

"What do you mean the project is no longer *viable*??"

A booming bass echoed off the sterile-white walls of an underground laboratory. A titanic, seething figure was in the middle of beakers, bubbling brews, and whirring server racks. Vaulted ceiling tiles shuddered as the behemoth of a gray wolf grumbled, his voice like the thrumming of an industrial engine. He stalked back and forth, one hand wringing through the open air, tendons bulging over the back of meaty, clawed mitts.

The floor shook with every step of feet wider than a man's torso. Padded soles cracked the reinforced floors, the seething lupine apathetic to the damage he was leaving in the wake of his agitated pacing. The wolf's lab coat, an especially tailored garment that squeezed irritatingly tight around his perfectly boxy 10x10 foot form, flitted behind him. Gold piercings glittered under the harsh light of the buzzing fluorescent tubes above.

The reinforced receiver in the hulking wolf's hand creaked. "I don't *care*. I've spent a year's worth of work on this!" he snarled, creaking plastic punctuating his words as he stalked through personal laboratory and office. He turned sharply, broad shoulders spinning with enough force to displace air. The lupine's braided ponytail whipped between mountainous traps as he snarled, "Then *re-approve* it! I—" A chattering, higher-pitched voice on the other end interrupted him. The wolf's blocky jawline flexed, sinew standing on end as molars ground together.

"No," he snapped, cutting off the simpering voice on the other end. "I am not starting over—not now! Preliminary results were errant but promising!" The monstrously large wolf growled under his breath, foot tapping, causing dark shorts to strain like a second skin over monstrous quads.

The serum was designed to increase its recipient's size and muscle mass. The wolf was so confident that he tested it on himself—only to end with unexpected results. He had gained muscle mass, but at the cost of his height and intelligence, turning him into a horny brute that could barely move. He had since recovered from the incident, regaining his prior intellect and proportions.

Acti's expression ocellated between barely controlled rage and desperation, his ears pinning back as fangs bared. "A month-!" he snapped, turning again to stalk to the other end of his laboratory. Even with the causal press of his palm, the wall subtly cracked under his herculean hand. "A week, then!" he interjected over the incessant chirping over the receiver. A shame that the puny device between his fingers failed to articulate the full depth of his ground-shaking growls.

The answer wasn't to his liking. His eyes narrowed, muzzle wrinkling as he pulled the receiver from the side of his head. He pulled back in rage, arm snapping out before hurtling the phone across the room. The sleeve of his lab coat split, a bloated bicep pushing through while the device smashed against the wall. Plaster crumpled, cratering from the near-cataclysmic impact as the entire room rocked. There wasn't anything left of the receiver. Nothing recognizable anyway, reduced to pulverized plastic fragments.

Acti exhaled sharply, disrupting the stretch of silence. He turned back to his work, fat fingers flitting over a keyboard specially designed for their sheer size. A sharp beep preceded a section

of the far wall shuddering. A metal shutter pulled open, rattling upwards along tracks to reveal a sizable cylinder behind it. A vat of swirling green liquid resided in the recess.

There was enough of the concoction to fill a small swimming pool, the jade tones reflected in Acti's eyes as he strode up to it. The end result of years of research and countless months of testing and refinement stared back impassively with the wolf's distorted reflection.

He scoffed, a slight smirk pulling the corner of his muzzle. "Why would I destroy something I haven't finished yet?"

The late fall air was crisp and cool through Acti's fur. The chill hardly bothered him. If anything, it counteracted the constant heat his herculean, hirsute body produced. The sloshing vat was perched over his shoulder with a mammoth arm wrapped around it. It was large enough to crush a few grown men, wide-eyed personnel having given him a wide berth as he left his laboratory with the sloshing serum.

He looked over his shoulder, expression settling somewhere between disappointment and betrayal. Biomass Industries had been accommodating, allowing him to test hypotheses and experiment with a generous paycheck attached. However, like a lot of good things, it didn't last. He could have his playground so long as it produced something the company could market to their muscle-bound clients. While his coworkers settled with meager gains and minor enhancements, Acti wasn't satisfied with such impotent progress.

