

# Overdosing

*By Dragonien*

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The number flashed almost apologetically up at Andy in the light blue glow of the LED display on his scale. It was the same number he had seen on his scale every day for the past three months. No matter how much he worked out, how well he ate, what supplement he took or what trend fitness guide he tried He just could not get past that damned 155. He wasn't in bad shape by any means. if anything, he had a phenomenal metabolism that was more than happy to let him eat pizza, hamburgers or any other greasy food he enjoyed multiple times a week without causing any notable change in his weight. He was slim and lean, a flat stomach showing just the faintest hint of abdominal muscles when his belly fur was matted down and wet and just enough definition in his chest and arms that flexing actually made a visible difference. But slim and lean wasn't what Andy wanted. He wanted to be strong, powerful, and buff like some of the other guys at the gym. He didn't have any grand delusions of competing with people for Mr. Olympus contests or anything unreasonable like that. he just wanted biceps worth measuring and pecs that actually had some real girth to them. But no matter if he loaded himself up on pure protein and pumped iron on the bench press and squat rack until his body was ready to fall apart or, in acts of desperation, even tried more out their regiments like yoga, he always slammed head first into that massive brick wall that always read 155.

With a sigh, Andy stepped off of the scale and went back to his locker to begin dressing himself. The hot shower had done a good job of cleaning off the sweat and softening the ache of overtaxed muscles but he knew by now he was still going to be sore in the morning. The question of why he bothered with the discomfort when he wasn't seeing any gains anymore welled up in his head as he headed for the exit, only to be beaten back down into the depths of his unconscious. It wasn't dedication or determination that kept him from giving up at this point so much as it was pure stubbornness. He had started with so much optimism, even specifically choosing this gym, which was far more expensive than standard gyms, both for its extra amenities and for the large crowd of bodybuilders and athletes that also frequented the gym. they had been rivals and goals to him before, but by now they were little more than carrots held just out of reach as he struggled and failed to catch up to any of them. It was during this rumination, lost in his own thoughts, that Andy lost track of his surroundings and nearly ran head first into the gym's check in desk. The only thing that saved him was an all too familiar, cheery voice calling his name and snapping him from his thoughts.

"Hey, Andy! Have a good workout? Saw you tearing it up on the treadmill! You training to outrun that cheetah girl that joined last week? Think she might like a challenge like that!"

Big Tom was a good guy. Hell, he was probably one of the nicest amenities here at the gym, though everyone took him for granted. He seemed to always be manning the front desk no matter what time of day you came in and always met everyone with a smile. More than that he personalized every greeting and made it a point not just to greet people as they came and went but compliment and encourage them based on what they had been doing that day. Though his encouragement wasn't always exactly PG rated, often times either flirting directly with the clients himself or making jokingly perverse implications about others. Even Andy's disappointment and disgruntlement struggled to stay in place as a smile tugged at the edges of his muzzle in response to Big Tom's provocative implication.

"I dunno, Big T. Pretty sure she's been eyeing that powerlifter guy uh... the brown bear, what's his name? Chris? Think she likes them with a bit more meat on their bones than me." Andy responded, though his mood wasn't as dower as his rejection of the notion might have led others to believe.

"Pfft. I dunno if she's into the meathead type. Most cheetah girls tend to like guys that can keep up with them mentally as well as physically. Sure, Chris has some big arms but you could literally run laps around the guy. Not to mention while he's a decent enough guy he's not exactly the highest watt bulb in the gym, if ya catch my drift."

Despite himself, Andy found himself chuckling a bit. Big Tom always seemed eager to try to be hooking him up with someone. At first, he had thought it was just casual guy talk but as he had been around the gym longer and longer he had heard snippets of other conversations the tiger had with clients and more than once had seen those matchmaking provocations realized weeks later when he'd see gym-goers he'd never seen so much as look at one another holding hands or kissing each other goodbye in the gym. Andy hadn't acted on any of his advice though partially out of fear of rejection but mostly due to his self-consciousness at his size. It was an irrational line of thought, though, as Big Tom was hardly bigger than he was. Hell, Andy actually had a little over an inch in height over the lean orange-striped tiger, though Big Tom probably had about 15 pounds of muscle over him. With the height difference between the two of them, though, that extra 15 pounds made a noticeable difference. He'd always found it a bit odd that the tiger was called Big Tom, though when he wasn't even the biggest tiger in the gym much less the biggest person period. Andy, himself, wasn't even the smallest person in the Gym but he did probably have some of the biggest ambitions when he first joined. Sadly, that damned 155 had crushed down a lot of his confidence.

As he felt himself starting to slip back into his own less-than-happy thoughts, the tiger seemed to notice the dower expression that slipped across Andy's face. Always the helpful, sociable one, Big Tom softened his voice slightly both to offer concern in his tone and to keep it from carrying as far as it normally did.

"I know how ya feel man. Everyone hits a plateau eventually. I'm not gonna bullshit ya, though. Not everyone can push past it. Some people are just, like, biologically built to be a certain size."

With every word that the tiger spoke, Andy felt his ears wilt the tiniest bit despite his attempts to keep a straight face. He wasn't willing to let the demoralization get to him if he could help it, and instead just kept listening with the best straight face he could muster.

"At some point you're gonna hit a wall that you can't get past through just effort. Maybe this is your wall, maybe it isn't." Tom paused, glancing around as if ensuring no one else was listening before adding. "But sometimes effort just needs a little bit of help."

The hair on the back of Andy's neck suddenly stuck up and he felt his spine stiffen from a sudden nervous tension. he knew what the tiger was implying and about to offer and he was honestly shocked that, of all people, the tiger always optimistic and encouraging people to do their best would even consider suggest someone using...

"I don't want to take steroids." Andy said flatly, doing his best to hide his apprehension behind a friendly, yet firm tone of voice. He didn't want to be an asshole to Tom, but he had absolutely no desire to touch steroids with a ten-foot pole.

"No no man!" Tom defended, eyes a bit wide as if he was as shocked that steroids were being brought up as Andy was. "I'd never try to push any of that trash on you, man. That shit's nasty and will eat your body up from the inside out. Plus" Tom paused, giving the fox a toothy grin that helped alleviate some of Andy's concern "you really think I'd advocate for something that's gonna make it that much harder for you to hook up? We all know what that junk does to your... you know."

Andy's body relaxed a bit at Tom's assurances. He suddenly felt a bit guilty having jumped to such a conclusion about Tom, shaming himself for even considering something like that of him. With that said, Andy suddenly found a tiny kernel of hope and curiosity building inside of him he didn't dare let build into anything more for fear of disappointment. Yet even as he consciously took control of his hope and anticipation, he carefully asked.

"So, what exactly do you mean when you say... help?"

Tom's face broke into a wide, toothy grin that spread from cheek to cheek and would have been almost terrifying if he didn't know Tom. The tiger leaned over the desk and gesturing Andy closer, waiting for the fox to approach before answering in a conspiratorial whisper.

"Do you know why they call me Big Tom?"

Andy had to pause for a moment. Now that he thought about it, he didn't really know. It could have been an ironic nickname, he supposed, but Tom wasn't unusually short even for his species nor was he even close to the shortest or smallest person in the gym. So, with no good idea why, Andy just shook his head.

"Come back here then."

