

The sound of the subway car around me echoed quietly. Just here yesterday, and yet everything was entirely different. For one, I am...incredibly large. Even more so than the hairy, heavy guy next to me. The plastic seat underneath my overblown rear creaked; I could swear I could feel it sagging underneath me.

My feet were exposed, footwear having been out of the question with how much they had grown. I was wearing some of my boyfriend's workout attire: a hoodie and a pair of sweats—all of which were exceedingly small on me. Some alterations had to be made at the last minute, Jarred having taken a pair of scissors to the back of those sweats, making a hole for my wolf-like tail to fit through. We tried stuffing it down the leg, but it was downright painful, the extension to my spine unappreciative of the attempt to bend it at an awkward angle.

It was strange getting used to my new body. Muscles flexed and rippled with every moment, and I wasn't really sure how much force to use with my new arms. Being better safe than sorry, I was essentially treating everything like I would an egg.

At least my boyfriend next to me was supportive. He might not have been on top of keeping the apartment clean, but at least he was there for me when I needed him the most. His hand was wrapped in my massive one, fingers laced together - even going so far as to play a small game of footsies with me. It wasn't exactly comfortable with the boots he was wearing, but I humored him - wrapping my padded, clawed toes around the end of his boot before squeezing down.

God... The perspective was nuts. I was sitting even taller than I used to, my horns catching on the curved ceiling above me, causing me to hunch forward a little. Being height advantaged was something I had gotten used to all my life, but now...

"Doin' alright?"

My gaze turned, having to shift and tilt my huge body just to look at my smaller boyfriend.

Phew... 'Smaller'. Can't believe I'm actually using that label.

"Y-Yeah, I'm doing good," my deepened voice rumbled out of me like a bestial growl. The sound was alluring, a noise that made my toes curl. Not sure I'm ever going to get used to it, but it was a vast improvement from before. I sounded confident, dominant—like a proper muscled monster—even if I was still a little uncomfortable in my new skin.

He looked at me, seeming unsure. Regardless, that smile returned full force back over his face. He gave my hand another reassuring squeeze, thumb working around in circles over the top of my hand—or what he could reach of it.

"Isn't it a little weird that...nobody seems to be freaked out?" I asked, looking around the train, the sparse passengers that rode along with us, seeming unconcerned that a big furry beast was

sitting in the middle of them. "I mean...they seem a lil more weirded out by my outfit than anything..."

His gaze shifted, following mine. It seemed the same question had been brewing in his head as well, his bearded lower jaw shifting around in thought. "Probably has something to do with the flower? Maybe it's some kind of spell?"

I cocked my brow critically at my boyfriend, peering down at him. "...Really? Magic?"

"It's the only thing I can think of," he offered, shrugging his broad shoulders. I guess I couldn't really blame him for that assertion. The only thing that could sufficiently explain my transformation and the outlook the rest of the world had on it was...well, *magic*. "Besides, isn't it a good thing?"

I tilted my head further, feeling the thick mane-like fluff shifting around my neck and shoulders.

"It means that you don't have to stay cooped up in the apartment! We can go out in public!" He said with a widening grin. "It also means we aren't going to have government agents trying to capture you. I don't want some science guys chopping up my boyfriend."

My jutting brows flattened as the unpleasant images flashed through my brain: us on the run, me constantly trying to hide in oversized clothing as we escape to who-knows-where. He had a point at least, with his blunt optimism. It seemed that whatever had transformed me had either changed the world at large, or just the opinions of those who observe my new bestial form.

I didn't really have much time to think about it, the train finally slowing. The lights from outside flicked across the windows, illuminating the inside of the train car with an yellow-white glow. With a soft hiss, the doors finally open, passengers flooding out. Jarred tugged me along with him, and I found my body getting up automatically. What should have been too much weight for him to move went as easily as if he was tugging along a toddler; my body seemed drawn to him, eagerly compliant with his wishes.

Out onto the platform we went, passing by other curious, but not overtly shocked occupants. Most of them were thankfully wound up with their own morning commutes. Climbing up the stairs was an interesting proposition, my large feet having trouble finding purchase on the smaller steps. I found myself skipping every other stair as I followed after my over-eager boyfriend.

Still, I couldn't help but smile, my thick lower lip stretching around my tusk-like fangs. Even though I had radically changed, it was nice to see that other things hadn't. It somehow brought a sense of normalcy to his bizarre situation, something that told me that everything would be alright after all. With a renewed spring in my step, I caught up with my human.

...Heh. Human? That's a strange thought...

Regardless, I went along after him, squeezing his hand in mine, almost completely engulfing it. It wasn't a far distance to the local mall, only about a block over from the subway exit. It's a fairly popular place, and I'm glad we're going during the middle of a business day. I'd shudder to think how I'd manage to make it through packed crowds when I'm this size...

I mean, there's always the option of bulldozing through them—I certainly have the body for it—but that would be *incredibly* rude. Massive meaty self or not, I'm still me. It's Jarred they would have to be more worried about, heh.

The cool air washing over me was a relief as we stepped through the automatic doors. I failed to factor in all the fur that was over my body, the stuff trapping in the heat like I was wearing a winter coat in the middle of summer. Taking a moment, I let the air curtain wash over me, closing my eyes and leaning up into it.

"Heh... You look like a dog."

