

“I really don’t see why you’re arguing about this.”

“I’m just trying to get an insight into something I usually don’t dabble in!”

Two, short fennec foxes walked together along the street. While they might have been the same species, the same couldn’t be said for their builds. One was thin and lanky, the other one was a stocky vulpine with a belly and a somewhat broad set of shoulders.

“If you really want to understand magic better, then why not sit in for a few classes?” the smaller of the two said, Kris giving his companion a side eye as they walked. He was dressed in a school uniform, a v-neck with a few buttons up complete with a pair of shorts and sandals. It wasn’t too out of the ordinary, blue and beige colors fitting together nicely.

His companion, on the other hand, was the flashier out of the two. The older fennec was wearing a snugly fitting suit, dress slacks, and a pair of polished loafers. A set of glasses glinted over his nose as he watched Kris from the corner of his eyes.

“My job keeps me far too busy for that,” Seth responded coolly, his broad shoulders lifting in a shrug.

Kris cocked a curious eyebrow, hands stuffing into his pockets as he walked. “It’s just an office job, right?”

“‘Just’ an office job,” the older fennec repeated sarcastically, rolling his eyes behind large lenses.

“How do you keep a body like that, though?” Kris asked, sounding genuinely curious. His eyes trailed over the set of pectorals that jutted out the front of his cousin’s button-up shirt. A rounded middle sat underneath, adding a solid set of heft that defied the usual definition of his species.

“Gym membership. I hit it up after work—another reason why I can’t swing by your magic school,” he said with a chuckle, the pair stopping at a crosswalk, the red light hindering them. He brought an arm up, curling a fist as he pumped that limb. The sleeve of his jacket strained, the peak of his bicep pushing up underneath it, causing Kris’ eyes to widen.

“Want to have a feel?” Seth asked, a casual purr to his voice as he watched his cousin with lidded eyes.

Kris’ face lit up, a pink blush painting over his muzzle. His eyes flicked to the light, quickly discerning that he had enough time to cop at least one feel. Bashfully, he slid closer to the bigger vulpine, his fingers pressing down on top of his suit’s sleeve. It barely had any give, a solid bicep concealed under a thin layer of pinstripe fabric.

“How’s that for a nine-to-fiver, huh?” the older vulpine said with a growling chuckle. He redoubled on his flex, tendons bulging over the back of his hand as he squeezed harder.

Kris could have sworn he heard a few seams popping. His large ears pinned back as he coughed under his breath awkwardly. His fingers drifted around, sliding over his cousin’s chest before slipping under his jacket.

The pectorals underneath were just as solid. A plush layer of fat was the only give, solid muscle balling up underneath as Seth bunched those mounds together. The catch of his padded thumb against a tenting nipple was enough to finally break Kris out of his trance, the fox awkwardly pulling his hand back in time for the light to turn green.

“I remember hearing something about you becoming a lil muscle monster yourself—what happened?” he asked with a purring rumble. He seemed amused with Kris’ flustered reaction, the other fox fumbling with his words.

“W-Well... I can’t exactly wander around in public with my previous size. I did a bit of tinkering and found a way to temporarily store my extra muscle mass.” He let out a flustered huff, crossing his arms as they walked across the street. “Besides! Most of my friends and family know me like this. I didn’t want to shock people unnecessarily.”

“That’s a shame.”

“Wh-What??”

“I would’ve liked to see the new you,” Seth responded teasingly.

The other fennec puffed up, bristling. “W-Well, I can’t switch back now! I left it stored back in my dorm room,” he muttered, still clearly flustered.

“First time I’ve heard of someone leaving a part of themselves behind. Usually it’s their keys or a bag,” the older male chuckled teasingly. “That’s kind of a shame. I don’t think I’d ever want to shrink down—especially not after working hard for my body.” He emphasized his point with a clap of his stomach, fingers slapping up against the solid sphere underneath his shirt.

“Of course you wouldn’t,” Kris muttered under his breath, huffing as he looked away from the larger vulpine. They continued down the street in relative silence, an extra pep in Seth’s step due to his stroked ego.

“So,” he interrupted after a few minutes. “Why are we meetin’ up all the way out here?”

“I already told you,” Kris said, exasperation creeping into the edges of his voice. “Jose is visiting his father out here, so we’re going to pick him up.”

The heftier vulpine scoffed, a snort rattling through his padded nose. “He could have met us at the restaurant for lunch.”