The back of the van opened with a kick of the latch, the slatted shutter reeling upwards to reveal a boxy interior. Acti grunted under his breath, not particularly enjoying the crude accommodations for his creation. Metal squealed in unison with the sound of sloshing liquid before he pulled the back shut.

Squeaking and rocking, the truck barely managed to accommodate Acti's overblown bulk. Specially designed for oversized staff, there was only one seat in the front. Even then, the wolf had to roll down the windows to avoid keeping his mammoth shoulders slumped in.

Growling, he shifted through his belongings, fingers fighting with the taut denim of his shorts. The engine started with a twist of the key just as he dialed, putting the phone to the side of his head.

One ring, then two. The parking lot swirled around him, painted white lines flitting by as he pulled away from the towering building. "C'mon," Acti grumbled, "Pick up." A soft clicking crunch interrupted the dialing sound as the call teetered on the precipice of falling into a voicemail.

"Yo," came an energetic voice from the other end of the phone as static crackled in the background. Acti grunted as he twisted the wheel. His solid dome of a muscle gut threatens to

break the steering column free from the dash as they ground together. "Been a while since I've gotten a call from this number. What can I do for ya?"

"You still got a barn free?" Acti asked, his voice level as he pulled up to the exit gate, sidling behind a cockeyed semi-truck.

There was a short pause, the connection popping once or twice. "Yeah? Why?"

"Keep it open for me," he grunted, *gently* pushing down on the accelerator to roll the vehicle closer to the gate and its blue-uniformed keeper. He cursed under his breath as the white-and-red patterned bollard came swiftly down to block his egress.

"...Everything okay?"

Acti steeled his voice, "Just fine." The German shepherd in the booth signaled with a twirling hand, gesturing for the colossal canine to roll down his window. "I'll call you back later."

"Well oka—" He didn't get a chance to finish his sentence as Acti shoved his phone back into his pocket. The motor buzzed as his window rattled down, refusing to drop entirely into the well.

"ID?" the dog barked, seemingly unintimidated by the sheer size of the crunched and hunched behemoth in the truck's cab. He was also reasonably muscled, the size of a professional bodybuilder with a 6'2" height. The buttons on his uniform shirt seemed to strain, hugging sizable pectorals and broad shoulders connected to an equally thick neck.

As intimidating as he might have been to the average Joe, he vanished under the looming shadow of Acti's monstrosously muscular bulk. Pinching plastic between fingers, Acti reeled out the badge that clung to the lapel of his lab coat. The shepherd leaned forward, bracing hands on the edge of his booth as he scrutinized it.

"What's the truck fer?" he asked, a noticeable drawl to his voice. He arched a critical brow, eyes obscured beyond the dark lenses of his sunglasses. Acti wasn't particularly intimidated; the handgun on the security guard's holster might have been a squirt gun to the massive wolf.

"Company business," he responded blandly, flashing the dog an impassive look past his pecs.

The guard stood straighter, bristling slightly as his pointed ears flicked up. "Yeah? Well, that happens t'be *my* business as well." He flicked his muzzle towards the tail end of the truck.

"What's in the back?"

A staredown ensued. A light breeze ruffled fur, the only indication that neither were brow-furrowed statues.

"The bollards ain't goin' up until you tell me what the hell you're up to," the dog said with a snarl, lips lifting just enough to flash fangs. To his surprise, the driver's side door popped open with a sharp *click*. The suspension squeaked, the vehicle rocking back and forth as Acti extracted himself from the cramped cabin.

The guard leaned back as the wolf's shadow fell over him. He flinched as if Acti would take a swing at him, or perhaps wrench him from his station. Neither was the case as the behemoth cracked cement with his steps.

Metal screeched in protest, an ungodly sound that made ears pin back flat. The barrier ripped from its hinge. A bolt nearly half a foot in diameter broke clean in half as he wrenched it loose from its housing.

