

Surpassing Further

“Oh fuck, so good dude! So fucking Alpha! Fuck,” Mark moaned, his voice light and airy.

“Damn right,” Caleb growled lustfully as he rolled his massive hips forward, the smack of those hips echoing like crashing mountains. “You know how hot I get when you call me Alpha.”

“Oh, fuck, yeah,” Mark groaned, the massive bulge in his gut from his friend’s dick rolling forward into him made the wolf’s toe paws curl. “Fuck Caleb, you look so FUCKING good with all that muscle. Fuck, why did I waste all that time thinking I was better at being big than you.”

“That’s a good pup,” Caleb growled, the sabertooth a monstrous paragon of masculinity. He slowly pushed down his thumb on Mark’s throat, the massive digit larger than any regular man’s hand. “Now, tell me when I’ve reached the right amount of pressure.”

“I will...if you call me your beta bitch again,” Mark gave a wet swallow, his Adam’s apple wasn’t as large as it used to be, but it still rolled against that thumb, feeling every bump and groove along that pad.

“Yeah, you like it when I call you my bitch?” Caleb smirked, his voice deep and rumbling as his saber teeth gleamed like blades framing his muzzle.

“You know how I like it,” Mark folded his ears back, the pressure on his neck increasing slowly to gently choke him.

“Damn right I do,” Caleb purred, the sound like rolling thunder that shook the floor. “Don’t worry Mark, your my fucking bro, my suby little beta. You’re this alpha’s personal cum dump. You’re my go to guy and bottom bitch.”

“Shit dude,” Mark’s face practically glowed with his blush as those hips hit his ass again. “You’re hitting all the damn spots...”

“What can I say,” Caleb rumbled, his voice deep and imposing. “I fucking love making your toes curl almost as much as I like busting my nut.”

“Fuck, do you even need me to call you an Alpha?” Mark panted out. “You...fuck...you’ve got more machismo than I ever had. If anyone calls you anything less, they’re just fucking kidding themselves.”

“That’s because I’m more than the sum of your parts,” Caleb lifted one of his arms, accidentally smacking the popcorn ceiling and needing to lower it a bit before he flexed it, the bulging bicep defying the natural laws of biology and growing into thick peaks of muscle. Veins throbbed over it with that simple flex, even the smallest exertion of strength pumped up those already massive slabs of saber meat.

It had been a month since the events that swapped their lives. Caleb had become the beast he always wanted. A fucking monster of muscle, testosterone, and masculinity that had no parallel. Mark on the other hand found that being dominated, truly pinned down under all the muscle he had cultivated over his life, degraded and bread like some cheap whore was all he ever truly wanted. Sure, he sewed his wild oats when he was on top, but Caleb used his size so much better than he ever did. He remembered the first time he came back to the gym on campus.

Mark was completely ignored as everyone rushed to meet the twelve foot behemoth of a man that Caleb had become. He was taller than Mark ever was, larger, and more imposing. Biceps that crested his head when flexed, hands that could palm the next largest guy’s chest, pecs that would break the backs of lesser men if they tried to shoulder them, abs the size of literal cinderblocks packed

together to form an abdominal wall of concrete and thunderous obliques. His legs were so thick and wide that the sabertooth had to maintain a constant swagger to move, his foot paws crushed and cracked concrete, those massive feet had raptor talons as claws, and his soles could crush a torso and still have enough clearance to choke someone out between his toes. They had to find special shorts for the sabertooth to walk in public, the damned things looking like they were a hammock where they stuffed two beach balls and a traffic cone inside.

It wasn't until Caleb told everyone who Mark was that they recognized him. Caleb did a few good natured barbs about him being a beta bitch. It was common knowledge on how Caleb's spell worked so no one feared being drained as well, but that just showed off what kind of shameless slut Mark was. He was so enthralled with Caleb, so subdued by his masculinity, that all it would take was a simple flex of one striation and the wolf would be on his knees lapping at Caleb's toes. Though, people learned really quick that no one fucked with Mark.

The first time someone tried to push him around, Caleb showed them the type of beating he gives Mark every night. Suffice to say, that person didn't last long. Mark was concerned that their dynamic would change drastically, and it did, but only for the better.

They were still bros! Thickest of thieves who loved to make the other nut! Mark wouldn't say he was in love, but he loved Caleb, and Caleb loved his little bro wolf. The experience drew them together and made their relationship deeper and more complex. They still liked all the same shit, and Mark had quite a few tips on how to live as a big guy. Mark especially liked helping Caleb shower, but currently, their favorite nightly ritual was draining Caleb's nuts.

Caleb straddled the bed, his massive thighs on either side of the queen mattress, his massive nuts hanging off the end as he rolled his hips forward. Caleb's boulder ass cheeks would flex, the individual muscle groups smoothed out by his luscious fur could still be seen as they flexed and rolled

forward. The thick slosh of those heavy nuts as they gargled and churned with fresh saber seed. Mark was on his back, his hands gripping the bottom of the head board to help push back against Caleb's thrusts, Caleb's fingers gripped the top of that head board, gouging through the back and raking it with his powerful blade like claws as he purred, the sound like rolling thunder, with each thrust.

"Fuck Caleb, I mean my Alpha, I mean...fuck," Mark tried to hold back, but his six incher throbbed and spirted a pitiful streak of seed over his shallow abs, the bulge of Caleb's massive mushroom head causing the lines to distort and run over his stomach in bunching rivulets.

"Shit, did you just cum?" Caleb grinned. "You call yourself a dude when you're squirting on my cock like that? You never had any self-control, but fuck, you can't help but squeal like a bitch with my dick prying that bussy open." Caleb picked up the pace, his cock squelching deep inside his favorite cock sleeve.

"Fuck...fuck you man..." Mark panted, dog dick still hard as iron, so hard it was turning purple. "I can't...fuckin' help it. You're such a fucking...fuuuuuuck" Mark's cock throbbed, another thick spurt of cum smacking him in the face, Caleb's four foot mega cock milking that prostate and forcing it to shoot as he rolled his hips. "Such a fucking stud, such a fucking stud..."

"Yeah, get it all out, it's the last time for a hot minute," Caleb grinned darkly as he continued rolling his hips with masterful control, his abs grinding together with each calculated thrust.

"Fuck, what am I going to do...without that big ass alpha cock..." Mark moaned, his legs barely reaching either side of Caleb's waste, his heels bouncing on those massive ass cheeks.

"It's only temporary, my dude, my beta bitch dude," Caleb cooed gently before a cocky grin gleamed across those saber teeth. "Then I'll be even bigger," Caleb thrust hard, his cock bottoming out. "Stronger and more virile than ever before."

“Fuck yeah dude,” Mark growled. “Fuck yes...shit!” Mark’s cock throbbed, cum dribbling from it as he came again. “Dude, I don’t know if I can last. A whole fucking day without that dick?”

“Don’t worry pup,” Caleb lifted a claw and put it right in the space between Mark’s pecs. “It’ll just be for a bit, and we’ll make it work in our favor anyway. Besides, I promised those two dolts that I’d cut the size to make things fair.”

“But...do you have...mmmf! Have to give it *all* back?”

“Whatever I didn’t build myself,” Caleb smirked. “That was the deal.”

The triangle that started it all flashed into existence on Mark’s chest, the upside-down pyramid along with the right side up one on Caleb’s chest. The saber tooth’s was practically hidden in his massive cleavage and chest hair.

“Do you agree to our terms, beta pup?” Caleb asked, the spell no longer needing paper if the parties agreed once. The spell would always be there and could be reversed at any time.

“I...fuck...yes!” Mark wined reluctantly, clenching his ass around that dick as if not wanting to give up that premium sabertooth meat, loving how it stretched him, not wanting to let go of that overly full feeling tingling up his spine.

“Good boy,” Caleb purred, his finger tracing a circle around the triangle and causing it to flip, their symbols inverting so Mark’s was up and Caleb’s down.

The effects were almost immediate. Caleb felt the magic burn inside of his body, the very framework of his bulk shuddered as his cock became increasingly sensitive.

“Fuck, gunna bust!” Caleb thrust, his hips smacking the bed, the back board cracking the dry wall as he fucked like a mad man. “Fuck yes! It’s so intense! So much power, so much strength surging in my nuts! Fuck!”

“Fuck yea dude! Fucking bust! Bust inside me! Make me fucking spit up that shit! Bloat me! Make me a fucking cum balloon! A fucking cum bubble!” Mark felt that flag pole fucking him get harder, unwilling to bend as it bloated with pleasure before Caleb roared in his release. He slammed his hand against the wall, aiming specifically for the stud to prevent from breaking all the way through as he came.

