

"Hooo..."

A suitcase bounced as extreme force was placed on it, the material bulging as it endured more pressure than it was designed to withstand. The bed that it was perched on squeaked as well, sagging slightly, months worth of weight having compacted into a vaguely person-like crater in the middle of the mattress.

"I told you not to pack so much," an exasperated voice spoke from the other end of the room. A lion sitting on his bed adjusted his glasses, peeking over the laptop that was perched over the ends of his knees.

A hulking labrador huffed, glaring down at his uncooperative suitcase. He was at least 300 pounds of pure muscle, t-shirt hugging his torso like a second skin. Sky-blue eyes swiveled to look at his roommate, a smirk forming over his muzzle, a fang poking out from his lower lip. "Hey, it's Christmas break! I ain't seen my dad in forever!" his deep voice boomed, a laugh following that threatened to rattle the windows.

The lion flinched, grimacing from the sudden outburst of sound. "Do you really need to take your entire closet with you? Don't you have your clothes back at their place?"

"Haha-!" the labrador boomed, flashing George a toothy grin, fangs peeking out. "Dude, there's nothing there that's gonna fit me."

"Seriously?" the lion asked, stopping what he was doing, giving Tyler a look.

"What? Haven't you seen these guns?" The dog lifted his arm up, meaty fist curling, tendons bulging. The black sleeve that was previously clinging for dear life split clean in half, threads tearing as it ripped open under the overwhelming pressure. A split peak pushed its way out, blooming up into the air as it nestled up against his absurdly meaty forearm.

George coughed under his breath, cheeks heating up as he averted his gaze. "...Yeah, I guess. You go through shirts like they're disposable."

"Might as well be!" the dog chuckled, going back to work on his suitcase. It was still obscenely bulging, the canine's limbs flexing, a few veins rolling their way down as he tugged. The zipper eventually found its way around, sealing the contents—if only barely, the sides of the suitcase straining. He let out an exhale, looking down at himself, barely able to peer beyond the swollen pectorals that tented the front of his shirt. "Heh. Guess I better change out before I go, huh?"

"Or you could just go shirtless," the lion snickered from his side of the room. "It wouldn't be the first time."

"Naaah..." he said, giving a dismissive wave, his entire limb rippling and bulging with the simple movement. "Don't wanna scare everyone on the bus! Not everyone can handle all of *this*." He

grunted, bringing his arms in, swinging them as he hunched forward, hitting a 'most muscular' pose. His traps surged, tearing the collar of his shirt open. It split down the front, yellow-furred pecs barreling forward unimpeded.

The garment wasn't long for this world as it completely disintegrated, being turned into shredded scraps that were easily swept away by one of those large hands. The lion across the room was staring, his eyes wide, ears folded back. He was looking a little red, his ears burning as he tugged on his collar, a strained cough coming from him.

"Well, that's out of the way. Guess I better put on something else," he said with a rumbling laugh, the lab lumbering over to the nearby closet. His jeans strained, glutes pushing out the back, leaving absolutely nothing to the imagination. They stuck out above his meaty hamstrings, hovering over them like a twitching shelf as the dog dove through piles of discarded, unfolded clothes.

Tossing several garments onto the floor, he finally found what he was looking for: a stringer tank!

"Aren't..." the lion started, arching a brow critically behind his glasses. "Aren't you going to get cold wearing that?"

"Nah, bro!" He said with a laugh, giving another flex of those arms. "I'm like a walking heater!" Thankfully, thanks to his change of shirt, he wasn't in danger of blasting his sleeves into oblivion once more. Still, it hugged his body tightly, strings pulled taut like piano wire over his traps while the rest of the fabric snugly squeezed his sizable roid-gut.

"You're going to miss the bus," the lion grumbled, trying his best not to stare at the shameless display in front of him. "I told you that you shouldn't have waited until the last minute."

It didn't seem to phase the dog, his grin threatening to split his muzzle in two, hands perched on either side of his hips. He was like a living wall, his golden-yellow tail beating back and forth like a hurricane, smacking the bedsheets behind him around.

