

## Surpassing Greatness

Caleb sat in his apartment's living room, papers stacked on the coffee table with books littered around his feet, his backpack spilled on the floor with various assignments. The young sabertooth was studying for his class tomorrow and he needed to be done with this chapter before then. Freshmen year was over and his sophomore year was ramping up. He was in the introductory classes designed to weed out the weak while they still had time to change majors.

He couldn't focus, but not because he didn't understand the content. He had told his best friend and roommate he wanted to talk to him when he got back from his run. Mark was a freak of nature, a wolf who won the genetic lottery. He wasn't just blessed once, no, the blessings kept on coming as he continued to hit growth spurt after growth spurt. Even when the two graduated from high school together the wolf's hands and foot paws were still too large for him, showing he had plenty of growth still ready to burst. He still hasn't fully grown into his paws now that he was eleven feet tall, and Caleb on the other hand plateaued at six feet.

It was this disparity in size that Caleb wanted to discuss with his friend. Mark had been a titan all their lives, a practical god amongst men who lorded over all who were shorter. Not to say he was a bad person, he was just better than everyone at everything he tried. Caleb couldn't help but think back to when the two of them were in wrestling together and how his friend dominated the mat, literally and figuratively.

Even with the largest singlet, Mark's massive pecs still shoved out the top fully exposed, his brown chest hair making his cleavage darker. Even in high school he was a hairy beast. His lats forced the straps to spread wider, his powerful delts and shoulders feasting on that straps that tried to dig into

him to find purchase for the rest of his singlet, but the most harrowing thing was what hung between his legs. Mark refused to wear a cup while wrestling. His singlet pushed forward and away from his abs from the weight of that mighty package. Every contour of that sheath and fuzzy nuts emasculated every one of his opponents. Those testosterone factories were more powerful than any growth hormone or steroid, and that rod was always slightly hard, the cock tip forming a tapered nub that looked like the point of a traffic cone was trying to break out of his sheath.

When the two got to college, the wolf hit a second growth spurt and shot up to eleven feet tall. His massive body growing so much that he couldn't determine the growing pains from muscle fatigue. Picking up dudes and chicks was almost as easy as breathing for the wolf. His chest hair was thick yet trimmed, his ashen gray coat was full and lush and yet still showed the contours of his muscles with ease. His manly beard was tight against his muzzle, groomed with years of experience to accentuate his powerful jaw.

So, when the next largest guy was a six foot, saber toothed kitten, it was easy for Mark to show just how superior he was in every sense of the word. Though, there was one thing that Caleb had over Mark. The sabertooth had the spark of magic. When his stripes started to really come in, the magic marks manifested as small rings. His stripes were handsomely symmetrical and several had breaks on them that formed circular rings that revealed the golden yellow fur beneath. It was this one difference that was the focus of Caleb's distractions.

Before the sabertooth could waste any more time developing his pitch to his friend, the door to their apartment flung open. The hulking Adonis stooped down and shimmied in sideways to enter, his bulk too wide for him to enter most doors without doing a deep squat. That muscle god looked more like a man in his mid-twenties than a nineteen year old. A god in his prime with plenty more years of growth to go. No one believed him when he said he was only a sophomore. Who could blame them

when he looked like he could simultaneously be on the cover of a men's health magazine and the center fold of some dirty muscle mag.

"Yo! Caleb! I'm back," Mark's deep voice bellowed from the entryway.

"I'm in here," Caleb called back. Mark quickly found the sabertooth balled up on the couch. Despite the laughable disparity in size between the two friends, Caleb wasn't a wimp. The only person that came close to Mark in most things was his sabertooth broski. The tiger's sculpted body sat on the couch, his reading glasses propped up on his nose as he wore nothing but a pair of athletic shorts that were practically painted onto his teardrop thighs. Arms sculpted with years of dedication. His thick chest was the envy of the gym, sculpted and defined with rippling power. At least he *was* the envy of the gym until Mark came out of the locker room and unintentionally stole the spotlight.

But it was that singular moment that Caleb felt more gratification than he had in years.

"So, what did you want to talk about, nerd!" Mark elbowed his sabertooth friend, Caleb jostling a little at the massive wolf's strength.

"Not all of us just memorize shit like you do Mark," Caleb rolled his eyes, the sabertooth lounging on their ratty couch. "Some of us have to actually study."

"Yeah, yeah, whatever nerd," Mark joked again, putting his hands behind his head and falling back onto the couch. The beastly eleven foot wolf making the frame of the couch creak and crack as he lounged on it. "You said you wanted to discuss some shit?" Mark concluded his thought by kicking his massive foot paws up on the coffee table.