Caleb’s claws raked the wall as his balls drew up and audibly churned before bouncing, lifting off the ground only to smack back down. His cum pipe bloated before his thick head swelled and started spitting his kittens deep inside that wolf’s guts!

“FUCKING TAKE IT!” Caleb roared, his voice slightly higher already. “FUCKING TAKE IT ALL BACK YOU FUCKING BETA BITCH!”

That first shot visibly jostled Mark’s gut, it sloshed with that powerful jet and was quickly rounded out by that powerful stream as his belly bulged. Mark’s cock throbbed and shot blanks as he was filled. Mark was in a pleased haze, his body surging with energy. He lifted his hands and rubbed them over his bloated belly as it continued to expand, swell, jostle and shunt out larger and larger with each heavy load of cum. He brushed over it, loud gurgling and sloshing, squelching as his belly was stretched with each shot. Mark moaned as he went from a baby bump to full term, to bursting with twins. The first time he took Caleb’s mega load, he was spurting cum from his mouth and nose, but after a month of heavy fucking, he could take a little more, but he loved knowing he was the beta of an alpha with so much virility that he could overflow him with a single nut.

Mark's moan was suddenly cut off as Caleb thrust again, his nuts churning out another shot and causing the wolf's throat to bulge. Mark closed his mouth just in time to have the next wad of cum smack the back of his teeth as he tried to hold it in. All that musky, salty, sabertooth tiger essence marking his every taste bud with the bitter tang of virile man. But the next powerful jet proved to be too much. Cum shot out of his nose in streams before he opened his mouth, a thick slosh of cum wetly shooting out his muzzle and oozing out like a broken fountain.

Caleb's orgasm was subsiding, his body already feeling his strength leaving him. His muscles deflated, his striations smoothed out as his pleasure ebbed. He had lost a foot and Mark's veins were already throbbing with power, his muscles bulking up as he inched taller, his eyes rolling back into his skull as he gargled on that cum as new vigor rolled into him.

Mark coughed and gargled as he caught his breath, his lungs getting larger, his pecs pushing out further, the baby belly becoming less pronounced as his abs fought to push it into his larger gullet. He simply huffed and patted his belly as he continued to swell with size.

"I forgot how long it took you to drain me of all that size before," Mark burped, a large cum bubble coming out of his muzzle as he huffed. "Fuck I'm full."

"Still have a long way to go," Caleb chuckled. "But you feeling up to ridding me now? My legs feel weak for the first time all month."

"Shit, I really took that much from you already? Sure!" Mark gave a little groan as he tried to move, but the weight of the cum belly above him had him pinned. "I...um...need a little help."

"I got you dude," Caleb scooped up Mark and spun them around, his back slamming onto the mattress and shattering the frame. "Shit, sorry dude."

“Don’t sweat it brah!” Mark was already feeling some of his dominance return to him, but all he wanted to do was be a power bottom for that sabertooth dick! “You have any idea how many of my own bedframes I’ve shattered over the years? It happens.” Mark started to bounce, his belly sloshing with that thick cum and his belly button popped with its volume.

The rest of their night was spent fucking, draining their size over to Mark to get ready for the big event. The team captains of the rival college football team were coming over, and Caleb had big plans for the douchebag duo.

Very, very, *BIG* plans...

The party was a rager!

Players from both rival schools called a truce for the night and converged on the most drug filled, pussy popping, ball busting, music screeching party of the year. The kegs flowed like a broken water main and not a single countertop or card table was spared with the amount of plastic liters of booze, red solo cups, bowls of snacks and condoms there were. A duo of taco trucks were parked out front to feed the drunk and horny collegiate throngs to keep them fueled for the party inside. The lights strung up around the house showed every dent, flaw, and crack from party’s past that would never be repaired in order to keep that tapestry of their history on blatant display. Chipped and faded paint from the frat house’s siding was only accented by the golden lights that were strung up amongst its rafters.

From the front porch where dudes were getting it on and the lightweights were puking their guts out, to the back yard where the pool and dance floor were covered with more spillage, booze and sexual alike, the place was going off.

Caleb was up front, his six foot two frame leaning on one of the railings with red solo cup in hand. He wore a backwards cap with the frat's logo scrawled across it, his tank was too short and rode up his massive pecs and showed off his powerful abdominals, his belly button exposed. His cutoff jean shorts showed off his powerful legs, his long tail flicking in anticipation behind him as he shifted his weight to and from his size twelve flip flops, his foot paws flexing against them. He took a swig of beer, ignoring the shit flavor for the buzz it promised as his blue eyes scanned the arrivals.

Caleb was wearing his old clothes, but even now at his diminished size they were just too tight. He was basically back to his old self, but after having a month of that much size and growth potential, he gained a couple inches and a few pounds of muscle on him that just refused to shift over to Mark. He had earned that size through work outs and the potential growth that Mark had so willingly given him. Caleb looked at his hands, flexing them and feeling a sour frustration in his gut at the fact they didn't look too large for his body anymore. A clear sign that his current form was done growing. He simply huffed and looked up.

"Not even close to done," Caleb growled lustfully. Then his eyes landed on his prize, or prizes. Caleb's sabers gleamed in the lights and cheap tiki-torches as he eyed the two star jocks walking up the dirt path.

Bryce, a black bull with massive horns, swaggered his way in with his friend and partner in crime, Jake, a chocolate race horse with legs for days. Bryce's chest was clad in a simple cut-off tank, his monstrous chest pushing it out as the thin straps fluttered around exposing his dark nips, the bottom of that flowing fabric brushing up against his abs every once in a while to show off their definition. His lats spread out like winks from that cut off, forcing his arms to stay at an angle with how bulky they were, his neck was almost twice as thick as his head, but that square jaw and those cords of muscle kept his head held high with the confidence of a man who knew he could beat his way out of any problem.

Bryce was eye to eye with Caleb, making them both six two, but the bull's horns gave him a few extra imposing inches. Though, Jake was a beast on his own. He must have had Clydesdale blood in him. The stallion was six eight, his mane a sun bleached beauty that flowed down his head. Next to Bryce the stallion's neck and upper body looked average, but that's because of the vast disparity between the two bulky jocks. Jake's tank clad chest and free flexing arms could put anyone to shame, second only to his buddy Bryce's physique, but the stallion's pride emanated from further below. The stud wore athletic shorts that looked painted on. The racehorse's legs were thick, forcing him to almost waddle with his swagger from their powerful size. But that waddle wasn't just from the lack of space between his legs. Jake was clearly free-balling, his legendary horse cock barely contained in those shorts.

"So, the kitten actually shed his stolen mass like he said he would," Bryce came up to the sabertooth, the bull needing to look up, the tiger being on higher ground. "You really are just lookin' to get your ass beat." The bull punched his fist into his palm, the calloused fingers from his lifting making solid smacks as he cracked them.

"It was the only way I could get you chickens to come squawking your way in here," Caleb shrugged. "You fucking pussies couldn't stand the fact that I made your knees quake and kicked you a few dozen notches up on the Kinsey scale. Not used to being on bottom?"

"We'll show you who's on fucking bottom tonight!" Bryce huffed but Jake put a hand on his buddy's shoulder.

"Calm down dude, he's just baiting you," Jake huffed and flipped his mane. "Dude's got no class."

"Class?" Caleb cocked his brow. "Do you go commando to every party, mister classy?"

“Wa-Fuck you,” Jake stomped his hoof. “You think you’re so fucking tough because you got your magic and shit. Well, we got the brawn that’ll take you out.”

“Funny,” Caleb shook his head. “Your terms were very clear. I needed to drop my bulk before you’d come. So, you pussies only show up to fights you know you can win, huh?”

“You saying you’re scared now?” Bryce crossed his arms and gave a cocky grin.

“I’m saying that I’m being as accommodating as I can so you weeping pussies aren’t so scared shitless you don’t even show.”

“Where is all that mass anyway?” Jake leaned forward, his dark eyes squinting. “You’re not hiding it under some magic, are you? Where’s it all at?”

“Already simping for my size before you can see it?” Caleb shook his head, downed the rest of his beer, then tossed the empty cup at the two. “Come on. I’ll show you exactly where it is.”

Caleb waived them forward, but didn’t look back to see if they were following. He didn’t need to. The tremors of their footfalls were enough to tell him they were coming along. Fuck, he missed how his body shook the fucking rafters of this house. Given, Mark and him need an apartment off campus to survive with their augmented size, but the frat was more than happy to host the event for tonight.