The shepherd's glasses slipped down his slender nose, revealing ice-blue eyes shrunk to pinpricks as he watched the broken bollard fly like a javelin. Acti had chucked it with just one arm, yet it was as if the strip of striped metal was fired out of a railgun. The hill in the distance had its top lopped off, dirt flying into the air with enough explosive force to vaporize into a brown fog.

The door clapped back shut, the engine revving. The fire had been extinguished, and the guard left gobsmacked as his arms hung limply at his sides. He watched as the truck pulled out, leaving the facility and vanishing behind the rolling beige haze.

Shadows flickered over the windshield, passing trees strobing the midday light that peeked through verdant branches. The suspension creaked, strained from the last hour of driving. The wolf inside the cabin chafed, growling as his bent ears brushed and pressed against the top of the cabin.

Part of him wanted to lift an arm and tear it off. While he knew his career was effectively at an end, there wasn't any sound reasoning to add to the list of potential criminal charges he might face. The wolf's jaw grit as he hit a particularly deep pothole. The vehicle shuddered, rattling. Acti grimaced as he heard the sound of the tank in the back jostling about.

Thankfully, for the beat-down truck, his destination wasn't far. A little offshoot from the far curve in the road marked the entrance. Off the beaten path, the rubbed-raw earth crunched under the rolling tires. Dense branches thumped against the truck's sides, a forest track never meant for a vehicle that size.

Through the snapping of sticks and the crunch of gravel, the woods parted to reveal a relatively large clearing. An old cabin sat center-side, moss climbing the wooden walls like a lichen blanket. Farther beyond, near the back edge where the wood was thickest, was a full-size pole barn. It was in worse shape, with a few tiles missing from the ceiling and several walls starting to decay.

Acti grunted under his breath, eyeing the building appraisingly as he approached. While it wouldn't be his first choice, it looked enough to shield his work from the elements. The truck stopped with a creaking lurch, the engine sputtering off before the wolf popped out of the cab.

He lumbered to the back, retrieving his (thankfully intact) work before heading into the barn. The streams of dust-speckled sunlight provided enough illumination that his wolverine eyes could do the rest. He found a secluded corner, setting up a small workstation and the sloshing container.

He was halfway through setting up several folding tables, laptops, and other homebrew equipment before the sound of a door closing caught his attention. The wolf's ear pinned back, picking up on approaching footsteps.

"Well, this better be good," came a playfully deep voice. Draped in obscuring sunlight, Acti could only make out the figure's outline. A hulking body wreathed in shadow with shoulders that rivaled his own loomed at the double-doored entrance. A lengthy tail snaked across the ground as the violet-furred figure strolled in. Meaty thighs ground together, mighty tree trunks fighting for space as knee-level junk slid between them.

The lack of clothing only paused Acti. The wolf snorted quietly. "It took you long enough to show up," the newcomer muttered, allowing his gaze to linger over the swollen pectorals of the violet-and-white furred draco-wolf. Glittering gold knockers were his only adornments. They swung like pendulums as the behemoth walked, subtly stretching supple navy flesh.

With gleaming red nails and quadruple-rigged horns wrapping around his skull, Khaos cut an imposing, otherworldly appearance. The lower pair flanked around, accentuating the diamond cut of his blocky, testosterone-infused jawline. Fat, tusky fangs poked out behind a plump lower lip as he eyed the top-heavy wolf and the sloshing serum behind him.

"I had to drive carefully," Acti grumbled, turning back to his work, a few nails carefully clattering over a too-small keyboard. Much like Acti, the titanic draco-wolf's stomach also jutted far and away from the rest of his torso, a blocky roid gut nestled up underneath pump pecs, giving him an almost-armored appearance. His typing stopped, palms splaying over the folding table. Khaos' middle slipped over the wolf's rear, the girthy dome perched perfectly over a pair of meaty glutes.

"That so?" he asked in a chiding tone. "Always so careful! Never any time for *fun*," the wolf whispered, the end of his nose barely managing to brush Acti's ear as his pecs battled with the wolf's broad, brawny back.

