like morning wood, mindless and uncontrollable, as the front of his pants began to grow tight.

He had to avoid looking at the walls of hirsute muscle as he passed by them, moans following on his heels as brutish behemoths writhed in thoughtless ecstasy, spurred on by their own overblown bodies. It was like something out of a nightmare as he staggered through the hall, clipping himself on the edge of crates and barrels, nearly impaling his foot at one point on a rake he didn't see. He felt drunk—or, that was the closest sensation he could approximate to this bogged down, sloshed feeling threatening to swallow his mind. He nearly made it to the other side, the double doors beckoning freedom. There was a twinge of guilt at leaving his friends behind, but he pushed it aside.

Better to save himself, the pragmatist in him insisted. Sawyer was already becoming a roided-up freak, and Brooks wasn't going to be far behind. Better to get out of there and keep his size (and sexuality) intact.

Just before he got to the doors, they burst open of their own accord, the billow of fresh air blowing the rat back. His eyes adjusted, squinting. A figure loomed in the dark, the faint glimmer of hope bleeding away as Randy realized that the silhouette filled the entryway from shoulder to shoulder.

"Well," a bassy voice boomed, "what do we have here? Some stray lil troublemakers come to my farm?" Out of the shadows stepped a herculean rottweiler. Dense digits played along a thick beard that coated the bottom half of his face. A bushy brow arched as he kept eyes on the stammering, staggering rat. He clicked his tongue, "Huh. Yer lil better than some punk-ass kid... How old're you?"

"I ain't a kid!" the rat snapped, that pent-up lust building in the back of his mind venting as aggression.

"Nah? That's good t'hear," the dog said, lifting his gaze to peer past the flustered rodent. He smirked, brows lifting. "So, you brought a few friends along with ya, huh? Y'know, if you wanted ta work here, you coulda jus' applied."

"Fuck that! I don't wanna be a freak!" the rat barked again, mind sloshing, the small voice that shouted caution getting drowned out.

"Izzat so..." Randy squeaked as the back of his hoodie was pinched between digits as dense as his thighs. He kicked and flailed, only succeeding in spinning nauseatingly in place. "Seems like yer friends don't mind." He was forced around and dangled in mid-air to face the other end of the barn.

The rat's eyes widened in horror as he saw Sawyer still straddling the bull. His clothes were reduced to shredded scraps that barely covered a mind-bogglingly burly body. Bulbous glutes were wrapped around the bull's cock, the squirrel squatting himself over the bull. His arms were folded behind his head, showing off lats that dropped nearly down to his ass, thick pit fur fluffing out from under those arms like sweaty shrubs. He was gaining on the bull, now almost three-quarters his size. There was nothing left of his scrawny, timid friend. His face had swollen into a brutish visage, jaw clenching and rippling with unrestrained, aggressive lust.

What made it worse was that Brooks was beside him, hunched over with his lips wrapped around the highland bull's plump teat. "Fuck, no... Brooks, *STOP!*" Randy shouted, even though he knew it was too late. The gush of white that colored the corners of the opossum's mouth told him as much. It happened faster than with Sawyer; it must have been the fact it was fresh from the source. His shoulders broadened, back humping up with muscle as he ballooned. Randy was forced to watch, the lumbering behemoth taking him along for the ride, mooing bulls adding to the soundtrack of body horror as Brooks' broad frame warped and stretched.

The back of his hoodie split open, followed by the white t-shirt underneath. His back broadened, spine rippling as it sank between the divide of rolling hills and mountains. Traps lifted, swallowing up his neck as his grunts deepened, still suckling and guzzling from the quivering bull's swollen nip. Thighs burst from their confinement, jeans turning to shreds as his calves ballooned, splitting into diamond-like shelves. Shoes followed shortly after, the opossum kicking away the scraps from fat, pink soles. Veins surfaced over his limbs as he wrapped them around the bull, Randy's jaw dropping as he managed to lift the bull up slightly with just one arm. His bicep swelled, bulging obscenely, rolling and banding as muscle deeply dimpled. It would have made him retch once, but he could only stare, enthralled.