"Careful you freak of nature," Caleb backhanded Mark's thigh as he sat on the far end of the couch, his one couch cushion enough to hold him while his best friend's ass took up almost two full spots. The big wolf was wearing a similar pair of athletic shorts, and he looked like he was about to burst

out of them. They were basically just posers with how much space his redwood thighs and bitch breaking package took up. "You keep doing that and you'll fucking break it."

"Oh come on dude," Mark lifted one of his legs and put his foot on Caleb's knee, gently nudging it with his massive toes. "It's all my furniture anyway. Why do you give a shit if I break my own stuff?"

"Because," Caleb had to take a moment to collect himself as he looked at his friend's massive foot paw. Those digits were fucking massive. Each toe was like three of his own put together and each were tipped with a menacing claw that looked more fitting for a raptor than a wolf. "Because I'd like someplace to sit besides a destroyed mass of fluff and springs."

"Whatever man," Mark smirked and moved his foot back, the light musky smell of that foot fading as he did so. The spot where those toes touched felt warm and maybe a little damp. "You wanted to talk about something before I went on my run?"

"Yeah," Caleb set down his reading glasses as he leaned back and mirrored Mark's stance, kicking his own foot paws up onto the coffee table. "I wanted to talk to you about something I found in some of my magic texts."

"Yeah?" Mark smirked, his green eyes locking in on Caleb's blue ones. "What about it? You know I ain't got the spark, so you must have something you wanted to show me, not something you wanted me to do."

"Yes and no," Caleb pursed his lips into a thin line, his fangs glinting like blades in the lowlight. "I need you to make it work, at least with the way I want to do it."

"Well, fucking spit it out already," Mark chuckled.

"Well...you remember how you fucked my boyfriend back in high school?"

“Witch one?” Mark furrowed his brow.

“Exactly,” Caleb frowned before shaking his head and focusing back on the wolf. “You always gaped them before I even got a chance to really do anything.”

“Come on dude, you forgave me for that shit, right?” Mark ran his fingers through his hair, reactivating the gel and keeping it in his stylish up do. “Besides, wasn’t it like some test? If I could get them to cheat on you, then they were going to cheat no matter what. I was saving you from getting in the sack with some cheating skank. You still had some breakup sex anyway, what’s the big deal.”

“Yeah, I know,” Caleb sighed. “Dude, I’m not mad. We share fucking everything. The problem though is that I’ve always come second.”

“What do you mean?” Mark’s brow furrowed, putting his hands in his lap, those monstrous lats and triceps relaxing just to give definition to his biceps.

“What I mean is...I’ve always been the one to just sort of pick up your scraps or take what you didn’t want. Dude, it’s embarrassing.”

“Dude, I can’t help it if people throw themselves at me,” Mark shrugged, his delts flexing with the motion.

“But you could have at least turned them down. Look, dude, I don’t want to sound like I’m mad or anything. We’re best bros for life. Always have been, and always will be, but I’ve always been second draft compared to you.”

“Come on, you’re a fucking catch dude!” Mark smirked, this thick beard not breaking to show the ashy brown of his fur beneath. “You’ll make someone fucking stoked to be your mate and shit. You’re the second place state champ in wrestling-”

“Yeah, because you took first,” Caleb groaned. “Dude, just listen. Every time we’ve done something, you’ve been better. You’ve always been the one to outdo me in everything. Not that I really care that much, but it gets...well, fucking exhausting when you can’t *ever* be first.”

“You got me beat with magic, dude.” Mark tried to cheer his friend up. “I don’t got the spark, but it’s in you.”

“Yeah, just one thing I’m better at than you by default,” Caleb sighed. “Dude, I don’t want to bring down the mood or whatever, and I don’t want you to take this the wrong way, but you’ve been the biggest fucking cock block. I mean, whenever we go out somewhere, people don’t even fucking notice me until after they trip over your fucking dick!”

“I mean, yeah.” Mark gave a little chuckle while he scratched the watermelon melon sized nuts in his athletic shorts, the very act causing his musk to tinge the air. “I am pretty intimidating.”

“The point I’m trying to get at is, well, you kind of owe me...maybe?” Caleb sighed. “Look, I’m not asking you to do much. I found a spell that’ll transfer essence from one of us to the other, and it would only be temporary.”

“Hey, Caleb, dude, bro,” Mark sat up and put a hand on Caleb’s shoulder. “What is it?”

Caleb’s cheeks burned a bit. Looking up at that massive wolf, his best friend, was so warm and inviting.

“I want you to give me some of your size,” Caleb answered truthfully. “Like I said, it’s only temporary, completely reversible. I just want to know what it feels like to be a bit bigger. I just feel like a toddler around you half the time. I mean, we had to get a place with a vaulted ceiling so you could fucking stand! You’re eleven feet tall for fucks sake. I just want to borrow some of it. You won’t even know it’s missing, and you owe me for not being pissy about my shitty exes and...”

