

The sound of clicking controllers echoed through the living room; the only source of light was coming from the blue-white glow of a TV set on the wall. A pair of males sat on the floor cross-legged, controllers gripped in either set of hands.

To the right was a tawny-brown lion with glasses, his tail twitching around behind him as he stared at the screen. On his left was an equally average looking human - shoulder length brown hair and hazel eyes fixed on the TV in front of them.

“So,” the human started, barely letting his eyes drift to the lion next to him. “What do you think?”

“About what?” George asked in return, twitching slightly, the character on his side of the screen taking damage from his lapse in concentration.

“You know!” the human egged on, as if he shouldn’t have to explain what they were just talking about.

“You mean about—”

“Yeah! About being a huge beast! If you could pick, what would you be?”

The lion shifted his jaw, tilting his head, dirty blonde hair sliding over his shoulders as he thought over the question. “...I dunno. Maybe a really hunky Solgaleo? Those are pretty hot.”

“Good taste,” Scott fired back with a grin of his own, keeping his gaze trained on the TV ahead. “I think I’d probably want to be a behemoth, personally.”

“Oh?” the feline next to him asked. George cocked his head, peeking around the edge of his glasses. “This doesn’t have anything to do with the mobile game you’ve been playing right? That one about Final Fantasy or something?”

The human shrugged in response, a small smile pulled across his lips. “I’ve always liked behemoths. They’re huge, strong, masculine...” his voice trailed, his mashing of buttons slowing down a little as his mind rolled in the reverie of it all. “Usually depicted as mindless brutes, but I like to think I’d be better than that.”

“I thought you like destruction, though?” the lion asked, swiveling his thumb over the stick a few times.

The corner of Scott’s mouth quirked, the human adjusting where he was sitting. “Well, it’s a hot idea when you’re first growing, I guess. I don’t think I would go out of my way to keep destroying things after I’m done.”

“Mmm...” George rumbled, nodding slowly. “Different strokes for different folks, I guess~” he said with a soft giggle. “I’d probably have fun with my new strength for a while—if it were me.”

There was a brief pause in his mashing so he could reach between them. Padded fingers dove into a bowl of popcorn, the feline scooping out a fair amount before tossing it into his waiting maw.

“It’s pretty hot when the world around you caves to your size, though,” Scott elucidated. “Going about your normal business while everything breaks and crushes underneath you. Doors coming off of hinges, stools bending under your weight...” he muttered under his breath, growing a little hot in the face—and a little tight in the front of his sweats.

The lion peeked over at this friend, a brow arching. Even in the low lighting, he could tell what was going on down below, a soft snicker bubbling up from inside him. “Well, at least you know what you like, right?~ I think I would be more of a fan making other guys bigger. It’s fun when you get a front row seat to it all.”

“Nah, I’d rather be the one changed,” Scott said with a soft huff under his breath. “Feeling your body shift and grow... Becoming stronger, you know? It’s really hot. It would be pretty cool if someone grew along with me, though!”

“Uh, huh?” George asked with a giggle. “You asking for volunteers?”

“Maybe,” he replied, a slick smile pulling across his face. “Just let me know the next time you find some sort of magical artifact or a radioactive McGuffin.”

“You’ll be the first one to know,” George followed up with a chuckle of his own, clicking at his sticks once more, his tongue poking out the side of his maw as he concentrated.

“You know,” he spoke up after a few minutes of silence. “You really should give the game a try.”

George scoffed, the lion’s tufted tail giving a flick behind him. “The gacha game? I’m...not really into those, if I’m honest.”

“They’ve got good rates!” Scott quickly defended. “Besides, you don’t have to pay any money to do well in it.”

“Eeehhh...” George took his hand off of his controller, flattening his fingers as he wobbled it back and forth, silently signaling his non-committal feelings. “Maybe. Later—if I’m bored.”

“You won’t regret it! Besides, we can add each other as friends there.”

The lion cocked a brow, flicking his gaze only for a moment at the human next to him.