I cracked my eyes open, giving my boyfriend a look.

"It's cute! Just the way your ears folded back and stuff!" he said with a wide grin. I knew he was being genuine, he always was. It managed to put a smile on my own face. Ducking down, I gave him a quick kiss. It seemed it was unexpected, his eyes shooting open wide as my thick lower lip pushed between his, forcing him to suckle on it.

Mmm... Hell yeah, that's a good sensation. Guess I'm getting better at using this body.

The more that I used it, the more that it felt like this form was more *me* than just a 'transformed' state. It was sinking in that I may never go back to the way I was - that lanky, skinny human body. I thought I would be apprehensive about it, but... The more I think about it, the more I hope I get to stay this way forever. I'm huge, I'm hairy, I'm a big, masculine beast! My boyfriend loves me, and I keep getting stares from everyone I walk by.

What wasn't there to love?

Well, besides not fitting in tight spaces, but that's another story.

...Especially when you consider 'tight spaces' having another meaning.

Damn, being this endowed was certainly hot, but it was absolutely useless in the bedroom. Guess I'm lucky that Jarred didn't mind it at all. Honestly, he was usually one to gravitate to being the top anyway, so it works out.

A soft moan passed my lips, feeling my body heat up. A rumble shook through me as the sweats I wore pulled tighter around engorged thighs.

God... *Fuck*...

The hoodie rode up a little higher as well. I could feel the cool air wafting over my stomach, my distended abs flexing in response on their own.

I forgot that getting horned up makes me bigger. ...And more brutish. I could already feel my lower lip having fattened up, hanging a little lower, those tusks pushing a bit higher... It was a struggle not to think about it, to try to tear my mind away from how *good* it felt to grow bigger and more beastly.

I felt a tug on my hand, dragging me out of the halls and into one of the shops. I had to duck my head down to avoid a low hanging sign—or, well, low hanging for me, I suppose; Jarred didn't have a problem with it. It looked like we were in one of those big and large stores. I guess it fits now, considering my sheer size, though I'm bodybuilder proportioned rather than fat.

More than bodybuilder, really, considering just how monstrously thick my body is, all that muscle grinding—

I could feel my body ominously rumbling again, quickly snapping my thoughts away.

Do they even have dedicated stores for bodybuilders? What does a bodybuilder even wear? The only thing I've seen in the media is them posing in trunks. That, and those sideless tank tops that show off nearly their entire torso along with shorts that ride all the way up their thighs.

...I wonder if I would look good in that? Jarred would probably like it, considering he wears that kinda stuff to the gym...

Looking around the store, I already saw my proactive boyfriend flicking through outfits. Out of the two of us, he was always the one who picked out the style of things. Clothes, furniture—just about everything. I didn't mind, though. I kinda liked it, in fact. It was one less thing I had to worry about after my stressful days at work.

“Here-!”

I looked down again. He was holding up a whole bundle of clothes for me, my brows arching. Interestingly, it was...almost exactly what I had been picturing in my head.

“I got a few different sizes for you. The fabric should be stretchy because it's made for bodybuilders,” he commented.

Damn, I'm on point with this, apparently.

"I also got a few sizes bigger for when you're feeling..." He paused, a small blush forming over his furry cheeks as he smiled sheepishly. "*Rowdy*."

God he's so cute... I had to suppress a groan, feeling my body subtly tighten up further, muscle grinding on muscle alluringly.

"There's a fitting room in the back! C'mon!" I found my hand being gripped again, tugged along past several racks of various outfits as I was tugged to the back of the shop. A small (for me) hallway led us past several doors, Jarred picking the largest one in the back. The door clicked behind us as he locked it, turning back to me before handing out the pile of clothes.

Shucking off my impromptu outfit was a little difficult, Jarred having to help me out with getting the hoodie up and around my sides. The pants came off with a few yanks, struggling to get them past my engorged thighs. I could see why it was so difficult, the nearby full-body mirror showing me off in all of my oversized splendor. Swollen pectorals jutted proudly from my chest, pink nips hanging underneath them. My arms were like trunks along with my thighs, tied together by a powerful midsection that could stop cannonballs dead in their tracks.

A soft moan passed my lips as my entire body flexed, thickening up, veins webbing further over me as I panted.

"Oh..." he huffed under his breath nearby, my boyfriend biting at his lip as he watched me. "Yeah... I nearly forgot that you can grow bigger..." He glanced at the door out of the corner of his eye, as if he was contemplating something. I didn't realize it at first, but the tight, enclosed space was starting to have an unintended side effect. The air was starting to permeate with masculine musk, filling the corners of the room and catching Jarred's attention.

If he didn't have a boner before, he certainly had one now. The front of his shorts bulged, stretching forward as he let slip a moan of his own. The sight was too hot, my own rumbling voice being added to his as my body subtly swelled further, back broadening as my shoulders pushed out like boulders.

"*MMggg*... J-Jarred..." I muttered under my breath.

"I-I know! I know..." he replied breathily. "We gotta...calm down. Think about other things..." he mumbled under his breath. "And not about how cute you are, or how much I love you..."

"C-Cute..??" I stammered. How did he find this new body of mine cu—"oOUUUH..!" My pecs surged, slamming together, swollen boulders bouncing up and down salaciously, rolling and jiggling as banded muscles flexed and relaxed. Muscles were like a livewire of pleasure, flexing and bulging, swelling out into the open air as if it was a race to see which ones could outsize the others.

