

Dripping with blood, the ferret flung his door open in frustration. The lithe, skinny figure slammed it behind him as he angrily stalked off to his shower, leaving a bloody trail of pawprints on the carpet as he passed. Not only was his day ruined, but his floor would probably be wrecked too. He huffed his way to the shower, steaming with rage as he tore his blood-drenched coveralls off and threw them to the tile floor, stepping into the hot water as he silently mulled over the events of the previous hour.

His name was Kurt, and he was the go-to guy for fixing most of the machines at the local meat packing plant. He was a steadfast, dependable, skilled worker, who was openly mocked by most of the staff for not being a real predator. The ferret didn't fit in with the other species at the plant – wolves, big cats, other buff, meatheaded sorts who enjoyed working around blood and guts, but generally didn't have too many original thoughts in their heads. This was where he came in; fixing the numerous fuckups that arose from having dunderheads operate the expensive machinery. For him, it was just a stepping stone to somewhere better that had to be endured – a stepping stone with a considerable paycheck, it had to be said. All it cost him in return was a few days like this one. After one of the big cats – a huge, 6' 7" lion who towered over the other workers – had managed to jam a packing machine by losing a knife in it, his manager had made the mistake of openly praising the ferret's work in fishing out the offending implement and calling out the lunkheaded lion for his ineptitude. This did not sit well with the furious feline, who proceeded to plot the ferret's comeuppance with the rest of his pack of thugs. They waited until they were closing up the plant, washing away the gore of the day's work with high-pressure hoses. Kurt was quite happily scrubbing away at the innards of a particularly intricate machine when he felt himself being hoisted up into the air by his coverall. He wriggled away helplessly as the hulking lion hefted him effortlessly through the plant, his predatory co-workers snickering and giggling savagely as the ferret flailed at the big cat.

Trying to catch one of the myriad machines around the factory floor proved useless; as the lion's sheer muscle was able to pluck his claws from around the machinery with pitiful ease. Kurt panicked right up to the moment he was launched into the air, clawing and grasping for solid ground until he landed square in a bin full of off-cuts and gristle, a bloody mess of meat that stained his fur a deep red while his co-workers collapsed into hysterics, laughter echoing loudly on the tightly packed work floor. When the ferret eventually weaselled his way out of the bin, he stormed right on home, too furious to think of such trivialities as punching out. This brought him to his steaming hot shower and his current state of dark rumination. Much scrubbing later and Kurt stepped out of the shower after he grew tired of scrubbing the blood out. With a sigh, he half-heartedly cocked a glance at the clothes oozing over his bathroom, drying himself aimlessly with a towel as he went to sit down and watch TV.

He settled down on his couch, but no matter what he tried to watch he found himself dwelling on the day's events. Still irked, he got up and tried to make himself busy when he came across a package by the front door. A little thing, small enough to fit through the letterbox, he picked it up and examined it with eager curiosity. The skinny parcel was an oddly thin cardboard box stamped with the logo of a health and fitness firm he often bought products from. Though he hated to admit it, he always wanted to buff up enough to fight back when the savages at work got bored of watching conveyers full of meat roll by. So far, working out and taking various supplements had resulted in a slightly more toned ferret than would be expected otherwise, but no grand and dramatic changes – maybe he just had the wrong body type. Ferrets were long and lanky, after all,

not big buff bodybuilders. He took the box to the couch, prying it open with nimble fingers to find a tube full of powder and a letter nestled amongst the polystyrene. He couldn't quite tell what the powder might be, so scanned the letter for clues. It seemed to be a promotion: a trial of a new product being sent out to loyal customers such as him in order to entice them to buy a whole bucket of the stuff, which promised to make even the skinniest, most pitiful creature a strapping example of masculinity, with biceps like you wouldn't believe, powerful pectorals, colossal calves... well, it was probably just ad-speak, but Kurt felt there was no harm in trying the stuff. He set the letter down without finishing it, eager to test the powder out. He dumped the contents of the tube into a glass, poured some water in and gulped it down with gusto. He noted with a grimace that the taste could probably use some refining as he returned to his seat, sprawling out in front of the TV as some mindless entertainment blabbered away. He found himself relaxing after a while, a warm glow spreading throughout the length of his body. Kurt found his muscles tingling pleasantly, as though after a long walk, while time flowed by in a blurry haze, punctuated by the flickering colours of the television. His eyes felt heavy, and he slumped over on the couch, drooling gently as he drifted peacefully into sleep.