“Which...would do what, exactly?”

“Oh, just the usual. We’ll get extra login bonuses and stuff. It’s pretty cool!”

“Eh, maybe,” the lion responded with a grunt. “I do like Final Fantasy. You said they got a lot of characters from the series in there?”

“Yeah, though some of them can be kinda rare,” Scott elaborated. Time ticked on, the clock on the wall reading later and later—already passing midnight. The two of them could already feel the first hints of exhaustion setting in. Reflexes weren’t like they were, the pair of them dying and restarting the level more than a few times.

Even the bowl of popcorn was getting dangerously low, fingers starting to scrape the bottom in their quest for fluffy exploded kernels.

“Ugh,” George groaned, finally putting his controller down to rub at his eyes. “I think I should probably go home...” he muttered, trying to stifle a yawn as he spoke.

“You sure?” Scott asked, shooting a slightly concerned look at the flagging feline. “I’ve got a spare bedroom you could crash in. It’s not a big deal!”

George muttered something incomprehensible, a rather large yawn interrupting it as his rough tongue flopped out of his maw. “*Mmfine*... Just a 20 minute drive to get back. Besides, I got stuff I gotta do tomorrow.”

Scott didn’t seem particularly happy with the answer, but gave a nod regardless. Getting up, he flicked on the lights, causing both of them to shield their eyes. The empty bowl was carried off to the kitchen without a problem, the lion gathering up his extra controller as he meandered to the front door. He slipped on his shoes without much of a problem, the pair exchanging goodbyes before the door clapped shut.

He took a moment to watch out the window as George’s car started up, the silver-colored sedan backing out into the street and driving off into the night. Letting out a slight yawn, Scott turned off the TV, flicking off the light while he was at it.

It was a fairly short trip to his bedroom, turning before sliding into the bathroom. Flicking on the light irritated his already tired eyes, but he needed it to brush his teeth. A splattering of toothpaste and a dip in the water later and his toothbrush was zooming back and forth into his mouth. He tried not to look at his reflection, knowing just how much of a mess he probably looked like right now.

He finished up what he was doing, giving his face a quick splash of water before drying off. Clicking the lights off and wandering back into his bed, Scott found that, despite how tired his body was, his mind was still running—thinking about that previous conversation.

“Behemoth...” he muttered under his breath. Feeling restless, the human rolled over, snatching his phone that was sitting on the edge of his nightstand. Turning it on revealed that he didn’t

have a lot of battery, but he didn't really care. A few taps had him booting up his latest and favorite mobile game, the splash screen and a small amount of fanfare greeting him.

Almost as if fate had heard him, it seemed there was a special going - King Behemy was the star unit for the latest round of gacha specials.

Scott bit at his lower lip, staring at the hunky Behemoth being presented on his screen. Regal attire with a long mane of flowing jet-black hair going down his back. Several scars adorned the king as well, a formidable looking sword grasped in one of his clawed hands.

He didn't waste any time going through the screens to start to roll what remained of his free-to-play currency through the system. Several tries produced nothing of note, just a few worthless units - certainly not the hulking purple-skinned king he was after.

The low battery warning appeared, but he just swiped it away, ignoring his phone's desperate plea.

A frustrated growl passed over Scott's lips. It's almost as if fate was teasing him - and after he had just got done telling George that there were good rates in the game as well. He had completely bottomed out on his free gems, his thumb hanging over the option to buy more of the premium currency, mind doing mental gymnastics to justify the purchase.

In his sleepy state, he found himself throwing a little more money that he should have, racking up the extra gems before going back to the cycle of unearthing uninteresting units. Just as he was about to give up, however, a rainbow sparkle filled the entirety of his phone, lighting up a good half of the room as Scott's tired eyes went wide.

Just as he had hoped for, King Behemy appeared in a flourish, his sprite doing its attack animation as golden and rainbow auras surrounded it.