With that, Tom put a small "Be Right Back" sign from under the desk onto the desktop and gestured towards the small enclosed office behind the counter. As Andy followed, he felt that strange sense of wrongness someone feels when they go somewhere they don't think they belong. Like when you're behind a fast food counter or sitting behind the teacher's desk in school instead of a student's. As far as he knew no one ever went back behind the counter or into Tom's office except for Tom himself. It was only when he had entered the office and closed the door behind him did Tom turn around, where immediately a half dozen different separate realizations he had never consciously thought about hit him all at once and connected together.

No one ever went behind Tom's desk, and no one ever went into his office save for him. Tom was always standing behind his desk, happily greeting people and chatting with anyone that wanted to but never actually left his station anytime he had seen. In fact, Andy had never actually seen the tiger from the mid-stomach down so Tom could have had robot legs or been half-centaur for all Andy knew. Neither of those things were true, however. But there was something just as surprising waiting down in the area of Tom that Andy had never seen. To say that Tom was hung like a horse would have made horse's everywhere proud to be put in the same category. Even through the baggy blue fabric of Tom's workout shorts the outline of his junk was as plain as if he had been naked. It looked like he had two large oranges and a 20-ounce soda bottle stuffed down the front of his pants! For several long moments, Tom simply stood there, grinning like a Cheshire cat and clearly enjoying the shocked expression and stare that Andy was giving him. Hell, he even visibly chubbed up a bit from the attention, getting off on that little show of exhibitionism. Before it got too out of hand, though, he drew Andy's attention back up to his face with a couple of finger snaps.

"Eyes are up here, Ace. I'm not the biggest guy in the gym, but pretty much everyone knows there's not anyone else here whose 'bigger' than me. Now. Would you believe me if I told you that three years ago I was not only couple inches shorter, but I was about 50 pounds overweight and... well, let's just say I wasn't exactly the pride of the locker room."

"Huh?" Andy responded lamely, lost somewhere between confusion and disbelief.

"Let's just say I know a guy. he has this stuff, Not steroids! But it's like, some kinda chemical activator stuff. It messes a bit with your body's hormone glands and can make them start producing stuff they normally don't, or make it start producing stuff it doesn't make enough of. Think of it kinda like those hormone treatments doctors give to guys with low testosterone. It can do all kinds of crazy shit depending on which one you take. I know this one dude that got one that started making that stuff your body produces when your younger to make you taller but that runs out as you get older and now the dude has to duck under doorways when he walks into rooms. This wolf guy I know took some stuff and basically went through a second puberty and now his before and after pictures look like he's a werewolf that hulked out and just never turned back after the full moon left. I started taking stuff specifically made for making... well. for making me king of the locker room, and one of the side effects was it pumped up my testosterone production to the point that I became the studly cat you see before you."

Andy simply sat there dumbfounded, trying to make sense of what he was being told even as Tom wagged his eyebrows provocatively at him. It didn't really sound like something that should be possible. Then again, he'd probably be saying the same thing about that monster that it looked like Tom had stuffed down the front of his pants if anyone had tried to tell him someone was hung like that. If Big Tom weren't the one telling him this, with the evidence of what he was saying clearly displayed in front of him he would never have believed it. But Big Tom wasn't the kind of guy that'd raise someone's hopes in such a way. Reluctantly, Andy felt himself starting to get a little bit excited as his grip on his optimism slipped and he leaned forward in clear interest. Tom just grinned wider, knowing he already had Andy on the hook.

"Now, It ain't cheap. But I know a guy that can get some for you. So, here's what you'll need to do..."

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"Take one pill every morning, and one before a major workout session. Never exceed two pills per day, or take more than one within a 3-hour period."

Andy read the instructions aloud to himself again before popping the unassuming green capsule into his mouth and chasing it down with a mouthful of water. Both Tom and the unassuming nameless elk that Tom had introduced him to had stressed more than once how important it was to adhere to the dosage instructions. They had both warned him that these pills were messing with his body chemistry and there was no telling the side effects of deviating from the dosage. Andy had been starting to second guess the whole situation at that point but eventually his desire to get past that damned 155 had overpowered his concerns.

So far, the fox wasn't quite sure if the pill was actually working or not. He definitely had felt peppier all day since he had taken his morning pill, feeling more alert and energetic to the point he had skipped his lunch at work to instead go for a jog around the office building. But that also could have just been the placebo effect. It wasn't like just taking one pill was suddenly going to change everything in his biology that had been holding him back. The gym had been little different once he had arrived after work. He sped through his workout with a fevered energy that left him drenched in sweat and visibly panting from the exertion. It hadn't really been easier, he had just been more energetic in his approach and had finished a good ten minutes earlier than he normally did.

Tom, for his part, was acting the same as always. If Andy didn't have the pill bottle in his locker at this very moment he might have thought the whole conversation with the tiger had all been some kind of dream. He made absolutely no mention of anything different or out of the ordinary right up until Andy walked past his desk towards the locker room and he saw the tiger give him a conspiratorial wink. Unable to help but let some of the tiger's good spirit infect him as it usually did, Andy felt a smile crawl across his face as he headed into

the showers to clean himself up. Then came the moment of truth. Andy's breath caught in his chest as he gingerly took a step onto the scale in the corner of the locker room, acting as if the machine might electrocute him if he stood his full weight on it. When he finally exhaled the breath he had been holding he looked down to the scale's display and visibly sagged.

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Realistically it had been stupid to think a single day would make that much of a difference. Hell, even if the pills were some kind of magical super-science, he doubted they'd even had enough time to properly work their way through his system yet. That still hadn't stopped him from building a bit of unrealistic expectations. With a sigh, Andy stepped off of the scale and finished dressing himself. Despite the disappointment he still held that bit of optimism that maybe in a week or two that number would finally change. As he left the locker room he heard Tom calling over. As he approached, he nearly dropped his gym bag when Tom tossed him a pair of pre-packaged protein shakes and he fumbled to catch both of them.

"You'll need these, I bet. I saw you tearing it up out there. Did you even notice you did an extra couple of sets?" Tom asked, still smiling as happily as ever.

At that revelation Andy paused, thinking back on it. Andy didn't actually remember doing extra sets. All he had done is mechanically go through his routine while his mind wandered until he started getting sore enough that he knew it was time to stop. Since he hadn't made any real progress in months, he always hit the same wall every time and could all but set his watch by it. The realization though let that flicker of hope in his chest spark just a tiny bit brighter. Before he could thank the tiger, though, an audible gurgle came from Andy's stomach as it growled in hunger and he felt himself flush in embarrassment.

"Uh. heh. Thanks, Big T. I guess my stomach says thanks too, I didn't realize how hungry I was." Andy replied sheepishly.

"No problem, bud. Now. You chug those things down before your stomach starts eating itself and you'll thank me in the morning."

Determined to leave before he embarrassed himself again, Andy gave a nod and a wave before rushing out of the gym. By the time he got home he had already downed both of the protein shakes and his stomach was still growling insistently. Andy supposed that's what he got for skipping lunch. After wolfing down a hastily prepared meal of vegetables and chicken breast he found himself oddly exhausted. It was strange that he had felt so energized and peppy less than half an hour ago but now that his stomach was full it was all he could do to drag himself to bed and collapse on top of it. He really hoped these pills weren't just glorified caffeine pills, the last thing he needed was energy crashes like this every day. Despite that concern, though, he still couldn't help but nurture that flicker of hope and desire building in him. His last thought before drifting off to sleep, still dressed in his work clothes, was of how nice it'd feel when his biceps filled out his polo's sleeve.

