

## Whatever it Takes

February 2024 Flavor of the Month: Old Fashioned

“Fuck you Cox! What do you mean I’m not good enough to be the headliner?” Rex growled at the old buck. “You know I have the horniest, most thirsty fucking followers on the net! I should be the one headlining this shit, not Stan.”

The buck behind the desk was only half listening to the sabertooth’s profanities as he wrapped up some editorial decisions on Rex’s most recent shoot.

“Listen Rex, baby, honey, sweetie,” Cox stroked a few keys on his laptop before turning to face the infuriated sabertooth. “You’re hot. I know that, you know that, your followers know that. That’s not the problem. It’s the fact that you don’t have the knee knocking kiebasa that our top models do.”

“You know damn well I get you the real money shots every fucking time! No one’s faking when Rex rocks your rocks off!” Rex snarled.

“We all know your slogan, Roxy,” Cox smirked at the pet name he knew got under Rex’s skin. “You’re not a little guy, but you’re certainly not the biggest. Not my fault that stallion’s and bulls have the cahones that make you look like you’re packing a coin purse while the rest are hauling money bags.”

Cox was an old star from the industry who got behind the camera before his looks faded into obsolescence. The buck had powerful horns, his rack the pride of his work, but they were starting to show the first signs of yellowing from the cigarettes he cranked. The buck had a powerful frame, but once he started directing, he gave up the constant dieting and working out and now he was a pudgy gut

porn producer. The former porn actor was well past his way to pasture as an actor, but he was far from done with the industry.

Unfortunately, he was the only one who would give Rex the time of day. Rex knew the asshole was his only shot at the big leagues, but being a solo-pornure didn't prepare him for how ruthless and scrutinizing the real business was.

"We all know it's not about the size-

"Listen Rex," Cox cut off the porn actor, pulling on his suspenders like a businessman and snapping them like some eccentric fat cat. "This here is a visual business, you feel me? I'm not saying you're a small, fugly, prick. That's what the reviewers say when they see you trying to top. You got to have more than just the prowess, you gots-to-got the goods! And you are lacking a few inches to be considered camera ready. At least for topping."

Cox stood up, the buck's fur a fading ashen brown and his muzzle covered in the silver from not shaving often enough. His shirt a series of coffee and cum stains that his washer failed to fully remove. One of those stains was from Rex. Cox was very thorough with his interview process.

"You just got to give me a chance! Sure I'm not a two foot monster like some of the guys, but an eight incher that shoots thick loads like mine is what the freaks really want."

"Both Stan and Mark shoot half gallons that could soak you out," Cox rolled his eyes. "Listen, I'll keep an eye out for opportunities, but you can't compete with a stallion and bull, not in this market. Speaking of which, you've got a shoot with both of them in an hour. Shouldn't you be prepping?"

"Fuck you Cox," the sabertooth snarled.

“Oh come on now Roxy,” Cox came over, grabbed the tiger by the straps of his tank top and pulled the sabertooth close. The buck a full head above the young sexy feline, not even including his horns. “Save the attitude for the shoot.”

Rex pushed Cox away and gave a halfhearted snarl.

“Whatever,” Rex huffed and turned, his thick muscled ass and thighs making him swagger as his lats and shoulders kept his arms at an angle. Cox gave a little whistle at that ass before Rex slammed the office door behind him.

“That old fart doesn’t know what the fuck he’s talking about,” Rex seethed as he stomped to the bathroom to prep, snatching his drawstring from the dressing room on his way. The sabertooth tore open his satchel, clawing through the contents until he found what he was looking for. A vial of purple glowing liquid no bigger than a shot glass.

“I’m not going to be some loser in this backwater fuck-hole,” Rex, rumbled as he went to uncork the vial. He knew the consequences of this type of magic, how it would corrupt his soul and body, how it would change him into something not human, but that wasn’t his concern. He couldn’t afford to go to college. All he had were his looks, and he wasn’t going to let the best years of his life slip on by because some old prick was trying to relive his glory days through some big dicked nobodies!

