

Louis glared, leg crossed imperiously over a knee. Golden eyes fixed on the shy wolf that sidled through the doorway, cracking it just enough that his slim frame could slip through. He acted like a ghost, like he'd be invisible if he tried to compress himself enough.

It disgusted the red deer, Louis' lip curling as he watched the mewling man simper his way forward. Legoshi messed with his hands, clawed fingers laced and twiddled together. Small, dark pupils looked anywhere other than the commanding gaze of the horned herbivore at the end of the room.

"Good of you to finally make it," Louis said, his sarcastic tone cutting through the growing tension like a knife.

"I-I'm sorry..." the wolf meekly muttered. "There was a problem with the lights, and—"

"I don't want to hear it," the buck fired back, leaning forward out of his chair. In a show of force, he slapped his hands on his desk, the slap echoing off of the mahogany. Legoshi flinched, the wolf shrinking into himself as he hunched forward.

It only enraged Louis further. How dare this wolf act as skittish as a sheep? Born with all of that natural strength and power... It was *insulting*.

He pushed his feelings aside, gesturing with a nod of his horned head towards the corner of his desk. Sitting over it was an energy drink, a stylized can with a green and blue wrapper. Legoshi's demure gaze lifted just enough to follow the hint, doubtfully staring at the drink he was offered.

"Oh..." Legoshi rubbed at his wrist. "I don't...really drink energy drinks. They...uh, don't mix well with me," he muttered.

"Is that so?" Louis asked, his question insincere as he slowly stood, pushing the chair out from behind him with a quiet squeal. "I hear this drink is all the rage for carnivores. They say it enhances strength and imbues confidence. Even virility if you believe the rumors." He slipped brown-furred fingers around the can, lifting it up, giving it a cursory once-over. "Irony, considering the label would suggest consumption for herbivores."

"Listen," Legoshi cleared his throat, lowering his tone. "*Louis*, I...I like how I am. I'm...already strong enough. Too strong—actually."

"Oh, *please*," Louis snapped irritably. "It's exactly that kind of pusillanimous attitude that makes me sick."

Legoshi gasped as he was grabbed by the tie and tugged forward, only inches away from Louis' admittedly handsome face. He was captivated by those fiery amber orbs, practically getting lost in them as his jaw went slack—temporarily forgetting his anxiety.

And then gleaming silver was shoved up into his face, the top of the aluminum can glinting. Reluctantly, he took it from Louis' thrust hand. "Bull...Gro?" he asked dubiously, checking the

contents of the can. There were a *lot* of words the wolf wasn't familiar with—all kinds of multiple-syllable compounds.

"I, uh, *appreciate* the offer, but... I'm going to have to decline?" His refusal came out as a question. The wolf's ear flicked nervously as personal preference fought the Pavlovian response to obey authority.

"This isn't a request," Louis said, a growl bubbling out of him that made even Legoshi shy back. "You're not leaving until you drink the whole thing—understand?"

"I..." Legoshi started, the response choking in his throat as Louis spoke again.

"Consider yourself ejected from the drama club if you can't follow such simple instructions," Louis threatened, stabbing a finger into the gangly canine's chest. "I'll get someone else more capable of filling your role. It wouldn't be that hard, *wolf*."

Legoshi looked like he was slapped, some of the color draining underneath his creamy facial fur. He looked down at the drink, visibly mulling over the value of his personal boundaries. Peer pressure won out as he wrapped his thin fingers around the painted green tab. It clicked with a soft hiss, the can opening with a crisp, satisfying pop.

"Go on, Legoshi," Louis egged. His voice turned pillowy, almost sultry to Legoshi's pointed ears.

The lupine tentatively sniffed at the can. He picked up hints of blueberry, the scent electric as it caressed his sensitive sinuses. Feeling Louis' expectant eyes drilling into him, he finally succumbed to the peer pressure.

It wasn't as bad as he thought. Though it tingled over his tongue, the first sip went down easy. He could sense that Louis wasn't satisfied. So, rather than draw out the process, Legoshi tipped the can up, washing the rest of it down with a few heavy gulps.

The wolf gasped softly, catching his breath. He licked over his chops, savoring the somewhat acrid blueberry flavor that lingered.

"*Good boy*," Louis cooed. However, with his inflection, it was hard to tell if the affection was sincere. He took the empty can from Legoshi's grip with a pinch of his index finger and thumb. It clattered into the can, tossed away by a wrist flick.

"So...now wha—*uurRPP-!*" Legoshi's face flushed, words interrupted by an uncontrolled eructation. "Oh, *Rex!* Louis, I'm sorr—*ooUURP-!*" The wolf whined as he clutched at his stomach. It had swelled underneath the fabric of his button-up shirt, a small sphere quickly expanding to a turgid lump.