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Andy awoke slowly the next morning. His arms and legs lazily stretched in every direction, several joints popping as they released some of the tension from laying still for so long while a contented groan escaped his muzzle in response to the chorus of pops. He couldn't remember the last time he had slept so well. Even just starting to wake up he could feel the pep and energy rolling through his body almost like a constant electric current. Oddly enough he didn't even feel that lingering soreness from a workout that he usually woke up too. His mind buzzed with a mental checklist of everything he had to do during the day as he went through his

morning routine, mechanically scarfing down a bowl of cereal and gulping down his morning pill before hopping in the shower to get cleaned up for the day. As he brushed his teeth he stepped onto his Wi-fi scale out of reflex so that it could update his weight for the day on his exercise app, not even bothering to read what the scale said. He already knew the number that would show on the screen and felt no inclination to remind himself of it and potentially sour the good spirits he inexplicably found himself in. With a last glance around to ensure he hadn't forgotten anything, Andy clicked the lock closed and made his way off to the office.

Work passed by in the same blur that it always did, with Andy once more oddly jittery as the day went on. Again, he found himself going for a jog on his lunch break in an attempt to work off some energy. This time he didn't dare skip eating, as his stomach was already starting to grumble, and he stopped at a food cart to grab a couple of hot dogs to munch on during his jog. By the time he made it back to his cubicle he had to quickly spritz himself down with a bit of the spray deodorant from his gym bag. He had gotten a bit too into his jog and built up far more of a sweat than he intended and found himself flushing in embarrassment as he tried to hide the scent of sweat from anyone passing by. Thankfully either no one seemed to notice, or at least no one make a big deal of it, and he was able to make it through the rest of the day without comment. Twenty minutes after work he was walking through the front door of the gym to be greeted by the all-too familiar Cheshire grin of Big Tom.

"There's my guy! How's it going A-man?"

To both of their surprise, Andy grinned a bit more confidently than usual back at the tiger. He was feeling oddly cocky today and made no effort to hide it.

"Doin great, T. Ready to tear it up today."

Big Tom's grin only grew wider, though there was a bit of a gleam in his eye as if he knew something Andy didn't. To his surprise, Andy found himself being tossed another protein shake from behind the counter. The things weren't exactly cheap and this was the third one Big Tom had given him in two days. Andy was in little mood to complain, though, as he already felt a bit of a hunger pang hitting him. Apparently those two hot dogs hadn't been enough at lunch time.

"On the house, bud. Show me what you got today. Gonna talk all kinds of big shit like that I expect you to do at least half again what you normally do. You do that and I won't put those shakes on your tab."

At that, Andy paused for a moment as a twinge of concern both from the hopefully joking threat of retroactive charging for the shakes and his own personal lack of confidence hit him. Both concerns were quickly washed away by a new wave of eagerness as his ego rose to the tiger's provocation.

"Cheap ass. How about if I can manage that, you throw in one more on the house when I'm done."

Tom's expression turned downright predatory.

"Deal."

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Andy didn't think he had ever sweat this much in his entire life. His shirt was absolutely soaked through with sweat and his fur looked like he had just gotten out of a pool and barely even time to shake himself off much less towel down. Beads of the musky water were dripping from his nose, chin, arms and forehead so

much that at one point, to his embarrassment, one of the gym-assistants had to mop up a station after he had finished with it to keep the moisture from being a slipping hazard. Finally, though, with one last straining grunt of effort he finished his last squat before all but dropping the bar back onto its rack with a loud CLANG. The first extra set had come surprisingly easy to him, his normal routine not seeming to tire him out nearly as much as it once had. But as he had pushed himself through the second, and finally into the third of each of his typical exercises his body had begun its sore, painful protests in a way Andy hadn't felt in over a year. He raised one of the sides of the towel draped across his shoulders to wipe at his forehead but the thing was already so damp it didn't do much to actually dry him off.

Desperate for something to drink Andy started to make his way towards the locker rooms and the water fountain within. He barely saw the movement in the corner of his eye in time to turn and catch the tossed bottle of protein shake before it smacked him in the side of his head. Tom was standing behind the counter, grinning as wide as ever at the fox. he said nothing, but simply nodded approvingly even as he watched Andy ravenously tear the lid off the bottle and chug its contents. The cool liquid poured down his throat and he bemusedly imagined steam coming from his ears as the cold liquid evaporated to cool his overheated body. With one final glance over his shoulder, followed by an apologetic smile at the gym assistant already wheeling a mop over to the squat area he had been using, Andy pushed his way into the locker room.

The hot shower had done wonders to soothe some of the ache that he felt and he was jokingly concerned he might use up all the hot water from the gym's surely industrial-sized water heater. After thoroughly soaking himself and toweling off he felt a thousand times better. When he had walked in his legs felt like jelly and his arms struggled to raise above his waistline. He was still sore all over and he absolutely dreaded what he was going to feel like in the morning, but at least Andy had most of his range of motion back and wasn't ready to just fall over. Mechanically he stepped his way up onto the gym's scale, mind distracted by an internal debate of whether he should call out of work tomorrow. As he was about to step back down, the fox froze in place, his entire body rigid and his eyes going wide as he stared down at the scale's display.

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Disbelieving, Andy stepped off the scale and gave it time to reset. He made sure that nothing was underneath the scale, followed by double checking to make sure he had properly dried himself and that he wasn't holding anything he had forgotten about. Only then did he step back up onto the scale and watched the numbers flicker up and down as the springs settled at his current weight.

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Andy's mind reeled as it tried to go through every possible explanation for the display on the scale. The scale could be broken, but he wasn't the only one that used it and kept meticulous track of their weight and there would already have been a sign or something up warning people. He hadn't eaten enough that it could change his weight this drastically. He wasn't wet enough to add an extra few pounds of weight nor was he wearing anything other than his boxer briefs. All of this crashed together into a single final realization that, as absurd as it was, was the only explanation that made any real sense.

The pill was working.

It felt like his heart doubled in size as a sense of utter joy filled his chest. Simultaneously it felt like his pants had shrunk a size or so at a sudden twinge of arousal that plumped his nether region up noticeably, Andy feeling a bit abashed that he was becoming aroused just at the thought of being a bit bigger. Doing his best to suppress both of those thoughts, particularly the latter ones, Andy rushed over to his locker in a whirlwind of

fur and clothes as he hurried to get dressed. He all but burst from the locker rooms in a mad dash towards the front desk where Big Tom still was standing. Before he could open his mouth, though, Tom was already staring him down. His smile was just as friendly as ever, but had a bit of a smug twist to it that made Andy pause. The tiger raised a single finger up to his lips in a silent shushing gesture and gave the fox a wink, before pushing another protein shake into his hands.

"This one's on the house too." He explained. "You'll need it after today. Your body is gonna need a lot of fuel after all that exercise."

This time Tom's gaze locked with Andy's for several silent moments. It was clear he was trying to impress something on the fox, emphasized by how he kept a firm grip on the shake after handing it to Andy instead of just letting go. After another moment of that silent gaze Andy thought he understood what the tiger was telling him. If Tom meant what Andy thought he did, whatever was happening to his body either needed extra fuel, or would work better with more fuel. Andy wanted nothing more than to ensure those pills were working as efficiently as possible, so once he was sure of that meaning only then did he nod slowly and take the shake from the tiger.