"What the fuck..." he whispered in disbelief.

"You like that, kid?" a rumbling voice asked, whispering into a big, round ear.

"Fuck, no!" he said, defiant tones coming out as something decidedly more whiny.

The old dog snickered. "Yeah? Then why the boner?" Randy nearly made a mess of himself as a massive, meaty hand wrapped around his midsection, a fat thumb stroking from base to tip of his trapped, twitching length.

"A-Ah...!" He gasped. "S-Stop! *Fucker-!*"

"You like watchin' yer friends grow, huh? Seein' how they're becomin' *real* men?" The rottweiler in worn overalls chuckled deeply, like the sound of distant thunder. "That squirrel boy is becomin' a *real* prize! Look at 'em! Might even grow as big as the bull breedin' 'em."

He didn't want to look. Every part of his rational mind screamed in disgust at what was happening. But he couldn't tear his gaze away. Something about it being his *friends* kept his eyes glued onto the disturbing spectacle. He was horrified with how his body reacted, his cock twitching hard as he watched the two of them fuck, Brooks acting as a disturbingly attractive plus one. Clothes failed, ripping apart, unable to contain the burgeoning mass. His voice dropped in octaves, turning to a bestial bass as he grunted and slurped greedily. Turgid balls bloated up behind him, resting over those overblown calves and the back of his soft pink soles. His cock had grown as thick as a telephone pole, twitching between his thighs as its girth doubled.

He pulled his milk-soaked mouth from that dribbling nub, growling and huffing as he maneuvered himself around. The head of his cock brushed Ramon's muzzle, the bull nuzzling the end of it before eagerly parting his lips, allowing it to slide into his maw and down his throat. Straddling his pecs, Brooks lifted himself up, grabbing the hulking-out Sawyer by the back of the head.

Randy flinched, bringing an arm up to reflexively shield his eyes as the two kissed. There was no romance there. Both mouths fought for dominance, tongues rolling together, less of a dance and more of a battle as their heaving bodies crashed. It was like watching tectonic plates slam together, the impact enough to make the floor subtly shudder.

"You like watchin' your buddies like this?" the dog asked, his breath hot in Randy's ear. "Gettin' all hot and bothered as they grow into big, *strong* boys?"

The rat whimpered, hiking his knees up, trying to hide the obvious tent that was now swaying between his legs. Brooks and Sawyer's kiss ended, strings of saliva stretching and snapping from their testosterone-poisoned faces. Their jawlines were covered in thick stubble, wider than the top of their skulls. Chins had jutted forward, splitting down the middle as blocky boulders that crested the bottom of those rectangular jaws. It was a wonder they were able to kiss, those fat, glistening, jet-black tires for lower lips pressing together.

These thoughts swirled in Randy's mind, driving him wild. The front of his pants leaked, saturated fabric oozing as his aching length twitched underneath. "*Sh-shit...*" he muttered, biting his lip as he watched Brooks lower himself down. He offered his pectorals for Sawyer, the squirrel eagerly humping into the deep ravine between those banded boulders. They flexed around that cock, the opossum opening his mouth before sinking it around the head of his endowment. He could see the outline of that endowment stretching Brooks' throat—what little of it was left by all-consuming traps and pecs—his jaw nearly unhinging to take it.

It was an ouroboros-like orgy; Randy had never seen anything like it before. Ramon's cock was up Sawyer's ass, the squirrel bouncing on it as his endowment was swallowed by Brooks. The opossum played with his own nipples, rolling and pulling the hubcaps that adorned the underside of those shelf-like mounds as they squeezed around the squirrel's length. Ramon moaned, sucking and bobbing over his offered cock, pecs clenching together as Brooks straddled those boulderous mounds.

“So, what’s yer name?” Brick asked, his thunderous voice enough to tug him from his trance. Randy was turned by those dense digits, spun around to look at the bulging, bearded rottweiler. He could see the streaks of silver in his facial hair, concentrated in his sideburns and trailing to the body of his beard. Randy’s kneejerk response would have been to tell the old man to fuck off, but glancing at his herculean body was enough to stifle that thought. The man could snap him like a twig with a flick of his wrist.