"Wh-what's happening?!" Legoshi asked, panic rising as his suspenders pulled taut, wrapping around the expanding middle. It gurgled and growled, churning angrily as a few stray burps bubbled out of the groaning wolf.

Louis' eyes widened as the orb grew bigger. Buttons burst from Legoshi's shirt, revealing the creamy white undercoat. "It's pure muscle..." the buck muttered reverently, tentatively reaching out a hand. He stroked over solid sinew, brick-like abdominals having cobbled together to form a tortoise-shell-like stomach—a veritable roid gut.

"Oohh... It's so tight," Legosi said with a discomforted groan. His knees spread wide as he clutched the ball of muscle protruding from his midsection. "L-Louis...?" he asked, eyes widening as something bumped the underside.

Huffing under his breath, Louis nuzzled the burly blocks. The insides of his wide ears burned as they rippled, twitching and rolling with every subtle shift.

"L-Lou...? I-I think...I think it's happening aga—*UurrRRP-!*" The sofa creaked quietly as the wolf expanded, muscle pumping into him. He lifted subtly, the back of his pinstripe pants ballooning with twin balls of muscle. Glutes swelled into existence, dimpling deep. They rolled into banded croissants with excruciating detail under the skin-tight fabric.

"More," Louis huffed the buck on his knees. There was a pang of excitement as he watched the front of Legoshi's pants swell, the crotch ballooning into an overfilled basket. Thighs quickly followed pace, filling up once loose legs. The buck palmed engorging quads, pressing down on rock-hard, tear-drop-shaped muscle.

"Mmhh...*Mnnn!*" Legoshi whined, his head throwing back as he clutched the back of the sofa. "N-No...! I-I don't...I don't want to be huge!" He said shakily, cracking open an eye to morbidly watch the changes.

The wolf squirmed left and right as muscle expanded across his torso—like someone pumping air into him. Lats popped into existence, forcing his arms up higher. A once flat chest swelled up, pectorals pumping larger with every sharp, panicked breath.

"Why not?" Louis asked, peering past the hefty pink shaft in his palms. "Embrace your nature! You're a carnivore! Your birthright is power!" he barked, squeezing that can-sized cock. "*Grow!*"

"A-Ahh...!" Legoshi gasped as his endowment twitched, his eyes rolling around in his head. Those slim fingers wrapping around his subtly swelling shaft were like bolts of lightning. It arced up his spine and into his brain as explosions of ecstasy.

Legoshi's insistent squirming only seemed to make the problem worse. Working his muscles stimulated them, causing them to engorge and swell. The wolf's shirt was filled to the brim with brawn, outpacing even Bill or Riz with sheer bulk. His suspenders pulled like piano wire, taut across humping traps and a shelf for a chest.

The wolf cried out as the first one snapped, the buckle flying across the room. And then the second, the strap flipping up and over his back.

"Grow, Legoshi!" Louis barked again. "*Flex!*" he demanded, his resolute voice piercing gasping moans.

He wasn't sure what he was doing as he went with his first instinct. Shakily, Legoshi raised his arms, fingers curling together as he clenched. "A-Ahh...! *L-Louis-!*" He gasped and shook as his arms exploded with muscle, one and then the other as triceps and biceps grew. His forearms swelled up as muscle crashed into itself. His hide creaked, straining to keep up with the explosive growth, a few stretch marks forming over his chest and arms in the struggle.

Unable to help himself, Louis leaned forward, wrapping his mouth around the twitching endowment before him. His mouth was forced open to an uncomfortable degree, nearly unhinging to fit that sizable sausage. Hands explored Legoshi's turgid torso, caressing the roid gut that still held prominence despite the wolf's expanded torso.

Legoshi's body rippled, pants splitting open, belt finally giving out as his pants burst like a balloon. The scraps plastered underneath rolling thighs as they expanded, the lupine's quads playing catchup as diamond-like shelves proudly pushed themselves away from the sofa.

Even the wolf's shoes weren't spared. They bulged, warping out of shape as quintuple dents pushed out the front. With a loud pop, they burst, fattening toes forcing their way out, sharp nails shredding through socks. Powerful soles spread over the ruined footwear, smothering and crushing them.

The sofa creaked loudly, sagging deeply from the bodybuilder-sized wolf. Legoshi filled the vast majority of the space where he once barely filled a single seat. His monstrous delts threatened to hang over the edges, in a battle with his triceps to prove which muscle group could make the wolf the widest.