Even though it hadn’t been that long since they last saw each other, Kris was excited to see his childhood friend again. However, he wasn’t about to let his cousin know that—the teasing would never end if he did.

“Well,” he started off, trying to pick out his words. “He might have something to get us there faster?”

Seth cocked a brow. “...You mean, *magic*?”

“He *is* a Gatekeeper,” he muttered, crossing his arms over his chest. “You probably don’t remember how important that is for society.”

“Yeah-yeah,” he said, waving his hand dismissively, the arm of his jacket bulging with shifting muscle. “Not everybody in this family can throw around magic like you can.”

“That doesn’t mean we should dismiss it.”

Seth snorted, tucking his hands in his pockets. “I just prefer practical solutions.”

Kris closed his mouth, expression subtly screwing up as he kept it shut. He knew that this would just be a circular argument, so, rather than continue arguing for the rest of the day, he decided to agree-to-disagree.

Their destination loomed ahead, a two-storey house sitting near the end of the road beckoned. Hearing the call, Kris picked up his pace, much to Seth’s dismay, the heftier fennec attempting to catch up. Hopping up the stairs, Kris stopped just short of hitting the doorbell, something curiously out of place catching his attention:

The door wasn’t locked.

In fact, it was sitting partly ajar.

The eerie silence from inside instantly made the fur on the back of his neck stand on end. He didn’t wait for Seth to catch up before pushing the door open, the hinges squeaking, one of them having been dislodged from the frame by force.

“What, the—” Seth had caught up, his eyes wide behind his large lenses. It was clear what he was ogling at; the rest of the house was a mess, furniture having been destroyed with a few holes and gashes in the walls. Closer inspection revealed that the tables and chairs weren’t just wantonly destroyed. They looked as if they were crushed—heavy weight having cracked frames and legs alike.

Even as Kris tentatively made his way into the seemingly abandoned house, something else stuck out. He waved his hand in front of his nose, face screwing up as his ears pinned back.

“What the hell is that smell?” Seth spoke up, giving voice to what both of them were thinking. It became obvious what was giving off the odor. Splatters of semi-translucent fluids were coated along the walls and the edges of the floor, gooey white stuff having congealed together.

Kris balked as he watched his cousin scoop some of it up onto an index finger, giving it a curious sniff. “What are you doing??” he asked, his voice a snap of confused panic.

“I’m just taking a look at what this stuff is,” he muttered, taking a few curious sniffs.

An errant glob of the stuff stretched down from the ceiling, looming over Kris. The tendril snapped, the glob of gunk dropping right onto his muzzle, splattering over his nose, causing the smaller fennec to yelp in surprise. “What the heck??” he snapped, wiping at his muzzle, trying to get the worst of it off by using his sleeves.

“...I don’t know. Maybe we should get out of here,” Seth muttered. “This ain’t sitting right with me. You still got that bag of yours?”

The question made Kris pause, the Fennec looking over his shoulder at the canvas sack that was perched over it. “Yeah?”

“You got a collection vial with you? You magic types usually do.”

He puffed his cheeks at the casual generalization of his profession, but reluctantly nodded. Dropping his pack to the floor, he dug around, quickly pulling out a flask. Snatching it from him, Seth collected a healthy helping of the stuff before flipping it shut and pocketing it.

“You got a way to analyze this stuff?” he asked, clearly in serious-business mode with the hard tone he was using.

“Y-Yeah, back at my dorm...” He pulled his pack back onto his back, getting the strings snug over his shoulders. “We can check to see if there’s any magical properties at work—maybe a curse,” he muttered.

“Fine. We can do some traditional checks after.” His nose wrinkled as he waved his hand in front of it. “Let’s get out of here. I’m startin’ to get lightheaded.”

Kris couldn’t agree more. Giving his muzzle one last wipe, they trotted out of the ruined house, hitting the sidewalk before heading down the streets. Public transportation allowed them to get to where they were going fast at least. Though, Kris couldn’t help but notice how agitated Seth was getting.

The older fennec's brows were furrowed, fingers laced together as he was hunched forward. His heel bounced, clapping against the metal floor of the bus as it finally pulled into the university campus. Kris couldn't help but give him side-long looks as they walked. The way he seemed agitated was off—more than just having his day ruined.