“W-We just did this last night—!” I pleaded in vain to nobody in particular. I grabbed at my own pecs, trying to force them back in - to no avail. They refused to be contained, their swelling mass styming my attempt to keep them in check. From what I could tell past the hairy expanse in front of me, Jarred wasn't making much of an attempt to dissuade the change. He was outright staring, his bearded cheeks a hot shade of red. He didn't even have to say anything, his feelings flowing into me, fueling the changes as I felt my body heating up.

My cock swung up into the air from between my thighs, pulsating, fat veins branching along the length—from what I could see anyway. His eyes were utterly transfixed on the glistening head, a dollop of pre-dum forming before dripping down.

God...he was right. It's utterly useless... So huge that it'll never fit in anything...

“MMMMmm-!” I whined, biting at my fattened lower lip, my expression screwing up as he touched my cock. It felt like it swelled bigger, eagerly trying to shove more of itself into his meaty palm. It felt like I was just as big as his entire torso—maybe more. I couldn't really tell thanks to the huge hairy shelf in front of my face. Still...feeling him touching me was something I couldn't argue with. I knew that we shouldn't be doing this—that we should try to get ourselves together, but...

God...it feels so good when he touches me like that...

It's like he knows exactly what he's doing, those fingers sliding around my nipples as he gives them a tug. He doesn't even care anymore, and I can feel him wrapping his lips around my sensitive flesh, his scratchy beard tickling it as he suckled.

“MMmrggg... J-Jarreeddd...” I moaned, already copiously leaking as my hips thrust. It felt like the room was getting smaller... But, in reality, I knew it was the opposite. *I was getting bigger...* My words started to slur, deepening as my neck thickened and my jawline broadened, my brain unable to form the proper sounds with how quickly I was growing. “Umph... MMmrggg... C-Can't... Shtop gettin'... BB-BIGGURR-!” I boomed, shaking the walls.

There was no way people couldn't hear that from outside.

But, I couldn't bring myself to care.

My body was a font of pleasure, all of it stemming from the human who was worshiping me. He grabbed at my jawline, having scaled up onto my chest like it was a fur-lined mountain. He made out with me, wrapping his lips around my fat lower one, tugging and pulling at it with a pent up passionate fury I didn't know he had in him. His movements were dominant—controlling. I knew I needed him just as much as he needed me.

He could guide me...show me the way with this new body of mine. God...he was already doing so well...

“You gonna cum for me?” he asked, his voice a breathy growl as he pulled off of my lip. Even though it wasn’t nearly as deep as mine, it still sent a lewd full-body shiver through me.

“Y-Yeah...” I gasped, my words slurring as I leaned back, my head banging against traps that engorged around my head, threatening to overtake it. I could barely think straight... He’s so hot.../m so hot... Looking over at my arm, I raised it into the air, following it with my gaze.

“Going to flex that for me, *Beast?*” he asked, having turned his attention to my arm as well. His fingertips slid over my bicep, tracing along it, following a particularly prominent set of veins. “Bet you’re dying to show off...”

His words coaxed a moan out of me, a growl tinting it as I shifted a bit. The room was feeling claustrophobic at this rate. There was no way I could make it out of the door now—not unless I managed to shrink back down. But, shrinking was the last thing I wanted right now...

With a heft of my arm, I curled it into a bicep pose, my fat fingers squeezing tight as my forearm bristled with bulging muscle. As if on command my bicep bloomed, splitting deeply as the twin heads fought for space as they shoved skywards. A few more pumps found them pushing higher than my knuckles, pushing higher than my own head or the traps that loomed behind it.

“Good boy...”

Boy..? I...

My cock flexed hard, as if encouraged by the title, a thick jet of precum coating the far wall. A hard gasp slipped past my lips. I could feel my cheeks heating up, burning as my confident flex waned.

“You like that big body of yours, huh? I can only imagine what it’s like...” he muttered, kissing at my plump lower lip, his scruff tickling at my sensitive flesh as he spoke. “That strained feeling... Muscle grinding on muscle—the pump...” he continued to speak, making out with me intermittently. “Yeah... I bet that’s how it feels right now—right, Boy?”

Oh god... Why is it affecting me so hard? Everything he’s saying, I...

“UUUgghh...” my rumbling voice boomed, my body surging in size, mammoth shoulders widening, forcing myself to what felt as wide as I was tall. They slammed into either side of the wall, forcing me to frantically turn to keep from punching holes through the already tortured drywall. I could already feel myself teetering on the edge, the surging testosterone feeding my engorged body with every thudding heartbeat. It was like every inch of me was on fire, feeling the muscle swell as I shifted and moved, sinew tearing and rebuilding again—bigger, *stronger*.

And Jarred was the crux to all of it... The human nestled into my chest, his strong hands working over my brutified jawline, feeling over my engorged features that would have made anyone else run in fear...

O-Oh... Oh... Oh god I can feel it...

“MMmggguuuhh! MMMGONN...gonnNNAA CUMMM-!” my voice boomed, shaking the entirety of the room around us. I could feel every hair on my body standing on end, every nerve on fire with raw pleasure as I arched my back, my traps grazing the ceiling, knocking a few tiles out of place.