And he only got bigger from there. A few stray burps bubbled out of him as his stomach churned and gurgled loudly. Every suck of air seemed to add more mass to him, his enormous body widening further. He was mammoth in every sense of the word, having transformed into a living wall of muscle, broad shoulders, powerful core, and herculean thighs forming a monstrous wall of gray wolf.

That didn't even count his endowment. Louis gasped as it popped from his maw, several inches adding to the length as finger-thick veins snaked up the sides. Bloated balls dropped between the wolf's knees, filling up the space as they jumped and twitched. The little factories got to work, plumping with potential as copious amounts of precum started to ooze from the lupine's twitching shaft.

"*UUunghh...!*" Legoshi moaned, his neck slowly thickening as veins crawled up it. His Adam's apple pushed out, his modest tenor dropping to a baritone—and then a room-shaking bass. With one pop and then another, his jawline swelled. A slender muzzle thickened with bone and sinew, modifying just like the rest of his body into something *more*.

Musk rose from the mountain of muscle, the heady scent driving Louis wild as he breathed it in. He stripped off his clothes, hastily throwing them aside. Every breath drew in more of that intoxicating aroma, his mind swimming.

Had he remembered to lock the door? The question seemed far away as the naked buck climbed onto the wolf. He slid his rear over the end of that cock, elated to feel the wolf's first reflex to thrust into him.

With hands working over that overblown torso, Louis found his nose guiding him right to the center of those spheroid pecs. Leaning past the jutting roid gut, he dropped his nose into the furry void between those burgeoning globes.

"S-So good..." Louis found himself muttering. He lapped between those pecs, losing his mind with lust as his modest endowment ground against the salacious curve of overblown abs. His nose drifted right, tracing underneath that pectoral before catching a nipple—and pulling a thrumming moan from the wolven wall—before sinking right into that heavily furred pit.

Louis moaned as he took a deep drag of Legoshi's essence, grabbing for every lungful he could. His chest swelled—refusing to go back down as he huffed. Muscle rippled across his torso, his back broadening as it went from slender to burly in just minutes.

As overwhelmed as Legoshi was, even he realized something was amiss. He could barely see past his pectorals, his mammoth torso blocking the majority of his view. But he could still see Louis—his back swelling out past the wolf's obstructed view. Hills and valleys of muscle rippled, a deep divide forming down the middle of his spine.

Louis' moans deepened as well, his suave voice losing its boyish edge. It turned into a deepening, guttural growl, mingling with Legoshi's own booming bass.

Louis would have realized something was wrong if he was in his right mind. Or, if he had bothered to read the can's label, the drink's effects could become contagious if used on unapproved species.

None of that mattered now, though. Louis got his first taste of real *power*, and he wanted *more*. The sofa collapsed under their combined weight, cushions dropping to the floor. Legoshi let out a cry of surprise as he was forced onto his broad back, mammoth arms splaying out, fat palms to the sky.

"Louis...? What are you...? *Mmph-!*" But he couldn't finish that sentence as Louis plugged his mouth with tongue. Big enough to maneuver himself over this veritable wall, Louis dropped himself down onto Legoshi's shaft. Fighting with burgeoning muscle that limited mobility, he pulled one of his swelling glutes open, angling himself down to take the copiously oozing cock.

Legoshi howled Louis' name, drawing it out with a throaty growl that could put an engine to shame. His body reacted, his balls bloated, swelling out between his enormous thighs. His cock engorged, swelling in waves as it pushed deeper into the expanding herbivore.

It was like his entire body was an erection, swelling bigger with his heartbeat as Louis grappled with the enormous wolf. He reveled in the changes to his face, the crack of bone, the reshaping of his slender, attractive features into something more brutish. It felt like he was shedding his past self—and all of its involuntary weaknesses.

He was becoming something *more*, something *bigger*. And it was all thanks to the catalyst that was bucking up and into him. The cervid reached down, feeling the stretch of his stomach, warping and denting out with the sheer size of Legoshi's several-foot endowment. Unlike the wolf, his midsection had remained taut; it gave him an hourglass-like shape in comparison, with powerful trunk-like thighs and broad, bulky shoulders.

Legoshi grabbed at the buck, his thick fingers feeling over his rear. The surge in size nearly made the wolf's eyes roll back in his head, the feeling of Louis' glutes expanding and forcing his fingers apart nearly orgasmic. The lupine bucked his hips, wet slaps echoing from the walls as his hips cracked against those banded, ballooning glutes.

Despite the eager thrusts, Louis was still in control, straddling the wolf with knees around his sides. He broke the kiss, huffing and panting, only just now noting how curiously heavy his head had become. The buck's horns had thickened considerably, branching out like a thorny halo around his head.