Once the vial was open, Rex could hear a light crackling form inside the liquid. It was like someone had thrown a bunch of pop rocks in water. It bubbled and writhed like it was alive. Rex didn’t care if it would turn him green so long as it did as he was promised. He knocked it back, the flavor bitter sweet champagne that burned. It felt sluggish and runny at the same time as it ran down his throat.

Rex put both his fists on the sink, the empty vial gripped in one as he looked at himself in the mirror. He didn’t expect anything to immediately happen, but he did feel a burning in his gut. It was like

he took a shooter of bottom rail hooch from a shady bar. To be fair, that wasn't far off from where he got it.

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"Uhg, get me a drink," Rex sighed as he sat himself at the bar. "Whatever you have that won't make me feel like shit in the morning."

"You're new here," the bartender, a black wolf smirked as he was cleaning off some glasses. "Stumble your way in off the street?"

"Is this a bar? Can I get a drink?" Rex shot back as the little twunk behind the bar smirked at him. The black wolf wore a simple vest, the garment a little too short and showed off his belly button while his slacks were tight and form fitting. He had a button down on, but was only buttoned in the middle so the collar flung out like wings while the bottom was a pair of fluttering coat tails.

"I can get you a drink, but that won't solve your problem," the wolf turned, the back of his vest had elaborate violet stitching on it that looked almost like wings.

"I'm not here for a fucking lecture," Rex growled. "I'm here because I hate my boss and my fucking job."

"That's not true," the wolf was mixing a few things, his hands moving fluidly from one bottle to the next.

"What do you fucking know about it-"

"You love your job, you just hate that everyone else is better at it than you," the wolf turned and presented his drink. The lowball was filled to the brim with a dark amber liquid, the garnish a sprig of rosemary with an orange peel coiled around it. "You just hate that you tried to step out of your small

pond and now you're drowning in the ocean." The wolf pinched the sprig of rosemary and it sparked, a trail of smoke curling off it like incense.

Rex finally looked the wolf in the eyes, those violet orbs glowing with power.

"Fuck...this is a demon bar," Rex growled. "I don't need you in my head."

"The Curio of Curiosities isn't a 'demon bar,' as you call it," the bartender smirked. "It is simply a bar manned by a demon."

"Whatever," Rex took a swig of his drink, his mouth warmed by the delicate balance of bourbon, whisky, and aromatics. "An old fashioned?" Rex cocked a brow.

"It's simple, but it gets the job done," the wolf leaned forward on the polished dark wood. "Sometimes the best solutions are the simplest."

"I don't fuck with demons, guy," Rex took another sip of his drink, the flavor bursting over his taste buds. "My soul is mine."

"Who said anything about your soul?" The demon smirked. "I simply want to help you out."

"Yeah? I don't even know who the fuck you are," Rex grumbled.

"That's by design," the bartender shrugged. "But for simplicity's sake, you can call me Jace."

"Well, Jace, don't be surprised when I say whatever your selling, I ain't buying."

"Who's selling anything?" Jace smirked. "I'm simply willing to give you the answer to all of your problems. One that'll simultaneously kick your competition out of the running and make you the greatest porn star anyone has ever seen."

"That's one hell of an offer," Rex smirked at his own joke. "So, no strings attached?"

“Well, no price you’ll have to pay, but the type of solution I offer will change you mind, body, and soul. You’ll still own every facet of all three, but you’ll have to navigate the ravages of a new kind of hunger. Though, your profession would make it very easy to sate. It would actually be in your best interest if you stay in that line of work if you were to take this offer.”

“Okay,” Rex leaned in, his saber teeth gleaming in the low light of the bar. “Let’s say I’m interested. What’s your solution, mister brimstone?”