“Fuck, yeah...” Jarred growled against my lips, the human pressing a few deep ones, his tongue diving into my maw before reeling back in with a lewd wet pop. “C’mon, Boy... Blow for me...” The way he said the term... It didn’t feel like age play. It felt more like...

“MMmGGGUUUUHHH-!”

My urethra bulged, lifting my cock up higher into the air. The deluge of cum blasting from it hit the door, the force of the impact knocking it open. The worst of my load blasted down into the hallway, a sticky white mess flying through the air. It felt like an eternity before I finally could think straight again, my mind reeling, my entire body dripping with sweat...

“Yeaahh... That’s my beast... That’s my good boy...”

That’s what it felt like...

I bit at my lower lip, trying to keep a whimper of a moan from crossing over my lips—an embarrassing contrast to the hyper masculine self I now was.

It feels like I’m his *pet*...

I couldn’t shake the thought, the idea fixated in the middle of my mind’s eye, refusing to go away no matter which way I looked. I...I wanted it. I wanted to be *his* beast—his big, loyal brute boy...

He kissed me again, gripping around my jawline firmly, but with enough slack to show the unadulterated love he had for me. The kiss we shared only made me larger, the two of us moaning as I fell onto my absurdly broad back, breaking the bench behind me. The fire between us became one, merging into a burning bonfire that felt like it would never end...

And I didn’t want it to, either.

—

“...I can’t believe we did that...” I muttered under my breath, my face feeling like it was on fire as we walked. Jarred was next to me, the bag of clothes in his grip as his burly arms swung at his sides.

“Heyyy, we cleaned it up, though, right?” he reasoned with a wide smile parting his beard, tilting his head back to look all the way up at me. “Besides, they weren’t going to call the cops or anything—and we didn’t do any permanent damage. Nobody else in the shop was traumatized either.”

A soft groan passed over my lips, my newly mobile ears folding back. He was really taking to my new body—and our new roles... I mean, not that it was all that different before; he was always the one in charge and taking care of me, both emotionally and sexually. It’s just that he was *really* leaning into it now, as if my transformation had unlocked a new part of him as well...

“Besides, you loved it.” It was less of a question and more of a statement, my boyfriend reading me like an open book. It was true, I loved every second of it—being his massive beast, having him climb over my big, useless body like I was some sort of meaty, hirsute jungle gym. Having him take control and smother me in his love was something else... I wasn’t entirely sure if it was my body that was amplifying it, or his natural energy that was bouncing off of me and the situation that we were in, but...

God, I love this man...

His hand squeezed around mine, fingers laced together as we walked through the mall. I had thankfully managed to shrink back down, the shock of what I had done causing me to reset down to a more acceptable size. My face lost its more brutal features as well—seeming to go hand-in-hand when I grow larger. At least the new clothes fit well, the sideless stringer tank wrapped around my torso along with a pair of shorts that hugged my legs and, uuhhh....*rear*.

I could see him catching glances of my rump, looking back behind me every so often... The shameless horndog.

I’m just glad that his overt stares weren’t causing me to swell up in public all over again. Maybe we were starting to get a handle over this growth business?

Time would tell.

Too bad shoes were out of the question. The shop didn’t have any that came close to fitting my oversized stompers. I was just thankful that they were padded underneath, keeping me from feeling the worst of what was underneath them. Maybe I wouldn’t need shoes? For the summer, at least. I can’t imagine it would be fun running around barefoot in the winter, padded soles or not.

Still... I was catching reflections of myself in the nearby windows. I liked what I saw, a smile breaking out across my muzzle, sharp fangs showing, spotting a confident glint in my eyes that I never recognized before.

No wonder I can get him so worked up... I'm downright handsome now—in a beastly kind of way. I wasn't really one for anthropomorphic attraction, but even I would rate myself as pretty 'up there' in terms of looks. I could see the tail wagging around behind my mirrored doppelganger, his smile growing even wider as he looked me up and down.

There was almost a disconnect in my brain, my mind struggling to grasp that it was looking at itself and not a total stranger.

"See something you like?"

Jarred was smiling at me, a knowing glint in his eyes as he looked between me and where my gaze had been going. I could feel my face warming up, having been caught in the act of blatantly checking myself out.

"I...might have been appreciating the changes," I muttered, my smile turning bashful as I looked down at my boyfriend. He seemed to be pleased by my answer, a wide grin breaking out across his face, parting that rusty-brown beard. Jarred had always tried to boost my self-confidence; usually to no avail. It had been something of a personal project of his in our relationship. I couldn't blame him, I *wanted* to make a change, to try to be a more confident and outgoing person...

Well, I'd certainly say that a lot had changed—my reflection proof enough of that.

A tugging at my hand snapped me out of my own self-admiration, noticing that Jarred was trying to pull me along. "C'mon," he said with a grin. "I got one more stop for us. It's a new shop that opened up!"

"Oh?" I asked, cocking my head curiously as we picked up our pace. We made our way around the bend, passing by a few other shoppers. Like the ones before them, I only seemed to be of mild interest; something out of the ordinary, but not so alien as to cause a scene. It was strange...but I found that I preferred it that way. I didn't really feel like questioning good luck; it felt like looking a gift horse in the mouth.

Near the end of the hallway and close to the back doors of the mall, I noticed a particularly...interesting shop. It was blacked out, dark blankets hiding what usually would have been the display windows. Even the front entrance had heavy fabric blocking the entrance—as if the insides of whatever was beyond wasn't suited for public viewing.