A crown fit for a prince.

He laughed, a power-drunk sound as he sat straight, bringing enormous sandy-furred arms up. Fingers rolled, the buck reveling in ecstasy as they thickened, tendons thrumming like steel cables. Biceps bloated, fat veins tracing over them as split heads fought for space. Not to be outdone, his forearms also ballooned, consisting of serrated cords packed together in mighty twin pillars.

The buck dropped his arms only to cup at his chest, lustfully grabbing the mountains of muscle that made up his pectorals; he licked at them wantonly, diving his tongue into the divide between them even as his blocky, cleft chin slammed into them.

"You see this, Legoshi?!" His voice boomed, a thrumming godlike bass as his brown-furred body rippled. "This is *real* strength! The kind that should be worshipped!"

The buck laughed lustfully—power-mad. "And I'll start with you. You'll be my disciple: my right hand...*Legrowshi*."

The wolf moaned desperately as Louis' glutes clamped around his cock like a vice. Expert control found those globes rolling from top to bottom, banded croissants dancing to Louis' command. His tufted tail sat over those golden globes like an afterthought. It threatened to vanish under the looming shadow of a monstrous back and lats that threatened to crash into his bulbous ass.

The slamming only grew more intense, the remains of the sofa crushing and crumbling under Louis' furious assault. The only thing that kept Legoshi from crumpling as well was the enormous amount of musculature fighting back against the slams.

Even then, it soon might not be enough.

Louis continued to grow steadily, feeding off the masculine musk that radiated off the wolf. He went from half his size to matching him in just a matter of several minutes. Those golden eyes

bored into Legoshi's thin pupils, burning with determination. He wanted every last drop that this wolf had to offer him—that much was unspoken, yet crystal clear.

Fat pectorals crashed together—or tried to—Legoshi gasping quietly as they were pushed apart. Louis' endowment had grown to the size of a log, catching the wolf by surprise. The head slid between furred mounds, smearing sticky precum through his creamy-white undercoat. Opening his mouth, he caught a jet, paddled tongue lapping at the tip of Louis' glans.

"That's right..." Louis cooed, his voice the thrum of thunder. "*Good boy.* You know your place."

Legoshi whined from the commendation, his tail slapping the floor between his legs. He lifted his hips, glutes flexing, dimpling deep enough to lose your fist inside. Knees spread as thighs feathered and strained against his hide—enough to lift the brutish buck straddling him.

Louis huffed, appreciating the display of strength. Especially now that he was even bigger than Legoshi. He felt the wolf's eyes on him, suffering the same problem as his partner as his chest blocked the majority of his view. "You like all of this, Legoshi? A herbivore with enough power to make you submit?" he asked, his voice a throaty purr that made his chest quake. "You can't hurt me now—so stop being afraid! Let loose, Legoshi!" He leaned back, spittle flying past flat teeth as he bellowed, "*Fuck me!*"

"A-Ah.. *L-Louis...*!" Legoshi mewled as powerful hands grabbed his chest, Thumbs pressed down on sensitive nipples, mashing and rolling sensitive flesh in agonizingly slow circles. The buck's words sank into him, ringing a note of truth in the back of his mind. For the first time in his life, he started to realize that he didn't need to hold back anymore...

"Yes! That's it!" Louis cried, ecstasy overflowing. Legoshi clapped his ass, throwing his hips into it—and then he did it again. And again. The cacophonous din filled the small room, echoing in the last of the space the twin titans didn't consume with their godlike bulk.

This time, Legoshi dragged the buck down, taking the initiative as he forced them into a deep kiss. He had no experience, but determination paved the way. The wolf's paddled tongue dipped deep into Louis' mouth, thick appendage diving down his throat. Soft '*g/k*' sounds welled from the buck as he swallowed it greedily.

Hot precum gushed under their chins, Louis coating their chests with musky precum. The aroma fueled their growth, Legoshi slowly catching back up in bulk as his padded nostrils flared.

Louis grunted, tongue reeling out of his mouth with a pop as his world whirled. He found himself supine, the floor shattering underneath his broad back, boards collapsing and breaking under his enormity. Feet flipped into the air as he was forced back on himself, Legoshi growling as he mounted the overblown buck once more.

"That's it!" Louis cried breathily. "That's the beast I've been looking for! Show me what you can do!" His voice shook, jolting with powerful, primal thrusts. Legoshi jackhammered into him, eyes screwed shut, fat fangs on display as his testosterone-infused jaw rippled and blocked out.