His breathing was labored as they walked, muscled chest bobbing behind his button-up shirt. A darker patch formed in the center, spreading as sweat started to stain the silky fabric. It was looking a little tighter than before, buttons seeming to strain as fabric pulled tight.

“Are we almost there yet?” Seth muttered, an annoyed growl in the back of his throat.

“Almost...” Kris muttered, watching his cousin with worry, the smaller fox biting at his lower lip. He quickly darted through the doors, Seth lumbering behind him. Climbing stairs seemed to be a bit of effort for the bigger fennec, huffing and puffing, grunting as sweat started to bead over his forehead.

Stepping into his dorm, Seth found the nearest chair, dropping down into it with a groan. It squeaked softly, wood creaking subtly under his weight as he spread his legs.

“Still have the vial?” Kris asked tentatively, as if Seth was a bomb ready to explode.

With a grunt, the other vulpine dipped his fingers into his jacket, pulling out the phial for his cousin. Taking it, Kris moved over to his study table. He quickly got to work trying to decipher the substance, pouring the contents over an especially-made runic plate.

“I just need to remember the spell...” he muttered, digging through the nearby bookshelf, flipping through a few pages before putting it back and moving onto the next.

Seth tapped his foot in agitation, clapping the sole of his loafer against the stone floor. “Can you hurry it up??”

Kris stopped what he was doing, turning a critical stare to his companion. He nearly jumped out of his sandals as he noticed once subtle changes were starting to accelerate. The buttons to his shirt were really straining now, the fabric pulled tight into diamond-like openings between them. Golden fur leaked out of those holes, pushing out from their prison.

Those strands looked thicker—more coarse. They were darker as well—similar in color to the beard that wrapped around the older vulpine's jawline.

It seemed that every heavy breath Seth took caused his chest to push further out than the last. The rest of him was ballooning as well, shoulders of his jacket growing tight as delts pushed against them, fighting for the little space there was to begin with. The older fennec groaned,

shifting his chair as thighs thickened. Glutes ballooned as they pushed him up in his seat, deep dimples forming under the fabric of his tightening slacks.

Even his shoes were starting to look burdened, the ends of them subtly swelling as individual writhing bumps pushed against straining leather.

“Oh no...” Kris muttered under his breath. Whatever had changed Jose and his father was already quickly getting to work on Seth—the younger fennec watching as his cousin packed on pounds with every passing second. “W-Wait! I can fix this!”

He wasn’t entirely sure if it would work, but he managed to siphon the muscle off of his own body—so why wouldn’t it work with Seth? If he was fast enough, he might be able to stop the worst of whatever was transforming him.

Before he could find the book he was looking for, he was interrupted by a set of sweaty pecs pushing against his back. He was shoved against his bookshelf, a breathless grunt being pressed out of him as a few of his tomes tumbled to the floor.

The same scent that pervaded the house was now coming from the fennec that pinned him from behind. It was musky, the intensity of it threatening to throw Kris’ mind completely off-kilter.

It wasn’t just Seth that was feeling off either. Kris could feel sweat starting to bead over his forehead, the rest of his body heating up. “S-Stop...” he muttered, trying to get through to Seth as the other fox ground against him from behind. “We gotta get help! I-I can fix... I...” he stammered, complicated thoughts starting to slip from his fingers.

The grunts coming from behind were growing deeper. The feeling of those pecs were pushing up higher against his back, eventually pressing behind his head. He could hear the sound of tearing fabric as Seth continued to hulk out behind him, keeping him utterly pinned up against the creaking bookshelf.

“**Gguuhh... Mngg... NMnggm...**” the growing vulpine muttered, his voice a thrumming growl as it broke even deeper. His fat pectorals had burst from his short, swelling out, thick hirsute forests flooded over them as they rested behind Kris’ head. They threatened to wrap around and completely engulf it—such was the overwhelming size of those banded globes.

Kris squirmed as he was pinned in place by an expanding orb. It turned out that Seth’s already ample middle had started expanding as well. Thick abdominals lightly encased with a layer of plush fat pushed out, as if someone was pumping air into that ballooning belly.

Straining shoes finally burst, Kris’ ears pinning back as he heard the sound of leather violently splitting open. Even his socks didn’t stand a chance as the fabric stretched to the limit before tearing off, elastic snapping like rubber bands to reveal powerful stompers.

