



**Hail To The
King (Growth,
Noncon)**

Hail To The King

The Kingdom of Macromyndia, for as long as it stood, had one constant, inescapable rule. Giantesses ruled over all.

Some were kind, while others were more cruel. Regardless of their temperament, however, the tiny men and women who surrounded them had little choice but to obey and worship them. Over time, with magic from the smaller civilization and brute force from the giantesses, great cities had been constructed which housed both micro people and macro women.

The grandest example of this was the capital, a place called Poshire. It had buildings that ranged from a simple, 15 foot stone house, to towering, thousands of feet tall skyscrapers made of decorated stone and gilded with gold, glimmering with magelight. It housed thousands upon thousands of people within it's parks, towers, and castles, macro and micro alike living amongst one another. Nary a day went by before an enormous, curved female stomped their way through the city, creating some kind of havoc for the tiny people down below.

It was an uneasy civilization, considering that any of the women could topple the great structures and stamp upon micro districts at any given moment, but, for the most part, everyone lived in relative peace. The giantesses ordered the tiny people around, and, in return, they gave them their protection, and their aid in the construction of their great cities. It wasn't ideal for either party, but somehow, there was coexistence, and something resembling peace.

One day, however, everything was to change. It began in the capital one early morning. The sun had just begun to rise, casting an orange glow over the vast, built-up city. With it came something not so peaceful, however. A rumbling. The sound of hooves creating craters outside of the city's tall walls. Something large was on its way, which wasn't unusual for Poshire. Giant shadows were cast across it's boundaries daily. But this shadow was new. Entirely new.

A male macro had never existed on record. But now, the micros atop the cities walls were witnessing one advancing toward them. A wide, black horse, at least eighty feet tall, and with a mane of white strode across the horizon, creating a vast shadow. With his height, he brought a matching girth, a belly that stretched out far and wide like a great, jiggly hill. It dangled downward a slight, swinging and bouncing with every careless step across the landscape that lead toward the capital city of Macromyndia. Underneath, not obscured from view by his swaying gut was his length, thick, eager, his testicles like round, fat cannonballs, clearly in need of a release.

The people did not know his name yet, but they would soon. It was Norm Horseman, the first male born with the ability to grow, and the future first male ruler of Macromyndia. Today would be the day where he earnt his coronation. But first, he needed to put some spoilt, unruly giantesses in their place. As he walked forward, he lifted his chunky hands up to his fat swollen chest, and cracked his knuckles, sending an intimidating ripple across his thick body.

His hooves kicked through the city's walls, crushing them into rubble and sending a few of his future subjects flying toward the ground. The

sleepy people were torn from their morning routines, forced to scatter and run for cover. On, he advanced, past the walls, past the miniscule moat that was not even the breadth of the front of his hoof. Then, over the market stalls that were close to the gates, crushed without thought underneath his hooves. With each step, he grew just a little bit bigger, perhaps by a fraction of a foot. But he needed to get bigger. Bigger than any giantess residing here, bigger than any who had come before him. Fortunately, he had a plan.

The careless destruction didn't matter, the micros would rebuild, they always did. Right now, Norm only cared about one thing. He was looking for the one thing that he needed to really grow, which was a hard, unadulterated fuck. With every stroke into a plump, fertile pussy, he would grow more and more, and he needed to be as big as he could if he were going to be able to rule.

As he strode through the city, crushing market stalls and small homes, he spotted the giantess that would be the first to feed his lust. Curled around the outside of one of the city's tallest tower - a two thousand foot, mirrored spire that glimmered with reflective magelight - was a female wolf, about the same size as Norm A fuzzy white thick coated creature who had, by the looks of things, gone to sleep on quite the large meal. Laid upon her back, eyes closed, her hand curled over her chubby, distended gut, she slumbered peacefully. Breasts, large enough to be a handful, even for the growing Norm, sat upon the top of her belly fatly, pink nipples prominent underneath her downy fur. Legs were spread, revealing a pink slit that was as chubby as the rest of her.