“Jace is just fine,” the wolf’s eyes gleamed. “And here’s the first step.” Jace pulled a vial out of his pocket, the purple glowing liquid a blazing neon violet. “Drink this and you’ll be able to do the impossible.”

“And, what if I decide I don’t want to drink it?”

“Take it with you, it’ll be useless after the week,” Jace plopped the vial in Rex’s drink, the bottle making the old fashioned shimmer. “Mull it over, and if you don’t want it, just throw it out or let it expire.”

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That was only a couple days ago and the substance had lost some of its glow, but the sabertooth wasn’t going to let Cox stand in his way of being the best, not if he had a say in the matter.

That potion boiled and burned in his gut, and for a moment he thought he was going to wretch. Then, it changed into a warmth that ran over his body and through his veins. His entire being hummed with pleasure, but there was also an emptiness deep inside him. A deep rumbling from deep in his bones that desired to be sated.

Rex felt a shiver go up his spine, his tail flicking behind him as he gave a lusty growl. He watched as his eyes bled from their emerald green to a shallow purple that flickered between his normal eye color, the unnatural power that coursing through him. His eyes like alexandrite that fluttered between emeralds and amethyst.

“I hope this shit doesn’t just give me flashy eyes,” he snarled as his gut rumbled. “Or that little demon is going to get a fistful by the time I’m done.”

There was a sudden knock at the door.

“Rex,” the voice on the other side shouted. “You done in there? The shoot is going to start soon.”

“I thought I had more time,” Rex growled back.

“They moved up the shoot cuz Stan has another one that was scheduled to overlap. They need you on in ten.”

“Fuck me,” Rex muttered. “I’ll be ready in five.”

The sabertooth gave himself another once over, his powerful muscles and body easily showing off his imposing physique. I just wasn’t enough to make him the top dog.

“Soon...”

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Stan and Mark were two massive beasts of men, blessed with size unparalleled. They were armatures at best when it came to the industry, but when you’re an eight foot stallion and an eight foot bull, there isn’t much you need to do besides let the subs do all the work.

Stan was a racehorse with deep chocolate fur. He was stacked, some farmer's son who left the hard life when he found out that selling pics of his dick could make him more than the family farm ever could. His years as a workhorse got him primed to be a center fold, but once he got enough sponsors, he took his natural genetics to the next level. The horse's natural size was apparent, his limbs sculpted and bulging in all the right places, but it was his legs that always stole the show. His waist came down into a perfect Adonis belt that immediately flared out with his bulbous globes of muscle that were his glutes. His tail tied up to show off the sculpted glory of those marble boulders. His thighs inspired tears of joy and jealousy with their teardrop shape and how they fought for space, his calves diamonds of destructive power. The stallion's muscles weren't just for show. That asshole could fuck for hours and crack the headboard with the power of his thrusts. Many a bedframe needed to be replaced when Stan came a knocking.

Mark was on the same footing as the racehorse in mass, but not size. The bull had onyx fur that shimmered with its luster. Despite the darkness of his coat, the way the light caught on his muscles made him look like he was perpetually oiled up and ready for the stage. The bull's biceps were as large as Rex's head, his forearms thick corded appendages that attached to thick fingers, and his long, cattle neck was a series of sculpted cables that bulged with the slightest tilt of his head. His pecs were a pair of thick love pillows with dark nips forced into obscurity from their exorbitant size, easily each the size of real pillows, and the focal point of his signature move. He would have his subs rest on the brick road of his abs while he fucked up into them with his two foot long fuck log. Once they were fucked into a blubbering mess, he would hold them close, relaxing his pecs to keep them soft for them to sleep on. It was tender and sweet.

It made Rex sick.



It was also very apparent that neither of them were juicing to get their physiques when you saw how virile their nuts were. Both sported churning oranges that produced all the natural steroids they would ever need. Stan's dick was clearly longer by a few inches, but Marks was thicker. The two easily had the same amount of fuck meat, but proportioned differently. Stan had the length of his stallion ancestors and Mark had the gaping prowess of a two liter.