"Just..." The lion sighed, adjusting his glasses over his nose. "Don't come back bigger than you are now." He gestured widely to the room around him, visible signs of an occupant too big being made obvious: dents in the wall, a door that was cracked from being yanked off of the hinges one too many times. "I don't think the dorm will survive."

"No promises, dude!"

George put his head down into his laptop in exasperation, mashing the keys with his forehead, only prompting the lab to burst into room-shaking laughter. The dog ambled over to the nearby door, scooping a blue ball cap off of a hook; he twirled it around a meaty digit, showing off

before slipping it onto his head, adjusting it down tight—almost to the point where it blocked out his eyes.

The cat watched as the canine swung his luggage onto his back like it was a pack; a few haphazardly attached bungee cords ached like straps as it bounced over his broad back. He flashed a thumbs up, hefting the heavy, nearly-bursting suitcase like it was nothing.

A soft sigh blew through George's pink-padded nostrils as he watched the ordeal of the oversized lab trying to figure out his way through the door with both his wide bulk and the extra load he was carrying. "You'll need to take it off and turn sideways..." he muttered.

"Oh, yeah! Thanks, bro!" the dog laughed with zero sense of shame. Doing as he was told, he was (barely) able to slip through the door and out onto the wide campus that stretched on ahead. He was a familiar face, more than a few people turning their heads to watch the strolling behemoth that thundered along. He was lucky he wasn't bigger; his footsteps left subtle cracks in the cement as he strolled. If he was the size of his father, there was no doubt in his mind he would be leaving full-sized footprints.

Just like the majority of his life, Tyler's luck seemed to hold out for him. Waiting on the street corner was his bus, the dog taking no time in charging ahead towards those open doors. Several bystanders jumped out of the way in surprise as a living, wagging wall of yellow fur went zooming up the stairs. He succeeded in rocking the bus like a boat, shocks squeaking and groaning as it wobbled dangerously back and forth from the added momentum.

A flash of his phone to show off his digital ticket and he was already headed to the back seating. Underneath his ball cap his eyes sparkled, his tail beating against the pleather chair his oversized glutes threatened to crush. With a small amount of effort, the bus managed to chug onto the streets and out of town. It was a good hour or two before familiar territory started to open up again. Tyler watched as familiar landmarks passed by: a barn here, an old tree and a river there.

He was getting close to home.

His tail thumped hard against his chair as he thought about it. It wasn't just his father he was excited to see, but another someone on the forefront of his mind—an old childhood friend. He blew through his jet-black nostrils as he thought about him; just a little, skinny guy the last time he saw him. Tyler had to wonder if he had gone through his second puberty yet—as all farm bulls tend to do.

The dog blinked as he felt his phone vibrate in his pocket. Fighting with his skin-tight jeans, he managed to pull the device out with fat, meaty fingers. It was a wonder he didn't crush the miniscule device between his digits—but, somehow, he managed.

[Don't bring back any of that muscle milk.]

Tyler smirked, his heavy brows lifting the brim of his cap subtly up. He didn't even need to read the header to see who sent it. Fumbling with his fingers, he managed to type out a message in return.

[Don't worry bro. They'll suspend my ass if I do that again.]

He stuck his tongue out of the side of his muzzle, remembering the last time he brought a case of it back. The rest of the football team had explosively grown. Big, meaty bodies moaning and groaning in the lockers—some of them having ascended beyond mobility as they shamelessly stroked themselves without end.

Much to Tyler's ignorance, it turned out that his family dilutes the milk down for public consumption. Drinking it whole wasn't something that most could handle—especially not in the short term: size and libido getting jacked up to inhuman levels.

Still, in the end, he was held responsible for the entire team's embiggening.

Not that he really cared, a smug smirk pulling across his muzzle as he shrugged his meaty shoulders. A slap on the wrist for their star quarterback followed with a word of warning.