Norm thought that she would do nicely. He approached her quickly, both keen to satiate his lust, and keen to become larger, before any

of the other giantesses were alerted to his presence. She still slept as he towered over her, making it easy for the growing stallion to grasp her by the hips. As soon as his fingers settled against her soft fur, he felt her began to stir. Keenly, he pulled her hips upward, shifting his grip to his thighs so that he could pull her lower body upward, while her upper body remained upon the ground. Soon, the two of them were crotch to crotch - the flared tip of his immense, black horsecock pressed against her slit.

The wolf had been stirring when her legs had been moved, but as soon as their genitalia made contact, her yellow eyes snapped open, expecting to see another giantess invading her territory. But what she saw was not a giantess, no. It was a male giant, and a fine example of one. Ordinarily, the wolfess had too much pride to allow anyone to touch her sex in such a way, especially first thing in the morning, when she was still busily digesting a meal, but ...

"How the fuck did you get so big?" It was all that she could say. All that she could think. All she could focus on was his size. "You're male, you're not supposed to be big, you're ... holy shit, are you getting bigger?" Around her hips, she could feel his fingers swelling. Against her moistening entrance, she too, could feel his meat thickening, growing, enlarging, just like the rest of him.

Norm grinned. He had expected this. He let out a nicker of amusement, and then shook his head, moving her hands back to her hips. The wolfess was limp in his hands, stunned by his size. But soon, her body would have no choice but to react. "Don't spend too much time thinking about it, sweetheart," he murmured. "You've got bigger things to worry about."

Her hands tightened on her hips, proving his point. His tip began to press firmly and needily against her hole, thick cock straining against a hole that was quickly becoming too small for it. But Norm had all the strength of a stallion. With a loud grunt, he shoved his hips forward. Tip penetrated, then, with a forceful thrust downward, he rammed his enormous dick into her with enough ferocity that the chubby wolf's eyes crossed, her jaw unhinging to let out a mindless, ear-splitting howl into the air.

By now, all in the city, including the giant females, had all seen Norm. None moved to stop him. All were in awe. What they saw was not just a giant male horse, but a stallion, a stallion who was quite eagerly taking what he wanted from a wolf who was quickly becoming much smaller than he. From that one, simple thrust, Norm grew at least another twenty feet, making him more than a hundred feet tall, with an eighty foot canine wrapped sweetly around every inch of his gigantic, pulsing horsemeat.

Norm rolled his head back and let loose a loud groan, allowing his pleasure to feel the air. One thing was exceptional about growing like this, and that was that as he got bigger, the bitch beneath him just grew tighter and tighter. Right now, it felt as if her pussy were attempting to literally squeeze the cum from his balls. But the horse would not allow himself to finish so quickly. No, he was going to give this wolf the fucking of a life time, for all the macro and micro people to witness.

He readjusted his grip upon her hips, his hands now big enough to entirely wrap around her waist. They shifted to her thighs, grasping

them, spreading them more than they already were, the bulge of his prick bulging lewdly across her stomach from where it had been quite literally stuffed into her. Greedily, he began to rut, using his strong grip upon her legs to pull his strokes in and out of her. The sound of flesh slapping against flesh filled the city, the sound of a hole being stretched, the noise of her sloppy, chubby holes schlicks as it was forced to take on a cock many sizes bigger than it.

His hips worked back and forth, slowly at first, but quickly building themselves up into a frenzy. Her body rocked back and forth across the ground, her heavy weight, and his heavier, meaning that her torso raked indentations into the ground, smashing the ground around the tower into rubble, a crater that deepened with every heavy thrust into her painfully tight depths. Great floods of juices poured from her overstretched cunt, thick rivers of arousal that began to flood the ground beneath them, her womanly juices mixed with the horse's masculine precum.