“Caleb,” Mark forced Caleb to look him in the eye, both of the wolf’s massive hands were on Caleb’s shoulders. Those massive hands were like his foot paws, just ever so slightly too big, showing he had even more growing to do, the blessed bastard.

But Mark used his stern voice to stop Caleb from rambling.

“Mi muscle es su muscle,” Mark gestured his massive hand between the two of them before lightly smacking the back of his hand against his friend’s pecs. “You don’t need to convince me dude. I’m taller than anyone, so I don’t care if you scrape a few inches off the top. It might be nice *not* to have to squat to get through doorways.”

“Are...are you sure dude?” Caleb’s eyes grew wide, those large kitten eyes focusing on Mark with a whole new light. All that size and muscle...he could have a taste, a little bit of that greatness.

“Dude, you’re kind of right about the whole ‘being number two’ thing,” Mark sighed. “I actually was worried you secretly fucking hated me or something.”

“Mark, no dude, I didn’t mean it to come off that way,” Caleb dismissed the thought with a rapid shake of his head and wave of his hands.

“Dude,” Mark’s expression softened as he started to lean back, his abs crunching effortlessly as he used them to gently set himself back down on the couch. “Don’t sweat it. Just relax. Did you really think I’d say no?”

“I mean...you’ve lorded your size over me forever...I didn’t think you’d want to give any of it up.”

“Nah, you’re right. You’ve been number two for so long I could practically call you shit-lord. I think it’s time you’ve had a chance to be the golden boy.”

“Dude, you’re fucking gross!” Caleb smacked his friend’s thigh and stood up while pinching the bridge of his nose. “Why do you got to take shit so far.”

“Lighten up dude,” Mark chuckled, his feet kicking back up on the coffee table, those menacing claws flexing and tainting the air with the smell of alpha male. “I said yes, so let’s fucking do this. What do I have to do?”

“Well...this is actually where things get kind of...well...I don’t know. Awkward?”

“Stop being a cagey little bitch and just spit it out,” Mark rolled his eyes.

“Okay, well...the spell requires the one giving the essence to find...release at the hand of the receiver.”

“What? Like you gunna rub my feet or something?” Mark wiggled his monstrous paws as if to mock him.

“No...” Caleb’s tail twitched behind him nervously. “I’ve got to...um...”

“Fucking spit it out or I’m out,” Mark lifted his hands up.

“I have to get you off,” Caleb spoke so quickly that Mark almost didn’t catch it.

The wolf was frozen, but the sudden twitch of that shaft told Caleb what the wolf was going to do. A sly grin played across the wolf’s muzzle as he licked his chops.

“Dude, if you wanted to fucking blow me, you don’t need to make up some stupid excuse. Wouldn’t be the first time you’ve helped a bro out.” Mark lifted his fingers and made a “V” over his lips and licked between his fingers.



“Dude, that was one time, and you were balls deep in some chick,” Caleb’s voice broke and his cheeks burned.

“Dude, I’m just playin’,” Mark put his foot on the coffee table and pushed it effortlessly to the side so it would swing away, leaving his body fully exposed for the sabertooth. “Don’t turn into a prude now.”

“Are...are you serious? You want to do it now?”

“I’m still coming down from my runner’s high, so fuck yeah. Let’s do it now.” Mark hooked his thumbs in his athletic shorts, the added width from his thumbs enough to cause some of the elastic to pop. He frequently had to buy new clothes. It was like watching a shimmering red curtain revealing a grand prize. Mark’s angry red tip was already starting to pulse out of his sheath, the fabric catching on it as he pulled his shorts to the ground. His massive watermelon sized nuts flopping out, each sloshing with the powerful genetic material that made the beast they were attached to.

“Fuck...did you...did you get bigger?” Caleb gawked at his friend’s package.

“Been a while since you last saw these? Thought you were stealing glances all the time,” Mark scratched his balls, his thick nut sack flexing in approval of his claws relief.

“I don’t steal glances,” Caleb rolled his eyes. “You shove that shit in my face.”

“Not my fault everyone is so short,” Mark chuckled. “But that’s why we’re here, huh?” The wolf flicked his shorts off his foot paw, the musky shorts smacking Caleb in the face. The light sweat and musk of his friend imbedded deep in that fabric. It was strong and powerful and reeked of man. “So, where do we start?”

“Um...yeah...” Caleb tossed the fabric to the side as he dug a piece of notebook paper from his backpack. “I just need to fill this sigil with energy while you agree to the transfer.”

“Okay, I agree I guess,” Mark shrugged and huffed through a cheeky grin.

“No, you have to agree while I’m charging it,” Caleb sighed before focusing on the paper. His blue eyes glowed as golden lights, like shards of topaz spinning in a twister formed above the sigil. “Do you agree to the release of your essence to this caster?”