He was unable to protest as he was suddenly turned around, gripped by hands that threatened to engulf his arms entirely—far thicker than they should have been. He was forced to look at his cousin—or, at least, what was left of him. He was being warped into a brutish beast of himself, jet black lip having plumped up into a dense, weighty tire.

And it was only getting worse.

His brows were dense and overgrown—looking wild as they hung over his eyes. Even his jawline had swelled, chin jutting further out, a deep cleft having formed. More facial hair had prickled across the lower half of his face, quickly joining the rest until he had a dense, full-bodied beard.

Kris was in a panic, the smaller fox wiggling around, barely able to move thanks to the powerful gut and mammoth pecs pinning him in place. On the top of the bookshelf was a glinting crimson orb, his eyes locking onto it as he craned his head back.

It was the vessel for all of his stored muscle mass.

If he could get to it, maybe he could overpower Seth, and—

Confusion interrupted Kris' train of thought as he found his world suddenly darkening. His face was pushed into a sweaty void, a dense tuft of fur pushing at his nose and wrapping around the end of his muzzle. The smell that came from it was nearly enough to obliterate his mind, a shameless moan slipping involuntarily out of him.

Clothes continued to fail over the devolving brute that Seth was becoming. His pinstripe pants burst, thighs causing the sides to burst open, revealing more of his sandy colored fur. Teardrop shaped quads swelled up, feathering for just a moment before being smothered in a layer of darker body hair.

The sounds of fabric tearing continued, rhythmically pulsating as Seth's ass packed on mass. One rip, two rip, three rip, and it was free; bulging globe-like mounds hung out over the back of mammoth hamstrings, twitching as they rolled and jumped with subtle shifts of those tree trunk-like legs.

Fingers gripped tightly over the back of Kris' head, gripping into his hair, ensuring that he couldn't escape. He squirmed and moaned, being force-fed more of that corruptive musk. With every inhale, the once diminutive fennec expanded. His writing slacked, pushing hands starting to slow as shoves turned to squeezing gropes.

A deep, pleased growl came out of the brutish wall that was now Seth as Kris' fingers wrapped around a dense under-hanging nipple. His cousin's other arm was wrapped around his wing-like lat, the muscle threatening to grind against his bulbous glutes. His tail was trapped, threatening

to get pinched off by the sheer size of those deeply dimpled globes and his monstrously thick back.

With a keg of a middle, he looked like a living mountain range, every heavy breath causing his swollen pectorals to bob up under his deeply cleft chin. His arms were unable to sit at his sides, elbows forced up at near-90 degree angles from the sheer girth of his hulking frame. Clothes were just scraps, a few strands of tattered fabric clinging to the hulking, sweaty brute.

Kris' higher pitched moans were subtly starting to drop, a deep bass growling from a thickening throat. The smaller fox ballooned, his shirt pulling tight before expanding delts destroyed his sleeves. Veins crept down his limbs, traveling down his delts and over his biceps.

Split-cleft mounds ballooned, shoving his arms away from his torso as they were fed by those webbing veins. Triceps fought with his delts for width, as if they were trying to expand completely off of the fox's frame.

Unlike his cousin, it seemed that Kris' body was focused purely on muscle mass. While the older fennec had a rounding, smoothing layer of body fat and a keg of a middle, it seemed that Kris was getting utterly ripped; muscle feathered as it grew, straining his pelt, causing it to creak as it grew almost too fast for it to keep up.

His midsection tightened, heavy breathing causing blooming abdominals to roll and ripple. Obliques flanked either side, locking together like scaled armor around those brick-like abs as he continued to huff corrupting musk.

Seth's tongue lolled out of his mouth, sitting between two jutting lower, tusk-like fangs as it looped over a fat lower lip. The growling sounds of pleasure he made were devoid of intelligence—the sounds of an impulse-driven brute. His cock twitched, balls having bloated, hanging down to his knees from their heavy weight. The thicker fox's cock had engorged into a girthy cannon of itself; fat veins had webbed along the sides, feeding the limb-sized endowment.

Thick gobs of precum were already starting to dribble from the hooded head of Seth's shaft. Droplets dripped to the floor, making a mess over the hard stone. It was only spurred on as the growing Kris continued to grope his body, squeezing and feeling over it with the desperation of a desert-dweller finally having found water.