And with every thrust, Norm only grew bigger. Every thrust caused her tunnel to shrink around him as the feet just kept on getting piled onto him. A hundred fifty feet. Two hundred. Three hundred. He was spurned by the sex, by the murmuring of the micros underneath him, by the panicked yelling of the macros in the city around him. All of them were talking of his tremendous size, his growing height and width, and whether it was praise or fear, all of it fed his ego.

"He's so big!"

"And he's just getting bigger, and bigger, and bigger!"

"How do we stop him? Can we stop him?"

"Whoo! Look at him go! He was big before, but now look at 'im! He's massive! Get bigger, beefy boy!"

But it was not only the city around him that spoke of his size. The bitch who he was rutting -who was now comparable to both an onahole and a condom - howled submissively into the air, repeating one word, over and over. Her mind was broken by the immense horsecock that was practically splitting her in two, forming the shape of her body, his cock making her look larger and fatter than she already was, she had no choice but to spit the same word out into the air.

"Bigger. Bigger. Bigger. Bigger!"

Norm, of course, had no choice to oblige. As he approached his final few thrusts, his entire horsely mitt was clenched around her body, pulling her fuzzy, defiled form across a length that was now several tens of feet bigger than she was. The black horse himself was at least five hundred feet tall, and growing more with each blink of the eye. As he forced himself into her, reaching his edge, his hooves raked across the ground, crushing castles that were bigger than he mere minutes ago under hoof. His tail blistered backward, smashing towers behind him. And his large, powerful gut pressed into the immense tower in front of him, making it shake upon it's foundations. Just like the rest of the city, it would soon fall to him.

Finally, the horse found the relief that he sought so much. His balls - now large enough to wreck any castle in the city - tightened within their leathery sack. Then, they unleashed their contents within the now tiny and utterly broken wolf. Underneath his hand, Norm could feel her belly bloat as she was forced to take that first rope of seed, enough now to fill a large pond. Instead, it filled her womb, bloating her beyond belief. A second glut of fertile seed followed, and a third, making her plumper, and plumper. Norm's hand around her ensured that he would feel every pump into her bloated body as it inflated, pumped full of his seed.

Soon, she could handle no more. Still spewing his load, Norm tugged her cum inflated body off the end of his cock, like he were unfurling a condom from it. With her hole gaping wide, she was dropped to the floor, her bloated belly releasing lashes of seed onto the ground. Broken, she howled into the air, her guts clenching as her wide belly emptied itself of his virile load.

The wolf was now as small as his hoof, and he ... he was almost as tall as the tower that she'd been sleeping against. Above her, he stood, his cock firing lakes of seed into the crater that their rutting had created, making a new, spermy moat around the tower, and forcing his recent mate to take a literal bath within his jizz. With a huff, and with his cock still pulsing, he laid his final claim upon the mage tower by striking it with his fist in his lust. As the tower cracked and crumbled and began to split into pieces, he ejected the final few squirts of his salty jizz onto the capital, staking his claim upon it.

The city, which had stood proudly until an hour ago, was now in ruin. The tower that had been designed specifically so that no macro may topple it had toppled, split in half by the stallion's mighty punch. The upper half of it lay upon the ground in cum-splattered rubble, witchlight dimmed by the sperm that laid atop it. Castles, buildings, and other towers had been torn apart by hoof, leg, arm, tail, or teste, a statement to his size, and to his power. The Kingdom of Macromyndia was resourceful enough to reconstruct the city, but they would do it underneath a new ruler.

With a huff, the horse lay his hand upon his hip, his cock swaying in the air, erect and in need of another release. Eyes, both micro and macro, looked at him. Some of the giantesses quivered behind shelter, while others had stood to face him properly, salivating at the sight of him.

His great hand reached outward, and grabbed onto what was left of the tower, using it as support. With a lazy grin on his face, his other hand lifted upward. His fingers crooked, beckoning his new subjects to come closer.

"Come and say hello to your new King."