Acti grunted, his crotch stirring as the other canine nipped at the edges of his pointed ear. "*Fun* comes after work."

"That sounds droll," he said with a bored sigh, rolling his eyes as he stood back up. He took the opportunity to rock his hips against his companion's backside, enjoying the feel of those flesh-wrapped steel globes pressed against his oversized crotch. Despite irritable appearances, Acti didn't overtly protest. He even went so far as to push back, clenching powerful thighs, hamstrings rippling and feathering even underneath the taut denim of his shorts.

"*Hmmhrr...*" Acti's fingers flitted over the keyboard, the portable screen flickering with a series of numerical sequences. "Magic users..." he muttered, a small amount of disdain in his voice.

The draco-wolf flashed a cheeky, toothy smile that showed off the sheer width of his bulky jawline. "Yes?~ What about us?"

"You always want everything instantly. Not willing to put in the work for the end result." He twitched, face twisting into a mild grimace as his crotch slapped the underside of the table. It jumped with a muted thud, the wolf scrambling to hold onto his sliding supplies.

"It's a practiced art, like any other," Khaos cooed, his long tail lashing, sliding along the earthy floor of the dark barn. "Besides, I could use it to help you~" The tail end of his words came out like sticky honey, a teasing lilt that tickled the gray wolf's sensitive ears.

"Absolutely not!" His voice held a resolute edge despite the quivering waver induced by his slowly swelling groin. His jawline flexed, clamping shut as the muscle around his jowls feathered. Fingers had found his sensitive nipples, burly arms barely managing to reach around wing-like lats. The nubs squeezed and rolled around between violet-and-white digits.

The sound of popping, tearing fabric could be heard. The sound was muted underneath the table as it jumped to Acti's thrumming heartbeat rhythm. "If you keep distracting me, I will *show* you a 'good time.'"

"Don't threaten me with—" The draco-wolf paused, blocky brows shifting. "Huh. I guess you did~" Purposely tempting fate, he squeezed harder, pinching down on pink, pierced nipples. He hooked a thumb into the golden loops, giving them a slow, teasing tug. It elicited a few deep moans from Acti, his back arching, slamming into Khaos' girthy boulders for pecs.

Khaos stumbled back, eyes going wide from a sudden shove. He bounced against a support beam, the reinforced wood cracking, sending a light rain of dust falling from the vaulted ceiling. A breathless moan pulled from him along with his golden knockers. Acti had then perched between index fingers and thumbs, tugging just enough to make dark violet flesh stretch and pull.

"Tit for tat," Acti said with a low thrum. He stepped closer, warm breath washing against Khaos' muzzle as he ground eagerly throbbing endowments together. "Looks like I'm going to have to deal with you first if I want to get any work done."

"Seems like it," he replied cheekily. Another sharp gasp followed as Acti tugged those sensitive spots.

"Keep talking," he said with a low growl. "Because you won't have much to say once I pump you full of my pups."

Khaos' ears perked, a smirk splitting his meaty muzzle. "Ooh hoh? Someone's in a mood! I bet—*Oof!*" The wood splintered as he was pushed again, the drawolf tripping over his meaty feet as he went tumbling back. The ground shuddered with the weight of his impact, the rest of the barn's dilapidated structure quaking. He was given a front-row seat to Acti's strip show. The wolf grabbed the front of his lab coat, nails sinking into the white fabric as he tore it from his torso. The fabric shredded, peeling off him like molting skin to reveal more shades of gray fur.

The drawolf's shaft smacked wetly against his own pecs, already dribbling copious precum. He watched wide-eyed as the other wolf shimmied down his shorts. It was a teasing display, Acti swinging his tail left and right as mammoth musculature rippled. Bloated abdominals shifted, his roid gut dancing to a silent tune as he tore the last of the clothes from his herculean form. Freed from its prison, his cock swung forward, the tip of his glans catching the golden hoop hooked to Khaos' nipple, giving it a flip.