There was a long pause before Mark’s brows lifted.

“Oh, now,” Mark cleared his throat. “Yeah, I do. Yes.”

As soon as he did, the paper burst into white flames. Both of the boys felt a powerful energy lance into their chest like someone stabbed them with a needle. It was over quickly, but a sigil flashed into existence between their pecs. Mark had a circle with a downward facing triangle while Caleb’s triangle was right side up.

“Well...is it working?” Mark asked as he wrapped his hand around his sheath and slowly stroked it. His cock was already at half mass, two feet of bitch breaking meat that had gaped many a hole that Caleb would get.

“I...I think so. It’s going to last for twenty four hours, but I think I only need to do this once while we’re connected to get the few inches I need.”

“Then what are we waiting for, pussy cat,” Mark smirked, his nuts churning at the prospect of warm hole. “Get on down here and show the big man on campus some long overdue respect respect.”

“Do you have to talk like that?” Caleb rolled his eyes as he got down on his knees between those massive legs. Fuck, those thighs basically had half as much mass as the sabretooth’s entire body. Caleb’s

hands went to those thighs and gently guided them apart, his hands brushing over that fur and admiring the granite muscle hidden below. Already the air was getting warmer and more humid the closer he got. Mark was a clean guy, but it's hard to keep the musk from creeping in when you're so much man.

"Can't help it," Mark chuckled. "Whenever I get horny I get dominant. Maybe you'll understand when you finish skimming some greatness off the top."

Caleb almost didn't catch what Mark said. His hands were gently rubbing back and forth on those powerful thighs. They were power incarnate. Mark could crush people with those monsters. All that power condensed into such stark and raw masculine beauty.

"Sure, whatever you say, dude," Caleb shook his head as he finished rubbing those thighs, making them part further to let those massive cum factories roll forward, churning with raw testosterone. That three foot bitch sticker was already throbbing at attention. "Dude, you pent up? You got hard in, like, ten seconds."

"Dude, I fucked the neighbor and her boyfriend before I finished my run. I'm never pent up. I bust my nut all the fucking time. I'm just too much of a man to get fully soft. These nuts haven't been empty since before they dropped."

Caleb was getting tired of Mark's bragging. It was okay to hear in passing, but when he was using it to try and get his friend to just submit was kind of moot when he was already on his knees.

"Yeah, I get it, you're the fucking man," Caleb's hands came forward, his powerful paws gripping that shaft and stroking it tenderly.

"Fuck dude, you're cute when you're all pouty like that," Mark leaned back and put his hands behind his head, rolling his hips forward to let his balls flop over the edge of the couch while his dick pressed up into Caleb's hands.

Caleb was ignoring Mark as he stroked that cock. He didn't realize how frustrating Mark could be, not because he was bragging for no reason, but because everything he said shot jealousy deep into the sabertooth. The bulky wild cat looked like a mewling kitten next to a Greek statue; only Greek statues didn't sport a physique as sculpted as Marks. A powerful throb of that cock forced Caleb's fingers apart. The strength of that cock alone was enough to overpower the sabertooth and it burned him to his core.

Caleb never really had cock envy, being a foot long fucker himself was plenty, but he couldn't help but yearn for that powerful dick. He might not get all of it, but he could have a taste of what it was like to be Mark. Caleb leaned in and opened his mouth wide before sucking that cock tip into his muzzle. It was salty and reeked of man. Mark was a clean guy, but you could only do so much when you had a dick that was made to drool all the time. Caleb pushed forward and Mark hissed.

"Dude, watch the fangs," Mark ordered. "Can you open your mouth any wider?"

"Oh...um...I don't think so," Caleb blushed. This fucking asshole was so big he couldn't even fit between his fangs!

"Dude, don't sweat it, just suck what you can and stroke the rest. Plenty of chicks and dudes I know can't take the whole thing on their first try. So be a good little cock sucker and do what you can to please a man like me."

Caleb's cheeks burned with embarrassment, but instead of dwelling on it he decided to double his efforts. He slurped on that tip, taking that tapered head into his muzzle before pulling back and letting his hands pick up the thick, slick and ride it over the rest of that pipe. The salty brine of that musk filled his muzzle, his breath quickly filling with the heat of those nuts as he slurped and gulped.

“Fuck, that’s how it’s done, pussy cat,” Mark moaned as he leaned back. “Not the best head I’ve had, but fuck if you’re not giving it your all. You really must want those inches. Fuck yeah, work for that shit!”

Caleb was starting to sweat as he stroked that three foot pole, his hands roaming over that shaft and slicking it up as quickly as he could. He opened his muzzle and let the abundance of drool and pre ooze over that tip, the strands sticking to his saber fangs before he slicked it down with his hands and brushed over the top with his tongue.