And Rex was supposed to be spit roasted by these assholes.

"Yo Rex!" Stan smiled, his gleaming smile like a series of diamonds. "Can't wait to have fun with you again buddy. Just got to watch those teeth. Those fangs scraped me last time. I guess they prolonged my fucking in the next scene, but hell if it didn't hurt."

"Sure thing 'buddy,'" Rex padded up to the horse, the stallion already in his costume. He wore a tight neon yellow speedo that was basically an overstretched banana hammock and a pair of flip flops that showed off the stallions powerful toes and thick soles. They were slightly too small for him, his long digits hanging over the edge of the flimsy footwear

"Yeah, I don't want to be that guy that complains about his size," Stan blushed and scratched the back of his mane, the black silky hair flowing like it were made of water and lighter than air. "But I am a bit big and it can be tough to work around me. Or even find stuff that fits me right. These flip flops are size fourteens and still not big enough to handle all of me."

"Don't sweat it," Rex smirked and put his hand on Stan's arm to reassure him. It was an act to keep things civil, but Rex wasn't ready for the hit he felt.

**BAM!**

"Oh fuck..." Rex growled under his breath as he felt a tingling warmth run up his palm. It was almost a giddy sensation that itched in his bones. It was like he was touch starved and suddenly was

laying atop a slutty little bitch that was pressing his back up against his abs. The warmth and sensation of dominance bled through his veins. His hand gripped hard onto Stan's arm for balance as he bent over as though he were sucker punched. Rex couldn't believe the sensation that was flowing through him. It was so luxurious, so sweet. Just the act of touching was enough to make his prostate hum and his cock to throb. That's when he saw something that really got his eight inches' attention.

Down below, he watched as Stan's toes shrank. It was so subtle at first that the sabertooth thought he might be going crazy. He watched as Stan's toes reeled back, sliding into place on his flip flops as Rex felt his feet slide across the tile.

"Wow, Rex, you okay?" Stan crouched down to look the sabertooth in the eye.

"Yeah," Rex moved his hand to Stan's shoulder as he looked down at him in his squatted position. Rex suddenly knew what his new body could do. It feasted on Stan's size. A deep rumbling in his gut agreed with his assessment. Rex gripped onto Stan's shoulder harder, the striations and thick tendons there seemed to melt away.

Then, just like that, it was over. Stan stood back up and put his hands on his hips.

"We'll take it slow today, little dude," Stan smirked and gave the sabertooth a wink. "I'm just stoked they found me some fucking clothes that actually fit me this time."

Rex blinked. Did he not notice or something?

Rex looked over the stallion, his massive form still larger than anyone he ever knew, but some of the pump was gone. He looked less shredded too. The definition from his years as a farm worker wasn't as prominent. Rex then looked over his body, his speedo was a bit tighter, his cock a throbbing mess and sticking out of his shorts.

But his muscles had changed. They had more definition. His lowest row of abs were definitively there now instead of being a shallow indicator he had a six pack. Thighs looked pumped as though he had worked out just before he came in.

“Rex,” Cox shouted from the room. “You take Viagra or something? You’re hard as a rock. Can’t have you sporting a boner for the opening scenes.”

Rex smirked and swaggered over to the old buck, smacking his hand on his shoulder and feeling that warmth bleed over his body again.

“I think we should start with the sex scene and shoot the opener later, I’m fucking ready to go now.”

Cox furrowed his brow. He didn’t take kindly to people changing his shoot, but for some reason, the sabertooth looked more menacing.

Rex had to bite the inside of his cheek as his cock throbbed, that warmth like a whores mouth slurping over his dick while licking his chest. He felt his bones crack as he slowly inched up. The buck was none the wiser as Rex rose up to be eye to eye with his boss.

“Fine, whatever,” the buck smacked Rex’s hand off his shoulder. “All right everyone! Prince Albert is out of the can and we need to shoot the next scene. Everyone to the living room!”