While he had to dip a little into his funds for him, it was totally worth it, Scott fawning over his latest unit. Quickly, he went into the finer details, quickly maxing out all of his stats and trust rating. He was practically bubbling as the sprite appearance updated, the already regal looking behemoth looking even more elegant now that the unit was maxed out.

Just as he was navigating through the menus to give his latest favorite a test run, his screen cut off, going black as a red battery icon flashed; it too vanished shortly after. He cursed under his breath, letting out a sigh.

Guess this is what happens when you forget to charge your phone all day.

Either way, he got what he wanted and the data was saved, so he didn't have to worry about it. He'd play around with it in the morning after he wakes up. Popping his phone onto the nearby charger, Scott laid himself back into bed, sprawling out.

He couldn't help but think of the conversation from before, letting out a low mumble as he felt his sweats growing tight all over again.

"Big Behemoth..." he mumbled under his breath, a soft giggle following as he slipped off to sleep, dozing quietly now that exhaustion had taken him.

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"Hey..."

Scott groaned as he shifted in bed, throwing his forearm over his face, trying to block out the moonlight that was streaming in from the windows behind his bed.

"It's time for you to wake, my love."

The sound of the voice was a deep, thrumming rumble. Affectionate, yet it had a hint of a bestial edge to it. It was soothing, almost enough to keep Scott lulled asleep.

He shifted on his bed, his brain finally registering the fact that he shouldn't even be hearing another voice in his bedroom. Eyes snapped open as he pulled his forearm from his face. Looming over him was the subtly glowing red eyes of a behemoth, a mighty horn sticking from his head, bestial visage tempered by the warm smile he wore.

He stared for a long time, looking the figure up and down, the shock fully setting in. The Behemoth took almost the entirety of his bedroom, sitting on his rear, legs crossed over each other, dense mane brushing and pressing up against the ceiling.

Part of him knew he should be panicking right now, but an even bigger part of him was excited that this was even happening—the assumption that he might still be dreaming taking quickly over. Just as a test, he reached out, feeling over the golden tassels that ran along the hem of the king's sweeping cloak. The fabric was silky; high quality underneath his fingertips.

"Sorry to startle you so early in the morning," he continued speaking, the entirety of the room seeming to tremble under his voice. "But I'm afraid that I couldn't bear to wait any longer."

It had to be some sort of dream, right? He was more than familiar with having lucid dreams like this before—hell, they were often a favorite for him. Deciding to just go along with it, he pulled the covers back, scooting forward to the edge of the bed. "You couldn't, huh?" he asked, putting on an air of confidence as he smiled. If this was a dream... Well, you know what they say - 'when in Rome.'

He shook his head slowly, long mane of cascading dark hair swaying. "I was going to present it to you later today, but I could not contain my excitement." Before Scott could even begin to ask, the burly Behemoth reached behind him, his cloak shifting out of the way. In his hand was a perfect sphere made out of violet crystal; it practically thrummed with power, a subtle, unnatural aura glowing around the orb.

"It's a soul crystal that's precious to me," the hulking, oversized beast elaborated, shifting awkwardly on his rear to properly fit in the too-small room. "It's called 'Pride of the Behemoth', and I want you to have it—my mate."

Scott had already reached out, his fingertips touching the orb by the time the words had tumbled out from his lips. "...Mate?"

The orb seemed fixed to his fingers, like two opposing magnets meeting. He let out a gasp as he felt a shock travel up his arms, one that traveled straight to his core and to every tip of his being. His heart began to race as he felt his body rapidly heating up, sweat beading over his forehead.

"NN...ngghh..." Scott moaned as he breathed harder, the sense of heat radiating through him. A look at the orb showed that it was activating—or, rather, reacting to him. The glow intensified as it seeped between his fingers - all of which were seemingly growing thicker as time ticked on. Nails sprouted, turning dark as his flesh began to quickly take on a purple hue where it made contact with the crystal.