Wanton destruction continued. A stray swing of Louis' leg crashed into his desk. It collapsed mahogany as easily as wet cardboard, the wood shattering over the overstretched tattoo on the underside of his foot. The ink warped, the number "4" barely recognizable on the curving hills of his sizable sole.

Louis' back slammed into the wall, cratering drywall. Cracks spidered, spreading up the surface as Legoshi railed the mammoth buck. They were wider than tall, warping to accommodate the monstrous muscle mass filling their bodies. Their elbows dropped low, arms humping up with muscle as they took on wall-like proportions.

It was a struggle to tell who was larger. Both males fed on each other's masculine essence, absorbing it as their rumbling bodies slowly claimed space. Precum pooled, spreading across the hard floor, trickling into the cracks formed by their obscene weight. It was a wonder the entire drama building wasn't shaking from their self-contained cataclysm.

"*L-Lou...*!" Legoshi wailed, his bass booming like a foghorn. His turgid lower lip wobbled as spittle went flying. He couldn't finish his sentence, eyes rolling back in his skull, shaded by thick, jutting brows.

**"Give it to me!"** Louis demanded in carnal fervor. Barely holding on himself, his stomach stretched and strained with Legoshi's widening cock. The buck clutched at the back of Legoshi's neck as the wolf dropped his considerable weight on him. The floor shattered, collapsing under them, compressing as Louis was locked completely in place. Sweaty muscle ground against their counterparts, steel gray and sandy brown fur mingling as their muscle-bloated bodies intertwined.

And then Legoshi went over the edge.

Massive balls bloated, pumping larger as veins spread like tree roots over those globes. Legoshi howled, throwing his head back into looming, mountainous traps. His entire body swelled like a balloon, pumping up in one final turgid tug of sinew-swollen bliss. Muscles humped together, standing on end as cum gushed from him, blowing into Louis like a broken fire hydrant.

The buck's mouth opened wide as he breathlessly gasped. Taut abdominals stretched, swelling into an obscenely stuffed stomach as Legoshi's hot spunk flooded him. At one point he had to clamp that mouth shut, white stuff squirting from the corners of his clenched lips.

Legoshi was vaguely aware enough to sense Louis teetering over the edge as well. Only a few stray splurts managed to evade the wolf's lips before he wrapped his maw around the end of the buck's twitching log. He gulped down gallons of seed, his already prominent roid gut growing with every swallow.

Cum spurted, overflowing from both ends on both men. This exchange went on for several minutes, their bodies quaking and quivering, locked completely together. And then it finally finished, cocks going subtly soft as they dropped onto each other. Heaving, growling breaths filled the silence as cum-filled boulders quivered...

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Outside the office and down the hall was a frustrated-looking tiger. Bill had his hands tucked in his pockets as he grumbled. Flanking next to him was a dall sheep. Pina's smile was the inverse of the carnivore's frown, his horned head bobbing along to some unbothered, unseen beat.

"You know, Louis *did* explicitly say he didn't want to be disturbed~" Pina chimed, hips brushing teasingly against Bill's. He always loved how flustered he could make the tiger, the pink rising inside those round ears—just as they did now.

"Yeah, well, we've been sitting around for over half an hour!" he snapped impatiently, his striped tail flicking.

"Aw, Billy..." Pina playfully cooed, slipping up against the feline's side as he took his arm. "You can't handle a few minutes alone? And here I thought you liked me~" The tiger sputtered, earning a wide, impish smile from Pina.

"H-Hey!" he hissed, lowering his voice. "N-Not here..."

"Why not? You said it yourself: Louis isn't around. I know a nice little spot in the storage closet..." He let his voice salaciously trail—along with a finger up Bill's burly chest. His flat-toothed smile only widened as he spotted the obvious tent in the tiger's pinstripe pants.

"Hey..." Bill suddenly stopped, ears perking up. "Do you...smell that?"

"Smell what?" a nonplussed Pina asked, disgruntled that his antics were interrupted. His brow lifted as saw what Bill was staring at. Out from under the door to Louis' office was a seeping puddle of white.

"Oh, okay...yeah. I smell it now," Pina said, pulling his arm from Bill's, waving a hand before his nose. "It smells just like..."

"*Billy?*" the sheep asked, blinking in surprise as the tiger ambled forward.

Bill's nose twitched. The big cat didn't answer as he dropped to his knees, a low moan bubbling out of him. Pina gasped, taking a stumbling step back as the tiger suddenly swelled in his clothes, an already burly back humping up with muscle as his suspenders stretched taut.

Heat crawled Pina's collar, sweat beading over his forehead. His core quivered, pressure mounting as his clothes grew tight too.

"*Oh no...*"