Rex had a feeling this next shoot was going to be his big break.

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“So, you want to be our pool boy?” Mark asked with a cocky grin, the bull’s sexy stubble showing on his dark mug. “You’re going to have to take on a few more responsibilities then.”

“Yeah,” Stan was standing next to Mark. “If you’re going to spend all your working hours looking at our goods, the least you could do is work them too.”

The two studs gripped their matching posers and threw them on the ground, the motion practiced and calculated.

“Oh, Sirs, I’d expect to be paid more.” Rex gave a little mrowl. Currently he was on his knees while the two studs were standing before him, their massive shafts soft and slapping around their thighs.

“Oh, we got a great big payload for you,” Mark chuckled. “My husband and I will love to keep you on the payroll so long as you can handle the work.”

“And we have a lot of work for you,” Stan grinned. It was supposed to be a dark smirk, but the stallion was too innocent for his own good. He looked like some himbo who was going along with some stupid prank instead of a sleaze trying to take advantage of his pool boy.

“You certainly do,” Rex purred as he shuffled forward, making sure his back was arched to flex his muscles for the camera, his tail up and flicking to the sides so as to show off his bright white ass and the soles of his feet. “I plan on taking you for all your worth.”

The two studs looked at each other as they knew that wasn’t the line, but Cox didn’t shout cut so they kept in character. Or at least tried.

“Yeah...um...you’re going to take it and like it,” Mark fumbled through his line.

“Yeah, and you’re going to...um...love it.” Stan managed to twist his line enough to make it work. Not very convincing, but it was time to make the magic happen. In more ways than one.

Rex felt the itching of his fingers before he even touched the two men, his hands went to each of their heavy sacks, their nuts filling his paws with warm, pulsing meat. Instantly Rex felt a flash of pleasure run up his spine. Rex's fur stood on end as he massaged those nuts. The two men above him leaning in close to make sure their cocks were on camera at all times.

Good...Rex purred in his mind.

Rex took a moment to admire the size and heft of these nuts as he gently stroked them. The two beastly cocks of the other two men were flopped over his shoulder for the cover shot. Those two-foot beasts accented by the backdrop of Rex's back and that still tight hole.

Rex was only feeling a trickle of that sensation rolling through him. He wanted more, needed more! A few camera flashes went off as they held the pose before moving on, his hands rubbing those powerful sacks and giving them light squeezes. Rex felt a pulse run through him with each grip, cameras going off and flashing the room to capture the scene for the cover of the video. With each picture one could use Rex's tiger stripes to see the slow secession of those cocks as they reeled in. It was subtle, but as far as everyone else knew, they were always that size.

"Time to work that mouth," Mark huffed, his nose ring flicking in the jets of his nostrils.

"Yeah, we know how soft those paws are, let's see how that mouth - holy shit," Stan broke character as Rex opened his muzzle and sucked that cock into his warm maw. Pleasure bloomed in a wave of a million pinpricks over Rex's muzzle as he slurped on that dick, his muzzle sucking down that semi with ease. He still gagged as he reached half way, but it was more than anyone had been able to take the stallion before. Rex rumbled and purred, shaking his head a little for the camera to show the vibrations off as Stan threw his head back and moaned.

“Holy shit Rex...I mean...fuck...” Stan’s entire body shuddered, his muscles flexing and then contracting as he felt like he was slowly pissing cum through that shaft while Rex slurped over it. Rex bobbed over that shaft, his soft tongue lulling over that median ring and using his throat to suckle that flared head. With each bob of his muzzle it was getting easier and easier to take more of that shaft. Rex flexed his lips forward, slurping on that thick head and bobbing back. That cock was fully hard and still it was only a foot and a half.

Rex pulled off that cock and Stan’s legs gave out, he fell back onto the couch, his cock a throbbing mess.