A few bumps in the road signaled that they were getting close, those potholes practically burned into the canine's memory. He signaled the driver to stop just as they were about to pass the entrance to his family farm, the canine hopping out along with his stuff. The bus wobbled dangerously with his departure, the doors closing a little *too* fast, the driver eager to take off without the extra load holding them down.

Tyler took a deep breath, his swollen pectorals pushing out along with his stomach, straining the front of his taut tank top.

The fresh air was a stark contrast to the city smog he was forced to endure. It was pure: clean—just what he was looking forward to. He trotted along the long, winding gravel path, his meaty thighs flexing as he marched forward without a care. Most of the trees were snow-coated, light layers of the stuff adorning the grounds and fields as well.

It was a shame he missed harvest time; it was one of his favorite seasons.

He could see his childhood home ahead. A double-storey farmhouse loomed, the sight making Tyler's tail start excitedly wagging all over again. It was certainly bigger than his dorm building at campus, designed from the ground up for guys his size—and even bigger. Almost as if on cue, the double front doors burst open, startling the dog, the yellow lab jumping back on one foot.

A massive male strolled out, his yellow construction boots crunching along the gravel as he strolled. He was a titan of a rottweiler, easily double Tyler's size. A flannel shirt stretched over

his chest, buttons pulled slightly open like diamonds, revealing some of the fur underneath. Suspenders stretched like guitar strings, looped tightly over his burgeoning traps, keeping his jeans held up. He wore chaps as well, the material stretched taut around his meaty thighs, individual teardrop shaped heads of his quads clear as day through the leather.

“Hey, Son!” a deep, booming voice blasted from the black and orange-furred dog, his deep shadow looming over the younger canine from the hanging sun behind him. His pecs nearly landed in Tyler’s face, stopping just short of engulfing the lab’s muzzle and sucking it into the furry void between them. The older dog’s button up shirt didn’t even fully cover over those massive pecs, having to leave the top set unbuttoned to keep them from bursting off.

Tyler didn’t hesitate as he dropped his luggage, some of the fabric splitting as a stack of boxers gushed out. He grappled his father, meaty arms wrapping around his sides, squeezing tight. Biceps fought against lats, a battle that the larger wing-like muscles won. The bigger dog was immovable, his monstrously large frame unyielding under the affectionate assault from his pup.

“Dad-!” Tyler chimed happily, his tail going nuts behind him.

Brick pulled back, his own short nub working just as fast over his monstrous-sized glutes. “How’ve you been, Boy?” he asked, a rural drawl to his voice as he spoke—one that only added to his natural, masculine charm.

“Great, Pops!” the younger dog replied, finally pulling away from his father’s hulking visage.

“Why don’t I take your things up to your room, Boy? It’ll give ya some time to play with the bulls if ya want.” He laughed, voice booming, shaking from snow from the nearby trees as he was playfully punched in the shoulder.

“Daaaad-!”

“I know how eager y’are, son! Why don’t you go see ‘em?” He didn’t have to explain, or even drop a name: Tyler knew exactly who he was referring to. He wasn’t going to lie, the lab practically fit to burst to see his favorite bull again. The older dog scooped up his luggage with just one arm, squeezing it tight against his side before affectionately shoos him along.

Tyler didn’t need to be told twice, already turning, trotting down the worn gravel path to the nearby barn. It was even larger than the farmhouse, the entire structure putting even a few warehouses to shame.

The smell of masculine, earthy musk slammed into his sensitive sinuses, the dog letting out a soft whine as he felt the front of his jeans starting to subtly swell. Inside were bulls—several, several times his size. Most of them were bordering on immobile, sheer muscle mass making them look like living, mountainous walls. Thick veins crept over their limbs, feeding the

engorged muscles. Bloated balls perched behind them, constantly churning out copious cum: all of which was siphoned away by form-fitting cups, sending it to industrial sized tanks in the back.