All Caleb could think about was how the house rattled when the two walked in tandem, how all that weight and size was such a force when compounded together. Caleb had to bite his lip to keep his dick from springing forward. Having a soft cock was a strange experience for the tiger now that he didn’t have his hyper virility. All that size and strength, funneled into one body, his body, coursing with unbridled power, it was hard to contain himself.

He would have it all.

They passed through the kitchen where they all snagged another drink, the duo of douches hitting on some girls and snagging some jello shots before following Caleb out back. Once they hit the packed dirt of the back yard it was obvious where all that size went.

There, in the pool, was Mark. The old Mark. The wolf was restored to his bulking, goofy self. The massive wolf stood in the deep end of the pool, his massive legs leaning into the pool, his four paws inclined as he reached the drop off of the pool, his hands resting along the far end of the pool as though he were lounging on a couch with a short backrest. His massive body was as large as all three of the other's combined, and then some. His cock was on full display, his swim trunks in a wet heap next to the pool as several guys and girls hung on his obliques like climbers on a cliff and straddled his periscoping dong.

"My beta will be holding onto my size for now, he needs a break from riding my cock anyway. Besides, some of the people here miss being knotted by the stud." Caleb presented Mark like he was some sort of prized pet ready for show. The two other guys stood there, jaws hanging as they saw the state champ with his body on full display. No one dared question Mark's nudity, his three foot dog cock pointing up towards his massive shelf of pecs. A duo of chicks on one of his biceps were squealing as he flexed for them. Two dudes clinging to his sides had their foot paws working over and messaging his nuts. The reek of chlorine was being tainted by Mark's musk, the pre dribbling from his cock getting sucked up into the jets and marking everyone with his virility. It was almost comical when Mark spotted Caleb, his cock grew darker as it flexed, thick shots of pre smacked the underside of his pecs and ran down his brick like abs and into the frothing bubbles below.

"Sup bitches," Mark rumbled. "The Alpha bro giving you the tour? Dude's been waiting to get a hold of you two for a while. I thought you guys were bigger." Mark's eyes were hungry, almost predatory as he licked his chops. "You're lucky I'm not competing tonight, or I'd fuck you into the dirt for

him." His voice was thunder, his threat like a warning from on high. The two almost shit themselves, and Caleb simply smiled and gave the big wolf a wink before kissing the air. Mark hid it well, but he blushed, his asshole clenching under the water as Caleb held supreme authority over the wolf even at his diminished size. Mark had to suppress a whorish wine, his massive foot paws flexing before he reeled himself in and put on his dominant act again.

"You little guys have fun with your pissing contest." Mark waived them off with just his fingers, his arms occupied. "I'm going to show these amateurs what a real party beast can do!" Mark let out a howl that was almost like a sub-woofer, everyone in the party stopped to shout and scream with him, some of the dudes joining in with the howl.

Once the crowd died down, Caleb clasped his hands together. "Okay, broskis, we ready for this?"

"Shit, right now?" Bryce asked, his confident mask cracked after seeing Mark. Even the big bull wasn't immune to the Alpha's call with all that size. "I mean, is that the best, shouldn't we take a moment to mingle or whatever?"

"Dude, nut up," Jake slapped the bull's shoulder. "He's just trying to rattle us. Besides, no one can beat us at our challenges we submitted."

"Shut up dude," Bryce elbowed the stallion. "I just wanted to enjoy the party for a bit before I destroy their star player."

"Sure," Caleb chuckled. "Let's get this shit started. Who wants to go first?"

"How about we do Jake's challenge first," Bryce crossed his arms, his drink held in one hand by the rim of his solo cup. "You go first too. Show us how it's done magi-cat."

“Aren’t you forgetting something,” Caleb pulled out a slip of paper that was folded in his pocket.

“The wager?”

“You think we’re going to miss out on snagging your size?” Jake smiled. “What do we have to do?”

“Simply say you agree to the terms of our deal as written on this paper,” Caleb offered the paper for them to read. Bryce snatched it out of Caleb’s hand and read it over.

“Looks good to me,” Bryce huffed before Jake snatched it from his hands.

“I’m the business major, let me do the contract shit,” Jake scanned the page over and confirmed there weren’t any tricks or holes that could be exploited. At least none that he could see.

“You even agreed to lock yourself out of using magic during the competition, apart from what’s already been cast to keep the initial wager going. You even added a provision to wager other people’s size?”

“It’s a proxy provision,” Caleb shrugged. “If you lose everything in one match you can pull from your partner for size. Kind of like getting someone to spot you.”

“So what does that mean? That you can take back your ridiculous size if you want to?” Jace scowled.

“No,” Caleb waived a hand to dismiss the thought. “What if your partner loses all their size? They would just be dead weight, little as they may be. So, you can name a proxy to wager their size on your behalf. Of course, Max is excluded from providing size as a proxy. I figured you pussies wouldn’t agree without that as a provision. Also, you can only gain the size needed to match your opponent, not exceed, and only from one patron at a time. Keeps things fair huh?”

Jake glowered at the text, analyzing it up and down and trying to find any loophole the sabertooth could take advantage of.

"I agree to it," Jake finally felt satisfied and Bryce said the same quickly after.

"Good boys," Caleb smirked and snapped his fingers, the paper burning up in a flash of blue flame. Glowing bands of blue light shot out from the flames and latched onto all three of their wrists. "There we go. Now, none of us can pussy out now. We're stuck here until all three challenges are completed."

"Then what the hell are we waiting for," Bryce knocked back his drink, his thick throat bulging with each powerful gulp. "Fuck, let's fucking do this! Gunna be the easiest gains I made all year."

"Fuck yeah," Jake huffed. "And when we take you out, the rest of your team won't be able to stand up next to ours."

"Sure," Caleb smirked. "Quit your talking and get to the keg."

A fresh keg was rolled out from a rack for the challenge, the nozzle clear so everyone could see the amber fluid flowing so one couldn't just pretend to be drinking. Simple rules for the first challenge. The person who could last longest gets to take a portion of size for every second past the loser's time, and you must keep doing pushups while doing the stand. If you stop drinking or stop pushing then you're done.

It was a two on one challenge. Caleb would take size from the two of them for every second over their time and the other two would take size from the tiger for every second over his time. It was straight forward.

And if Caleb played this right, he would have the two right where he wanted them.

Two guys came up to help spot while a third was ready to keep the pump going. Caleb stepped up and he gripped the handles of the keg and got ready.

“We ready to start?” Caleb asked.

“Quit stallin’! Get on with it!” Bryce huffed.

Caleb took a deep breath and pushed himself up, the two spotters helping steady the sabertooth’s body, but their fingers were just grazing him with his expert strength and control. The pumper put the nozzle in his mouth and started.

“One...two...three...” The crowd started counting the seconds as the amber liquid started flowing. Caleb had practiced this a bit, but not much. The crux of his plan was to fail, and miserably. So, he continued to do hand stand pushups, his shoulders screaming as he drank down that beer like a fish in water.

“Eight...nine...TEN!” It was time. He had to make it look like an accident. He forced himself to breathe in through a gulp and the reaction was instantaneous. Foam shot out of his nose as he coughed the spout out, falling over and his spotters catching him as he tumbled down. The guys caught him just before his face would have smacked the keg and gently got him up. He was coughing, hacking and spitting out the beer.

“Shit, fuck...do over,” Caleb shouted.

“Oh fuck no,” Jake smirked. “One shot is all you got. Not our fault you can’t hold your beer.”

“Dude,” Caleb snarled, and coughed before swiping away foam from his muzzle. “It was a dumb mistake.”

“Yeah, one that’s going to cost you fucking everything,” Bryce chuckled. “You’re about to get wrecked, fucktard.”

The party seemed to dim, the mood being dampened by the unsportsmanlike conduct. Caleb couldn’t have asked for a better reaction from the two. He had to hold himself back from laughing.

“For real?” Caleb’s voice broke, he couldn’t have asked for a more perfect time to seem helpless.

“Dude, get out of our way,” Bryce pushed the tiger and his spotters to the side as he got ready. He stood himself up, his bulging shoulders flexing while Jake spotted him. Caleb looked on with a face full of fake worry as the nozzle was put into the bull’s muzzle. The crowd watched as the bull started doing his pushups, his muscles flexing as he drank down the beer. It was almost agonizingly slow until he reached fifteen seconds.

“Sixteen...”