Bodies crashed together as Acti descended. Fat pecs fought for space as endowments dueled. Their lips met, fat tires squelching as saliva-slicked supple flesh bent and twisted in a passionate dance between muzzles. Most moans came from Khaos, his slightly higher pitch rising as it echoed from the rafters. To an outside observer, it was a clash of overblown flesh, muscle grinding against muscle as pulsating vasculature webbed. Hands grabbed what they could, arms wrapping together, wing-like lats threatening to crash into respective glutes as they contorted.

Khaos found himself turned onto his front. Acti's weight crushed down on him, keeping him pinned into place. His chin smashed between pecs as they threatened to swallow his head. Trapped between swollen mounds and titanic traps, it almost seemed like the drawolf was ready to drown in his own body. He could feel Acti pushing at his entrance, his own bulbous glutes flexing, wrapping around the helmeted head of the fleshy log that threatened to slip into him.

"Well? Are you going to make me wait, or—" Khaos didn't have time to finish that sentence as Acti lifted his hips. The bearded wolf drove down with enough weight to shatter a man into a thousand pieces. The ground cratered subtly, dusty earth compacting in the shape of the drawolf's back as Acti sank deep into him. "*Hoooyeah*," he groaned, eyes threatening to roll back in his head as his tongue lolled out the side of his muzzle.

A couple of "thooming" steps found Acti shifting his stance wider. He squatted down, pumping up and down with a deep huff. He braced his hands on Khaos' broad back, fingers kneading into the burgeoning traps that towered over the drawolf's (comparatively) small head.

"Gotta...*nghhh*...teach you not to sass me, *pup!*"

"*Oohh, fuck*," Khaos hissed between teeth. His body shook, rocking into the ground with every slam of Acti's hips. He could feel his already distended stomach stretching, cobbled abdominals warping to the vague outline of the wolf's battering ram.

"'Oh fuck,' *what?*" Acti snapped, leaning down to whisper as close to Khaos' ear as much as their overblown bodies would allow.

The earth churned under the drawolf, his shaft plowing through it as effortlessly as a diamond-tipped spade. "O-Oh *fuck*," he gasped before adding a breathless, "*D-Daddy...*" That must have been the correct thing to say because the drawolf was rewarded with a meaty clap to his ass. Cheeks subtly reddened, bubbled mounds shaking and wobbling with every wet impact of the greater wolf's hefty hips.

Soft "uhs" came from the drawolf with every piston press, the dominant wolf slamming into him repeatedly. He raised shaky hands, fingers twitching as they worked arcane symbols through

the air. Even through the passion of pounding his partner's ass, Acti was able to spot the peculiar movements.

"What are...*ngrrr*...you doin'?" he asked, grunting from exertion as sweat started to trickle down his hirsute body.

"Just—*haah*—adding a bit of flare to your brew!" he answered unevenly, the rhythmic impacts wobbling his words. He gasped as he was grasped by a horn, head pulled back the few degrees it was allowed.

"It's not—" He cut himself off with a growl as the drawolf's ass clamped around his cock. "Don't you dare fuck with it!" he quickly added, tugging a little harder on that crimson horn. The cheeky giggle of "too late" made Acti snarl in frustration.

Much to his chagrin, the workings of Khaos' magic began to manifest. Similar to those that adorned the drawolf's body, sigils surrounded the tank, suffusing the glass with a reflecting, shifting myriad of violet hues. It would have been a beautiful kaleidoscope if it weren't for the fact that Acti's hard work was in danger.

The wolf tried to stand, to disengage, but Khaos wouldn't let him. Bulbous glutes clenched, clamping like a vice around the bearded wolf's pulsating endowment. The surge of sensation that shot up his shaft made the lupine's legs buckle. He let out a sharp moan as he dropped to a knee, slipping back into the drawolf with a short, breathy "*bastard!*"

"*Oohhh, no...*" Khaos said with a guttural chuckle. "You're not goin' anywhere, *Daddy...*"

Running his options through his head, Acti quickly reversed tactics. He drove his hips down, slamming them into the hulking hybrid. He growled, leaning down, bloated pecs crashing against the drawolf's broad back. Strings of saliva snapped as he opened his mouth, wrapping it around one of those towering traps and biting down dominantly. The submissive howl that erupted from Khaos was enough to make his cock throb and his balls clench.