Strange... It almost seemed antithetical to a mall shop. Usually shops *wanted* to advertise what was within. Maybe they were going for the reverse strategy?

“Heh... It’s not my *usual* thing, but... They got a new sex shop set up here.” There was a bashful tint to his voice as he lowered it, trying to keep from being overheard by the more savory crowds. “They got some leather gear and other things I wouldn’t mind trying out—especially with that new body of yours.”

“O-OH...!” I blurted, almost a little too loudly, getting a shushing from my boyfriend. My tail flipped between my legs tucking between them as my ears lowered, offering a quick, embarrassed apology.

“So...” We stopped just in front of the doors, his eyes practically sparkling as he looked up into mine. “What do you say?”

Well, I couldn’t exactly say no to my man when he was looking up at me like that. It was the face of a cute puppy or a kitten—I couldn’t tear my gaze away. I gave him a nod, a look of glee spreading over his face as he tugged me in. The heavy curtains parted easy enough, especially around my broad shoulders as we made our way in.

It wasn’t exactly brightly lit inside—enough to comfortably see, but certainly dimmer than the rest of the illuminated mall. The place was packed with gear, toys, and other things—corner to corner, practically. I could feel my cheeks redden under my short fur as I glanced past all manner of insertables, removables, and strapon-ables. There was a large guy behind the countertop, a big burly bear of a man—even bigger than my own. The older looking man eyed the both of us, flashing a knowing smile before going back to the magazine that was in his hand.

I could swear he was reading a porn mag - an obscured but rather risque looking man on the front cover.

Before I could get a better look, I was being guided along Jarred. He tugged at my forearm, having looped his around it, apparently having spotted what he was after. Lots of things in leather hung from the opposite wall to the front door. Hats, harnesses, cuffs, wrist-bands—just about everything I could think of. Jarred seemed transfixed, already bustling through things as if he was a kid in a candy shop. I couldn’t help but exhale softly under my breath as I watched. It would have been endearing if we weren’t in the middle of a sex shop.

“Lookin’ for somethin more his size?”

The gruff voice had both of us turning our heads. A lifetime of smoking rattled along with that voice, the burly attendant looking us both over as he stood nearby. He was wearing a pair of jeans, a tucked in shirt that revealed that solid middle, and a leather vest that snugly clung to his burly torso. I was honestly surprised I didn’t hear the sound of his leather boots as he approached. Guess I was far too interested in another attractive man at the moment.

“Yeah!” Jarred answered for me. “You got anything that’ll work? Harness, maybe a collar?”

C-Collar...?

I could feel myself swell subtly, straining the new clothes he had just bought me.

“Mmm...” he rumbled under his breath, rolling his jawline around, bushy mustache shifting over his upper lip. “Yeah, I got some stuff in the back for extra sized guys. Just give me a sec to look ‘round.” He turned, boots clicking over the hard floor as he slipped through a nearby door in the back. Jarred didn’t waste any time moving through the shop, stopping at a few toys in particular that made his eyes light up. He whipped out a flashlight, waving it at me. The thing was massive, half-flopped in his large hand.

“How’s this look?”

I... Wasn’t really sure how to answer. Despite how huge it was, I wasn’t entirely sure that it would fit me even in my smallest size...

“I... For you or for me?” I asked.

“For you, duh,” he responded with a wry smirk.

The corners of my mouth quirked as I arched a brow. “I...don’t think that’s going to fit me, Hun...”

“Only one way to find out!” I could already feel my face reddening as he said that, my eyes darting left and right.

My jaw dropped. “H-Here..??”

He let out a snort of a laugh, nearly doubling over as he clutched his middle. “No! Jeez!”

A relieved exhale blew past my lips as I gave my brows a soothing rub. “Okay, good...”

“Did you think I was going to have you drop your pants and try it right now?”

“I...” My expression screwed up, inside of my ears going hot. “We *did*, uh... The, uh...” I stammered, trying to get my words straight. “Back in the dressing room...”

“Heh...” he chuckled under his breath. “Well, it was a little more private there... And I was kind of pent up.”

“Pent up?” I asked, sounding incredulous, my voice rumbling up from me like the growl of an engine. “We fucked before we went to the mall!”

His expression slid, his head tilting to the side as he gave me a saucy look. “Well...*techically* we didn’t fuck...”

“*Oh my god*,” I groaned, covering my face with both of my large, padded hands. I could feel my tail going nuts behind me, the appendage lashing back and forth, smacking between either shelf loudly.

“*Heeeey*,” he said with a sharp laugh. “You can’t blame me, Aaron! You’re smoking hot now, and I wanna feel what it’s like inside you...”

I let out a sharp huff, peeking through my thickened fingers. “And you didn’t find me hot before?”

“Didn’t say that,” he answered instantly, still holding that smile. “I always found you attractive. You just went from cute to my absolute dream guy. I couldn’t be more happy~”

I scoffed, putting my hands onto my hips, feeling my face burn even as my tail continued to whip. “Your dream ‘guy’, huh? I’m not even human anymore!”

“Makes it hotter...” he muttered, stepping closer to me, sauntering his way up to my chest as he fondled my (mostly) exposed chest. A soft moan passed over my lips as he brushed my nips with his thumbs. I could feel that same passion flowing through me again, my mind frantically trying to ignore it—to keep from bursting out of these newly bought clothes.