Kris' face had bulked up as well, a fattening lower lip pushing out, practically sitting over his balled up chin. His brows had pushed forward like furry shelves above his eyes as well, shading the sunken-in orbs. Unlike his full-bearded cousin, the only fur he managed to have on his face was a layer of dark-golden stubble.

Somehow, it was appropriate, considering his build. His was the younger, muscle-centric behemoth, meanwhile Seth was looking like a testosterone infused daddy of a brute—his body was desperate for more size, even if it was muscle or bulky fat.

Seth groaned as his arm was lifted up, forcing his lat to widen out into the air, exposing more of his pit. The brutified Kris was lapping into it, growling and huffing. His own endowment was grazing between Seth's thighs, a whining snarl slipping out of him whenever the other behemoth would flex those monster-sized thighs.

His transformation was nearly complete, his clothes having burst off of him, growth pushing into his thighs and ass, making quick work of his shorts. The underwear he wore was stretched to the point of being a useless thong; the fabric cupped his balls, providing them with a small amount of support as they churned, the back of it lost somewhere between those banded, bulging glutes.

The last part was his sandals. Calves destroyed the lace for them, ballooning up as veins crept over them. His feet shuddered, tendons twitching as the growing fox writhed. Leather snapped, breaking loose as engorging feet quickly transformed to meaty stompers. His toes pushed over the ends of his soles as he quickly outgrew his once roomy footwear, turning them to scrap as they were crushed under his increasing weight.

The two beasts wrestled with each other, groping and grabbing as fat pectorals clashed together, grinding and pushing in a way that made them growl with pleasure. Despite all the newly-made mass, neither one of them had gained an inch in height—somehow only adding to how impressively wide they looked.

Still, Seth was the taller out of the two, the big, bearded brute using that to his advantage. With a growl, he pushed his chest forward, dense nips bending as they slid over Kris' chest. A deep moan shook from the younger mass-monster as he was force-fed those tits, his muzzle sliding right between them, getting lost in the dense, musky, sweat-slicked forest.

They rocked back and forth, taking a step back before taking one forward, neither one of them making headway in shoving the other. Kris' ass crashed against his bookshelf, cracking wood as easily as if it were toothpicks. Books spilled, quickly getting smattered by errantly splattering precum. The crimson orb that was sitting on top of it wobbled on its stand before falling to the floor as well, rolling right up behind Kris' heel.

It crunched under his powerful stomper, shattering to pieces as that foot pressed down.

“RRhhhh..?” Kris slurred in confusion, his muzzle pulling out from between Seth's titanic tits.

His foot expanded violently, ballooning until it was twice the size of his other stomper. Bulging tendons flexed as muscle mass began pouring up from that limb, his calves blasting out into monstrous shelves thicker than his thighs as it continued to climb upwards. His thigh flexed hard, every twitch causing it to explode into more and more muscle as it completely outsized its counterpart.

The devolved beast that was now Kris roared and moaned as his stored muscle integrated into his newly brutified frame. It was much faster than the infection that had transformed him, the magic restoring what had once rightfully belonged to him. His arms were forced further out as he widened and widened. The brute growled and moaned, his voice booming as he quickly lost mobility from the torrent of muscle straining his pelt.

Pecs pushed up under his chin, locking his head into place as traps wrapped around either side, shoving into the air like twin mountain peaks. His neck was now but a memory—as thick as it was, engulfed by both traps and pecs. Delts ballooned as well, turning into boulder-like end caps on the fennec as his weight ticked into the thousands of pounds.

Veins went wild, surfacing all over his overblown body, muscle fighting against muscle for space until he was locked almost completely in place. Corruptive, sweat rose from him, steaming off of his body like a musky mist. Every errant twitch sent his entire body rippling, the brute trapped in his own bulk as he roared in pleasure.

What little was left of the fox's mind was completely drowned by ecstasy; the feeling of his body constantly and aggressively grinding against itself was enough to obliterate the tatters of rational thought.

Seth was watching wide eyed as his cousin grew even larger than him. Pound for pound, he was utterly outclassed by the shorter titan that writhed and flexed before him. He leaned down, grabbing at those tits, squeezing them with large hands, eliciting a moan of pleasure from Kris.

He leaned forward, pecs crashing together. The sheer size of them was almost enough to deny what the heavily bearded fennec wanted to do. However, with a bit of willpower and leverage he managed to push his lips to Kris'.