“R-Randy...” he mumbled, forcing the syllables out.

“And yer friends?”

Reluctance gave way to need, the blue balls he was facing pushing the words out of him. “Brooks,” he nodded to the brutish opossum. “And Sawyer.” He jerked a thumb over his shoulder, the dog following it to the mountainous squirrel that was straddled over his prized bull—having grown to the point where they were on dangerously equal footing.

“Fine set of friends y’got there. Probably gonna be even better farmhands.” He brought the rat a little closer, letting him dangle and sway only a foot away from his face. “Nice t’meet ya. Name’s Brick.”

Randy coughed in his throat but found he couldn’t form a reply. In his current state, the man was attractive—or at least his libido demanded he was. Rationally, he wanted nothing to do with that manly mug, but he couldn’t deny what the loins craved...

“L-Let me go!” he hissed, snapping out of his trance just short of leaning forward and kissing the man.

“Sorry, kid, can’t let you go just yet.”

“Why not?!” His voice raised up in pitch, cracking in fear as he was brought closer to his friends, bobbing along in time with the old man—Brick’s—thumping footsteps.

“Bet yer the lil troublemaker that’s been around here playin’ pranks. Stuff like spray-painting the sides of my trucks and barns ring a bell?” The lingering silence spoke volumes, the old dog chuckling lowly. “Well, guess that settles that. Yer gonna work off yer debt!”

“Th-that... What? I don’t have any money!” the rat stammered, mixed between a plea and a defiant bark.

Brick’s broad muzzle split, his smile turning toothy. “That’s alrigh’. You and yer friends are gonna make me plenty.” Randy squirmed as he was lowered, brought close to the orgy; his face fell to the glistening nipple that had transformed Brooks into the brutish behemoth looming over him.

“N-No! Stop!” he whined as his lips brushed over that teat, guided in by Brick’s powerful grip.

“Looks like yer friend could use a little help,” he said, eyeing Brooks’ twitching endowment. “Nobody’s giving that cock any attention,” he said, his voice a pleased purr as he pushed Randy’s face down, smearing the lithe rat’s muzzle around that nipple teasingly.

Randy's willpower had grown threadbare, the musk infiltrating his nose and wrapping around his brain like a pheromone-fueled fog. He tried to resist, but his mouth opened on its own, lips unsealing as the first taste of that heady milk caressed his tongue. Resistance crumbled even as he silently screamed, mouth wrapping around a nipple that rewarded him appropriately. It gushed down his throat, his shoving hands inadvertently coaxing more from the moaning bull.

"That's a good boy," Brick whispered, leaning down so his warm breath slid into Randy's ear like silk. "Drink up. Yer gonna be workin' for me for a *long* time." Randy couldn't reply, any words drowned out by what he was forced to swallow, his Adam's apple bobbing as sweet milk gushed down his throat and to his stomach. It felt like minutes until he was finally released, falling back onto his ass and catching a breath of cool air.

The rat moaned, clutching at his stomach. It gurgled and churned angrily, distended far enough that the bottom half poked out from under his t-shirt. "Oh, you're gonna be a big one," Brick said with a teasing purr, taking a step back to watch his handiwork in action. "Don't disappoint me, *Boy*."

A stray burp bubbled out of Randy as he moaned, clutching his distended stomach as it jumped and clenched. Abdominals surfaced, etching across the surface until they formed a bloated ball of a roid gut that jutted far and away from Randy's torso. "Please...!" he whined, panting heavily as his arms looped around that ball of bloated muscle, a distended navel clenched between bloated bricks. "M-Make it stop!" Even though the words slipped out of him, he knew that he didn't want it to stop. The sensation of his body expanding was ecstasy, like a boner grinding against the inside of silky trousers, his slowly growing body like a ballooning erection—a livewire of pure pleasure.

Veins crawled across those abdominals, branching down like a roadmap underneath the band of Randy's pants. He tried to stop it, to squeeze down with his palms, but it was a futile effort. A breathy moan burst from him, coinciding with the sudden swell between his legs. The wet spot doubled in size as the twitching outline underneath fattened dramatically. The pressure was too much as he frantically fiddled with the button of his jeans. He didn't get the chance to pull down his zipper before it burst open, little bits of brass going flying as pre-soaked underwear stretched out from the open fly.