"Thanks, Big T." the fox said, then paused to think for a moment before adding. "Hey, you mind ordering a couple of cases of those for me? I prefer the chocolate ones."

That just made Tom grin all the wider.

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The next two weeks were some of the most intense of Andy's adult life. The opportunity to finally fulfill his desires to be bigger filled him with an almost fervent determination to pump out every last ounce of size that he could get out of the pill's effects. He started going on jogs in the morning before work, waking up an hour earlier each day to do so. His lunchtime jogs became a routine practice as well and he was forced to keep more spray deodorant in his desk to try to mask the fact that he came back from lunch every day drenched in sweat. On top of all of that his workouts at the gym became almost obsessive. Normally he would only go to the gym three times a week, maybe again on the weekend if he felt he had some energy to burn or time to kill. Now, though, he found himself gravitated towards the gym every single afternoon. It helped that whatever the pill was doing to him seemed to be enhancing his body's recovery ability, otherwise after the first day of extra-intensive working out he would have been all but immobilized by pain and soreness the next day. Big Tom had casually tried to suggest that Andy not push himself too hard, but his chastisement was only halfhearted both because he knew how little effect his words would have as well as knowing from personal experience what the feeling of finally making progress towards a seemingly impossible goal thanks to the pills felt like.

The work was arduous and intensive, but Andy couldn't even begin to complain after he saw the results start to pile up. Every day he was adding two to four pounds of muscle mass. On top of that after the third day he noticed he had been getting taller, and his feet even were a bit larger. By the end of the first week his shoes had begun to feel snug and he had begun to leave his belt let out one loop more than he normally did. Even more ego-boosting than any of that though was at the end of the week when he started to realize that his underwear were fitting a bit more snugly in the front as well. Originally, he had only really desired to get a little bit more muscular, but god damn him if he was gonna complain about all the other side effects!

Others in the gym had started to notice Andy's renewed dedication, especially after the first week when his gains had really begun to show. His stomach was leaner, his shoulders and chest a bit wider, his thighs a bit thicker and even his ass seemed to have gained a bit of girthy, muscular plumpness too it. Andy hardly even



noticed the extra attention, too wrapped up in trying to milk every last bit out of his latest pill dosage with his intense workouts. It wasn't until one of the gym regulars had approached him that he started to realize some of the glances and appraising stares he had been ignoring. Funnily enough, it had been the very cheetah that Tom had been jokingly trying to set him up with before all of this started. The spry, six-foot tall feline waited for him one day outside of the locker rooms just as he was finishing his last set for the day, leaned casually against the empty wall space between the men's and women's locker room doors. Clara, as Andy quickly dredged up the name from his memories, had tried to play it casual as she offhandedly commented on his dedication recently. All the while though her nostrils had been flaring and her tail twitching ever so slightly behind her seemingly in response to the admittedly potent musk he was probably giving off at that moment since he hadn't yet showered off. Andy had done his best to make a bit of small talk before politely excusing himself into the locker room so he could wash himself. What he hadn't expected was for her to follow him inside and, once the door had closed behind her, turn the door's lock closed.

Clara had admitted to him later that night, after the two had quite literally exhausted each other in lovemaking fueled by little more than raw, carnal lust, that she had a thing for guys like him. She liked big guys, certainly, but what really got to her more than anything else was watching guys get bigger. Watching the scrawny weakling come in and beef up into a muscular Adonis or admiring the chubby fat guy strain himself beyond his limits to cut the excess fat off and bulk up into a hulking power-lifter. While most of the others might just have noticed his renewed vigor, she had noticed how much he was actually gaining and had reached a point she just couldn't help herself but jump him like that. All of which had only further stoked the coals of Andy's simmering ego and confidence. What she didn't admit was that she was pretty sure something out of the ordinary was going on. She knew that people normally didn't grow that much that quickly, especially since she was absolutely positive he was taller than he used to be. But she honestly didn't care. She didn't really have a desire to get bigger, but god help her she wanted to be there for every last second of whatever Andy was going through.

By the end of the third week Andy had swelled far beyond even his own expectations. Clara, who had endeared herself as Andy's new unexpected live-in girlfriend, was almost as shocked as Andy was one day when the two were putting their shoes by the front door and both stood up to find that she was now having to look up at the bridge of his muzzle. In the span of only three weeks Andy had grown a full four inches taller from his average five-foot ten-inch height to an impressive six foot two. Suffice to say that morning they skipped their jog and instead Clara had Andy getting his morning exercise in 'other' ways before work.

His musculature had improved significantly as well. Now there was clear definition to his abs, still mostly hidden by his belly fur but easily visible when it was matted down with water or sweat. His upper body had begun to take on a clear, if still narrow V shape as his shoulders and chest broadened and his pectorals developed a noticeable cleft between them. What Andy was most proud of, though, were how his biceps now filled the sleeves of his shirts enough that when he flexed the sleeve actually rode up a bit along their newly enhanced peaks. And of course, the other 'muscle' whose improvement he was most proud of was his dick. His previously mundane 6 inches had sprouted arguably faster than all the rest of him and now proudly maxed out at a full eight and a quarter inches. Clara had measured. She had all but demanded too when it became impossible to hide that it was growing along with the rest of him, and she seemed to get some kind of a sexual thrill of measuring him every single night and making a mental note of how much it had grown from the previous night.

Before long Clara had become almost as important to his progress as the pills had become. As she saw him visibly growing with every passing day the cheetah found herself more and more obsessed with both his growth, and him specifically. She constantly was encouraging him, almost even demanding at times that he work harder and push himself that little extra mile. She began cooking for him almost exclusively for him,

going out of her way to try to make meals that would optimize what his body would need to make more of itself. A few times she even found herself feeding him of her own accord, oddly drawn to the idea of nestling up beside him and spoon feeding him his meal not out of some teasing implication of ineptitude on his part. Rather seeing it as something beneath him. All he had to do was grow strong, massive, powerful: to become the epitaph of size and strength. She began to all but fetishize being his coach, his cook, his girlfriend, his plaything and eventually just... his.

Their sexual escapades shifted more and more to favor him with each passing day of her own volition as she found herself stuffing her muzzle into his armpits, against his chest, or right up against the bulge in his pants and just soaking in his scent. It was becoming almost like a drug to her. A powerful, masculine scent that she felt like portrayed the idea of masculine power. At times Andy thought she looked almost drunk as they lay on the couch or in bed where Clara had her muzzle buried against the bulge of his ever-growing crotch, huffing his scent like it was some kind of drug. At some point Andy genuinely started to suspect that maybe those pills had done something to his natural body's scent that was making her like this. As much as he believed she could be in to some of the things she had admitted too, he found it hard to believe that alone was the source of her all but throwing herself at his feet like some kind of worshiper by the end of the fourth week. The problem was though, was that he kind of liked it. the only thing growing faster than his body had been his ego, and Clara had been a massive part of that. Now he all but expected to come home from work and be immediately handed his protein shake, then flop down on the couch to have his house cat, as he had begun to call her much to her strange delight, kneel down and bury herself into him. first his chest, then nuzzling down his stomach, before finally towards his crotch. Some days he felt particularly cheeky and would give her a playful tsk tsk, telling her no hands this time and watching her dutifully undo his pants with just her teeth and tongue before going to work on him.