Caleb gave a gasp as the loss hit him like a ton of brigs. He could feel his magic in his own veins pulsing out of him and curling into the bull. His muscles insane definition smoothed out and the bull’s pump from his pushups deepened, swelled.

“Eighteen...nineteen...twenty!”

Caleb felt weak, a look of pain on his muzzle as he gulped air, his body feeling lighter by the second, his muscles smoothing out as Bryce’s body seemed to get more defined with each passing second. His muscles bulged, his biceps flexing and pressing firmly against his head as his legs extended, his shirt caught on his traps started to push up as his muscles flexed out of it.

“Twenty-five...twenty-six...twenty-seven!”

Each second was another slab of power shunting onto the bull. His muscles twitching as his feet inched higher with each push up, his chest flexing, his neck widening, his hands growing thicker and gripping the metal so hard it could be heard bending. Caleb felt the world start to grow around him as he slipped down, his ears folding back as he slipped lower and lower.

“Twenty-eight...twenty-nine...thirty!”

Bryce kicked himself down, bending over the keg as the stallion steadied him. Caleb was still a jock, but much shorter than before. His clothes hung onto him and looked baggy. He could be considered big, but it was hard when the bull before him was heaving. Bryce’s back flexed, his shoulders shunting with size as his body feasted on his win. The bull stood up and up and UP. The bull pulled both his arms into a double bicep pose as he let out a roar, his shirt riding up to expose the small of his back.

That’s when Caleb noticed Bryce was a hair taller than Jake, the bull was a massive slab of meat. He turned, his laces popping and the fronts of his sneakers bursting open with his augmented feet. Veins ran over him, pulsing size and power through his form.

“That’s how a real man fucking stands a keg, you little shrimp,” Bryce smirked, doing a most muscular pose and shouting in Caleb’s direction, his shorts straining to contain his thick boner as it pulsed and tented. Each muscle popped, writhing until it all shunted into place as he milked one last little growth spurt out of his win.

“Fuck...” Caleb felt a twinge of fear in his gut, but his cock pulsed as he looked at all that size on Bryce. He had grown more than half a foot, his body was already bursting with size and muscle, but fuck if he wasn’t just a beast now!

“Get ready you little puff faggot,” Jake smirked. “This is my challenge for a reason. If you think doubling your pitiful little fifteen seconds took a lot, let’s see what compounding that into a full minute will do.”

“Wait...” Caleb put a hand up, but Bryce stood in front of him, puffing his chest out and knocking the tiger back. Caleb was able to secure his footing just in time.

“Another step and I’ll fucking break your arm, shrimp,” Bryce huffed through his nose. Caleb looked up, the giant before him had pecs that pushed out like shelves, his chest and shoulders forcing that cut-off shirt up and into more of a flimsy crop top that fluttered around to show his solid abdominal wall. “Don’t move either. Stand right there. I want you to keep an eye on my abs as you shrink down.”

Caleb took a gulp, hoping to convince him he was worried. The horse got up on the keg and took the nozzle in his muzzle. Caleb didn’t even watch, he could hardly hear the seconds ticking away as he waited for them to reach sixteen.

It didn’t take long.

Caleb flinched, his body feeling the magic course through and then out of him. He was eye level with those pecs, but with each heart wrenching second he watched as those pecs rose higher and higher, but something caught his eye. With each second he could see Jake’s hoofs rise higher and higher behind Bryce’s horns. Those powerful calves shunted with size, crossing in the air as he effortlessly shifted. The sound of bending metal filled the air as Jake kept going, his thighs coming into view, the teardrops shuddering, rippling with their striations as they grew thicker and more powerful, but then the main event came. The legendary horse cock between Jake’s legs was clearly visible and pulsing larger. The flared head was already poking out of his shorts, a tear forming up the hem and causing the elastic around them to pop.

More and more of that beast was coming into view, until Caleb noticed he was shorter than the bull's first row of abs. Caleb tried to get around Bryce, but the bull stopped him by gripping the back of his shirt and lifting him effortlessly to see his demise in front of him. Bryce presented the shrinking kitten to Jake, basically holding the emasculated cat before Bryce as he continued to suck more size from him.

The image was almost shattering for Caleb. Every fiber of his being wanted to cheer on the stallion before him, the massive horse's muzzle was almost twice the size it was before. Thicker and stronger, his massive hands having to remove fingers from the grip on the keg to fit, the metal groaning as he continued to grow, his powerful shoulders constantly rippling with more size, his biceps huge and imposing, split like two footballs put next to one another.

"Fifty-eight...fifty-nine...SIXTY!" The horse stopped and kicked himself down. His hooves smacking the dirt with a powerful double thud. The stallion was a real Clydesdale now, his mane long and flowing with summery sun bleached highlights, tags having formed on his wrists and ankles only to accentuate his gargantuan size. Caleb was tossed to the ground before Jake.

"Fucking pathetic. You couldn't even last one round," Jake barked, his voice deeper than Bryce's, his new powerful neck so thick the little kitten wouldn't be able to wrap his arms around it. "You call yourself a man? You're basically a fucking rug rat now."

"Yeah, bitch," Bryce chuckled. "What would be the point of continuing this little challenge of yours? We'd break your arm in the next challenge."

"Fuck, we'd crush your dainty little fingers. I ain't here to fuck with no toddlers," Jake cracked at the little kitten.

“It was a stupid gamble,” Caleb spoke, his voice light and prepubescent, a slight lisp from his fangs coming through. He got up and realized he was at cock level with the now seven foot ten stallion. That cock head was pulsing down his leg, the head leaking pre down his shin with the virility compounding inside him. “Come on, let’s just call it here.”

“I mean, what else do you have to give,” Bryce shrugged.

“Wait a minute,” Jake paused, the word ‘gamble’ triggering something in his mind. “Let’s not end this just yet.”

“W-what do you mean?” Caleb tried to stumble backwards. “I...I have nothing left to give.”

“What do you do when you run out of chips half way through the game, Bryce my man?” Jake slapped the bulls back, the sound like a fire cracker going off, the bull didn’t even flinch.

“You find a sponsor to pay for you.” Bryce grinned as they realized they could burry this little kitten further. “Yeah, said so on your stupid little paper that we could find sponsors for ourselves if we lost some size, so you can too.”

“I mean...we could just cut our losses...” Caleb felt a tingle of submission, but he fought through it.

“Nah, we’re going to kick your ass up and down these next two challenges, and we’re going to suck your whole fucking team dry.”

“No backing out, right?” The bull lifted his arm, the thick forearm covered in hair as the blue band around his wrist glowed with power.

“Yeah, no backing out,” Jake huffed. “See you inside for the next challenge.”

“Yeah, choose the next sorry ass that has to lose his size and we’ll drain them dry too.” The two chuckled off into the house, having to stoop down and break the frame to really get inside the frat.

Caleb watched them go, his clothes almost falling off him, but his friends brought him a robe. He quickly synched it on and looked over at Mark. The wolf had a look of pity on his face, but Caleb smirked, his saber teeth reduced to nothing but little nubs on either side of his muzzle. He put a finger on his chest and traced a circle, the triangle on his flat chest turning from down to up. Mark gave a little nod.

“Who wants to ride this fucking dick!?” Mark shouted. Half the crowd forgot what a massive defeat their star player had just taken and ran to Mark. Caleb could already feel a trickle of energy roll through him as throngs of people started working over Mark’s shaft.

Caleb simply smirked and walked towards the house, his bones already cracking, his muscles flexing as his fangs grew back into place, Mark having barely lost any size as the throngs of people set to worshipping their old Alpha, unwittingly helping their current one in the challenges to come.

“Come on!” Bryce shouted. “Where the fuck is that little shit and his fucking proxy!”

“Yeah,” Jake shouted, downing his red solo cup and motioning for someone to fill it back up, the two already heralding themselves the victors of this little challenge. “These bitches are looking to get slammed by some stallion dick and I can’t fuck anyone else until we’re done destroying your fairy ass, so let’s get this show on the fucking road!”

“I knew it would take a while for the kitten to walk all the way over here with his iddy biddy legs, but come on!” Bryce downed another beer, his grin wide and intimidating as girls and guys hung on their arms, catering them drinks as they gloated and balked at how easy it was to subdue Caleb.

Then the building shook.

“Fucking hell, is Mark coming in? Will he even fit in the fucking door?” Jake asked.

“Seriously dude, stay outside. You got enough booze and hole to keep you company.”

There was no response except another frat rumbling step. The rafters shook and dust fell from the popcorn ceiling. Another resounding thud and they could see it. The massive foot paw of a tiger. Caleb had to crouch, and still his head was scraping the roof as he came into the room with his glowing sapphire eyes.