His entire hands surged with size, veins forming over the back as tendons bulged, Scott panting heavily as sweat rolled down his brow. He had never felt anything this intense during one of his dreams before. It was usually just visual with some hints on how it *could* feel...

This was on an entirely different level, and it was enough to make him question if he was actually awake.

Still, he didn't have much time to think about it as the changes progressed. Behemy watched him with those scarlet orbs, barely able to suppress his excitement. "How does it feel?" he asked, an eagerness to his voice. "The power of my ancestors flowing through you," he continued, sounding almost envious as he watched the spread of that purple hue up Scott's forearms.

"I... I..." the human stammered, shaking like a leaf. His forearms ballooned, once twiggy limbs swelling with feathered sinew. Along the violet flesh started to sprout golden hairs, adding a hirsute layer to those engorging limbs.

He looked completely out of proportion, clawed, padded fingers gripped around the glowing orb while the rest of him was just a scrawny lil human. Scott groaned as he was tugged down by the

weight, dropping his massive forearms onto the end of the bed. Even though he tried to relax his grip, the orb was still firmly stuck to his transformed fingers.

Veins crept up from those forearms, purple roots crawling up his upper arms. Biceps pulsed with the thrumming speed of his excited heartbeat, swelling up from the rest of his pasty white skin as bulging, split mounds quickly took on that violet hue. Triceps quickly formed as well, pushing almost violently out the back of his arms, forming those swollen horseshoe curves.

Scott gasped as he felt his shirt sleeves growing tight, rolling up due to the engorging mass of his suddenly muscled arms. His delts ballooned, bursting the fabric as if it was a popped balloon, the human gasping as his shoulders suddenly started barreling away from him.

Sitting against the back wall, Behemy huffed under his breath. He had his legs out in front of him, sprawled slightly to the side, revealing a rather large, and very hard endowment. His clawed fingers squeezed around it, a light blush to his cheeks - seemingly rather invested in the changes that were consuming his human.

Every breath caused Scott's chest to rise, swelling out further, never quite falling all the way back down. Those corruptive veins continued to spread, forming over his growing pectorals as they pulled the remains of his t-shirt taut.

It felt so good...the heat, the size—it was like his transformed flesh was screaming in ecstasy, the signals traveling right up to Scott's brain, making him almost drunk from the pleasure of it.

His back broadened, the fabric of his shredding shirt being reduced to ribbons as he bloomed out of it. Matching his shoulders, thick layers of muscle piled on, making him absurdly brawny, a deep divide forming where his spine ran. A few spikes formed along his boulders for shoulders, pushing out painlessly from his violet flesh as he continued to widen exponentially.

Abdominals formed, a powerful core of a muscle gut ripping its way through the bottom of his shirt. His lower back bloomed with muscle as well, spinal erectors nearly vanishing under the looming shelf of bloated muscle that his upper back had become. Not willing to be left behind, Scott's glutes swelled out as well, a once flat ass turning into two violet, blonde-dusted orbs that destroyed the back of his sweats shortly after pulling it skin-taut.

His voice was starting to shift deeper, those veins crawling up his neck, engorging it as traps flanked either side. Scott could feel pressure building behind his facial features. His lips curled as he felt the front of his face starting to stretch and push out. Saliva dribbled from the corners of his maw as he gasped, fangs thickening up, a pair of lower ones pushing past a plumping lip.

Scott quickly found that he couldn't form proper words, his mouth twisting into a muzzle, nose spreading wide and turning padded. Bestial growls came from him, his throat stretching, Adam's apple bulging as his voice thrummed. On either side of his head, a pair of thick horns sprouted from his skull, proud pillars arching out and around, forming sharp points. Even his hair was

rapidly changing color, bleaching out into a bright blonde as a dense mane of hair flowed down his absurdly broad back. Scott's jawline started to sprout golden hairs, prickling along his face until he was sporting a thick beard over his bestial muzz.