“Oh SHIT! I’m getting close dude! Fuck!” Mark growled as he started to thrust forward. “Dude, use those fucking tits to get me off. You have the best fucking chest and I’ve been dying to fucking glaze them!”

Caleb just panted, his muscles burning from exhaustion. How did people keep up with him? This was a full workout! Caleb rearranged himself so his pecs were gripping that tip, that cock head sliding over the sigil as he bounced on his heels. Caleb relaxed his pecs, the thick muscle jugs bouncing with him and gripping that cock head as Caleb continued to stroke the upper half of that dick like mad.

“OH fuck! Gunna bust! Dude! I’m gunna fucking nut! I’m gunna glaze those fucking pecs!” Mark’s knot was rapidly forming and he growled before gripping it at its base. Mark gave an ear splitting howl. It was both high and low at the same time and caused the entire apartment to rattle as his balls throbbed. Thick jets of cum smacked Caleb’s chin. The first one smacked so hard Caleb was sure he was bruised. Cum oozed between Caleb’s pecs, the cum thick with Mark’s virility.

The sigil on Caleb’s chest was warm and not just because of the thick mess that was drooling between the sabertooth’s cleavage. That sigil glowed with powerful white light. Caleb grunted as he felt every muscle in his body tense. His muscles flexing and rolling. Striations rippled over his muscles before

softening out larger. His veins pulsed and ran over his muzzles as he continued to soak up size. Caleb's dick was hard in his shorts before, but now it was growing, snaking down further before lifting up his pant leg and oozing on the ground. It pulsed and thickened before steeling into its current size.

Mark on the other hand was still busting, his cock throbbing like mad. His natural virility was keeping his orgasm going, but the loss of size made every part of him tingle, as though he were numb, but also electrified. It felt good.

Marks definition was smoothing out, his crazy definition of his muscles was fading, his bulking obliques and abs flattening, his pecs losing their peaks and becoming solid round pillows instead of shredded mass. His biceps and triceps were making peaks that reached his muzzle with a simple flex, but now they were sliding down.

"Fuck," Caleb groaned, cum dribbling over his chin as he continued to roll forward, his body aflame like he was hitting his pump in the gym. Every muscle flexed and rolled out further. Caleb felt his foot paws scrape across the carpet as they expanded. His biceps powerful peaks rolled upward, his hands covered more of that cock as it jetted forward more thick shots of cum. Caleb's nips were forced to point down further as his chest expanded, his tail reeling out as his spine elongated, his stance forced up higher as his legs lengthened. He felt his jaw pop and his muzzle shift as his jaw became a bit more angled.

More of that shaft sank between his thick pecs as Caleb continued to expand. He couldn't see with his eyes glued shut from Marks virility that was coating his face, but it was slowing down.

*No...*

Caleb leaned forward, his maw opening as he sucked that cock deep into his muzzle, that cock easily fitting in now, even if he didn't reach down half way before gagging in the back of his throat.

“Woah, Caleb, I think I’ve had enough-OH fuck,” Mark’s words were lost as he groaned, the new powerful muscles on Caleb’s neck allowing him to suck harder on that dick. Caleb’s muscle fatigue melted away as he redoubled his efforts, his massive pecs now able to really work over that shaft, the thick strands of cum welling up and around that shaft into a slick musky mess.

“Oh Fuck YEAH!” Mark shouted as his cock throbbed in another orgasm, his voice rising in pitch ever so slightly as he shrank further. His cock jetted wad after wad of voluminous cum deep down that cat’s throat, the sabertooth swirling his muzzle and gulping down those shots in tandem with the flexing of his pecs to prolong the pleasure.

“Dude, FUCK!” Mark put his foot on Caleb’s shoulder and pushed him back, that foot paw significantly smaller than before. Those raptor talons reverted to menacing wolf claws as his sick definition from his muscles softened out.

Caleb on the other hand fell back, moaning as his shorts popped and tore, his muscled ass forcing the back of his shorts to split as he felt his back muscles arch and spread across the carpet. Caleb’s foot paws snapped as he gave a rumbling murr that shook the floor. His voice dropped significantly and his muscles continued to flex, pulse larger, thicker, more powerful.

“Holy shit dude,” Mark gasped, his voice distinctly higher. “That was so fucking good...fuck my voice is so high,” Mark furrowed his brow before his eyes shot open and noticed the newly improved Caleb. The sabertooth tiger had rolled over to get up, his back like liquid granite that roiled with power as his lats expanded and his delts lashed up onto his neck. He stood up, and up, and UP! Caleb half growled, half purred as he reveled in his new size. The tiger had grown significantly, easily seven and a half feet tall now, his body packing on muscle like crazy as those corded tissues gorged on Mark’s size. Power lashed onto every part of his body, cording into crazy definition and then smoothing out. Caleb turned, his foot falls rattling the apartment as faced Mark.