“Holy...Holy fuck...that...that was the best fucking head I’ve ever had...” Stan groaned. Rex wanted to take a look at his handiwork, but he had only wetted his appetite and turned to slurp in Mark’s jaw breaker.

Rex felt that thick fucker push against his fangs, the thick thing barely scraping into his muzzle. The bull sucked in air between his teeth at the unpleasantness.

“Rex, watch the...the...oh holy fucking god,” Max groaned as Rex feasted on that essence. It was like he was drinking warmth, not that he was taking heat, but that he was drinking the very sensation of “warmth.” It was like every lick and suckle trickled down deep into his soul and caused his body to relax and tense at the same time. It was like he was coming in from the cold and then wrapped in blankets straight from the dryer. The sensation wove over the tiger like fresh linens and a tingling pleasure bloomed over his skin.

Rex was so enraptured he wasn’t even paying attention to how his body was changing. The camera caught every bit of it. The magic wouldn’t be remembered by the crew, but the machinery picked up every dirty detail.

Rex's body was flexing, getting wider, his almost cute feet were becoming thicker, manlier, his toes longer and soles blunter. His sculpted ass flexed, churning and jiggled out before flexing into solid mass. His ass raised further off the ground as those powerful thighs swelled. Rex's back was like liquid stone as it rippled not only from the expert head that Rex was giving, but also as it twitched and shunted into a more complex cliff of powerful masculinity.

More of Rex's thong was eaten up by that ass, those powerful cheeks swelling, his hips growing wider, the hem of that G string was groaning, threads popping. Then, a loud snap alerted the crew to the loss of Rex's underwear.

"For fucks sake," Cox grumbled. "Can anyone find a fucking piece of clothing the fucking sabertooth won't break with his dick."

The memories were false, but the situation was real. Rex's cock sprang forward, his head gripping that pouch with his oozing pre as the strands hung from his cock head, the growing shaft pulling that string from and along his sensitive asshole.

Rex rumbled and redoubled his efforts and sucked down harder on that cock, slurping it up into his muzzle as his jaw snapped and cracked into a more powerful angle, his saber teeth wide enough to accommodate that shrinking shaft.

Then Mark put his hands on Rex's shoulders for support and started to buck into that warm hole. The warmth in Rex evolved, his shoulders burning in pleasure they flexed and split into striations before pushing harder against his skin for space as they expanded. The warmth was turning into a rolling orgasm that ran from the tip of his ears to the base of his soles, making everything grow, flex, harden, then bleed out in more size.

Mark was lost to the pleasure. It wasn't a normal blowjob. This was...this was something else. This was something spiritual in nature. He wasn't just getting sucked...he was...paying tribute to an idol. Mark gave a loud cry, his voice growing higher with each squelching shlorp that sabertooth was giving him.

"Oh...ho fuck...I can't...I can't hold back..."

"Camera, get in close," Cox shouted, but it was too late.

It was like Rex was drawing his orgasm forward and up through that cock. Rex groaned as his cock busted, each jet of cum smaller than the last as he came in Rex's muzzle. The cat took it all, gulping it down with abandon. He knew it was unprofessional, but he didn't care. This wasn't about the shoot anymore.

Mark pulled himself out of Rex, his body significantly shorter than before. He lost an entire foot of size, now a seven foot tall body builder, but not nearly as freakish as when he started. The bull fell to his knees on the floor.

Rex felt that warmth seep into his bones, his frame cracking and expanding. He growled deep and lusty before getting up, and up, and UP! The sabertooth was at least seven and a half feet tall, a foot and a half of size he drained from the two of the men. Mark was easily the shortest of the two now and Stan was pretty much eye-to-eye with the raging wildcat.

"I think it's about time you two paid up," Rex lifted his arms into a double bicep pose, his the muscles easily the size of footballs. The two men's eyes went wide, their mouths hanging open as they saw all that power.

Mark crawled over to Rex, his hands rubbing up and down his calf while he pressed his lips against that thick thigh. It flexed, growing thicker, his fingers spreading wider on that calf.