Kurt awoke with a start as a lewd, late night commercial blasted over the speakers of his TV, his fur standing on end from the shock. He watched entranced for a moment as shapely figures danced and gyrated energetically across the screen, demanding his money for shitty low-res pictures delivered direct to his cell phone. His head still felt a little fuzzy from the powdered drink as he righted himself on the couch, unceremoniously wiping the drool from his muzzle on the cushions. The warm, tingling feeling still hadn't left his body, not that he felt the need to complain. The wave of eroticism emanating from the TV provoked a new development, however, and as he watched the models in their skimpy lingerie weave across the screen he found himself stiffening up and slipping a hand down to his exposed cock. As he began stroking himself he was hit by a wave of pure and mindless ecstasy, the warm glow catching deep in his chest as his eyes rolled back in his head. The commercial ended all too soon, though leaving Kurt gripping his rod awkwardly, the passion of the moment lost somewhat. Undeterred, he managed to drag himself off the couch to go find suitable materials upon the internet, which was when he cracked his head on the roof.

His apartment wasn't the biggest, that was for sure, but it was still an unexpected surprise. Stooping over slightly to avoid scraping the ceiling again, the ferret looked down on his room, coming out of his groggy stupor somewhat as he noticed everything had shrunk somewhat... or rather, he had grown. He looked over his formerly thin and lanky frame, noticing that since the beginning of his nap he had become significantly more toned and athletic, not to mention several foot taller. Unsure what to make of his situation, he attempted to continue with his plan to finish himself off as he clambered around the furniture, his extra bulk sending chairs and tables tumbling over to the ground as he awkwardly tried to navigate the room and squeeze himself through the doorway. Kurt heard an ominous crack as he shoved himself through. He managed to turn his head to see the door collapse on the ground, destroying a lamp as it fell and sending glass shards all over the already-bloodied floor – that was going to be a bitch to explain to the landlord. He scrambled around his bedroom, hunting around for the computer he had saved up so many paycheques to get, and delicately poked at the power button with an oversized claw. As the system slowly buzzed into life, the ferret sat down on his bed, a small single affair tucked away in the corner of the room. The metal frame creaked ominously as Kurt draped his massive bulk onto the mattress, and while he awkwardly perched on the bed he couldn't help but admire what he had become. Whatever was in

that powder, it had done his body good, and judging by the odd tingling sensation all over his body, it was still working its magic, sculpting statuesque muscles from his previously unimpressive flesh while he found himself occupying an ever-smaller bedroom as his body crept slowly across the room, heavy paws pushing themselves across the carpet as Kurt grew ever larger.

Momentarily hypnotized by the sheer pleasure of growth, Kurt sat up gingerly, excited by the prospect of finishing what he had started and venting the lust from his system. He batted his computer chair out the way to hunch over in front of the screen, oddly enticed by the ease at which he could smash the furniture around. Ignoring it for now to concentrate on more important things, for example, furious masturbation, he took a massive forepaw and with the greatest of care, placed it on the mouse, attempting not to crush it outright... though it would be so easy. Steeling his resolve, Kurt attempted to proceed with the task at hand, his cock stiffening once more with anticipation as he loaded up one of his favourite websites, eagerly rubbing at his member as he waited out the tantalizing buffering of a random video. He felt a wave of nervous, ecstatic avidity flush through his body as the clip started playing, and he began jerking at his cock fervently, the feel of his paws rubbing against his new and improved member like nothing he had experienced – he felt like a titan, a world-shaking colossus imbued with godly power and strength. He lost himself to his passions, ignoring the paltry offering from his computer completely as he closed his eyes and devoted his busy paws to exploring every inch of his heroic physique. As the ferret found the room closing in around him, he writhed on the floor in the throes of lust, smashing the doors of his wardrobe clean in with an errant twitch of his hindpaw. As the ecstasy built up with a pressure like he had never experienced before, the ferret seized up and arched in sheer pleasure, his toes curling and claws shredding the bedroom as a magnificent pulse shot down his member, a blast of cum coating the ceiling and dripping down onto his fur as his orgasm shook his entire body with an unrivalled beatific sensation. Bathed in the haze of afterglow and the warm tingling of the powder, Kurt drifted back into peaceful sleep, his tongue lolling as he curled up amidst the debris of his ruined room.

Light filtered in gently through the half-closed blinds as Kurt sat up, stretched, yawned, and headbutted his way through the ceiling. Flailing in blind panic did the building no good, as he brought thick, muscular arms crashing through the masonry with unimaginable ease, adding to the erupting chaos. As he scrambled out from the rubble with great haste he tried to hold the walls in place with a colossal hindpaw, looking in on the devastation to notice he had dragged his upstairs neighbour along for the ride. The skunk from upstairs was clinging, terrified, to the ferret's thick fur as his sheets were dragged along behind him. Gently, the titan offered a gargantuan paw to Jeff, his skunky neighbour, and lowered him to the ground safely.