The two brutes kissed, fat tires for lower lips grinding and squishing together, saliva causing the jet-black flesh to glint in the light. Both of them heavily panted, breath coming out in foggy puffs, worked up by the sheer size of the other. Tongues slid together, filling each other's maws in a way that was anything other than elegant. Saliva dribbled from the corners of their maws as they let out muffled moans, hands grabbing at glutes, squeezing them tight as hips ground and slapped together.

Stomping awkwardly with his newfound gait, Seth brought himself around behind the bigger behemoth. His hands traced around Kris' sides and over his shoulders as he squeezed, feeling the complete lack of give from his overblown body. "**Biiiggg...**" he boomed, his voice a stupid slur as his fattened lower lip wobbled. The timbre of the sound caused Kris to moan as well, a growling thrum of a sound.

A roar boomed out of Chris as he felt that cock pushing between his glutes. They were so packed with size that Seth's shaft barely could squeeze between them. However, the head of his endowment banged against his squeezing donut, finding its way inside the neigh-immobile

muscle monster. Constantly gushing precum made it easy, slicking up Kris' insides as Seth began to savagely thrust.

Powerful padded feet braced into the floor, cracking it, nails carving into solid stone as mammoth thighs flexed. His bloated balls swung like a pendulum as more of his shaft sunk into him, entire feet being swallowed by Kris' overhanging glutes.

"Gon make yuu BIGGURRR-!" Seth boomed, his voice coming out as a roar befitting a caveman. It took all of his concentration just to make his proclamation, having stopped in the middle of his heavy thrusts just to form the shaky, slurring words.

"MMGGUUHH-!" Kris roared in response, his brutified jawline rippling, four times wider than the top of his skull now. His head was completely locked in place, a monstrous plate of a jaw keeping it trapped against swollen, overblown pecs. His field of view was just a slit afforded between those traps and pecs, a good 30 degrees of view featuring the ceiling and opposing wall—and nothing better.

The pair of them snarled like beasts in heat. Every swing of Seth's hips forced more of his cannon of a cock into Khri, forcing his boulder-butt open wider to accommodate it. The older fennec snarled in pleasure, spittle flying from his engorged lower lip as veins caught one after another along that stretched donut.

The room was just a fog of musk, the stuff hazing around the two like a corruptive cloud. Thick jets of precum gushed from Kris' cock, splattering his bed, soaking it along with the walls and the floors. It seemed he was a bottomless pool of man-juices, his bloated balls bouncing as they continued to churn and gurgle.

He let out a grunt of surprise as he felt one of his arms being lifted, what little mobility he had left being abused. Seth's nose pushed under his arm, taking deep pits of the musky stuff billowing from underneath. It was an awkward angle, only compounded by the fact that Seth was a herculean brute himself. His massive gut fought with his bloated pecs, making bending over on himself a nearly impossible feat.

But, like his kiss, he managed to make it work as he took deep drags of Kris' ripe scent.

The two of them were shaking, monstrously thick bodies bucking together. They had stumbled a few steps forward, Kris' mammoth legs crashing through his bed as if it didn't exist, wood splintering as his mattress crumpled under his overblown bulk. He found himself pushed against the wall, his cock shoved up against his abs.

He growled and huffed, streams of saliva dribbling from the corners of his maw. The fox's eyes threatened to roll back in his head, feeling his abs distend with every thrust of Seth's shaft, bulging out lewdly before stretching back into place.

The sounds of wet slapping echoed through the room, Seth's hips finally finding Chris' oversized ass. This repeated, the titans crashing into each other with what felt like enough force to topple mountains.

The corruption seemed to be placing final touches as the two as they went to town on each other. Every thrust of his hips found Seth's already brutish features increasing. His fangs thickened, pushing out farther from his lower lip even as it fattened, forcing the tube to egregiously wrap around it. His brows pushed further forward, hanging like shelves over his eyes. Even his jawline was thickening, cracking as bone thickened and widened, muscle flooding over it as it grew multiple times wider than the top of his skull.

Even Kris was thickening, his moans devolving into what sounded like bestial roars, breaths coming out in huffs and grunts. Their tenuous grasp on sentience was starting to slip, the two of them devolving into nothing but brutish, hulking beasts primed only for sex.

The walls cracked as Kris' bloated pecs smashed into it. Twin craters quickly formed as those bloated mounds lodged into holes of their own making. Seth was teetering on the edge as he shifted his weight back and forth on his already-wide stance. His glutes flexed, rolling up into powerful curves as the dimple adorning them deepened.