Then came Clara's friend.

On the fifth week Andy had come home to find Clara sitting on the couch with a rather curvaceous otter girl he somewhat recognized from the gym as a cocky firebrand that loved to joke at the larger bodybuilder's expense. Immediately Clara had leapt up to introduce him and explain that her friend, Sarah, had come to check on her after not seeing her for several weeks. That had been about the time Andy had become sure something was going on with his scent. His apartment had long since become absolutely soaked in his musk and he could tell from the way that Sarah was taking slow, deep breaths and her eyes were just the slightest bit lidded (not to mention her nipples were obviously outlined and standing out, rock hard, against the front of her T-shirt) that whatever it was doing to Clara it was doing it to Sarah too. Less than five minutes later he had both girls crawling all over him, stuffing their faces into every crevice of his now impressively muscular physique they could reach. They had 'forced' him down onto the couch so they could easily reach, as by now he had swelled well beyond the 7'6" mark. Tongues lapped over the peak of heavy biceps, down the edges and between the cleft of thick pectorals, and across the ridged landscape of abs that were his stomach before finally stopping at the foot-long monster his dick had become.

Sarah moved in with him as well two days later after visiting him again each afternoon prior. Eventually he took an extended vacation from work so he could focus more fully on working out and getting bigger. Sarah and Clara all but bullied him into it, insisting they would pay his bills. they even started purchasing workout equipment to put in his apartment, which lead to him no longer going to the gym every day. This also led to a lot more sexual escapades in between, and often during, workout sessions. As Clara and Sarah's fanaticism grew, so did Andy's ego. Sprouting into full blown narcissism by the fourth week as he found himself more than once standing in front of a mirror, getting hard and eventually getting off just at the sight of how big, how powerful he was becoming. Then came the morning when everything changed. The morning that Clara, in her

increasing obsession with Andy's enormity, sneaking a second one of the pills he had long since admitted as the catalyst to his growth, into his breakfast one morning.

He started that day just shy of eight feet tall. By the time he was lying in bed, panting and worn out from a day of some of the most intense workouts (and sex) he had indulged in since he first started taking the pill, Clara had crawled up against his side. She wrapped her arms around his own enormous arm and pressed herself as tightly against him as she could as she did every night, shuddering in bliss at the feel of his immense arm flexing beneath her as she straddled it. Her muzzle brushed against the inner fold of one of his ears and, after a kiss to the sensitive flesh she whispered into his ear his measurements as she did every night. When he heard them, though, Andy sat bolt-upright, literally dragging both of the girls clinging to either of his arms up with him.

"8'3"? you said I'm eight foot three inches tall? wasn't I only 7'11" yesterday? He rumbled in a mix of confusion and barely-controlled lust.

"Yes, sir." Clara confirmed in a quiet voice that sounded of both utter submission and her own contained desire. "I uh... I gave you an extra pill this morning. I put it in your omelet."

The admittance hung in the air for several long moments as he mulled over the implications. On the one hand he had been told numerous times the dangers of overdosing. On the other hand, a double dose had seemed to more than quadruple the effects that his body had undergone. Slowly his incredulity and concern melted away and his muzzle twisted into a wicked, feral grin. A small dribble of saliva dripped down one edge of his chin as the increasingly monstrous fox growled out a question in a tone of raw desire.

"What do you think would happen if I took even more?"

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Half an hour, two more pills, and two orgasms later the three of them were still going at it. If the girls hadn't been so eager, themselves, to jump him like they were Andy wasn't sure he would have been able to keep his hands off of them with how horny the extra pills had made him. His entire body felt over-charged and over-stimulated to the point that he probably could have blown a load just from sitting there and flexing, not that the girls had any intention whatsoever of leaving him alone. He could actually FEEL his body slowly thickening and growing as he lay there, back propped up against the headboard of the bed. He could feel his weight slowly sinking deeper and deeper into the mattress as pound after pound, centimeter after centimeter of mass and height swelled across him. Before the effects of the pill had just felt like rapid recovery from his workouts, but now he could actually feel them forcibly packing mass on to him. And he fucking loved it. He wasn't the only one either.

Sarah sat on her knees between the spread pillars of strength that were his legs, grinding her torso against his massive erection. the monster had long since outgrown even her impressive cleavage, but that didn't stop her from trying to tit-fuck him anyway. Nor did it stop her from trying to wrap her lips around a cock-head that had long grown well beyond the width of her jaws. Instead she had to simply content herself with licking beads of pre thick enough to fill teaspoons away every couple of seconds while she slowly ground her way up and down along his dick. As she did, she whispered and panted under her breath, speaking more to herself than to Andy though that didn't make her word any less arousing to the increasingly monstrous fox.

"So fucking huge... Gods how can this thing be so fucking huge? Please just... Fucking hell... just fucking ruin me..."

She wasn't the only one seemingly losing it over Andy's ever-increasing mass, size, and the intensification of whatever the pills were doing to his scent. Clara sat with her legs spread wide, straddling his waist and pressing herself fully against his torso. She couldn't even stretch up high enough to reach his face anymore with how much his height had increased, but that didn't seem to stop her from kissing him anyway. Instead she pressed her muzzle against his left nipple. Her lips closed around the sensitive nub of flesh for a brief, suckling kiss before leaving it behind. A trail of slow, loving kisses guided her lips from the nipple towards the cleft between his pectorals where her tongue began to swipe through the thick fur-covered meat. It was a far more sensual display than Sarah's desperate grinding against his dick but held no less utter devotion to Andy. Her hands stroked up and down across his abs, before sliding up to brush over one of Andy's biceps when the fox raised one of his massive arms and flexed it for her. Clara's eyes seemed to glitter as they watched the monstrous ball of muscle and meat that was his bicep surge outwards with the flex, then slowly but surely swell thicker and thicker right before her eyes without him moving anymore. She too began to whisper under her breath but, unlike Sarah, her words were clearly meant for the fox.

"Andy... you're growing... you're really growing right before my eyes. You're already the biggest man I've ever even heard of, much less seen, and you're still *growing*! Please don't stop. Don't ever fucking stop. You have to be, you DESERVE to be the biggest... the strongest..."

She stifled a needy moan by shoving her face deep into his pectoral cleft again. Her nostrils flared as she greedily drank in his scent while her body visibly shuddered from the electric shock of arousal it sent through her. He was pretty sure she had just come from doing that, yet she didn't even seem to care. Instead she went right back to licking across the ever-expanding breadth of his chest as her arms wrapped their way around as much of his torso as they could. He felt her squeeze; really and truly squeeze with every ounce of strength she could muster. Clara wasn't a small or weak girl, but Andy barely even registered the grip. He didn't know which of them that turned on more. He could carry them around with ease, effortlessly pick them up and manhandle them as if they were little more than toys. On the other hand, he was starting to feel like even if the two of them worked together that the two of them combined wouldn't be able to beat him in an arm-wrestling contest much less any other contest of pure strength. They were utterly helpless before him, utterly overpowered, overwhelmed and outclassed in every possible way. But, more than even that thought of such absolute dominant strength and desire, what really made Andy so infatuated with the two and their antics was their utter devotion to him. He had become like a god to them, and that was more arousing to him than anything else they could do to him, and possibly even more so than his actual growth itself.