“Damn dude, you took a lot more than just a few inches,” Mark wanted to be mad, but he felt his cock twitch at the site of such a massive man. To Mark, he only lost a foot and a half of size, so the now nine and a half foot tall behemoth was still a hulk of a man, but Caleb also shot up a foot and a half. It was like the little pipsqueak grew three feet to the wolf.

Something deep in Mark stirred, his ass flexing as he checked out his friend’s new size. The wolf stood up and came over to the wild cat. He was still taller by two feet, but now he felt like he had...well...not an equal, but someone who wasn’t so fragile. He could touch him...

Caleb cleaned his eyes and blinked as he felt powerful hands on his shoulders. He turned his thick neck to look at his friend as the wolf rubbed over those bulking shoulders and delts.

“Fuck dude, you look hot!” Mark chuckled, the wolf’s dick throbbing and dribbling a little more cum. Both of them moaned as Caleb’s body shuddered at that offering, his muscles flexing and expanding slightly more, every part to him flexing and then stabilizing at his swollen size.

“Holy fuck,” Caleb gasped as he flexed his arms, Mark’s hands coming to run over those bulky biceps, marveling at their new and stark definition. His own definition that he gave to the sabertooth. It did look fucking good on him, and if he was drooling over those beastly biceps it was because they were really his. So he really was just super into Caleb because he was all pumped on his bulk...right?

“Dude, you look good all blown up,” Mark smiled and looked over his friend with a shit eating grin. He was walking around, eyeing Caleb up and down. “I mean, I look good on you, in more ways than one,” Mark moved his hands up under Caleb’s arms to grip at his pecs. Caleb gave a little surprised yelp as his pecs were tripped, those thick muscles welling up between Mark’s fingers until the sabertooth flexed, those pecs forcing the wolf’s fingers apart.



“Yeah, sorry I took so much, but I can give it back,” Caleb felt a twinge of fear go through him at giving back all that he got, but it was Marks’ size.

“Don’t sweat it,” Mark chuckled and smacked Caleb’s ass, the thick glutes making Mark’s palm sting. “Shit, that ass slaps back! But we’ll figure it out, no worries dude. What do you want for dinner though? I’m starving. Oh wait, you’re probably not hungry with a gut full of my pups, huh? Ha!”

Caleb watched as that hulking wolf swaggered off to the kitchen. He was shorter, but he was by far still the hulking beast of the house. The rafters shook, the floor creaked under his foot paws.

A dark grin rolled over Caleb’s muzzle as he licked his lips. They were still salty from the blow job. He had a different feast in mind.

Caleb’s cock throbbed, his new foot and a half member oozing pre, his own cum a stain on the floor in the ocean of what Mark left behind.

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Caleb had never been more grateful for his silent footfalls before. The sabertooth tiger slowly made his way into Mark’s room. The hulking beast had canceled his plans for that night and gone to bed early. The sigil was still very much active and he couldn’t go to his friends with benefits without losing more.

Caleb had another plan though.

The sabertooth set an alarm for himself in the dead of night, but he needn’t have bothered. He was too wired to go to sleep. The entire time he rolled on his mattress feeling himself up, how his muscles bulged and rippled, how the usual slants in his mattress needed to adjust to his new size.

Now though, he was slowly creeping his way into Marks room. The beast of a wolf sawing logs while his fuck-log between his legs twitched beneath his sheets. He still had a virility that was unmatched. That wolf could fuck from dusk till dawn then go to a brothel in the morning.

Soon that would be him though.

Caleb crept forward, his muzzle hooking under the blankets and moving between the wolf's outstretched legs. His natural manspreading a symptom of having wrecking ball nuts. Caleb stifled a low purr at the light musk of those sheets. Countless washing and still the smell of his sex lingered everywhere.

Caleb prowled like a cat ready to strike, slithering his way under that blanket to find his prize. That mattress was full of Marks powerful sent. The fact that he slept nude was also a huge plus, but it also meant his sheets always smelled like man and balls. Not that the people he fucked into his mattress complained.

Like a snake entering a bird's nest, Caleb found those melon sized nuts, still churning with strength and power. Caleb couldn't hold back and he ran his tongue over those nuts, those potent orbs rumbling and that cock throbbing above him. Caleb entered the tent that Mark was pitching, that massive shaft easily still well over two feet long. Caleb rolled his tongue over that shaft and Mark gave a lusty growl in his sleep.

"Fuck yeah...Caleb...fucking...fuck..." Mark spoke in his sleep. The source of that rager was Caleb and his augmented form. The sabertooth gave a toothy grin at that and opened his muzzle. He wasn't going to be denied being number one. That cock slid deep into his throat, the sabertooth purring around that thick shaft as he managed to take most of it, one hand stroking the base and knot while his other hand cupped and messaged those nuts.