"K-K-Kurt?" stammered the skunk, looking up at the aforementioned ferret – even when lying down, the giant forced Jeff to crane his neck upwards to look into the looming eyes of the beast.

"It's me, buddy, are you okay?" boomed Kurt, before realising that he was now a living bullhorn, the deep bass of his voice surprising the skunk and making him shrink back in fear. He looked down over his long, muscular body, noticing that since he had last slept he had filled out considerably, toned and taut muscle gripping tightly to his fur... and those changes had migrated to his cock, as well, a formidably thick cudgel even while flaccid. Not particularly wanting to expose his neighbour to it, he cupped a large pair of paws over the offending region sheepishly. "I got a... package the other day... wasn't quite expecting this." murmured the ferret, looking around at street level for signs of life. Some folks were poking their heads around windows, and the occasional camera flash went off –

there probably wasn't much time left before the news was all over this place. Judging by the sun's light, though, it was still early morning – hell, just about time to get back to work! His co-workers would all be there early, and he was beginning to think of a delightful way to resign... at this size, he probably wouldn't need to concern himself with silly things like rent. "Jeff, I need you to do me a favour – tell them I'm going to City Hall to make a declaration, and that you have personal information. Call the news, tell them you were in the house when it collapsed and you know me well."

"I... uh... yeah, Kurt." Stammered Jeff, still transfixed by the ferret's consummate size, and his perfectly sculpted demigod's physique. He could do nothing but stare, mind blown to smithereens as the ferret picked himself up and all fifty feet of him towered over the poor little skunk, powerful muscles gracefully expanding and contracting in perfect harmony while the ferret's weighty cock was jostled by the activity, swinging ominously over the skunk's head and accompanied by a hefty sack that looked about full to bursting.

Kurt sighed, a deep growl of satisfaction rocking the street as he slipped a dextrous paw down to rub softly at his member, that ecstatic, all consuming lust and passion building once more as he stomped down the street to work. Usually, he would drive through the quiet streets this time of day, but today... well, he felt like a walk. He also felt the roads cracking beneath his feet, fault lines spreading wherever he strode to remind the town of the giant's passing. He stomped by, watching the cracks form, and as he grew ever closer to the meat packing plant he had an idea... placing an unimaginably heavy paw delicately on a chunky black SUV sitting parked up at the side of the road, he started to apply some pressure beneath his pads, the ball of his foot cracking the roof of the car slowly inwards. The ferret found himself dribbling slightly, tongue lolling, as he wiped the spit from his mouth and sent a hand back down to manage his raging erection. It responded with a wave of pulsing pleasure down his length, causing the ferret to lose his composure and annihilate the SUV with the twitch of a leg, metal and glass contorting and twisting beneath his pawpads. The sheer power thrilled the ferret, who ran an exploratory forepaw down the thick muscles of his thigh to appreciate the sheer strength contained within them. Satisfied with his new, rock hard musculature, Kurt continued on to work. He had some chums to show off his new bod to.

He chose a wriggly, circuitous route to the packing plant – he wanted some time before the cops, or worse, the army showed up. His plan was to get in, enjoy his moment of deviancy, and then try to negotiate with the authorities... well, unless he were to grow any bigger... but as he didn't feel that tingling, grow-y feeling any more, he thought it was probably safe to call it over... for now, anyway. He turned around a block of flats to expose the short walk to the industrial estates, not too far from town proper, and stomped on over to the employee parking. As his thunderous footfalls grew closer, the sole tiger smoking outside turned around to find a colossal Kurt eagerly striding over to him, fully and intimidatingly erect and packed with more muscle than he had ever seen. "Oh.... fucking hell." the tiger gasped, dropping his cigarette in shock as the giant slammed a paw down in front of him. "Hey buddy, I thought you'd like to know you guys have really been inspiring me to work out! I think I've been doing pretty well for myself." Snarled the giant victoriously, crouching down on his haunches to flex a bicep that was positively dwarfed the tiger. The frightened feline froze for a moment, unsure what to do, but managed to start fleeing in mindless panic. He didn't get far, as Kurt grabbed him with a nimble hook of his claw, dragging him over by his coveralls and dangling him ominously over his rapidly solidifying rod before releasing his grip and dropping him gently. The tiger flailed, grabbing at fur and the thick, meaty flesh of Kurt's rock hard cock positively throbbing

beneath him, his senses blasted by the musky, sweaty aroma of the titanic ferret. Kurt looked down at his new passenger, his admittedly muscular arms wrapped around a cock as big as he was, giving him a slasher smile as he rose from his powerful haunches once again. "Hold on tight, and enjoy the ride, my friend."