Both Bryce and Jake paused, their mouths agape, their drinks clattering to the floor as they looked up at the massive beast of a man. Caleb had to be easily as large as the two put together, his massive delts lashing onto his neck, his cannonball shoulders rippling with the slightest effort as his biceps and lats met and forced his arms to rest at an angle. His thundercloud obliques rolled into his powerful cobblestone abbs, all supporting a duo of pecs that ballooned out as massive pillows before him. His thighs were freakishly thick, teardrops crossing over one another and flexing as he was forced to permanently squat while walking into the frat.

All that was wrapped up in a surprisingly loose singlet. The fabric sagging in odd places, tied up in others to keep it on his form. He was a beast, but he didn't quite fill Mark's old wrestling uniform just yet.

“What the fuck!” Bryce huffed. “I thought you couldn't get bigger than the two of us!”

“You fucking idiots,” Caleb chuckled. “I'm not bigger than you, well, the two of you put together.” He grinned darkly.

“What the hell,” Jake stood, his head smacking the ceiling, but he didn’t flinch as he stared into those predatory eyes of that sabertooth. “You took from multiple people then. There’s no way you took all that mass from just one guy unless it was Mark!”

“You’re right,” Caleb sat down, the frat shaking as those sculpted glutes hit the floor. “I took it from Mark.”

“Then you cheated!” Jake snarled. “Our fucking contract should be null and void.” The stallion tried to grip the glowing blue band on his wrist and yank it off, but he recoiled and hissed as he burned his fingers.

“I didn’t cheat, you read the rules and agreed to them.” Caleb glared at the two. “I didn’t take the size from Mark as a proxy. I took it from him using a different spell.”

“But you couldn’t use magic!” The bull huffed. “It was part of the agreement!”

“Sure, I was barred from using new magic during the challenges, but not from using spells that were already in play. Otherwise the agreement wouldn’t be able to work in the first place. Just because it didn’t dispel any existing magic doesn’t mean I’m casting new ones.”

“You fucking cowardly, dickless little shit!” Jake snarled. “You tricked us!”

“HOW DARE YOU!” Caleb roared, the two instantly backing down. “You’re calling me a coward? You haven’t been able to show your spineless faces in my presence until I shed my size. I offered multiple ways for us to settle our differences amicably, but you just wanted a way to get on top. You two have been busting in holes just thinking about getting a taste of this size. I knew you would jump at the chance to become top dog. You sniveling little bitches always try and take the easy way out.”

Caleb slammed his elbow down on the coffee table that was made of a solid stump of an old oak, the thing sturdy and strong.

“Now, time for the next challenge. Arm wrestling. Get your ass over here Jake,” Caleb licked his chops as their wrist bands glowed brightly.

Jake practically screamed, digging in his heels as the ring on his wrist forced him forward to the coffee table, his knees buckling under the force of the spell as his elbow slammed down onto the table. Caleb licked his fangs, as he pressed his forehead against the stallion, the Clydesdale’s shivering as his eyes went wide and was forced to be face to face with the beast of his demise.

Caleb’s clawed hand gripped Jake’s HARD, the stallion giving a little cry as the bones in his hand grinded together. The tiger let up and gave the Stallion a little smirk.

“Sorry, don’t know my own strength,” Caleb chuckled. “You wine like a little bitch. Your tinny little bitch fingers can’t even fully grip my palm, can they.”

“Fuck you,” Jake spat back at him.

“That all you got *tough guy*?” Caleb laid the sarcasm on thick with *tough guy*. “Or are you going to wine about how unfair it is again?”

“Caleb, you bastard—”

“Start,” the tiger said and the bands glowed as the next challenge began. “How much of your size are you wagering?”

“What are you talking about?” Jake scowled.

“You don’t even remember your boy’s challenge? Arm-wrestling? You bet an amount of size to wager, minimum half.”

“Fuck, half then,” Jake shot back.

Caleb gripped the stallion’s hand and pushed slightly against it and stopped to give him a chance to react. The stallion’s eyes went wide as he gripped that hand as hard as he could and pushed.

“Shit, are you even trying?” The sabertooth chuckled. “I mean, I feel you, but seriously, is that all you got?”

“Fffffuck you!” The stallion huffed, his bicep flexing, veins coursing blood into those muscles to encourage them onward.

“Oh? You want to fuck me?” Caleb smirked as he gripped that hand harder, slowly with every passing second until he saw the wince of pain on Jake’s face and slowly started to push the hand down. “Who’s the faggot now? Bet you’re hard as shit just thinking about my dick breaking that prostate in.”

“Fuck! Fuck, fuck, fuck!” Jake shouted as his arm strained to maintain some sort of ground as Caleb pushed further and further, steadily lower and lower until Caleb stopped. “Why!”

“To prolong your suffering, and I like the whimpering sounds you make when you’re struggling. Just like Mark when I’m balls deep.”

“No,” Jake huffed, sweat glistening on his brow as he tried to maintain his current angle. “Why lose at the beginning... what was the point...”

“Well,” Caleb started to bring Jake’s hand down, applying more and more pressure as his own bicep started to gorge itself, the thick veins on his arms pulsing as he applied more and more effort

against Jake's. "I couldn't pull a proxy or size without losing it all first, and also, if you both had all my size, I could take the size of three men instead of just two."

"That's why you're so fucking keen on two on one!" Bryce put it together.

"Got that right, dumb ass," Caleb smirked and forced Jake's hand down onto the table with a powerful push, the stallion screaming in pain as his knuckles smacked the table. "I was sure you'd come running if you thought you could double team me, but I'm-umf-more man than either of you-uhh fuck-can handle."

Caleb gave a low groan as he felt his winnings come his way, the power surging through their hands, the sabertooth's fingers growing thicker, wider, his claws more vicious as energy coursed up his veins and into his body.

"That means that we can get a proxy now too!" Bryce shouted.

"Ha, good luck," Caleb smirked lifting his hand off the table, the stallion below taking his hand back and cradling it as the sabertooth's winnings were stripped from the stallion. Jake shrank down, his hand and knee tags shortening and his dick reeling back up into his overstretched pants. Caleb on the other hand was starting to fill out that singlet, though it was still pretty loose in the crotch, Mark having stretched it out to an obscene degree over the years. "The arm wrestling challenge only takes a percentage of your size. So even if you could find someone to spot you, you can't until you lose everything."

"Fuck you, you piece of shit," Bryce huffed, stomping his hoof and getting ready to charge, his horns lowering to gore the sabertooth through.

"I wouldn't try that if—"

Bryce simply yelled and charged forward, his horns aimed right at Caleb. Just before his horns were to hit the sabertooth though a blue spark shot from his bracelet and he was thrown down to his knees, his legs coming down on Jake and pinning him to the floor as his arm was forced onto the table.

“Fuck, you’re a dumb ass. You really don’t know how a challenge spell works,” Caleb’s voice grew deeper, his muzzle cracking into a more square shape as muscles lashed his jaw bone to his collar, his pecs shunting out forward as they gorged themselves with the size they were still feasting from Jake. “You can’t break the rules of the challenge while it’s going. I could disqualify you right here and now, but that would be a mercy.”

Caleb rested his elbow on the table, his massive mitt of a paw almost completely swallowing Bryce’s hand.

“Anti-up you dickless prick,” Caleb spat the bulls insult back at him. “After this challenge, that might be true.”

“You may have been able to beat Jake easy enough,” Bryce huffed. “But my muscles ain’t for show.”

Bryce, though significantly smaller than the sabertooth, still gripped that hand and caused the tiger to wince a bit as a pinch of pain shot through his palm. Fuck, was Bryce a real threat?

“Half! Now let’s go!” Bryce huffed and pushed with all his might to try and get a win over Caleb through shock alone. It almost worked as Caleb’s hand started swinging back, but he caught it before the bull could force it all the way.

“Shit! You almost had me there,” Caleb grunted as he gripped the bull’s hand harder, squeezing tighter until he started to push back. It was shaky at first, the lack of muscles he could use at that angle

making it difficult until he reeled back a few inches in his favor. Slowly he pushed it back to an upright position.

“Come on, you can do better than that,” Caleb huffed, a bead of sweat rolling down his brow as he started to push Bryce’s hand the other way. “My grandpa pushes harder while taking a shit! Come on,” Caleb growled as Bryce’s hand started to steadily roll back.