Elastic stretched before snapping, a burgeoning endowment lifting into the air, throbbing as turgid balls spilled out, webbing with veins as those egg-sized orbs engorged into grapefruits. They dropped, dangling low enough to brush the floor between his knees. He leaned forward, grabbing at his endowment, flesh expanding between his palms to the beat of his heart. It lengthened aggressively, stretching and pushing between his palms as Randy gasped, hips twitching of their own accord.

Disgust mingled with fascination as he stared at the head of his own cock, his lips growing wet as he subconsciously licked over them. He leaned forward, intercepting the growing endowment just in time to brush the end of his muzzle against the gaping urethra. A flit of his tongue dipped into it, the rat moaning as he hugged his torso-sized shaft to his chest, looping it around the distended roid gut that stretched the hem of his shirt.

Randy wanted to choke and gag as he got a mouthful of his own salty, sticky precum. Yet, to his horror, he swallowed it down. He dipped forward, some growing, greedy part of his subconscious forcing him to wrap his mouth around the helmeted head, to French kiss that yawning slit.

“Heh. Yeah, you’re gonna be a good, obedient boy, ain’t’cha?” Brick backed off, leaning against the stables to eagerly watch the show. He had already undone the front of his overalls, fishing out his length and giving it a few full-bodied strokes.

The words were lost on Randy. Nothing other than his own body mattered to him now. He could hear his thrumming pulse in his ears as his skin grew hot and tight. It felt like someone was pumping hot air into him, forcing him to swell in all directions. His neck grew meaty, muscle constricting it as traps rose high. The collar of his shirt warped, stretching to a halo over his chest and back in a parody of itself.

“Mnnuuuh...!” He gasped as he was finally released from his own cock. A mess of precum gushed from it, staining his face and chest as it dripped. His chest swelled, once flat and unremarkable, blowing up into a fun-house reflection of a bodybuilder. Banded muscle rippled with every breath, growing larger as he sucked in air. He pawed at his own growing boulders as if trying to push them back in. The only thing he succeeded at was doubling the pleasure, his palms pressing into rapidly swelling nipples.

Randy whined as his over-burdened shirt stained, dark circles spreading across the front as patches soaked outward from his pits. He gasped sharply as even the slight squeeze caused his chest to squirt, a spattering of his own homemade muscle milk coating his palms and slicking his fingers.

“Oh *God*,” he whined loudly. “What’s *happening* to me?!”

Brick snorted, the corner of his mouth lifting in amusement. “I think y’would’ve figured that out by now, Kid.”

Swollen pectorals crashed into the generous curve of his abdominals, his shirt giving completely out as the front tore down the middle to reveal the generous heft. His growth was uneven, *twitchy*. The last threads of his self-control were holding back the transformation, but even then, it was a losing battle. His shoulders ballooned, destroying the sleeves of his hoodie as veins crawled from his melon-sized pectorals and into those rapidly swelling limbs.

The weight caused him to topple forward with an anguished yell. Tendons thrummed over the back of his hands, plumping with every twitch, hands spreading like batter across a skillet. Fingers thickened into sausages, a far cry from the spindly digits that could pick locks and slip into unsuspecting pockets. “*U-Ugh...!* M-Make it stop!”

“Ain’t any stoppin’ it now, Boy,” Brick said, his voice even as he slowed his strokes. “Might as well give in and enjoy it.”

Randy's hips jerked, the back of his jeans filling out to the point where it hurt. His fleshy tail writhed, lifting as he thrust back into the clenching denim. It tore down the middle, the rat gasping in relief as the material parted, cheeks rolling out through the rift like someone inflating twin balloons. They grew huge, white cotton underwear sinking into the deepening divide between those deeply dimpled globes, muscle banding as they warped into clenching croissants.