The brew bubbled as if someone had shoved a Bunsen burner beneath it. The tank churned, its metal casing rattling around it as the liquid within reached a rolling boil. It wobbled dangerously, the serum sloshing up against the contours of its glass prison as if it were an animal seeking escape.

"I swear," Acti growled, spitting out a lavender-furred shoulder, "If you ruin my work, I'm taking it out of your ass."

Despite being face-down in the dirt with his chest even further down, the drawolf's muzzle still cracked into a tusk smirk. "Isn't that what you're already—*Ah-!*" He gasped, his snark interrupted by another sharp clap.

The pounding from the oversized wolf was like an industrial jackhammer—one bent on taking down the entire building with them. The structure shuddered, more decrepit planks falling from their tenuous spots on the ceiling. One of them tumbled onto Acti's back, the old wood still containing enough heft to hospitalize or even kill a man.

Yet, it splintered on contact with the bearded behemoth's hypertrophied back.

The tank rocked on its tripod, bobbling dangerously as the concoction slammed the insides of the container. It reached the point of no return, listing dangerously, the stand's legs lifting from one side before it fell.

"*Fuck!*" Acti hissed.

The luminescent liquid flooded the floor, the initial wave splashing over the pair. A string of curses unbelated from Acti as the stuff soaked into his short pelt, seeping into his skin. Wherever it made contact, he could feel a blooming warmth, something that rooted deep into him. He huffed and panted, his heart rate spiking as a full-body shudder took over.

Below him, Khaos moaned loudly, a sound like a tightly coiling spring, as his entire body vibrated. Veins as thick as fire hoses crawled under his pelt wherever the concoction made contact.

The barn seemed to contract, pulling in around the pair. It wasn't until Acti pushed away the sex-induced haze that he realized that it wasn't the barn that was crumbling inwards.

Broad shoulders slammed into either wall, a gray-furred back impacting the vaulted ceiling. Wood cracked, snapping as board and roof tile went flying. The behemoths bloomed out of the barn, the structure crumbling away as they expanded in rough, carnal pulsations.

Acti barely had time to grapple with the fact that the serum was a success as they ballooned. Sinew swelled, muscles fighting for space as their bodies doubled and then quadrupled in size within a minute. Their bones fought to keep up with engorging muscle mass, always catching up just before another surge hit, threatening to make the pair look more like respective colored meatballs than wolves.

"*HhuuggGG!*" Khaos bellowed, followed by a sharp crack and pop. His jawline swelled, filling out around his skull as it redoubled in size and thickness. His lower lip fattened, bouncing up and down, glittering in the sunlight with a sheen of saliva.

The drawwolf's traps throbbed, jutting up over his head in an uneven dance, the shadows of those looming mountain peaks draping a dark shadow over his brutifying face. His chin swelled, a once shallow dimple deepening into a cleft ravine that nearly split the burgeoning boulder.

Acti wasn't faring much differently. His brows buckled before bursting forward, the burgeoning shelf shadowing his eyes as his lower fangs tuskified further. They pushed past his nose, turning into pointed pillars that jutted into his line of sight. Every labored breath pulled more mass into the behemoth. Every lungful of air found his chest expanding further away from his face.

The pleasure of Khaos' ass swelling around his cock wasn't lost on the gray wolf. He moaned, a deep, guttural, bestial sound as he bucked his hips, rocking with what little shrinking mobility he had left. It seemed the rest of his body was in a losing battle with the absurd amount of muscle pouring onto his frame, his shoulders pulling out, hips widening just to be dwarfed once more.

Lats slammed into glutes as Acti's balls bloated out, rolling behind him like two swollen boulders that crashed into the collapsing treeline.