Subtle, moaning 'moos' could be heard, the bovine walls of muscle shuddering and twitching as the dog passed by their pens. They were off in a world of their own, drowning in their own mass and libido. At least they were happy; part of Tyler wondered what it would be like to be that huge. Probably utter bliss, judging from how most of the cattle behaved during their time on the farm.

Heck, even though he was only a fraction of their size, he knew the joys of being huge—of muscle grinding against muscle just by going throughout his day.

There were several different bulls; varying species, pelts, even horns could be seen. There were different age groups as well, some fathers, even grandfathers among the mix. Salt and pepper beards, even pure white adorned the titans as he passed by, the pens seemingly sorted by age. Interestingly enough, it seemed that the oldest were also the biggest, towering above the rest, their horns threatening to graze the sky-height ceiling.

The youngest ones were deeper in, the dog peeking at the name plates as he passed by. None of the titans seemed to be the one he was looking for, so that was a relief. Tyler would have kicked himself if he would have missed the young bull's first, and biggest, growth spurt.

Nearing the end, he finally spotted the name he was looking for: Ramon.

Inside the pen was a bed, a bookshelf, and a few other staple amenities. It wasn't like the other cleared out spaces, the occupant inside not even close to filling its borders.

...Yet.

A highland bull sat on his bed, legs swinging over the edge, a book perched over his lap that he was busily flipping through. He hummed softly to himself, oblivious of his oversized visitor peeking around the edge of his pen. He had long, ginger bangs that threatened to block his eyesight, the bull brushing some of it away before going after another page.

Ramon was a scrawny guy, his overalls hanging off of him, plaid shirt not looking much better on his lanky frame. His horns weren't much better, barely extending away from either side of his skull, wide ears more prominent than those bony points.

It was a game at this point for Tyler, the dog leaning against the entrance to the pen, waiting to see how long it would take for the oblivious bull to notice him. It seemed to go for minutes, the bovine flipping page after page, absorbed with whatever narrative he was invested in. It took a clearing of the dog's throat before he finally broke out of his trance, the smaller male bouncing on the edge of his bed before wildly looking around.

Emerald green eyes peeked from under those long bangs, going wide as they spotted the hefty canine propped at his door. “Tyler?” he asked, his voice unsure, yet excited even as he slapped his book shut.

“Uh-huh,” the dog replied, a smirk forming over his muzzle. “Been a while, huh?” He was surprised to see the bull bolt across the floor, cloven toes clapping over the hard surface until he crashed against the yellow lab’s chest. Ramon’s face nuzzled up between his pectorals, the broad pink nose nuzzling between those blonde-furred boulders. The dog bit his lower lips as those scrawny arms tweaked his engorged nips, bending and twisting them in a way that sent shots of pleasure up his spine.

He seemed more interested in hugging his childhood friend than giving a proper greeting, the bull’s tufted tail flicking excitedly around behind him. The compulsion to pull back didn’t hit him until he felt something heavy throbbing up against his midsection.

The stimulation from all the masculine scents of the barn didn’t help matters, Tyler having been waddling with a semi-hardon in his jeans the entire way through. The pressure from Ramon squeezing so tightly between his thighs didn’t help matters either, his lithe body grinding up against it in ways that made the dog feel like he was going to pop.

“*S-Sorry!*” the bull stammered, Ramon taking a step back away, his face having turned a hot shade of red. His eyes were fixed on the swollen log that had managed to snake down one of the canine’s pant legs.

“N-No problem dude! J-Just, uhh...excited ta see ya!” Tyler said, stammering as he laughed, rubbing the back of his head.

“I-It’s really big...” he muttered, reaching out hesitantly, stopping for only a moment before pressing a hand against his friend’s engorged log. It was bigger than his own thigh, pumped full of blood, veins thick as the canine’s fingers pulsating underneath burdened denim.

“Only gets better with age,” the dog said with a soft chuckle, a groan quickly following as the bovine’s fingers traced along the indentation of the helmeted head of his glans. The massaging didn’t stop, Ramon seemingly fixated on the meaty endowment, eyes wide underneath the obscuring blanket of ginger hair.