His resistance was rapidly crumbling, face flushed as he openly panted, tongue lolling from his mouth. Eyes threatened to roll back in his head, lids twitching as his body jerked and flinched. He was rapidly ballooning now. On all fours, Randy's body bulked, back broadening, widening several times over until he would have made even the biggest bodybuilder blush. His spine sank between the burgeoning halves, his lats widening like wings as they threatened to brush his glutes and pinch off his squirming tail.

Thighs quivered, hamstrings rippling like piano strings as they fattened into industrial steel cables. His restrained gasps shifted to eager moans as he threw his head back, banging them into traps that loomed above. The veins crawled up his neck, twitching and pulsing as they pumped testosterone. Randy's face squirmed, jawline shuddering as it suddenly cracked. Bone swelled, widened, and re-molded. It was as if a pair of invisible hands pulled his face wider, yanking the lower half until it was a brutish caricature of its once-sharp, tight curves. His brows thickened, his nose pulling high and wide as cheekbones chiseled into high-flying shelves. All the while, his moans deepened, thrumming in his throat as his neck ballooned into a pillar swallowed by the burgeoning curve of monstrous pectorals.

"There y'go," Brick whispered, his arm blurring over his endowment as he squeezed. "Keep goin', kid! You're gonna be a fuckin' *monster*."

The other three had slowed their actions, their hazy, blank eyes turning to regard their rapidly expanding companion. He rose like a leviathan from the sea, scraps of clothes tearing and raining down from him like dark confetti. Moans thrummed through the barn, rattling the lights and causing them to flicker dramatically.

Randy kicked his legs, grunting in frustration, angry that clothes would dare try to contain him. These thoughts were no longer of the sassy rat who had sauntered into the place; they belonged to the herculean body that had taken him over, subjugating and transforming his mind for its own ends. He needed *more*. He needed to be *bigger*! "**GGRUUHH-!**" he boomed, tongue lolling over a thickened lower lip as his eyes rolled back into his head. Sneakers split open, unable to contain the burden of burgeoning feet. His calves exploded into split boulders of their own right, rivaling the width of his herculean thighs.

"*Shit...*" Brick whispered. "Might need t' make some renovations..."

Hands bigger than dinner plates reached out, grappling the dividing half-walls between pens. Wood groaned as Randy slowly stood up, the last of his clothes falling from him as he heaved. Sweat rolled down from his monstrous form, vaporizing into a miasma of masculine musk that drove the bulls around him into a mooing, bucking frenzy.

Brooks moaned, a desperate sound as his cock was roughly gripped. The base of it jerked as Randy wrapped his stubble-coated mouth around it. He sucked deep, swallowing the length eagerly, even as it made his neck bulge. Veins webbed as he bobbed up and down over the opossum's massive member. He was lost, his mind utterly blank, reduced to nothing but lust—both for his own body and his other hyper-sized companions.

Brick groaned, jerking his mammoth meat with both hands now, pulling from base to tip as he watched the orgy unfold. Brutish bodies ground together, noses sniffing into the musky ravines that were plentiful across their monstrous forms. Randy had pulled Brooks from the orgy at one point, practically throwing him into the corner of the barn (and nearly destroying it in the process) before fucking him. He had the smaller marsupial on his back, looming over him, cock sliding into his ass with natural sweat and precum acting as lube.

It wasn't long until Randy's new domineering presence made short work of the worked-up opossum. Randy didn't let a single drop go by, grappling his cock and plugging it into his mouth. His abdominals, which had shifted to something more proportional, once again ballooned out into a heaving roid gut, sloshing as abdominals clenched and squeezed.

"Urggh...! Ungh-!" Sawyer, who had become the de-facto dominant of the group thanks to his size, was now dwarfed—and lifted under his arms like he was a child, pulled away from the bull he had been riding. His meaty mug crashed against Randy's as the rat made out with him, a strong hand jerking his cock quickly as he was brought underneath the shadow of the mountainous rodent.

It seemed Randy was content to drain every last man here. He swallowed Sawyer's endowment, deep-throating it as he shoved his own hyper-sized cock into his ass. Banded glutes clenched around that length, massaging around it, unable to get more than halfway before the squirrel's stomach visibly distended from its girth. But that seed wasn't for him, Randy's bloated balls nearly dragging on the ground behind him as he guzzled down every last drop from the herculean squirrel.