But it still wasn't enough.

Whether from his own innate greed, or simply the girl's nurturing his ego into the monster they had created, none of this was enough for him. He still wanted more. More size, more power, more devoted followers literally climbing over him to worship his impossible mass and size and whispering words of praise and devotion to him. He didn't want to be a hunk, nor a beast nor even a monster.... he wanted to be a god. Luckily for him, he knew exactly what he needed to do to approach that goal. When he spoke, his voice dripped with as much of his own lust as his mind-altering musk caused the girls to speak with.

"Get me another pill..."

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Tom had started to get a bit worried. He hadn't seen Andy in over two weeks, and Clara had been gone even longer. Under normal circumstances he might have just brushed it off as any number of mundane situations ranging from them simply moving to another gym, going on vacation or giving up working out

altogether. But with Andy's introduction to the pills and his response to them making him almost fanatically obsessed with his workouts he sooner expected the sky to fall than Andy give up working out. The last time he had seen Andy, the fox had been slipping him a few more hundred-dollar bills and asking him to get another supply of the pills from his dealer for when he ran out, so he knew he'd be back eventually for those if nothing else. But that still didn't make him worry any less. Clara was a bit of a bigger mystery, though. He knew that her and Andy had hit it off pretty quickly, having witnessed her initial jumping of him from across the gym. He also knew how much of a size queen she was, as much from personal experience as from observation, so he doubted she would have let Andy out of her sight anytime soon if he was keeping steady with the gains he had been making. All of these thoughts culminated into a growing urge to look up Andy's address in the gym's computer and go check on him, or at the very least phone him to see if he was alright. He knew he had gone a bit crazy with the pills when he had been on them, that stupid night that he had been greedy and took a second pill and ended up with an extra two inches more dick than he had originally wanted. He was hoping Andy, being far older and more mature than Tom had been when he'd taken his own pills, would be more careful and controlled than he had been. Then again, he also knew the temptations, and the risks that came with them.

The tiger was pulled from his ruminations by a mild commotion from the gym floor. A couple of the regulars had stopped mid-set and were looking around curiously as if trying to spot or hear something they had just barely caught a glimpse of.

"Did you feel that?" The hulking beast of a bear powerlifter said aloud.

"Was that an earthquake?" someone behind him asked.

"No, too quick. Maybe road construction?"

"They demolishing a bridge today?"

"Dude, there it was again."

As the conversation swelled up into a full-blown debate, Tom glanced down as he noticed a movement from the corner of his eye. The water in a water bottle set behind his counter rippled in a quick, short burst. Then again, a moment later, followed by a third time after roughly the same interval. Everyone in the Gym could hear a growing commotion outside, a chorus of honking horns, sirens and the faint yelling of pedestrians mingling together. Before anyone could approach the front door to try and find out what was going on a fourth tremor, this time seemingly far closer, shook the gym with enough force that several people lost their balance and fell over. Abruptly a sharp crashing sound was heard from the side of the gym as something impacted the fire exit hard enough that the door bent inwards slightly. A similar sound was heard from the opposite side of the building, muffled by the wall separating the gym from its locker room. When one of the gym-goers close to the emergency exit approached he tried to open the door only to find it jammed shut and unwilling to budge more than an inch or two.

"It's blocked! I think the dumpster got knocked up against the door or something, it won't budge!" he called over to Tom and the others.

It was when, as if following some unconscious collective agreement, everyone started to make their way towards the front entrance that the world seemed to go mad. Loud crashes of concrete and lumber crumbling and snapping filled the air as sets of something massive and covered in dark brown fur smashed through the upper portion of the walls along the front of the building. They forced their way apart from each other, tearing a line of destroyed concrete and plaster across the entire front of the gym only to then heave upwards and begin

ripping a massive chunk of the entire roof clean off of the building! What everyone saw through the newly made opening in the ceiling made them all freeze in confusion, disbelief and fear.

It was Andy. All fifty feet of him.

Despite the gym being two stories tall the edge of the roof didn't even reach all the way up to the titanic fox's waistline. This was made abundantly apparent by the absolutely monstrous dick jutting proudly and fully erect from the monstrous fox's waistline to now dangle above the gym lobby. The people within the gym struggled to even put together what it was that was the most shocking about what they were seeing. They couldn't tell if it was his overall height or the fact that his body had ballooned to proportions that, if he were still of a normal height, could easily have rivaled some of the biggest bodybuilders the Gym had ever seen! Maybe it was the fact that his whole body seemed a bit more, for lack of better term, feral. His fur was shaggier, his teeth (Shown through his toothy grin) Seemed sharper and longer, and even his posture seemed slightly hunched forward as if his spine had curved ever so slightly under the sheer mass of his prodigious upper body. Or it could have been the fact that not only was his titanic dick bigger than any single person in the gym, but it actually already had a person stretched across it to make such comparisons easy as every single person in the gym recognized Clara happily clinging to his dick like one might cling to a lover.

"Well well well."

Andy's voice boomed like a roll of thunder across the inhabitants of the Gym. His golden yellow eyes seemed to almost glow as they surveyed across everyone trapped inside the building. Trapped. The thought hit several of the quicker and less-stunned people within as they suddenly realized what those earlier crashing sounds must have been. Andy blocking the exits. They still had the front door, but they'd have to run right between the massive fox's feet, which if they were proportional to the rest of him were now probably big enough to crush a car underneath their stride. No one seemed eager to go out and investigate. In fact, no one seemed eager to do much of anything. Tom had expected there to be several terrified screams as some of the less strong-willed people in the gym broke down in fear, a thought that was mulling in the back of his mind as much as anyone's. Yet oddly enough, while still clearly terrified and confused, there was an odd mellowness that seemed to keep everyone around him subdued at least to the point they weren't full blown panicking. It was then that Tom recognized the smell.

The tiger's eyes went wide as he realized what was happening, remembering what had happened to him and his own scent when he had been taking the pills. Unfortunately for him he didn't really have any way to avoid the powerful smell of masculine musk filling the air. Even as he stood there trying to think of a plan to escape or at least resist the smell filling the room he felt his mind starting to fog, willpower softening under the onslaught of Andy's presence. He had only taken the normal dosage and had seen how, at the height of his own growth, his own natural scent had been like a powerful aphrodisiac by itself. Andy had clearly overdosed to an absurd degree and Tom thought it was a miracle he wasn't already a drooling, incoherent mess kneeling at Andy's feet. His massive, powerful feet that must shake the ground when he walks now. That could crack the concrete under his immense weight like it were dried mud...

Tom had to shake his head violently to force the train of thought from his head before he spiraled out of control even as he felt the front of his pants tightening at the thought of the massive titan the fox had become looming over them. As he glanced behind him, he saw that a few other people had already started to lose themselves, falling to their knees or openly drooling as they stared up at the fox overhead. There wasn't a single visible person in the entire building that wasn't obviously and visibly aroused even despite the impossibility and danger of the situation. When the tiger looked back his attention was drawn not to the fox and his enormous, cheetah-occupied dick overhead, but to the front door of the gym. A fairly well built and impressively endowed

otter girl, Sarah recognized her as a moment later, casually strolled her way in through the front doors of the building. She was dressed in nothing but an electric blue bikini bottom and matching bikini top that seemed barely able to contain her impressive bust-line. She moved with a casual, confident grace that was belied the gleam of fanaticism and arousal in her eyes. When she approached Tom rather than stopping near him, she walked right up and wrapped herself around him. Her arms draped across his shoulders, one of her legs raised up to hook behind one of his own and her ample bosom pressed itself against his chest as she leaned her weight against the stunned tiger. When she spoke, her words came out in a breathy whisper that was just barely controlled enough to not be the whine of desire and lust he could tell it wanted to be.