A soft groan slipped past Tyler’s lips as the ends of those densely nailed fingers pressed into his sensitive flesh. He had a feeling this would happen—after all, it was in the nature of most bulls on the farm. It was just surprising that Ramon seemed instantly attracted to him like this.

However, he wasn’t about to argue with the outcome—especially not with how the bull’s fingers squeezed into his crotch.

“Heh. Why don’t you unwrap your present, dude? Brought a package all the way here for ya,” he said with a rumbling grin, rocking his hips tantalizingly, pushing it into the scrawny bovine’s hands. “Why don’t you go ahead and open it?” It had been a while since he had last gotten off as well, so he was particularly excited for what was to come, breath hitching as he tried to suppress a shiver of excitement.

Gulping, Ramon reached out, undoing the front of the dog’s pants, peeling the straining zipper down. The base of the canine’s dark shaft was already visible, tenting out the worn-out jockstrap he wore; several veins crept from the base of it and up those cobbled abdominals like wild vines.

“I-I hope this isn’t too...s-sudden...” the bull muttered, fingers already wrapping around the elastic of the jockstrap band, pulling it down to reveal more of that enormous length. With a hefty throb it pulled out of his jeans, the enormous log bending, flexing before popping out. A thick jet of precum shot from the pulsating endowment, splattering across the room and the opposing wall.

“I’m the one who suggested you grab my cock, dude,” the dog said with a deep chuckle, giving the base of his shaft a few good pumps with a meaty mitt. “*C’mere.*”

Ramon let out a flustered squeak of a sound as he was tugged forward. Tyler’s tank went up, the dog pushing his bovine buddy underneath it. He got a faceful of abdominals, being forced to nuzzle up them as he was guided by one of those meaty mitts. The canine let out a sharp sigh as he felt those thick, supple bull-lips wrapping around one of his nips, suckling over it.

“*Fuck yeah...*” he muttered under his breath, slowly pumping his shaft as the little bull started to worship over him. He kicked off his jeans, stepping out of his sneakers as he threw out any pretense of modesty. The feeling of Ramon having wrapped one of his lithe arms around his cock made his toes curl. The canine’s tail wagged hard behind him, beating over those boulders for glutes as shifted and adjusted his stance.

Acting as if starving for his body, Ramon’s mouth went over nearly every inch of the dog’s torso, nuzzling up around his neck and underneath that broad jawline. He let out a soft gasp as he felt his chin being gripped by the vice-like grip of the dog’s digits. A tongue plunged into his mouth, the two locking muzzles as Tyler made out with him.

Even in the middle of their kiss, Ramon felt compelled to worship over the bigger male’s body. His hands reached out, feeling over those arms, a needy moan pushing out of him as he felt those biceps balloon as the yellow lab flexed. Split heads fought for space on those brawny limbs, the bovine’s fingers dipping into deep crevasses, the dog having to exercise restraint to avoid accidentally crushing those eager digits.

“*Y-You’re so hot...*” he muttered breathily, the canine’s tongue finally leaving his maw long enough so he could speak. Ramon’s own raging hardon was pressed tight behind his overalls, a

darkening spot spreading across the denim. As much as he wanted to talk to the dog, to ask how his life has been going, he found that he couldn't muster the thoughts. They were dispersed, brushed away by welling instincts that were getting the better of both of them.

The bull found himself being maneuvered, stumbling until he fell back onto his mattress. He gasped as Tyler's full weight came crashing down onto him, massive pectorals burying his muzzle as the legs of his small bed started to buckle. Snaking up through the canine's tank top, his cock twitched, splattering copious amounts of precum over the bull that squirmed underneath him.

Both of them huffed, hormones taking over as they rocked their hips. Ramon was the one to take the first step, wrapping his arms around that log of a cock as best as he could, jerking it up and down. His tongue worked along the slit, diving in every so often as he mouthed around the lab's sensitive glans.