Tossing his final companion aside, he turned his gaze to Brick. A deep hunger glittered in deeply sunken eyes as round ears nearly brushed the rafters. The floor quaked as Randy dropped to his knees, now eye-level with the rottweiler. His tongue rolled out, buck teeth brushing the head of Bricks' cock before he lowered down over it. A shiver went through the old man's spine as that plush lower lip caressed the underside of his cock, his latest "bull" obediently sucking him.

"Ngh..." he moaned, putting a hand behind the boy's head, working fingers into the bushel of dark hair and caressing a big pink ear. *"That's a good boy. You treat daddy good, and he'll make sure yer well taken care of."* The behemoth brute rumbled deeply as he dropped his lips all the way to the base, nuzzling into Brick's crotch as he breathed deep the old man's scent.

Meaty mitts wrapped around his thighs, the rat worshipping eagerly over Brick's burly body. The graying canine obliged by flexing, spreading his legs, and raising his arms. He let out an appreciative grunt as those hands explored him, head bobbing even faster over his endowment.

“Fuck yeah, Boy...” he whispered, licking his lips. “Ain’t nothin’ left in that head of yours, huh?” The bestial thrum through his shaft confirmed as much. Randy had maneuvered both of them—with difficulty, considering how overburdened with muscle he was now—backing up until he sat over Ramon’s pre-slicked shaft, content with finishing what Sawyer had started.

Randy’s lids fluttered, eyes rolling back in his head. There were no thoughts, only instincts—and they warned him of the coming flood. He clenched his enormous ass, cheeks that were as big as literal boulders clenching around Ramon’s shaft as it ballooned, crimping it enough that his urethra swelled like an over-inflated balloon. The bull moaned loudly, writhing as his fists slammed into the packed earth, mouth opening wide, strings of saliva snapping as he sucked in breath past flat teeth.

Brick could barely get a noise out as Randy’s throat constricted around his cock, the rat’s jawline bulging as he sealed his lips around the base of his endowment. That plush lip pressed into the base of his balls, massaging and rolling against the underside of his endowment as he went teetering over the edge.

Randy rumbled, a terrifying sound as his stomach ballooned, filled from both ends. One of his massive paws flipped inward, caressing it as veins branched over that bloated, brick-laid ball. His body swelled, eagerly supping the offering as veins branched from his belly and across the rest of his titanic body. Lats crashed into his rear, arms forced to his sides as his already limited mobility evaporated.

Trapped in the middle of the barn, Randy moaned, his voice a fog-horn boom as his bloated, ball-like form quivered. With his sack swollen up behind him, he rocked forward, cock the size of a bus sliding through the central aisle and smashing closed doors wide open.

“UUUGHUUHHH-!” he roared, shaking the very air. Spittle flew, his head locked into place by his pecs and traps, an enormous jawline pressed into the former, his split chin sunk into the divide.

Brick was forced to ride that cock, legs straddled around it, thighs squeezing as it bucked underneath him. White erupted from the head, glistening in the moonlight. A deluge of sticky seed flooded out into the fields, spreading like a cream-colored wave. “Aw, goddamnit,” Brick hissed between heaving breaths, still recovering from his orgasm. “Shoulda got a pump on ‘em first...” Not that the tanks would have been able to handle that much. It would have blown the whole system. Not that any of their cups would have fit the quivering, immobile rat. He’d have to get something custom-made in the following days for his new prized “bull.”

Emptied in both mind and balls, Randy shuddered, his body steaming with sweat. Every breath was a bestial growl, a rumble that shook through the entirety of his form as his semi-hard shaft still twitched and drooled. Brick was right. Randy was gone, his sated instincts retreating into the back of his mind and leaving nothing left in its wake. He was reduced to carnal instincts, his body craving itself and men like him. The fairer sex may well have ceased to exist for what was left of the brutish rodent that still carried Randy’s vestige of a name.

And with that deep, pleasurable growl that thrummed through him, it didn't seem to matter anymore.