He was growing exponentially in size now, his legs thickening up, shredding his sweatpants off of them as teardrop-shaped quads and shredded hamstrings bulged into obscene trunks. The legs of his bed creaked loudly from the ever-increasing weight. The front snapped, falling to the floor before the back went along with it—not that Scott cared; he was too consumed by the throes of his transformation.

Pressure built up at the base of his spine, the transforming human growling and snarling, newly formed muzzle rippling. He let out a sharp gasp as it finally burst—a thick tail blasting out above his engorged glutes, like someone having shot the length out of a canon. It smashed against the wall, cleaving through the drywall and shattering the window above as it whipped. It was tufted at the end, blonde hair traveling down his back along the length of his new, swishing trunk of a tail.

He was several times his original size, hundreds of pounds of raw brawn flooding over him as his entire body twisted, being fed by the pulsating orb that was still tightly gripped in his clawed fingers. His feet transformed as well, toes curling as nails jutted out the ends of them, transforming into huge paws that matched the rest of his body. The last of his pink-hued skin vanished under the onslaught of violet, veins webbing down his limbs, feeding them as he continued to grow.

Scott's back slammed into the ceiling, spikes adorning it cleaving through the plaster like it was made of tissue paper. He crashed into the other behemoth as well due to the severe lack of space, their pecs colliding together like colliding planetoids, crimson eyes meeting fiercely burning violet.

In a sudden surge of dominance, Scott leaned forward, pinning his 'mate' against the wall, growling deeply as he nosed at him. His tongue flicked out, lapping along his lips, grinding his still-growing self against the now-equally large behemoth in front of him. Behemy moaned, being quickly muffled as Scott's muzzle clamped around his. Saliva dribbled from the corners of their maw as they participated in a beastly makeout session.

Straddling around his waist, Scott shoved his partner back, causing the walls to part as easily as soggy cardboard. Behemy crashed through the rest of the house, sprawling out, his mate climbing properly on top of him. It seemed that the last of the orb's energy was spent, transferring the last of its glowing goodness into Scott before dropping from his clawed hands. It landed onto the floor with a dull thud before rolling away, forgotten amidst the pair of behemoths' shameless, frenzied frotting.

"Ah... S-So much bigger...!" Behemy called out, kiss being broken, his cloak being pulled off of him roughly by Scott. It seemed that the ex-human was now larger than the original, his broad

body looming over his mate. Raw muscle heaved, twitching over the monstrously packed figure, Scott unable to bring his arms down to his sides anymore, elbows trapped at a permanent angle away from his absurdly swollen torso, bloated biceps causing his swollen globes for pecs to warp around them.

It seemed the eagerness was beginning to manifest down below as well. Not to be forgotten, those veins crept down his lower abdominals, pushing into his junk, making it swell exponentially larger. Plush, beanbag-sized balls dropped to the floor, a veritable log of a cock sprouting out between Scott's thighs, pushing over Behemy's own cobbled abdominals and jutting pectorals.

While the original Behemoth was heavily endowed, Scott was now *twice* his size.

...Actually, he was twice his size in just about everything else as well, his body crackling with the last of the soul stone's energy. Reaching up, he grabbed Behemy's hands, their paws lacing together. Arms crashed through more walls as he pinned the king to the floor, shamelessly frothing against him, every thrust punctuated by a deep, possessive grunt.

The house was starting to collapse, walls crumbling, parts of the ceiling and roof tumbling around them. The bright moonlight was revealed as a sizable portion fell away, the twinkling stars above surrounded it, bathing the pair of behemoths in the glowing lunar light.

As a contrast to Behemy's dark hair, Scott's golden sun-like blonde swayed over his back, giving him an untamed appearance that was a contrast to the original. He couldn't help but chuckle softly, looking down at the smaller male underneath him, giving another good thrust or two for good measure.

"You look good like that," a new, deeply thrumming voice spoke. It carried a rough, dominant confidence that was enough to make even the king shudder beneath him. He leaned down, nuzzling at his mate's neck, breathing heavily along it before pressing a kiss. Scott's maw opened up, sharp pillars for fangs biting down over violet flesh as he lavished the appendage with his saliva-slicked tongue.