"Hey there 'Big' Tom" She cooed, emphasizing the word big with a faintly mocking tone. "Master Andy believes he paid you for something a few weeks ago and would like very much to pick up his order. Be a dear and tell me where you put it, hmm?"

Tom knew immediately what she was talking about and a spike of icy dread rolled down his spine at the thought. A single bottle of those pills, thanks to an obvious overdose, had turned Andy into a walking monster and he was terrified to think what he'd do with a second one! Unfortunately, his already stimulated libido absolutely exploded thanks to both Sarah's abrupt and blatantly provocative attachment of herself to him, and the fact that she utterly reeked of Andy. With such close proximity to so much stronger of a source of the smell Tom felt it was a miracle he could form coherent thoughts at all. If it wasn't for one of Sarah's legs pressed close enough to his thigh to keep his suddenly steel-hard erection pressed down against his leg he was certain it would have jutted outwards fast and hard enough to rip open the front of his pants. His mouth worked for several seconds as he struggled and failed to form words, nothing more than a momentary pant or gasp escaping his lips as he found himself unconsciously starting to grind against the otter girl. His willpower only lasted another second before the words came out in a breathy groan that sounded less like an answer and more like a cry for help.

"Gym bag. behind desk."

Tom collapsed onto his hands and knees as Sarah abruptly pulled away from him the moment, he answered her question. Without her body to support him his own was far too unresponsive to maintain its own standing position. Somewhere in the back of his mind a tiny voice was yelling at him to try to run, to escape a situation already long since spiraled totally out of control. Unfortunately for the tiger he and everyone else in the gym were already too late. He had been the strongest of them all, mentally and even had a mild resistance to the effect of Andy's scent thanks to exposure to his own back in the days of his own transformation. But now as he crouched there on hands and knees, shaking and panting as he nearly blew a load in his shorts just from the raging lusts forcibly rolling through his mind and tearing away at the tiny fragment of resistance left in his head, everyone else in the gym was already long gone. As he watched from the corner of his eye as Sarah casually walked her way around the desk and retrieved an unmarked white pill bottle, he laughed somewhat hysterically at how controlled she was in his presence. She must be so far gone under Andy's control now that she had come full circle, probably even having built up some level of resistance to his effects yet having been under them for so long that even if she were clear headed, she already was irrevocably conditioned to see him as some kind of living sex god. Tom's last coherent thought as he watched Sarah saunter her way outside to deliver the bottle to the monster fox outside was an idle curiosity of how big he might have gotten if he had overdosed on his own pills, or just taken all of the ones he had purchased for Andy. Those thoughts slid towards ideas he soon found much more appropriate: like how eager he was to see what that second bottle would do to Andy.

Andy had always secretly wanted to be a monster. To be a massive hulking beast of muscle and size, gleefully looking down at everyone around him while casually flexing muscles impressive and powerful enough to let him lift the back of a pick-up truck off the ground> never had he expected to become a real monster. Forget looking down at people, he looked down at buildings now. Forget powerful muscles, he was a walking Adonis of steel wiring posing as muscle fibers. Forget lifting the back of a pickup truck, he could palm an entire car like it were nothing more than a soda can. He could also crush one just as easily in a closed fist. He also had never imagined having a dick big enough he could use a bus as a flashlight.

As he had settled himself with his back up against the department store across from the gym, he couldn't help but let out a rumble of approval as he felt concrete crumble and steel supports bend under the casual weight of him simply leaning the, to him, fragile building. He could feel the asphalt crack under his legs and ass as he had stretched himself out and almost barked out in incredulous laughter at a metal street lamp that had been so effortlessly ripped from the ground by him accidentally elbowing without him even noticing. He felt so incredibly powerful he struggled to find words to describe it, though Clara and Sarah had been eager to apply a new moniker to him that he found himself increasingly unable to resist agreeing with. God. He knew somewhere in the back of his mind he wasn't really a god, but the rest of him was more than happy to ride on the narcissistic ego boost of having the two women quite literally worship him as if he was one. Even if he wasn't a god, he was positive he was as close as anyone on the planet could consider themselves one at the moment.

It didn't help when he found the familiar faces of Big Tom and all the other frequent gym goers he had met and seen over the years filing their way out of the front of the ruined gym, following behind Sarah like the pied piper leading his procession of enthralled creatures. He didn't even have to tell them what to do, didn't even have to make demands of his new followers, his new playthings. Even that was beneath him now, quite literally. Clara and Sarah had quickly begun to orchestrate the others into what they deemed as the proper place for what had formerly been his equals or even superiors. Two of the biggest, strongest power-lifters soon were pressing up against Andy's paws: each of the massive appendages propped up on their heel and towering taller than even the nearly seven-foot bear and gorilla now rubbing at them with all their might. He had to consciously resist the urge to start jerking himself off as his already smoldering and near-constant arousal spiked when he felt the wetness of the two muscular behemoth's tongues starting to lick dutifully at his immense feet. Thankfully the girls were already working on it and, within moments, three of the more fit runners and swimmers were literally climbing their way up his thighs, a sensation and sight he enjoyed immensely, to press themselves against his monstrous phallus.

By the time the girls had finished orchestrating the positions for the others Andy felt like some kind of perverse playground. Across his chest and draped over his right arm were three of the guys with the largest builds in the gym, those that had sculpted themselves not for strength like the power-lifters but instead for sheer visible muscle mass and size. The sight of the bodybuilders that, before, had seemed like impossible goals to Andy now were laughably tiny in comparison to him. The sight of seeing them rubbing, licking, kissing and grinding against pectorals and biceps not only bigger than they could ever hope to have, but bigger than their entire bodies only further fueled the flames of Andy's ever-growing superiority complex. Similarly, another two people stood at the base of either of his thighs worshipping their way, tongue first, across the cobblestone expanse of his abs. Sarah had joined another otter girl that, after a moment he had realized must be her twin with how similar they looked, and pressed themselves fully into his beanbag sized testicles. The only ones at the end that were left were Clara and Big Tom. Just the thought of the 'big' moniker Tom was known for made Andy scoff.

Before the dazed, musk drunk tiger even realized what was happening a massive hand covered in shaggy dark brown fur wrapped around him like a vice and lifted him up into the air with no more effort than someone



picking up an action figure. Andy grinned down at the tiger as he lifted Tom up to be face to face with him, showing off fangs bigger than Tom's arm. Rather than any sense of fear or anger, though, all Andy saw on Tom's face was desire. Andy didn't have anything against the tiger. Hell, he owed his 'ascension' to Tom almost entirely. But that still didn't stop him from feeling a sexual thrill at seeing someone he had called "Big Tom" for years held in his hand like nothing more than a toy. He could even feel the tiger's raging erection pressing against the inside of his fist and knew that by any normal metric Tom absolutely deserved that nickname. But not here, not anymore.