The weight was enough to squeeze the air out of him, Ramon being forced to breathe in the bigger male's masculine scent. He could feel his forehead beading with sweat, a building pressure swelling deep within himself—a long dormant potential waiting to be triggered.

"Mmph-!" Ramon sputtered as he was suddenly met with a deluge of cum. It seemed that Tyler couldn't hold back anymore, his lips curling as he whined, tail beating up a storm behind him. The bull did his best to guzzle as much as he could, his stomach subtly swelling, pushing the front of his overalls out as what felt like gallons of the stuff gushed down his throat.

Eventually, it ended with the small bull a cum-soaked mess. The sweaty dog slowly backed off as he panted heavily, dropping onto his ass at the end of the bed. Just as he was about to drop a witty comment, a lewd moan interrupted him, his mouth snapping back shut in surprise. Ramon was writhing on the bed, squirming, having broken into a heavy sweat as he twitched. His stomach seemed to swell and twitch, the outline of oversized abs starting to make themselves known behind the stretched-taut denim of his overalls.

Straps stretched, threatening to break from the pressure as it ballooned outwards into a powerful sphere, the lithe bull it was attached to writhing and moaning. Tyler's eyes widened, the fact that he had triggered the bull's explosive second puberty quickly setting in as he regarded him with awe. He scrambled from the edge of the bed, wide feet slapping over the floor as he scrambled to get out of the way—having seen this process once or twice before in his younger years.

Ramon suddenly swelled, growing in all directions without warning. Those straps snapped off, buttons flying as the bull ballooned in all directions. His neck thickened, veins racing across the rest of his body as it grew. It was as if someone jammed an air hose into him, adding more and more to his mass. The bed creaked, the legs wobbling from the increasing mass as hundreds of pounds of muscle quickly poured over the once skinny bovine. He was just as big as Tyler at

this point, his overalls having been torn to shreds, mammoth limbs having torn out of them as easily as if it was tissue paper.

The dog watched in amazement, his ears perking as he heard Ramon's once high pitched voice dropping into a growling, thundering bass. The bull puffed and panted as he started taking up more and more space, the bed completely collapsing under him, getting obliterated by massive glutes as they pumped up. Once nonexistent junk suddenly ballooned, balls dropping out between pillars for thighs as the bull's cock swung between his knees. It lifted, engorging with blood from that rapidly pumping heart as it lifted into the air. Thick deluges of precum came gushing out, ballooning his urethra as it splattered over the hapless lab.

Tyler's eyes went cross as he felt himself starting to heat up, his entire body shaking as more of that sticky spunk stuck to his fur, seeping into his bulging chest. His tank top stretched tight as his pecs began to balloon, pushing out and away from the rest of him. Just like Ramon, the straps of his tank broke, the fabric shredding apart, unable to handle the sheer size of his ballooning chest. The dog gripped at his pecs frantically, moaning as he tugged on rapidly fattening nipples that hung underneath.

And that was just from the precum alone, those swollen globes nearly as big as the rest of the panting canine's torso. Peeking above those ballooned boulders, he spotted the looming bull at least twice his height now. Every trace of that once wispy bovine was gone. Instead was a roaring, moaning wall of prime beef. His jawline had widened considerably, thick stubble coating it and the rest of his body. His horns had stretched as well, forming dense points that proudly stuck out from either side of his skull.

It seemed the transformation was affecting the rest of the herd, several moans and lewd moos being heard throughout the barn as it turned into an orgasmic cacophony. Spurred on by the sounds, Ramon continued to expand, growing higher as his shoulders barreled out, the rest of him packing on mass to match as testosterone raged through his system.

Tyler whined as the head of Ramon's mammoth cock dropped between his fattened pecs. The bull rocked his hips, grinding it forward and back, the dog panting lustfully as he leaned back to allow the endowment to sink between his massively muscled tits. Tyler could feel himself grow as more of that precum pooled between his pecs. The muscle mass that packed onto him made it hard to move, his thighs ballooning, wrapping around his large endowment as his arms were forced higher up by his engorging lats.