Behemy moaned deeply, his cock throbbing, pulsating against the swollen, plump urethra that ran along the underside of his mate's. Thick jets of precum were already dribbling from him, balls jumping from excitement at the idea of being bred by his transformed lover.

Scott's dominant bite eased up, his limbs grappling with Behemy's legs, hiking them up. He let out a low, pleased moan as the head of his cock grazed along the softer underside of the king's fat tail, the helmeted head of his endowment eventually finding that winking hole just between his glutes.

"A-Ah...yes...! J-Just so...!" Behemy moaned, his head thudding back against the floor, sprawling out through the semi-destroyed home. His fat tail wrapped around his mate's side,

squeezing against it, using it like a third leg to cling to him as he felt that obscenely large shaft starting to slip into him.

Scott hungrily squeezed over his lover, feeling those pecs, padded fingers tracing over the large off-colored scar that stretched over his pecs and upper abdomen. His lips traced along that neck, smooching over his jawline before planting another deep kiss over his mate's lip. It was timed perfectly with a heavy thrust of his hips, sinking a good half of his barbed endowment into the king below him.

"RRRfff..." Scott growled, pulling off of those lips, several strings of saliva connecting their lower lips. "Tight..."

"O-Only because you're so large!" Behemy responded, a sharp moan interrupting him as the bigger Behemoth thrust even more of that length into him. His stomach was starting to subtly bulge, once cut abdominals swelling out, looking like a smaller counterpart to his mate's midsection.

Scott leaned down, allowing his mate to wrap his own muscled arms around his neck. His grip shifted, grabbing around the king's lower back, lifting his hips up from the floor. He growled, huffing under his breath as he felt those thick paws wrapping around the small of his back, Behemy's feet perched just above the base of his tail.

"Mmhh... This is a good look for you," the transformed Scott growled, licking over his lips, nuzzling at the end of his mate's muzzle. "Down underneath me, splayed out..." He loved the way his body loomed over Behemy's, his shoulders outclassing his mate's by an order of magnitude. It was as if his old life was starting to fade, his mind adjusting to this new body, as if he was always this hulking Behemoth...

It certainly felt right, he knew that much. Every twitching inch of swollen sinew over his body practically screamed it.

Testingly, he clenched one of his hands into a fist, bringing up his arm. It practically exploded with raw brawn. His split peaked bicep crashed into his forearm, shoving up into his fist, threatening to push it aside from the sheer size of those vein-webbed heads. "Fuck yeah," he snarled under his break, licking over his lips. With a tilt, he pressed them to his bicep, making out with it, elongated violet tongue slathering and curling around the protruding beefy boulder.

With a small amount of surprise, Scott moved his lips away, finding them replaced with Behemy's own, the dark-haired king making out with the same bicep he had curled. Snapping his forearm down and then back up, he pumped the mound even higher, eliciting a few needy moans from the king he was now hips-deep into.

The sounds weren't high pitched or whining like other guys. They were deep, lustful growls of a true Behemoth - something that only fueled Scott's frantic thrusting.

The entire house started to sway, coming down as the structure began to fail in its entirety. Walls crumbled, revealing the cool night air as it breezed through their long locks and over their leathery bodies.

"Fuck..." Scott snarled under his voice, slapping his hips against Behemy's ass repeatedly, railing him with all he had. *"MMMGgg—not gonna last long..."* He managed to mutter between panting huffs, swollen, hirsute pectorals grazing against his broad, bearded chin.

It wasn't just the feeling of his mate wrapped tightly around him. The sheer bulk of his own body grinding against itself was turning Scott on like no other, his mind having warped to match the ferocious body that it was bound to. The sheer amount of musculature under his creaking dark violet pelt ground against itself, lats against glutes, biceps against pecs; even his bulky, brutish jawline ground against his overblown chest, head trapped by his burgeoning traps.