The hand holding Tom lowered down towards the pillar of his 8-foot-long erection and deposited the tiger at the base of it. Immediately Tom pressed up against the front of the pulsating phallus, ignorant to the others clinging and rubbing against its sides and back, as if it belonged only to him. The added stimulation made the monstrous fox growl in pleasure, having to control himself to keep from bucking his hips and throwing half of his 'passengers' off. Already he was leaking copious amounts of pre; the thick, clear liquid dribbling down across those pressed against the under-channel of his cock and down at his balls. Andy couldn't even put into words how utterly unstoppable he felt right then. His hand closed wrapped as best it could around his shaft, carelessly smothering one of the nameless gym goers against its side as nothing more than an afterthought as his thick thumb pushed down against Tom's back to pin him in place. 'Big' Tom: the thought of the nickname that had become all but reflexive made Andy bark out a brief laugh that boomed across the long-since vacated street like a concussive force. The little kitten wasn't even as big as his dick anymore.

Slowly he began to stroke himself. long, lazy drags of his hand up and down his, even to him, massive cock without a care in the world for the little people pinned by his palm or fingers being dragged along with them. He dwelled on that thought of Tom's now comparatively tiny size, cock throbbing at the thought of making the tiger put his dick up against Andy's own and imagining the visual like that of putting a pencil next to the tree trunk of a 100-year oak. he thought about the bodybuilders, so proud of their physique and size, lustily licking across biceps bigger than their entire bodies or grinding against pectorals they couldn't even dream of ever matching the size of. He thought of the power-lifters down at his feet, feeling their tongues licking dutifully in the sensitive space between his massive toes and sending shivers of bliss up and down Andy's spine. Experimentally Andy extended one of his legs, effortlessly bulldozing the bulky bear that was pressed against it backwards until the ursine was pinned against the front wall of the gym across the street. No matter how much he squirmed or writhed Andy barely even felt his movements underneath his foot, barely felt the bear's immense strength even registering to him. To him it was no longer narcissism. How could it be? How could it be narcissistic to feel unstoppable when your biceps were literally bigger than cars, when your dick was big enough to use a bus as a sex toy, when you were tall enough to use city hall as a bench? How could it be narcissistic to feel superior when some of the biggest and most impressive and attractive people in the entire city were literally climbing around him like some kind of sexual playground? It wasn't narcissism to him anymore: it was objectivism.

As he felt himself nearing the edge, he felt something moving across his torso. His lidded eyes opened a bit wider and focused as he looked down, cock throbbing in a momentary surge of lust as he felt his chin bump against the broad shelf of his pectorals and limiting his range of movement. Clara was crawling her way up his torso with a hungry look in her eyes. The expression sent a thrill down his spine as he saw the absolute lust and devotion on full display in her near-manic expression. He knew on some fundamental level that she felt the same way about his new stature, about his new superiority, as he did even without the influence of whatever the pills had done to his body's scent and that just made him that much more aroused. When she reached the top of his chest, balanced precariously with her toes and one hand clenching tufts of his fur to stay in place, she raised her other hand up to offer the unlabeled bottle of pills she had retrieved from Clara up to Andy. The moment he saw the bottle the fox began to salivate to the point a dribble of saliva started leaking from the edge of one of his lips, dripping down off of his chin and splashing onto one of the gym-goers sprawled out across his abs. His

jaw snapped forward just as the Cheetah tossed the pill bottle up into the air, snatching it up from midair. With a sharp, and oddly loud, crunch the bottle was smashed to pieces between his powerful teeth and the bits of plastic along with an entire month's supply of the pills that had made him into this living demi-god slid their way down his gullet.

He felt the pills spread throughout his system within seconds, filling him from head to toe with a frantic pulsating surge of power. His whole body was like an exposed nerve, thrumming with energy like he had just drank an entire lake full of energy drinks. His hand redoubled its effort across his swollen erection, already well on his way to release from the prior stimulation. But what really set him off, what finally pushed him over the edge wasn't when he looked down and watched himself masturbate with the lust-addled people he had once seen as icons of physical superiority. It wasn't seeing the tendons along his forearm and the burgeoning sinew of his bicep visibly bulge as if he were flexing it only to never relax. It wasn't that he got to watch as his arm visibly inflate with newfound muscle, swelling thicker and heavier even as his dick surged thicker within the grasp of his meaty paw. It wasn't even feeling that energy coursing through him with no other outlet to burn itself off, converting itself into raw mass instead. It was the whispered words of absolute awe and devotion, belying the normally derogatory context of the term she used, that slipped from the lips of the now comparatively tiny cheetah sprawled out across the shelf of his pectorals.

"You're a monster...!"

With that utterance he came, his entire body spasming both from the over-stimulation of his orgasm and his continued masturbation throughout its duration as well as the continued enlargement of his already massive form. Rope after rope of thick, heavy fox cum shot forth from his dick with such force that it actually began to damage the surroundings. One shot flew clear over his head and smashed against the glass windows of the office building he was leaning against with such force that the safety glass actually cracked and cratered inwards. Another rebounded off the corner of that same building hard enough it took a small chunk of cement out of the building's corner. He barely even registered the feeling of his already massive testicles swelling along with the rest of him to the point that they rapidly bulldozed over the two otter girls, utterly smothering them beneath the tonnage of his sack. The increasingly frantic squirming and flailing of one of the power-lifters trapped between his foot and the gym wall soon died away as the oblivious pressure of his lengthening and swelling foot became too much for even his impressive body to resist. The others found themselves either smothered by growing and shifting muscles or tumbling off his ever-increasing form only to be grown over and smothered like the otter girls beneath his junk.

By the time he came down from the afterglow the only one left atop him was Big Tom, still pinned to Andy's dick by the hand wrapped around it, and Clara sprawled out across the shelf of his pectorals. and they were both so *TINY!* Andy's eyes went wide when he realized how small they looked, guessing by the comparison he must have at least doubled in size. but what really got to him, and what really kept his dick from even considering softening itself, was the sight of seeing them both still seeming to be slowly shrinking. Or, more accurately, of himself still growing.

Keeping a hand still firmly wrapped around his dick, now so monstrous even his arm registered its impressive weight and heft, slowly the monstrous fox pushed himself up to his feet. Then nearly fell back down from the sudden sense of vertigo that overcame him. His free arm smashed onto the top of the building behind him to use as an armrest to catch himself on, only to have the entire 8 story tall structure nearly collapse under his impossible weight. But as his sense of balance recovered, he stared at the roof of the building and watched it slowly lowering further and further down in relation to his immense chest. His gaze then lowered further to where the little cheetah was still clinging to his fur right between his pectorals, happily nestling herself into the ever-broadening cleft between them. Then, as he glanced around briefly to watch the entire world continue to

shrink around him with no signs of stopping, he spoke. His voice boomed out like a roll of thunder that he swore from the way she shuddered must have caused her to cream herself right there from the sheer power of his voice alone.

"Monster? No, my dear little kitten. I'm no monster..."

His lips pulled back into a feral, hungry grin gleaming with just the smallest hint of madness brought on by levels of both power, testosterone and god-only-knows what other hormones and chemicals were rolling through the mind and body of the behemoth that had once been that tiny, one hundred-and fifty-five-pound fox.

"I'm your new god."