Thick schlorping and smacking slurping sounds filled the room as Caleb sucked that dick, that tongue lulling over it and slurping like a champ. Caleb sucked his partner's dicks before so it's not like he was a novice. On the contrary, Mark was already thrusting up into that muzzle. He was already well onto his way to a nocturnal emission before Caleb snuck into the room.

Already Caleb's sigil was humming, his muscles twitching and flexing. He could feel a massive wad of power building in those nuts and he was going to suck it out of him. He gripped the base of Mark's knot and that's all it took.

Mark snarled and yipped as his cock throbbed, his balls surging with pleasure as his spine tingled and his cock unloaded a thick and potent load of cream that the cat eagerly guzzled down.

"What...what's happening," Mark roused from his sleep, his voice getting higher with each word. Mark looked down to see his blanket bobbing, a swelling mass growing underneath it. The distinct contour of shoulders and rolling back muscles continued to loom higher and higher as that bobbing head slurped on his cock.

"Caleb...Caleb!" Mark was about to jump out of bed when a massive hand slammed down on his chest. A deep snarling growl came from under that blanket, the sound rolling down his shaft and causing his cock to throb, another hot shot of his size slipping down into that talented throat.

The deep slurping and smacking only got louder, deeper in tone, that blanket failing to hide the corners of the beast beneath as powerful foot paws crept out from the bottom, half that beast at the foot of that bed while the upper half crunched wetly as it expanded, jerking almost violently in different directions, making the blanket bunch up and slide. Mark was frozen in a mixture of fear and rapture. He looked on as that bobbing mass slurped over his dick, his own virility and stamina being used against him.

“Dude! Fucking stop! No!” Mark’s voice was already getting higher, his bass already swinging up into upper baritone. He was about to fight back when he felt that muzzle slurp down his entire cock, that massive tongue growing longer and lulling over the base of his shaft.

It might seem silly that he would cave under having his dick sucked, but Mark had never had an entire muzzle wrap around his girth in his fucking life. Caleb’s tongue expertly swirled into his sheath, that tongue lulling around his knot, tugging on it with his lips while he gulped down the pre and cum still oozing out of him. He couldn’t hold it back if he wanted to. He came again, his balls throbbing, aching, and feeling light for the first time in his life.

Mark’s muscles drained, his body shrinking down until he was just scraping seven feet tall. Hundreds of pounds of muscle disappeared, evaporated as he shrank down. He finally looked his age as his beard vanished, his chest hair shriveling up and his muscles rounding off into a very athletic jock build, but an anemic shadow of what he once was.

Mark felt that maw unhook from his cock, and he felt those fangs brush against his chest. They felt like elephant tusks!

That blanket lifted up, higher and higher until it smacked against the ceiling! Caleb gave a deep rumbling groan before he gripped that comforter and tore it away. The monstrous cat snarled before letting out a deafening screech.

Caleb’s size simply exploded. His pecs lunged forward as though the muscle injecting into him couldn’t find purchase fast enough. His lats became wings of raw power that would never let his arms rest at his sides ever again. His triceps writhed as though the striations were living ribbons of power that folded down under his arms and over his biceps only to make them flex and swell. Veins rolled down his chest, each ab crunching individually before shunting into shape, over and over. Each ab and oblique

crunching into shredded definition. Caleb adjusted his stance, leaning forward as his back was pushed up against the sealing of the room, his ten foot frame pulsing, his hands and feet growing slightly out of proportion, the blessings of promised growth slipping into the sabertooth as he feasted on that size. His thighs crunched wetly into shape. Teardrop thighs and diamond calves proudly stood upon two monstrous foot paws.

Mark knew he should have been furious, and he was for a brief moment, but once he looked up at that looming god of muscle, he couldn't help but feel a tingling in his spine, his asshole quivering.

"Holy shit...Caleb...you're a fucking god," Mark sat up, putting his hand on that peck, the solid wall of muscle flexing and pushing his hand back as it swelled out larger. Caleb's jaw grew dark as a beard formed on his muzzle and his creamy chest fur became fluffier as it absorbed the masculine traits of his little bitch. The ten foot titan was far from done though.

"That's right, *pup*," Caleb emphasized *pup* and Mark felt his heart flutter, his cock throb and his pucker clench. "How does it feel to be the one on bottom now?" Caleb's voice rumbled, deep and low. It was deeper than Marks ever was. It rattled the fucking windows and rolled like some bellowing horror.

Caleb lifted his foot and pushed down on Mark's chest, pinning him to his own mattress, the springs creaking in protest as that size as assimilated. Mark was forced to look up between two powerful toe claws as his friend continued to swell wider.