“You boys look like you’re having fun.”

The shopkeeper had returned, a smirk plastered across his masculine, line-creased mug. In his hands were the promised items, a *large* harness dangling, straps subtly swaying back and forth. “Found a few things in the back. You wanna slip this on, big guy?” I was unused to being called ‘big’, so it took me a few seconds to realize he was talking to me.

“Ah, thanks,” I said with an awkward smile, taking the leather harness into my hands, looking it over curiously.

“Here, let me,” the older man said, maneuvering behind me. “Stick out your arms.”

I did as I was told, the old man unbuckling the harnesses and getting the leather straps around my shoulders and chest. It was snug, but not too tight - enough for the leather to creak whenever I would shift my shoulders or take a deep breath. It was a neat sensation—kind of like how it felt when I was outgrowing my clothes. The leather squeezed just right around my chest, pulling around my sides, hugging around me like a second layer to my fur.

“Not bad... Not bad lookin’ at all,” the older man said with a chuckle. He circled around me, nodding slowly, as if appraising my augmented appearance. “What cha’ think, Son?” he asked, turning to get an opinion out of my boyfriend.

Jarred grinned wide, his eyes practically sparkling as he was looking me over - prompting a quick and dirty blush to bloom over my cheeks. "Yeah, he looks drop-dead sexy..." The husky tone in his voice sent a tingle up my spine, having to fight with a groan that nearly spilled out from my throat. "You got a leash, maybe?"

I couldn't believe what I heard. ...He wanted a *leash* for me??

"Got one right here!" Turning slightly to his right, the shopkeep unhooked one from the nearby shelf. It was no wonder Jarred didn't spot it at first, the lengthy leather hiding behind a few other articles of debauchery. "You can clip it onto his harness, or I got a collar if you prefer. Dunno if it'll fit on the big guy's neck, but we can see!"

"Collar," he said, his voice having an air of finality to it that made my crotch twitch. He knew what he wanted—and he wanted *me*.

"Sure thing," our old kinkster said with a smirk, already shuffling to the back once more. He came out faster this time, approaching me, waving for me to lean down. Without little preamble he wrapped a leather collar around my neck—or what was left of my neck that was jammed under my jawline and swallowed up by my pecs and traps. The creaking of the leather was more intimate this time, right next to my ears, the leather groaning every time I shifted or tilted my head.

A sharp click had me looking down. Jarred was below, leash in-hand, having clipped it to my new collar. He wrapped the length around his hand as if it wasn't the first time he had done this, giving it a sharp tug. My entire body reacted, lurching forward and down towards the man who held dominion over me. This time a moan *did* slip past my lips, my mouth opening, a few breathy exhales blowing out of me.

"How much?..." Jarred asked, not even taking his eyes off of mine as he kept me hunched over.

"Why don't you two step over to the countertop 'n find out?" he said, a low purr to his voice.

—

Several hours later, after contacting a cleaning company and getting our entire bed replaced...

The door to our apartment clicked shut behind us, Jarred flicking on the lights as the familiar living room lit up. Behind me, he was beaming a storm, looking rather pleased with himself. He was still toting our bags of loot, clothes and toys filling them up to the brim. The door kicked shut as he zoomed past me, already high-tailing it to our bedroom. I was almost a little apprehensive about things, considering we'd already gone at it twice today.

Still... I couldn't deny that I could go again. ...And again...

This new body of mine feels like it could just go forever; so long as Jarred had stamina, I guess I did too. It was kind of hot in a way, being this intimately tied to your partner. It felt like our relationship had deepened—along with the cleavage between my pecs. Tentatively I walked towards the bedroom, peering inside.

Jarred was already in the gear he had bought, having decided at the last second to get himself more than a few things. He was wearing a pair of leather boots, a harness of his own along with what I learned was a 'muir cap' on top of his head. Wrapped around between both of his hands was my leash, the leather pulled taut as he gave me a knee-buckling seductive look.

"Come here," he said, a command rather than a suggestion. I found myself gravitating immediately to him, stopping just short of the edge of the bed. He tugged at my clothes, prompting me to stip down quickly for him, my tail wagging excitedly. The harness was around my exposed chest once more, that collar slipping around my neck. It felt right...it felt natural—especially when he gave them a tug. He gripped the front of my harness, pulling me down on top of him. Despite the size difference, he was in complete control.

His lips against mine was something I would never get tired of, Jarred kissing me passionately as his fingers slipped through the fur on my head, gripping around my short horns. The yank on my collar made me realize he had clipped my leash on in the middle of our makeout. Sneaky guy...

He breathed, grinning as he laid back on the bed, looking up at me with those beautiful green eyes. "I love you."

A groan came from me, my entire body swelling subtly, straining and stretching the leather that was wrapped around my body.

"I don't say it often enough. And I'm not just saying it because you're different now..." I could feel his lips against mine as he talked, leaning up to nuzzle against the end of my muzzle. "Now..." I blinked curiously as he rolled out from under me, heading for the bag. It wasn't surprising when I saw him pull out the fleshlight from earlier- a jelly-like tube that was open on both ends. He grinned wide, already dumping a fair amount of lube into it - another fun item he had bought.