A little bit of leftover growth seemed to spill over Scott's body as he teetered on the edge, feeling those traps push higher over the back of his head, his shoulders shoving out wider as he gasped and snarled, drool dribbling from his maw. Fat toes curled, knees digging into the destroyed fountain of his home as he plowed home into his mate one last time.

With a roar, he threw back his head, balls swelling up over his jutting calves, swelling over and around them with potent, gurgling seed. His urethra swelled, golden-furred tail lashing as he began to blow like a broken fire hydrant, locked into place by the vice-like grip of Behemy's glutes. The smaller behemoth's middle immediately began to swell, abdominals stretching and distending as they lifted him up off of the floor.

Behemy moaned deeply, being speared on that shaft, lifted up by it alone as Scott got up onto his knees. The golden-haired titan roared, his voice shaking reality itself around them, the last of that violet-tinted magic going to work. The world around them rearranged, destroyed walls reforming—much larger this time. Professional stonework replaced the flimsy drywall that once existed, crimson carpeting draped along the hall that the pair of them found themselves in.

Apparently, during all this, Behemy had blown his load as well, cock jumping, making a mess all over his cum-distended middle and his chest. *"Mnnngghh... GGahh... Haahhh..."* he panted, moaning in the afterglow of the coupling with his consort. He felt his face being nuzzled, Scott affectionately having leaned down, still buried hilt-deep in his mate.

With a twitch of his hips, his cock pulled out of the king's ass, a flood of cum pouring out of him - enough that the worst of the pressure had been taken off, leaving him with a still-sloshing middle. It seemed that in all of the excitement, his crown had tumbled off, the golden circle glinting on the nearby floor next to the wall.

Scott had gotten up, ambling his new hyper-muscled body over to it, pinching the laurels between thickly padded fingers. Blinking in surprise, Behemy looked up, watching as it was placed back on his head, Scott's violet gaze lidded as he smirked down at him.

"You dropped this...~" his voice was a seductive purr, golden-trimmed tail brushing along Behemy's cheek teasingly as he made for the nearby balcony. With a great deal of effort, the darker Behemoth managed to pull himself off of the messy floor, waddling with a distinct gait as he managed to slide next to the side of his larger mate, looking out.

The world itself had transformed. Instead of sprawling suburbia, a kingdom wrapped around a high castle they were now standing in - several torches lighting the night life down below. Just like before, the moon hung high in the sky, illuminating the pale stone of the balcony they stood upon.

"Surprised you wanted to come out here so soon," Behemy mumbled, feeling that monstrously thick arm wrapping around his side, tugging him up against the bigger behemoth.

"You mean just after I filled your ass?" He chuckled softly, a low pleased rumble to it. "Just wanted to take a look at our kingdom..." he muttered. It seemed that, just like his surroundings, the newly formed consort had fallen perfectly into the role, remembering nothing of his previous life, or the scrawny little human he used to be.

To him, the only humans were down there—dotting here and there through the surrounding village. They were small and weak, needing their protection, Scott feeling a small puff of pride as his pectorals swelled up a little further under his bearded, blocky chin.

Behemy grunted, his face heating up, glowing crimson gaze averting. "If you must put it so crudely..."

"You're the one who teased me before we could get to our bedchambers," the blonde behemoth growled in turn, leaning down to press a teasing kiss against his lover's cheek. "Mm, and besides... Imagine if one of the peasants looked up and saw us..~"

Behemy let out a deep, flustered grunt - especially with the seductive tone his consort was using. "U-Uncouth!" He paused, his wide jawline shifting. "But...not unwelcome."

"There y'go!" the larger behemoth said with a booming laugh - most likely turning a few heads down below with the sheer volume of it. He clapped his lover's shoulder, giving Behemy a tight squeeze that threatened to push the air out of the smaller male. "How about we retire to our chambers, *mmm*, love?~"

The king only grew more flustered, the pink tint spreading over his leathery flesh as he was led along for yet another in a series of unforgettable nights~