"Who's the fucking pipsqueak now! Shrimp! I'm going to fucking take you for all your worth!" Somehow that voice got deeper. The dark rumbling of that bass shook Mark to his core as he struggled against that foot.

"Caleb, Stop!"

“Come on, bitch. Didn’t you say earlier that the little guy better show some respect to the big man on campus?” Caleb’s voice rolled through the apartment like thunder. “You’re all mine!”

Caleb’s gut clenched, that cum fitting snugly behind his powerfully cut abs as he grew around that payload.

“Caleb, please, let me go,” Mark’s voice almost sounded effeminate compared to the overwhelming boom and rolling thunder of Caleb’s voice. Even Caleb’s chuckles were enough to cause the entire room to shake. Mark shuddered as he opened his muzzle, but was silenced as Caleb’s massive toe claw filled his muzzle, that raptor talon gagging him. Caleb chuckled, that rolling base shaking the apartment complex, his expression melting into a cocky grin.

“That’s right, pup. Know your fucking place. You’re mine to do with as I please. Just try and fight back. You couldn’t hurt me if you tried. You’re so weak and pathetic. This isn’t about me being on top, this is about you forever being on bottom. I’m going to make you smaller than even my skank exes.”

Caleb couldn’t hold back anymore. All the testosterone roiling in his nuts was causing his dominance to surge. He lunged forward and forced Mark’s legs behind his head, the pup far more flexible now that he didn’t have all the muscle in the way. Caleb lined his cock up with that winking pucker, the wolf gasping and moaning as that thick mushroom headed, three-foot monster shoved forward and sank into his friend turned pet.

“FUCK!” Mark screamed as his nuts bounced, his cock lurching and oozing out cum as his prostate was assaulted by Caleb’s domineering thrusts. Their sigils glowed brightly as Caleb started to literally fuck the size out of Mark. Each thrust he dug a little deeper, each slap of his nuts were a little harsher, every smack of his hips was a little wider.

“Fuck yeah, Mark! You fucking grip that dick nice and tight!” Caleb snarled. “You talked about how sexy I would look with your pups, but how do you think you’d look filling up with the start of my pride?” Caleb’s cock throbbed, the pre enough to well up and distend his stomach with the first makings of that baby gut.

“Fuck Caleb! You’re going to fucking break me!”

The mattress buckled, the frame cracking and slamming down under the combined weight of the two. Caleb slammed forward, his cock sinking deeper, Marks abs disappearing as the outline of Calebs four foot fuck stick bulged him more with each thrust. Marks cock sank lower and lower, becoming a little four inch pecker as Caleb’s cock threatened to fuck up into Marks ribcage!

Caleb adjusted his stance, his feet slamming on the ground as he adjusted, the ceiling cracking as he grew to a twelve foot tall muscle freak. He brought up a hand to flex, the peak smacking against the ceiling as his forearm lashed with muscle, his hands growing wider, his foot paws staying disproportioned as all the growth potential from Mark was fucked out of his twitching orgasming form.

Caleb snarled, his cock feeling that hole getting tighter by the second. He wouldn’t hold back, he refused to. No one would ever deny he was the best ever again. He was a fucking GOD, and Mark was his BITCH!

“Fuck yeah, pup! I’m going to bust in that ass! Gunna knock you up! Fuck, I’m going to fucking breed you!”

“Fuck Caleb,” Mark’s voice was a fluttering tenor, high pitched and breaking as he was pinned down. “FUCK! Blast me with your kittens! Fuck me till your balls are dry!”

Mark's surrender to Caleb's dominance was the last straw. Caleb roared, his palm slamming against the far wall, his hand the size of a toddler, his claws gouging the walls and the drywall cracking as that hand pressed more weight than it was made to bear.

"FUCK! TAKE MY LITTER BITCH!" Caleb roared, his cock throbbing. The first shot of cum was clearly visible, the thick jet coming out of that thick mushroom head forced that taught belly to swell, then the view of that cock was obscured as that belly rounded out. Marks little clit was pushed further down as that belly jostled with each swelling shot of seed, the potency even greater than Mark ever had.

Caleb kicked the wall behind him down so he would have better room to fuck into Mark. Caleb's balls churned as he continued to plunge his dick into that hole, his cock a frothing mess of his own cum that he churned deep in his bitch's guts.

"Call your friends, pup," Caleb growled, licking his vicious fangs. "I'm going to fuck them like you never could!"

The twelve foot sabertooth kept to his word, mark rotating with his friends to take the muscle god. Caleb missed his test that morning, several students missed their classes as the new muscle god demanded tribute to his lust, his cock never free for long as he proved time and time again how much he surpassed Mark's greatness in every way.

The two had never been happier.