"MMuuh...Mm-Mooo—!" Ramon moaned in a voice that wasn't his own, a rumbling boom of a sound that shook from the towering male. The rest of the bulls seemed to moan along with them, the sounds rattling the metal roof.

Tyler let out a gasp of a moan as he was tipped backwards, dropping onto the ground with enough force to crater it under his mammoth muscled back. He felt his ass being spread by

Ramon's oversized log, the vein-webbed length forcing his banded glutes to spread open to accommodate it—not that he was particularly trying to fight against it.

The testosterone that raged through both of their systems was enough to shut down higher thought. The two of them had become nothing but beasts for breeding, Ramon's hips eventually clapping up against Tyler's ass. There was little room to move, the bull towering over him, their sizes having effectively been reversed at this point. Their sweaty pecs ground together, nipples catching in a way that made Tyler wail and writhe with pleasure.

In the background, much to his addle-minded surprise, the dog spotted his father. He was with another bull that looked similar to Ramon, only with a full, gray-streaked beard. It wouldn't surprise him if that was his sire, the massive rottweiler balls-deep in the bloated bull. The two titans were fucking just as hard as their offspring, veins webbing as bloated muscle slammed into each other like colliding planets.

Guess he must have slipped in for a visit only to get distracted along the way.

“M-Muuh...MMMooooooooo-!” Ramon roared, his voice joining the rest of his cum-churning herd as he finally blew his load. Tyler felt like a filling water balloon, his stomach stretching out, abs popping out as they nestled up under his swollen pectorals. His banded glutes were forced apart by the bovine's bloated bulge, feeling like a living condom for the post-puberty beast.

The dog's body instantly got to work processing the overflowing load it had been given. The first load from a breeder bull after their transformation was one of the most potent, and Tyler had the blessing of receiving it all. His entire body surged with mass, feeling like a blazing furnace as inches, and eventually feet of height and width piled onto him. His entire body surged, filling up the sizable pen from corner to corner along with Ramon's bulk.

It was only a matter of time until he was just as big as the bull that was breeding him—which, coincidentally, made him roughly the same size as his father now. Ramon seemed content with round two as he plowed in and out of the dog, the both of them having finally gotten to their feet.

It seemed the shy calf was all but gone, a confident, needy breeding bull towering in his place.

Neither one knew how long their fuck session had lasted, Tyler taking load after potent load before eventually switching places. The crack of his hips against Ramon's overgrown ass was enough to pierce through the collective moans of the mooing, moaning herd. Not wasting a second, Tyler's hands worked over the bull's embiggened body, returning some of the earlier worship as his meaty mitts grabbed the bovine's bloated boulders for pecs.

It wasn't until sundown that they were finally exhausted to collapse into a sweaty, cum-soaked pile. The two of them were locked together, mutually basking in each other's muscle-bloated embrace. They were exhausted, their titanic bodies completely spent as they cuddled together;

the sounds around them had died down as well, the rest of the bulls seemingly in the same boat as the spent lovers.

Tyler let out a low, pleased rumble, the slightly larger bull squeezing him from behind, spooning as best as he could with what little space they had. The dog's thoughts drifted, finally getting a brief respite to check himself out—admiring his increased size from the limited vantage point behind his view-obscuring pecs.

He knew he wouldn't have an easy time going back to campus. But, maybe this would be better—becoming one of his dad's farmhands, taking care of his favorite bull... The low, pleased rumble from an unconscious Ramon combined with both of their meaty fingers lacing together was enough to tilt the dog towards that consideration.

Guess he would have to figure out how to message his roommate about it. His cellphone was no doubt crushed underneath him—like all the rest of their clothes. Maybe he'd send an apology letter later, complete with a case of bull milk just for the little lion~

With that amusing thought in mind, he found himself dozing off, heavy bulk pressed back against the overblown bull who was spooning him, slipping into an exhausted sleep. And to think, tomorrow they would get to do this all over again.

And the next day, and the next day...

Maybe, if he was lucky, their dads might join in as well.