“Fuck! No!” Bryce huffed before putting all his strength into his arm, the bicep bulging, the muscles screaming, the tendons and veins popping as he grit his teeth and pushed with everything he had. Normally he would take his elbow off the table and cheat, but the spell kept it glued to the oak.

“Oh? The kid gloves coming off?” Caleb smirked. “I think I’m finally feeling some resistance.” The sabertooth gripped that hand HARD, the bull screaming out in pain, but Caleb didn’t pin him. He gave the bull a moment to collect himself, push again, but he cried out in pain, his muscle cramping. “Fuck, you’re so pathetic.”

Caleb slammed Bryce’s hand onto the table, the wood rattling against the floor as he claimed his victory.

“Thought you had me there didn’t you?” Caleb chuckled as he felt the spell take root. “Aww yeah, give it all back to me and then some.”

Caleb growled lustfully as his body soaked up his winnings, the bull’s clothes had been pushed to near bursting now started to hang loosely on him, the crazy definition and striations fading as the muscles on Caleb’s body writhed and flexed, chewing and grinding that stolen mass into raw power. Caleb’s shoulders pressed firmly against the ceiling before flexing and creating a gorgeous rippling landscape into the plaster as his back muscles grinded together, flexing and creaking like stones as the cliff face formed on his back. The singlet pulled tight over his body, his dick sloshing forward, each nut

shunting and then filling out the prestigiously stretched singlet. The weight of that package pulled down that singlet, forcing the straps to dig into those rolling delts before being pressed further forward by the sabertooth's cleavage. His arms, those thick biceps of raw strength could flex and be only a breath away from being kissed by the massive tiger, and yet he still continued to inch up.

Caleb's hands lashed out, grabbing the two jocks by their shirts. They were just below their starting sizes from before and shivering like leaves, their muscles and bodies still prestigious and powerful, but simply overshadowed compared to the tower of virility that now held them.

"Now," Caleb's voice rumbled like thunder. "Time for my challenge."

The front yard had been converted into a wrestling stage. Mats and mattresses alike were strewn across the front yard to form a large mat for the battling trio. The mat was well lit by the lights strung up in the yard and the crowd well fed by the taco tucks. The party goers had all settled in, knowing this was the final stop on the gauntlet the three had agreed on. Not many people from Caleb's team were there, most of them having resigned to partying in the back and not wanting to see their star player reduced to nothing.

The crowd was all riled up and ready for a bloodbath of a match, the two stud supremes Bryce and Jake both taking their rightful place with the kitten under heel. Only, when the front door burst down, their accumulative cheers were cut off by the fact it was a massive tiger paw that came into the light. Caleb swung his head under the doorframe to get out, only for his shoulders to blast the damn thing out of the wall. He simply rolled his shoulders, filling his lungs with air and huffing it off before pulling himself out of the building. He had to be twelve feet tall and packed with muscle. He wasn't crazy defined like he was before the transfer, but he was perfectly aesthetic. He tossed the two jocks onto the

ground, the muscled freaks now reduced to their former size. The two scrambled to their feet only to realize they were eye level with Caleb's highest row of abs, the big guy crossed his arms, his singlet filled to the brim with power and size.

"Fuck, Caleb, what more can you take from us!" Jake shouted as he stood up. "We should just call it here and now, seriously dude!"

"Fuck man, for real, you're the bigger man, shit!" Bryce put his hands up defensively. The crowd was quiet except for a few people shouting for the sabertooth to kick their asses. He very much liked that idea.

"You had the chance to leave with your dignity long ago," Caleb lifted his arm, the glowing blue band on his wrist straining to contain all that size as it glowed and sparked with power. "We're locked in now. So get dressed."

"Dressed?" Jake furrowed his brow. "The hell you talking about."

"Really? You two have never wrestled before?" Caleb rolled his eyes. "Fuck, you two really thought you could just overpower me for the final round. Shit. Didn't even look at the terms."

The two just glared up at the tiger. Caleb rolled his eyes and snapped his fingers. A couple of guys came up holding singlets much like the sabertooth was wearing, only much, much smaller.

"Hope the nut cups fit," Caleb glared down at the two with a cocky smirk. "They aren't made for pussies."

Caleb chuckled and swaggered onto the matt, loving how his foot paws sank into the fabric and left footprints that faded once the fabric below soaked up enough air with its elasticity. He bounced on

his heels, his foot paws hopping from foot to foot. He hadn't been in the ring for quite some time now, and he was itching for a match, though, this wasn't going to be much of a match.

"All right," Caleb turned and arched his back, leaned down and touched his fingers on the mat, his feet splaying wide as his tail flicked behind him hungrily. "Which one of you fucks are first."

"Me," Jake had changed into his singlet. He was a stallion to behold even if he wasn't the Clydesdale he once was. His body was still brimming with muscle, packed tight and powerful. The red singlet clung to his powerful legs, bunching up around those powerful thighs. His cup was basically overflowing with dick, that horse cock still hung despite so much of it being taken away. Caleb purred, licking his fangs at all that size the horse still had to give.

"Ready?" Caleb purred.

"As ready as I'm going to be," Jake took a stance about six feet away from the behemoth. "Standard wrestling rules then?"

"Standard wrestling rules," Caleb nodded. "No punches or kicks, just grips and holds. Whoever is pinned gets their size taken from them as long as they can be kept down."

"Good," Jake nodded. "Start!"

The horse got up, his hooves digging into the mat as he propelled himself forward, his legs shooting him off like a bullet.

"Oh shit," Caleb had just enough time to brace himself as the horse dove right into his chest. Normally Caleb would go low and try to get a grip from under, but he was too big and Jake was running too low. The tiger wasn't used to wrestling in this body yet and it came with some unexpected drawbacks.

Caleb wasn't pushed off his feet, but he was knocked off balance a bit, and Jake gripped him and hooked a leg behind his knee to further get him off balance.

"Shit, you're dumber than you look," Caleb smirked as he got ready to fall forward. He would pin the little horse faster than he thought, but as soon as he said it, his eyes caught something coming at him from the side.

The wind was knocked out of Caleb's throat as Bryce head butted him by the neck, the force throwing him back since he was already off balance. The world went sideways as the sabertooth hit the mat, his one shoulder hitting the floor before Jake sat on his chest and pinned him, his hands gripping Caleb's wrists and keeping them pinned.

"Oh no you don't!" Caleb was about to get up when Bryce came and sat on the sabertooth's head, his hands pushing down on his shoulders and keeping him pinned.

"Who's the dumb ass now!" Jake laughed. "You know it's standard to have weight classes in wrestling!"

"And we're both about the same size as you combined," Bryce grunted pushing Caleb down, keeping him pinned beneath the two. "So our handy cap is pretty clear."

"We both get to fucking fight you at the same time!" Jake had a devious grin on his muzzle, but not like Caleb could see it with a face full of bull ass. "Yes! I feel it! Fuck yeah you overgrown pussy! Stay down and give us what you stole and then some!"

Jake huffed as his muscles pulsed, flexing and writhing as the beast beneath them shuddered and shrank. The horse gave a nicker that grew deeper with every passing moment, the bull huffed, his ass growing in Caleb's face as the sabertooth felt an overwhelming weakness come over his body.

Shit, this was bad. He was pinned down , and as much as he could bench, he couldn't just bench someone off at this angle. Let alone with that ass keeping him pinned. This wasn't good. This growth was happening so fast. Already that ass was starting to swallow more and more of his muzzle, those powerful hands getting stronger, keeping him pinned to the matt, the weight on his chest expanding as it got easier and easier for Jake to hold his hands down.

Caleb gave a little whimper, his voice getting higher as he felt the bitter tank of defeat and the salty sweat of muscled bull ass. Then, an ear splitting howl filled the air that rang over the crowd.

"The fuck?" Jake and Bryce were caught off guard for just a second and that's all the sabertooth needed. He spread his arms wide and tucked in his elbows, swinging them down and thrust his hips up with all the force he could. Jake gave a little yelp as he was thrown forward and crashed into Bryce. Caleb quickly spun and got his hands underneath himself and freed himself from the duo's hold.

"Nice try fuckwads!" Caleb brushed the sweat from his lip as he got back into stance, the two scrambling to get up.

"What the fuck dude! We had him!" Bryce huffed, his body coursing with power as it assimilated more of that tiger's bulk.

"Dude, he did something. He like, fucked up into me and it threw me," Jake huffed.

"You two really know nothing about wrestling, do you," Caleb huffed. His shoulders rolled forward before widening, his stance getting wider without him moving. Caleb smirked as the circle on his chest blazed with power. Mark had just came and gave him the boost he needed to get out of that little trap.