Pleasure bloomed over Rex as he felt that bull come up and kiss his thigh, the bull unable to contain himself as he lulled his tongue over the deepening ridges of those teardrop muscles. That worship was better than any head he had ever been given.

Rex felt powerful hands rub up his pecs as Stan leaned into the sabertooth's neck and kissed it. Those fingers tweaked his nipples before moving to massage and kneed those powerful pecks.

"Yessss" Rex hissed as he felt those hands and lips against his body, messaging, working into each and every crevice and bulge. "Worship me. Feed me that payload."

Stan the stallion was kissing on that neck, but it was getting harder and harder to do so as he had to get up on his tip toes while Rex continued to assented. Each vein in Rex's body surged with power, coursing through him with untold strength. Bulging, rippling, rising to greater heights.

"Yes! Give it all to me, you fucking losers," Rex lifted his foot and pressed it down on Mark's face and leaned into it with a deep lunge, allowing Stan to reach him again while he grinded his foot down on that bull's face. Mark's jaw became weaker as he lapped over those toes, his horns shrank down as his stubble vanished. Rex growled as he felt his own stubble grow in, his jaw cracking and becoming squarer. His neck thickened as he felt Stan's lips worship and shrink against it.

As Rex grew, Stan's muzzle ran down that neck and shoulder, tongue lulling over that bicep, feeling his tongue shrink as that bicep bulged to from footballs to soccer balls to medicine balls!

The flow of that pleasure was a coursing river and Rex as a bottomless reservoir that greedily drank it up. His entire body was buzzing with pleasure. It was as though he were having a fully body orgasm.

"That's right! It's mine! Give it all to me!"

“Cut!” Cox shouted.

“You keep FUCKING ROLLING or I’ll kill you and your fucking family you limp dicked doe!” Rex snarled at Cox before snapping his head over to the camera man. “Keep fucking rolling.”

The camera man was watching through a lenses, but icy fear sliced through him. The recording light kept going.

“I said CUT!” Cox ran out onto the stage. Rex snarled and gripped the buck by his stained shirt and slammed him onto the ground, Rex’s paw the size of a fucking toddler.

“And I said keep rolling – Oh fuck!” Rex’s entire body pulsed larger as Cox’s body shrank down rapidly. Pleasure pumped deep into Rex. If he thought it was intense before, he was mistaken. This was power and pleasure, a maelstrom that was flooding him as the three men around him pulsed smaller and smaller.

Cox’s horns fell off and turned to dust as his powerful bulk underneath sagged with his fat. Rex’s foot expanded, covering up Marks face as he continued to expand. Rex stood up, keeping cox in his grip, the producers body thinning out as his fat melted away and formed a healthy layer of dirty bulk on the powerful wildcat. His striations faded, but not because he was losing mass, but because he was swelling up with everything that Cox was.

The massive well of power filled deep into Rex and he felt like his entire body swallowed before his let out a roar that shattered windows. Thick, massive jets of cum, each several gallons splattered the floor with Rex’s virility. The sabertooth gripped his cock with both hands, still unable to fully grip it and thrust forward to prolong his orgasm.

When it was finally over, Rex stood, his head smacking the ceiling as he did so. He looked down, easily fifteen feet tall and a behemoth of size. His five foot dick a throbbing monster, his nuts the size of beach balls.

“It’s time I get the fucking respect I deserve.” Rex growled and sat down, spreading his legs wide, the three little twinks before him shadows of their former selves.

“Get to work on this dick,” three five foot little bitches came jogging forward to help, but Rex pinned the deer with his foot. “Not you. You’re going to go call up some connections and get me out of this fucking studio.”

And he did. Rex was a sensation the world over. His muscle theft videos raged and took the porn industry by storm. He was even the first to fuck a whale on camera without being another whale. It all came down to that first video, his start that gave him a real shot. The title?

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