He found that he couldn't grasp the drawolf anymore. Bloated biceps made sure of that. They clashed against his back, arms losing their flexibility as his forearms swelled with corded muscle. His pelt creaked, darker strands of fur sprouting tastefully along his shoulders and arms.

There wasn't much thought beyond the body that ballooned around him. He couldn't move his head, his jawline having grown to several times the width of the top of his skull. It effectively locked him in place, wrinkles forming as his brow pushed down over his eyes. Even his voice had deepened, a roaring throaty huff as saliva dribbled from the corners of his fattened lower lip.

Their bodies clashed, violet and gray muscle rolling together as treetops blended together like blades of grass beneath them. Their bodies had quickly filled to the point of becoming muscled mountains. Veins pulsed, feeding muscle that forced arms to nearly 90-degree angles, held aloft by the sheer size of bloated lats and split-peaked biceps. Pecs ground together like hirsute tectonic plates, slamming together with enough force to displace the air and replace it with a heady musk that would make most buckle at the knees.

Even with dwindling flexibility, the two continued to rut in earnest. Swollen blocky abdominals stretched into a bloated roid gut that lifted Khaos from the cracking, cratering ground. The pair were nearly beyond words, minds muddled with toxic testosterone that demanded only one thing:

Bigger.

So their bodies obliged. They surged in size, muscle rolling over muscle as their hides creaked like straining balloons. Fangs pushed higher than jutting brows, threatening to brush together with how overblown their brutish faces had become. Khaos' horns had also taken the time to grow, thickening as they curled in elaborate patterns that branched away from the top of his seemingly shrinking crown.

Had they bothered to look up, or were able to, they would have seen the horizon stretch beyond in all directions, heads in the (literal) clouds. An explosive mix of science and magic kept their bodies growing, surging as veins thicker than entire rivers thrummed with booming heartbeats. Bloated balls rolled out, smothering entire counties—then countries.

Stars twinkled into existence over a pair of bloated colossi. The earth below churned, bleeding orange and red as Khaos' cock plowed into the planet itself. His limited movements were guided by Acti's feverish fucking, his hips twitching, bloated swollen glutes grinding against his lower back in a way that made him seize in place.

There was no way for the wolf to move—not now. His entire body was swollen to the point of being utterly immobile, his swollen pecs propped over Khaos' equally enormous back. The only thing he could do was huff, steamy winds blowing from his muzzle. If he was cognizant of his surroundings, he might have realized that he was breathing on the cusp of space just fine.

Maybe he would have realized that magic had its perks after all.

But that didn't matter. Not when he teetered on the edge of orgasm. His entire body ground on itself sensually, the sheer size of his own self trying to crush him. Muscle rippled, sinew feathering as his bloated muscle gut jammed into the divot of Khaos' lower back.

The earth below cracked, fracturing as it nearly split in two from the drawolf's sudden orgasm. Thick globules of cum flooded from the wound, spraying into space. The milky substance became a lazy halo that swirled around the twin titans.

Acti buckled, his entire body shaking, thrumming with his teetering orgasm. The only sound out of him was a guttural, repeating "UH!" as his swollen jawline clenched between overblown pecs. Balls that had bloated as large as he was throbbled, pulsating as they pushed up behind his back like a twin pair of seed-swollen blimps.

The sheer clench from Khaos' ass kept him latched onto Acti's cock—for better or worse. His stomach swelled, the planet-sized titan booming out a primal roar. Abdominals stretched, being forced further and further away until they jutted far beyond his swollen pectorals. His tumid tummy rippled, abdominals clenching as the flesh between his short white fur turned reddish-pink. The drawolf's navel popped outwards, clenched between overblown bricks.

Both of them heaved, sonorous growls filling the void as they basked in post-orgasm pleasure. If Acti still had his rational mind intact, it might have been worrying about the current state of the world. Not like he could come back to a half-cracked planet, even if they managed to shrink back down.

However, that would be a problem for later. Something to solve when the constant carnal pleasure of his own overblown body grinding against itself wasn't going to be a distraction.

Even if that might take a long, long time.