The tiger didn't wait for the two to regain themselves and he lunged at Bryce, pinning him on his back right away.

“Oh, how the tables have turned,” Caleb huffed, and licked the bull’s brow. “I can fucking taste that size-oh shit,” Caleb groaned as the transfer started, Bryce tried to struggle, but all it did was give Caleb the advantage to keep him pinned and adjust to keep him on the floor.

“Fuck you asshole!” Jake lifted his leg and kicked, only for a blue spark to shine and propel him off the field. The horse went flying backwards as though struck by a truck and spiraled into the crowd, bowling people over like cheap pins.

Caleb smiled and savored the look on Bryce’s face as he realized no one was coming to save him.

Jake coughed as he tried to pull himself up. “What...the fuck was that.”

“Dude, you’re absolutely pathetic,” someone said leaning against the fence. Jake looked up to see Mark, the wolf vastly diminished from before, but still a powerhouse, his massive swim trunks slung over his shoulder as a duo of dudes stroked his massive dick. “There are no kicks in wrestling.”

Jake’s eyes went wide as he saw the wolf, how much smaller he was and yet had so much more size to give. How much of that size was shifted to the beast of a sabertooth still on the matt? On the matt with Bryce! Jake was wasting time, he needed to get back to the matt before Bryce had nothing left, but a light kick to the back of his knee caused him to trip. The racehorse looked back to see the looming foot paw of that Wolf.

“Better hurry up,” Mark chuckled. “Though, you might be too late already.” The wolf nodded to the field to make sure the racehorse didn’t miss the bull’s fate.

Bryce had a beard that dusted his jaw, but as he was kept pinned, his beard started to fade, his thick chest hair between his cleavage receded into the crevices of his muscle. The bull tried to scream and shout, but there was no tapping out of this challenge. His cries got higher and higher as his voice rose in pitch, his horns shrank, their powerful tips rounding out as they sank back. The powerful

shoulders he was known for slipped away, his powerful jawline got weaker, the muscles lashed on his neck shrank and faded, smoothing out under his fur.

“Is that a girl I hear screaming?” Caleb chuckled as he kept his eyes locked with the bull as his mass was drained away, the bull's body shrinking, his pecks crazy definition disappeared before sinking down, his singlet getting looser by the second, his feet shrinking, his hands getting smaller.

“Stop, uncle or whatever! I'm out!”

“Not even close,” Caleb growled as his beard on his muzzle grew thicker, his chest fluff hiding the crazy definition as those striations rippled over him. His shoulders and neck ballooned out with size, feeding on the straps of that singlet and causing the fabric to strain. Caleb's pecs rolled forward, thick shelves of powerful muscle, the beast having to adjust to keep his legs closer as they grew only to find he couldn't, his thighs and nuts made it impossible for the big guy to use his knees as the bull beneath him continued to shrink.

“Fuck you! I won't let you take everything I have! No!” Bryce thrashed, or at least he thought he was. He currently looked like a high school jock and quickly being kicked down from varsity to JV. Caleb on the other hand was purring, the sound like thunder. His back grew out of that singlet, the straps barely holding on as that wall of muscle flexed, bristling in pleasure as his tail flicked out behind him. Massive globes of power, sculpted into flexing slabs as he was forced to widen his stance.

“Shit! Fuck! Stop it hurts!” Bryce shouted, his voice becoming airier and higher. Caleb looked down, licking his blade like fangs as he watched the bully turn into a little twink, smooth curves, his singlet going from a tight fit, to loose, to almost a blanket around his form. The pain wasn't coming from the weight of his pin, but rather the fact he kept the bull's arms up while draining so much size. His

bones were shrinking and causing him to stretch, his body wanting to shrink down, but the pin keeping him splayed as his bones weakened and his tendons creaked.

Then the flow of power stopped. The bull gave a wet gasp as he realized he had nothing more to give. Caleb stood up, his body flexing and rising higher and higher, his singlet basically painted on and held together by a thread. He gripped both of Bryce's hands together in one of his own massive paws and held him up like a trophy. The crowd was a mix of cheers and shocked gasps.

"Fucking pathetic dude," Caleb looked the bull up and down, a twinkish little guy with nubs for horns and barely kept decent with his singlet. There was still a large bulge in his crotch though. "Wait," Caleb shook him, the bulge moving and falling out the pant hole. It was his cup. "Fuck, are you even a dude anymore?" Caleb picked up the cup, his finger barely able to fit inside the little plastic protection. "Shit, where you ever a dude to begin with?"

"Fuck you," the little bull huffed, his angry face looking more like a pouting child.

"You're cute when you're angry," Caleb smirked and put a claw on the hem of that singlet and pushed down, that razor slicing away the last shred of dignity the bull had. He tried to grip the singlet by putting his legs together, but the thigh gap he had only managed to hold it around his thighs and not enough to keep himself decent. Between his legs were two little peas in a pod with a baby carrot poking out, a little dribble of pre glazing the tip.

"Damn, you really aren't a dude anymore," Caleb chuckled and let the little guy fall to the ground before pinning him on his back with his foot paw, the massive foot able to cover the little twink's chest. "How can you even call yourself a man. You're just some little cocky cum stain."

Caleb felt a little bit of power radiate up his foot paw, the toes extending out further, the raptor talons of his toe claws reaching further up Bryce's body. Caleb's eyes went wide as he realized he was

still pulling size, but not from Bryce or Mark. He glanced over at Jake, the stallion huffing as he tried to stand, his body shrinking, his singlet getting looser around his prestigious salami.

“Fuck,” Caleb grinned darkly as he pressed his foot paw down harder on Bryce, sinking the little twink into the mat and causing him to gasp as he tried to fight, punch and kick against that foot. Jake gripped his heart as though he knew what was happening, his size slowly seeping through his partner.

“I guess, because you’re both my opponent, I only need to pin one of you to take from either of you.”

“Ahhh!”

Caleb looked down at Bryce who just gave the most whorish moan, his body tensing. The sabertooth grinned darkly down at the bull.

“Shit, did you just cum?”

“F-Fuck no!” The little bull squeaked back, his little dicklet pounding hard against Caleb’s foot paw.

“Really?” Caleb got a dark grin and started to gently roll his foot back and forth, his pads brushing against that little dicklet as his toe claws came up to shove the sweat from between them into Bryce’s face. “I can feel your little clit there bouncing against my sole. You really want to deny it? Though, with such a small nut, I would want to cover it up to. Feels like I stepped on a fish egg and popped it. Why don’t you look at a real man’s virility.”

Caleb took his free hand and gripped his dick, the massive member sloshing and the dark spot forming on his singlet already larger than Bryce’s nut.

“Shit, even my prenut is more than your pitiful load. You even shooting swimmers down there or are you shooting blanks? Guess those bull nuts you were so proud of are going to something far more useful, far better, better in every way.” Caleb chuckled darkly down at the bull.

Bryce suddenly became very aware of the crowd around him, his mouth dry as the red glow of his cheeks only got deeper.

“Aww, aren’t you just the cutest little fuck boi, and that’s fuck boi with an ‘i.’ You sure as hell ain’t going to be landing any pussy with a half inch carrot stick.”

“Get off him!” Jake came running forward and slammed into Caleb’s side, the horse’s arms not able to fully grip around him and only feeling that chest rise higher by the second

“Oh come on Jakey boy,” Caleb teased. “How could I not pin a face that cute.”

“F-Fuck...” Bryce huffed, the cat’s toes extending out further, plumping up with size, becoming slightly too big, showing all the potential growth that was building up in his body that would continue to pack on over the years was now pressing against the bulls muzzle. “I...get...fuck...”

Bryce’s face was beat red, he could smell that foot paw funk of a real man. It wasn’t like days of funk, but fuck if it wasn’t the smell of a hard day’s work. The smell of a champion and the smell of a loser’s proper place.

“Bryce! The fuck!” Jake screamed, his voice getting higher. The bull’s eyes shot open as he realized his tongue was lulling over one of those toes. He huffed and tried to push back against it only for Caleb to purr lustfully.

“Oh no you don’t, you were almost there, remember who owns you now. Remember your fucking place,” Caleb pressed down slightly harder, completely unphased by Jake’s attempts to move him.

“Dude, you got to fight back! You have to fight back against it! We’re going to lose everything!” Jake screamed, his voice getting higher with each passing second, little by little as those toes continued to creep along the bulls body.

Rrrrrrrrrrip!!!