"Get on your back."

I did as I was commanded, rolling over, taking up the majority of our new bed. Sure we had managed to get a larger size, but even then, it still was barely enough for just me alone. A soft gasp passed over my lips as I felt the cool liquid slathering over the end of my half-hard cock, Jarred wasting no time in getting the toy around the helmeted head of my endowment. It

stretched to the limit, wrapping around my massive length. I couldn't help but buck my hips as my boyfriend plunged it deeper and deeper, the end of my endowment popping out of the other side.

"Yeah... Look at how big you are..." he muttered, his voice a growling huff as he spoke. He maneuvered over, sitting his hirsute rump over my chest, giving me a good look at it and the rest of his broad back. Not wanting to waste the moment, I reached up with my large hands, squeezing around his sides and up over his shoulders, appreciating the gym-forged muscle my boyfriend toted under all that masculine body hair.

The plastic was already starting to strain, the toy resisting going any further than halfway down my cock. A hard flex found the thing starting to tear, the rubbery material ripping before completely shooting off of my endowment. Almost in triumphant celebration, a thick jet of precum hit the ceiling, splattering down over both of us as I let out a deep, shameless moan.

"*MMfffuck...*" he huffed, licking over his lips. "Yeah... That's what I thought. Completely useless." He turned over his shoulder, looking back at me. "Can't fit that log in anything."

Why was this so hot..? Me being uselessly big...

My entire body twitched, muscle piling on top of me as that harness strained and creaked, my pecs seeming to bounce and flex of their own accord. I didn't have a chance to revel in the subtle changes, Jarred rolling me over onto my stomach, pressing me down into the bed. I could feel his large body straddling over my rear, the smaller human sitting over top of me like I was some sort of amusement park ride. His endowment wasn't missed, however. Grinding slowly between my furred cheeks, I could feel that lube drizzling down once again.

I hissed under my breath, feeling the cool substance spread between my warm cheeks, my boyfriend probing deep into me, massaging around a fat ring that was hidden between cheeks. I mean... I didn't really know what was back there, but that's certainly what it felt like when he ran his lube-slicked fingers around it.

"You're so hot..." he growled dominantly, pushing three fingers into my squeezing hole. "I'm gonna breed you, Boy..."

A needy moan shot out of me, my back arching hard as I shoved my rear up into my boyfriend. There was that term again... That dominant moniker that showed that I belonged to this man... His *beast*.

His fingers pulled out of me, feeling empty and needy. Thankfully I didn't need to wait long, his lube-slicked shaft sliding into me, his head kissing my entrance before slipping in. It was like fireworks of pleasure went off in my skull, my back arching as I let out a bellowing moan that could be heard through the whole building. He didn't waste any time claiming what was his, hips bucking, swinging forward and back. The wet slaps of his hips against my ass were almost

orgasmic by itself; I could feel my cheeks jiggle with every slam he made into me, the impacts causing me to bounce against the bed—my larger body once again reacting more intensely than it should have considering our size difference.

A yank on my collar nearly made me cum right then and there. I was pulled back, forcing my back to arch, my abs stretching as my cock flopped onto the bed, making an utter mess. I pushed my palms onto the mattress, lifting myself up, as I submissively moaned, my voice booming through my throat.

“Such a good boy... Such a *good* boy...” he repeated, leaning forward to whisper into my ear, keeping a firm grip on my collar. “You’re doing so good... I’m proud of you...”

The only response I could form was a strangulated moan, my eyes threatening to roll back in my head as my jaw unhinged. I could feel the drool dribbling from the corners of my maw, my fat lower lip stretching and bouncing with every thrust my boyfriend made into me. Something about this fat hole of mine made everything more sensitive. I’ve been fucked by him plenty of times before, but this was certainly the most intense. Despite me being larger, I was even more sensitive; it was like every touch from him was like being struck by lightning, as if my body was tuned to this man specifically.

“Th..Th...” I barely managed to sputter out between slaps of his hips against my ass. “Th-the bed...”

“Forget about it,” he said, his voice a breathy growl as he spoke against my ear, his bulging chest pressing against my absurdly broad back. I could feel our sweat mingling, mixing together, masculine scents combining into a haze of sex around our writing bodies. His hands were all over me, appreciating every transformed inch of my beastly body. Still, despite all of this, he never let the tension on my leash slack—silently reminding me who was in control the entire time.

Precum was gushing from my shaft, coating over my chest, making a mess along the bed. It felt like Jarred was in a similar situation, his thrusting getting shaky as he slammed his hips up into my glutes, spreading them apart so he could shove deeper into my squeezing, lube-slicked donut.

A yank to my collar sent a surge of pleasure through me, shoving me right over the edge. I knew what he was doing, Jarred sending me a silent signal, wanting me to blow first. Not wanting to disappoint, my back arched, balancing myself on my meaty knuckles as I thrust my hips forward and back, grinding into the mess-coated sheets. I let out a booming roar of a moan, my neck swelling, veins running up either side as my collar strained to constrain my thickened neck. Ropes of hot cum blasted from me, slamming into the backboard as it went everywhere.

Picking up the pace, Jarred drilled my ass, slamming over and over with a fever that made me almost a little nervous that he could break the new bed just by himself. He finally hit home,

however. I could feel his warmth spreading inside of me, eliciting another sharp moan as another rope or two blasted from my twitching endowment.