With the machinery of the packing floor going into full production, the occupants never stood a chance of noticing Kurt. The harsh industrial grinding and grating was immediately interrupted when the walls caved in, fifty foot of brown furry muscle smashing its way through the wall with its pink and orange passengers. Stunned, the workers barely had time to react as Kurt barrelled his way through the machinery and grabbed for his favourite friend, the muscular lion that had embarrassed him so yesterday. "Regis, my buddy, how are you?" he snarled, gripping the hulking lion tightly in one meaty paw, claws digging into his prisoner painfully. "Thought I would stop in and say hello. I'd ask how you were doing, but..." The ferret sat down on the floor, leaning up against a machine which groaned in protest of his massive bulk. The tiger continued to grasp a hold of his cock, possibly too scared to move but providing a positively delightful tickling along the length of Kurt's rod in any case. "Let's play a game, will we?" growled the ferret, staring daggers at the workers still reeling and choking from the settling dust and sudden entry. "Get over here, or you and your friends will meet an... unpleasant end." The tortured moans of the lion trapped in his paw was enough to spur the workers into action, though they were careful not to get too close to the massive ferret and his frankly intimidating cock. The scents of predation filled the air, blood and gore mixing with the ferret's strong musk and bringing Kurt to the edge of losing himself to his passions. "A game, then. Let's see how long it takes for you fuckers to free your finest. You know what to do." He slipped the lion, meekly protesting, under his heavy sack, enjoying the squirming against the delicate skin as he brushed a paw down the length of his dick. Unsure what to do, the workers stood stock still for a moment, until the lion pinned beneath the weighty testicles of the ferret managed to shout a muffled "Help me, you fuckers!" They sprang into action, attempting to shift and barge the ferret's formidable balls, until he herded them round to his cock. "Nice try, but you're going to have to do this the hard way, just like you made living my life hard." He sneered; mad with lust as the lion tickled his sack with frantic movements, gasping for air beneath him. Either unwilling or just unsure, the workers had nothing to do with the gargantuan, man-sized cock bobbing out in front of them, and so Kurt decided to take matters into his own hands. Grabbing a fistful of employees, he roughly stripped them of their coveralls with nimble claws and pressed them up against his cock, enjoying the feeling of the warm fur against his sensitive length. "GET TO WORK!" he snapped with malicious glee, his head nodding back in ecstasy as the little figures began to rub themselves up and against his cock. He could feel his vision blurring as sheer sensation ached through every inch of his godly body, the feeling of raw power indescribably mind-blowing. Kurt sent a hand down to aid the workers in their struggle, deciding to exile another beneath his sack to increase his pleasure as he delicately ran his claws along his length. Pre began to slicken his length as the fearful little figures massaged the beast alongside Kurt's massive paw, mindless passion bringing him to the edge as his toes curled and a wave of euphoria blasted through his thick length, coating the unfortunates with globs of sticky cum and forcing them to the ground. Arching his back with pleasure, Kurt noted with a sick glee that he heard an ominous crunch between his thighs as the two tinies trapped beneath him stopped moving. Once more mindless bliss overtook Kurt, as he got up, licking blood and cum from his claws as he staggered out of the plant, semen dripping from his fur and a vicious grin on his face as he smashed his way out of the factory, machines crumbling beneath his feet. He stood once more in the

parking lot, 50 foot of muscular, masculine ferret, and roared his superiority to the city, cock still throbbing and erect.

Meanwhile, on a balcony, not too far from the industrial estates, a fox and a hawk sat sipping cocktails.

"I hate to say it, but you're right. I just love this buff ferret. Can you see the definition on those pectorals? I mean, compare it to yesterday and..."

"No need to kiss my ass, Augustine." The fox interrupted, straightening the tie of his suit before passing a pair of binoculars over to the hawk. "I told you I could pick them, and even better, the experimental formula seems to have worked a treat."

The hawk chuckled slightly, taking the binoculars to get a closer look on a very specific part of the gargantuan ferret's impressive anatomy. "So what's next? Can we get more to him, or shall we just distribute it to other willing... err, participants?"

"All in good time, Augustine. All in good time." The fox chuckled, taking another sip from his fruity drink and smiling wryly as the ferret burst once more from his factory and gave a victorious roar.