Caleb’s cock flopped forward, the fabric holding it back torn away as his hardening shaft stretched the fabric away from his chest, tenting it out obscenely before tearing through. Each nut sloshing forward the size of a medicine ball and surging with power and seed, that shaft over three feet long and steadily growing.

Bryce bore witness to that tearing, the world muffled as he was pushed so far into a mattress that his ears were muffled, but he realized he was rising, that foot paw having left him. With a pop of his hip, Caleb shook the horse off his side, the stallion falling on his back as the air was knocked out of him, only for that massive, muscled ass to come down and pin him to the matt.

Bryce was dazed before he was peeled from the matt and lifted up to be face to face with Caleb.

“You two have been fucking around for quite some time,” Caleb smirked, his powerful nuts rolling out into his lap and churning against the matt while his cock throbbbed against his abs. “Now it’s time to find out.”

Bryce was still in a haze from being pinned, but was suddenly reminded how small he was when a thick, warm, wad of pre splattered over his pucker. His breath hitched in his throat as he realized

where he was. He was in Caleb's arms like some sex toy getting ready to be impaled by that growing beast.

"Wait IIIIIIAAAAAA," Bryce screamed as his ass was pried apart by that massive cock head. The crowd cheered as the bull was deflowered, his ass now belonged to the alpha. All that dominance and virility needed tending to, and he was the last to disrespect him. He would pay the price. With a loud schwelping plop, that cock head sank into that hole, a thick bulge forming in Bryce's abdomen. That smooth stomach pushed out into looking like it was a little baby bump before that bulge slid further and further into his ass. Caleb gave a purring hiss, his toe claws digging into the matt as he forced the bull down on my obelisk of man meat. He gave a little thrust, the bull screaming in a mix of pain and pleasure as he braced his paws against Caleb's chest, punching them and bruising his fingers against the solid slabs of meat.

"Fuck you're so tight," Caleb purred as he sank deeper and deeper, the bull's stomach bulging as he was seated at those balls, the each one supporting a separate cheek of the little twink as he was seated in his proper place. "And you're only about to get tighter."

"Fuck, wh-what do you mean by that?" Bryce got his answer immediately as he watched Caleb's form grow, his head inching up further, the striations on of his muscles becoming visible for a brief moment as they pressed up against that fur and grew outward. A thick tuft of fur formed between those nuts as they churned and sloshed forward and Bryce gave a cry as he felt that dick dig a little deeper, the bulge of that head in his chest showing as it grew up further into him.

"Fuck yeah," Caleb started to rock his hips up into Bryce, his hips smacking that ass and those balls rising just enough to show the horse muzzle pinned beneath them.

Jake tried to push and move, but he was pinned beneath that ass, that massive sabertooth ass that was growing, syphoning his size little by little. He could feel those cheeks covering more of his body, and those balls! Thick, furry ball sack covered his muzzle, dripped sweat over him and marked him as his Alpha's bitch while growing larger. They rumbled with an angry virility, almost like coursing water through hoses as those nuts churned out gallons of saber spunk, and only grew angrier and needier for release with every passing moment. Jake was finding it harder and harder to breathe, the thick miasma of musk on those nuts was only getting thicker, the rank of a gym locker room attached to each, but not a stale shadow stink of those rooms, a full blown army of man musk was clinging to each. It wasn't rancid, it was thick, heavy, and fresh. Those nuts were growing with his stolen size, Jake could feel his own cock sinking further into his loins as the weight of those boulders kept growing, getting heavier and thicker, more powerful, the sloshing becoming more audible with each thrust the sabertooth did into that bull.

Bryce was a mess, screaming, his throat raw as his breathing was controlled by that cock. Every time it pushed in, he was forced to make room, and every time it pulled out it drew breath into him, his lungs subject to the will of that cock as it continued to dig deeper. The head becoming more and more clear against his body as it kept sinking deeper into him. It had to be four feet and still growing

"Oh shit! Fuck! Haven't nut in so long that this is going to be a quick one! Fuck Bryce! You ready to get knocked up? Wanna take my fucking kittens! Take it!"

Caleb threw his head back and let out a feral roar, his cock throbbing deep inside that bull. The bull was instantly filled with cum, his gut visibly bulging out to show that shot as it painted his insides, his belly getting rounder with each subsequent shot, only for the third one to fill his throat. He gave a final gasp before a thick wad of sabertooth essence blasted out the bull's nose, his nose ring soaked in cum as it shot out his muzzle.

“OH, fuck no, you’re not wasting my easy nut like that,” Caleb gripped Bryce’s muzzle hard, clamping it shut as he continued to cum, his balls rising up to reveal the shrinking horse beneath his ass. Those balls bounced, dumping their legendary load into that swelling bull, his belly growing taut then sloshing forward. The bull’s bellybutton popped, that sloshing orb growing to the size of a beach ball and still continued to gurgle and slosh with more cum.

“Fuck yeah,” Caleb let go of Bryce, the bulls little pecker having shot a few little cum bubbles out as he was filled. He had passed out, completely spent after a single rut.

Jake on the other hand, was completely defeated, he was pressed into the matts and forced to hear it all. He could feel the powerful taint of that beast flex against his own cock and shoot gallons of kitten cream deep into his friend, sloshing globs coming down over those nuts to meet him beneath from the sheer backplash of that load.

Caleb peeled Bryce off his cock and flopped him forward, the massive bull falling to his side with how much cum was filling his gut. Cum shot out of his asshole then oozed form his muzzle and ass as his stomach tried to process that monstrous load.

“Fuck, don’t think I’ve forgotten about you, Jake,” Caleb lifted one ass cheek so he could grab the horse from beneath him, the little twink pony a shadow of his former self. He coughed pitifully from the little bit of cum on his muzzle that covered it in a thick glaze. Then his jaw dropped as he was forced to look at the four and a half foot pillar of bitch breaking Alpha meat.

“I’m still horny, and you’re just the breeding mare for the job,” Caleb threw Jake on his back before pinning his arms above his head. The pony couldn’t do anything besides struggle and scream absurdities.

“No! I aint some fucking tail raiser! I’m not some gay ass faggot!” his voice was light and airy, completely unconvincing. “Stop! Fucking GAhahaha”

Jake was silenced as that cock was thrust into him, the pony’s singlet merely torn open on that dick as it sank further into that hole. Caleb’s powerful hips started to rut, fuck, and slam into that horse, not letting him get adjusted as he took the last of his winnings.

“Almost done,” Caleb grinned down at that pony, his smile vicious. “The challenge will end soon, and so will our deal.”

“Fuck...fuck” Jake moaned, his little acorn of a package hard and dribbling as he was fucked mercilessly, the mountain of a man before him thrusting inside of him like some god of masculinity and dominance.

“Have I fucked your brains out already?” Caleb chuckled and brought his wrist band into view, the blue ring fading and flickering away. “That means any magic restrictions from our bet will be gone. Still haven’t put it together?”

A howl came from the sidelines and Jake became painfully aware of what Caleb meant. Jake locked eyes with the cumming wolf, but only for a moment as his head slowly dipped beneath the crowd, the transfer already in process.

“You get it now,” Caleb grinned darkly. “No more restrictions on my size.”

Just then, the band broke and Caleb roared like a feral beast. Every inch of his body vibrated, every fiber became alight with pleasure. His body lurched and expanded, his muscles writhing and almost tearing skin with how quickly they were packing on muscle. All the pent up power that was in Mark was flowing back into Caleb. His hand lashed out and slammed down on the far side of the matt, his hand the size of a fucking toddler! His leg lurched out, and smacked down, the claws pushing away

the matt and digging trenches into the front yard as he fucked through his growth. He had to be at least twenty feet tall, his body expanding with the size, his cock digging deeper into that stallion as Jake's vision was eclipsed with muscle. He looked like a little doll being fucked mercilessly by a giant, and yet it wasn't enough. Caleb grinned, his eyes glowing sapphires as he thrust with abandon, his head reaching the upper levels of the frat as he smacked away .

Jake gave a gargled cry before his head was forced back, his throat bulging and then his jaw creaking as that cock shot through his entire body, the head coming through and fucking him from hole to hole.

"FUCK YES!" Caleb roared, "IT'S ALL MINE! MINE!!!"

Caleb roared as his cock throbbed, thick, powerful jets like a fireman's hose shot forward and out of that mega cock, knocking over people in the crowd as it blasted clear off into the street like a broken water main. Caleb arched his back and flexed, bearing his claws as he roared his triumph into the sky, the crowd doing the same as he showered them in his jizz, his cock a rapid fire cannon with a broken horse condom.

He had surpassed further than he ever thought possible.