The tension on my leash slacked as Jarred dropped onto my back, his dense arms wrapping loosely around my sides as he nuzzled into me. My tail beat back and forth, brushing up against his stomach as he stayed locked inside of me, the two of us basking in the sweat and cum-slicked aftermath.

“Hooo...” Jarred moaned. “That’s really good... You did good,” he whispered, kissing at my back, peppering it with affectionate kisses as those arms tightened around my sides. My tail wagged even harder from the praise, feeling a genuine spark of excitement. I liked hearing that—his praise causing my chest to swell with pride.

...And the rest of my body as well.

The leather of my harness creaked, straining just by clinging to my engorged torso. A small smile pulled at the corners of my brutified mug, feeling the love between us fueling my size.

Despite my new penchant for mess-making, I had a feeling that our lives were going to change for the better...

—

Several years later, and a few counties over...

“Whooo....”

I sighed softly, wiping a furred forearm over my brow. The summer heat wasn’t exactly friendly on my furred body, but I didn’t mind it so much now.

It turns out that streaming was rather lucrative when you were a massive beast like me. I probably had some of the most views online of any ‘porn’ star—though I’m really reluctant to call that; it’s mostly solo stuff with my husband involved from time-to-time. He loves it though, putting on a show for everyone else to see. It turns out that there’s a massive community out there that likes seeing guys grow - a crowd that doesn’t even question how it happens.

Another wipe of my brow and I felt myself wandering through our large yard, walking away from the renovated two-storey farmhouse we now owned. The apartment we originally started in was far too small. Too many complaints from the neighbors about the noise and constant leaking. We both knew we needed to move somewhere with more space. Thankfully, with my new income, it made such a feat a reality.

An old barn loomed ahead, a similarly renovated building—mostly done by my own hands. Turned out that all of this muscle wasn't for show. I could lift things I never thought possible before, all while barely breaking a sweat—although I know I had a lover on-hand for whenever I did.

Greedy guy~

Stamina wasn't an issue as well. While he was off doing his personal training, I was fixing the place up, the barn being my latest project. Stepping in, a smile formed across my muzzle, looking around inside the confines. It was a dream for a guy like me—an entire gym of oversized, custom-made weights that would give me a proper pump.

...Speaking of pumps.

There was a large tank in the back, a hose attached to the top along with a large pump machine. A little ingenuity found that the leftover milking machine could easily be converted into collecting something else~

My entire body was swollen, muscle grinding against muscle. The only thing stretched around me was a straining jockstrap - one of the few things I could wear when I was near my new maximum size. I made my old self look puny - and I'm not even talking about when I was human.

At nearly double my original height and triple my width, I was a living, breathing mountain of muscle. My brutish features would have made even the most masculine man instantly faint, brows arching far over my eyes with a jawline that could smash through entire cars without so much as a flinch. The barn was my sanctuary - the only place I could exist at such a gratuitous size...

"There you are!"

The familiar voice broke my thoughts. Looking over my shoulder had become an impossible task thanks to my monstrous size, so a few turns of my mammoth feet found me looking at my boyfriend. He cast a shadow, the streaming sunlight haloing around the man that I loved. A golden band glinted over his finger, dazzlingly catching the light.

"Thought you were in the house! Spent the last 20 minutes checking through all the rooms," he said with a wry grin, marching his way forward. He was dressed in gym clothes, a tank top swaying along with a pair of nylon shorts. Even from here, my sensitive nose could pick up on the sweaty musk that was radiating off of his body, having neglected to take a shower before heading home.

A smirk of my own split my mug, dense lower fangs poking out even further from behind my dense tire of a lower lip. "Shouldn'ta been that hard tuh find..." My slurring, while still there, was significantly reduced - having learned over the last few years how to work around all these brutish features burgeoning my face. "Biggest guy in the world, yuhknow?~"

He huffed through his nostrils, his cheeks warming from under that beautifully kempt rust-brown beard of his. I knew he loved the way I talked, the beastly growl to my voice when I was this large. Still, despite all of it, we both knew who was still in charge. The love from my man flowed off of him like a stream, pouring straight into my body as a familiar sensation took hold. Just like before, I started growing, my whole body rippling as it thickened, free of pesky clothes to get in the way. My jock strained, swelling with my plumping junk, straps stretching like rubber bands as the front of the fabric was relegated to just holding the blunt head of my half-hard cock.

It started off with one, then the other, both straps breaking as the last of my clinging garments fluttered to the floor. Jarred couldn't help but watch, his eyes bobbing up and down in time with my throbbing manhood.

"*Fuck*, I love it when you get huge like this..." he muttered, licking over his lips as he stepped forward, handling my log-like endowment, slinging it over his shoulder as he hugged it with those strong, sweaty arms.

"Guud thing we gotta place fer me t'do it in..." I growled under my breath, giving the base of my cock a slow pump, licking over my glistening, fattened lower lip. I couldn't see Jarred down there, but I could feel him—sense my husband's presence as he stepped even closer to me. His hands worked over my body, reaching up, grabbing one of my nips before tugging me down by them.

"Mmmhh... C'mon..." he purred under his breath, a smirk forming over his face. "Let's get you milked proper..."

My tail came to life, swinging around hard behind me at the prospect, excited with spending the rest of the evening together with my husband—and a few cameras~