He wanted to say something—to claim this moment, and his cousin, as his. And, yet, nothing was coming to mind. Nothing but a booming, brutish roar that shook from the depths of his overblown being. His head threw back, slamming into towering traps as he finally blew his load. Balls ballooned as they jumped between his knees, urethra swelling up like a balloon as it pinched off between Kris' enormous glutes.

The near-immobile wall of muscle that was Kris roared in return; his mammoth, hidden neck flexed as several thick veins webbed over it. His cock jumped, floods of cum blasting out of it like a broken hydrant as his spunk flooded across the floor.

“UUrpp...GGURRRK-I!” Kris writhed as he felt his belly starting to balloon. Once taut abdominals began to swell, forced outward by the surging torrent of cum flooding him. The seal around Seth's shaft was too tight, keeping every last drop inside of him. His once flat midsection swelled out into a roid gut that rivaled his cousin's, hanging out from him, dipping down between his thighs and pressing down on his unloading cock—only adding to the overwhelming orgasm.

Mammoth mitts paws at his middle, the tips of his fingers barely able to brush it from how packed he was, muscle fighting against muscle as his entire body webbed with angry veins. What started as a dribble from the corners of his maw became a torrent, cum blasting out of him, some of it spraying from his padded nostrils—such was the sheer output from the roaring fennec behind him.

The sticky seed mixed together, flooding across the floor, saturating the walls and the furniture as it put pressure on the door—eventually forcing it open, allowing the torrent of corruptive

spunk loose on the rest of the academy. Both beasts heaved, chests bobbing, breathing in their own mind-destroying musk. The noise of wet cum dripping was the only other sound besides their subtle, ambient growling.

Even more was added to the mix as Seth took a hefty step back. His cock slid out between those glutes, a wet pop echoing. Like removing a cork, gallons of cum poured out of Kris, only adding to the mess that had flooded the dormroom. The two of them looked at each other, mutual glances and rumbling growls communicating the primal urge that was building up inside of them.

The urge to hunt and breed.

The entire school had quickly been thrown into panic.

Several of the student body were trying to make a run for it, pushing through the doors and running across campus. Several of them were having trouble running as their bodies writhed and expanded violently. Thighs ballooned as footwear failed, more than a few dropping to their knees as they succumbed to the transformation that was rapidly spreading.

Expanding feet caught most of the transforming students off guard; awkwardly growing stompers caught on each other as they toppled into moaning piles of writhing, growing ecstasy. A small, glasses-wearing lion was sprinting from our favorite pair of fennecs; he whined as he ran, looking like he was trying to save a small pile of books from sticky destruction.

He squeaked in a panic as massive hands grappled around him, sending those tomes flying. He didn't have much of a choice as his face was shoved between a pair of fat pectorals, his body ground and pressed between a wall of abs and an iron sphere of a jutting gut.

The lion wiggled and writhed, pounding against pecs as he tried to fight the brutish behemoths that had him pinned—but to no avail.

His overt resistance started to slack, pounding fists pushing, eventually groping over those pecs as he let out a moan. His clothes split open, tawny brown fur pouring out as his once frantic noises dropped in pitch. The once little lion exploded out of his uniform, glutes shredding through his shorts as a sizable bulge dropped out of the front.

The two fennecs growled and rumbled, expressing their combined pleasure as the lion expanded between them. Soon enough, he was on both feet, shoes but a memory as the over-stretched remnants of his socks attempted to cling to those meaty stompers.

Much like the rest of the growing orgy of hulked out students around him, the lion was plugged from both ends by the pair of fennecs. Being spit-roasted, his belly swelled, dropping to the

ground as it filled with copious cum from both of them. What was once a cute little guy was now a monstrous brute on par with the foxes who had grabbed him, a brutish jawline and jutting brows ensuring he'd never have a complex thought ever again.

Soon enough, the entire campus boomed with roaring moans of brutified students. Cum was gushing everywhere, coating the sidewalks, walls, halls—nothing was free from the sticky, corruptive fluid's influence.

It seemed there was no end, bodies growing larger, the hard-earned knowledge from their classes being lost as muscle ground against muscle.

And none of them seemed to mind—reveling in their monstrous bodies, content with spreading the curse to every male they could find.