

With a frustrated slam of his car door, a corgi stepped out into the underground parking garage, the cool air a little relieving against his warm, clammy skin. From the way his shirt wasn't tucked in at the back, his scampering footsteps against the hard asphalt, and the scowling expression on the 5", tubby canine, it was clear to see he had something weighing heavily on his mind. His stubby fingers looped his tie around itself as he muttered and scuttled into work, ignoring the receptionist as he strode through the glass fronted lobby and into the elevator. He stepped inside, cocking his head a little as he checked himself out in the reflective metal surface, making sure his tie was just right as the doors swung open, his labcoated supervisor swishing into the elevator besides him. He was a tall, powerful looking black-furred panther, utterly swimming in confidence as he looked down his nose with armour-piercing eyes at the corgi, who simply stared up and looked a little nervous.

"Gonna need an update on the priaptifil, Nathan. We're coming up to the third quarter, we need to see some progress before any of our rivals put out something." The panther's tail flicked behind him as he looked down with a predator's gaze, Nathan's little hackles rising and the fur on the back of his neck standing up as he gulped with nervousness.

"I-I-I... uh, it's going well, sir! The first battery of tests end in a couple of days, we're already seeing some promising results!" The large panther grinned, showing a mouthful of sharp, pointed teeth, and purred with pleasure.

"Excellent. Good work, Nathan. Keep it up." The panther patted him on the back as the elevator stopped deep within the bowels of the building, down in the climate controlled, hermetically sealed labs under the earth. Nathan stepped out and shot a glance back at the panther, who gave him a sharp grin back as the doors closed and left him behind. He scampered his way through security, through the decontamination unit, and rapidly made his way to his workstation, various small animals in plexiglass tanks – despite the varied selection of species, they each had one thing in common...

They were freakishly well-endowed. Nathan was no ordinary scientist – he was a chemist involved in the delicate and insanely profitable field of male enhancement. On his desk lay bottles and vials of his latest drug, priaptifil, each more potent and refined than the last, and it was the last he took – spinning the vial idly in his stubby hands as he contemplated what he was about to do. All his research and reports led to the same conclusion – the drug was safe, if rather potent. The increase in size and production was almost miraculous. The only thing left was to test it on a more... sapient subject. Normally, this would mean months of testing. The corgi would have to oversee dozens of double-blind trials, carefully noting down the results... in science, testing on sapient beings was a murky moral minefield at the best of times. All sorts of hoops needed to be jumped through before one could even consider asking for consent.

Unless, of course, one tested on oneself. Many scientists before him had done so – particularly those involved with diseases, the brave scholars exposing themselves to all sorts of nasties to advance the field in lieu of the evidence they needed to safely, morally test on others. Nathan's field wasn't quite so... necessary, but he knew he could bring a lot of happiness to the people of the world. Well, a lot of penis, in any case. He tapped the vial gently against the worktop, the contents shifting and settling between his claws as he drew a hypodermic needle, slowly and carefully extracting the contents. He laid on the table gingerly, careful not to damage the delicate syringe as he loosened his belt and slid his slacks down a little, looking at the moderately sized bulge in his boxers. He slipped them down, exposing his furry, cream-coloured sheath, and pricked the base of his averagely-sized

endowment with the needle, sending the drug flowing into his bloodstream as he winced a little with pain. The deed done, he disposed of the needle in a clinical bin, and began taking his usual meticulous notes as he rubbed at the wounded site absently...

Much later, the corgi found himself strutting along the hallways of the labs with a grin on his face, sure he noticed a few subtle glances at his package. He didn't feel any bigger, and he hadn't measured himself since he had begun, but he wasn't expecting anything quite so soon... he did feel a certain confidence, however. He shot a knowing glance at the finely-preened avian receptionist, knowing that she wouldn't be ignoring the little canine for long. For that matter, that he wouldn't be a little canine for long, either! He slipped into his car and drove home, for a quiet night drooling peacefully in front of the TV – though, the corgi little suspected that it would not be his mouth doing the drooling. His slacks lay discarded haphazardly on the floor as he splayed out on the couch, tongue lolling as he snored gently, his plasma screen quietly flickering away and lighting the dim, shadowy room with vivid colours. As he snoozed, he dreamt of wonderful things, of tall, toned husky girls giggling and rubbing up against him in their tight bikini tops, of powerful, stocky german shepard guys taking one look at his impressive endowments and curling their tail between their legs in jealousy and shame. And through the night, that cock of his stiffened, sliding from his sheath and peeking from the waistband of his pants. Anybody watching that softly throbbing organ could see the beat of the corgi's heart reflected in his spire of meat, each pulse swelling it further and further, almost imperceptibly at first, but with gradual gains becoming evident. His balls, too, began to swell, as glands thickened and upped their production, that twitching member beginning to dribble pre as wet dreams flitted through his head. It dripped idly on the carpet as Nathan yawned and curled over, smiling peacefully as he grew bigger, thicker, juicier...

“HOLY SHIT!” Day broke, as did the corgi's composure. He grinned from ear to ear, absolutely beaming as he stared down at what he had wrought. There was no denying it – the little canine was *hung*. He gripped his stubby little fingers around a thick, fat rod, unable to quite fit his hands all the way around the leaky organ that was drooling forth a constant stream of arousal. Running his hand up and down the sensitive flesh a few times to test his new toy, he marvelled at the sheer size of it – it was almost as big as his arm! He cupped his nuts with another hand, the big, pillowy sac yielding pleasingly to his squeezing, each of his hands barely able to fit one ball each within them. This... this was more than he had ever hoped for. The corgi simply lost himself in exploring his new form, the sight and scent of thick puddles of cum below him putting torturous thoughts in his head – if that was the result of his wet dreams last night, how much would he produce now that he was...

“F-FUUUCK!” An unexpected climax hit the little corgi like a squirrel in the path of a bullet train, the supernova intensity causing him to topple from his perch as he seized and twitched, spraying the room with seed. He just came and came, counting the spurts – one, two, thirteen – his toes curling into the sticky carpet as he bathed himself in musky pleasure. Eventually, as all things must, the sensation died down, leaving the corgi panting as he drooled various fluids from his half-cocked member. Afterglow wrapped around him like a warm, somewhat sweaty and sticky blanket. If Nathan died right there, from some sort of hyperphallic related heart condition... he'd be okay with that. He was okay with everything. The world was beautiful. He yawned and snuggled against the couch cushions, until he caught a glimpse of the time – if he didn't get started, he'd be late for work. While he wanted to simply lay recumbent and enjoy the simple pleasures of his flesh, there was a

certain thrill that tickled him so about the prospect of going into the lab with straining slacks, watching the receptionist's eyes boggle at the sheer impossible bulk of the taut package, the awed looks on his co-workers faces when they saw him packing a cock that a horse would be troubled by... oh, he just *had* to do it! Grinning, he scampered off at full speed to his bedroom, paws squelching across a cum-soaked floor, and went to get dressed, dripping pre all the way as his overstuffed endowments jostled against his furry legs.

What to wear, what to wear? Nathan nosed through his wardrobes and his drawers, looking for the perfect outfit, picking out a nice, tight pair of jeans... and noticing the huge, wet stain against it. He held it away from him, and noticed with a little blush to himself that he had soaked it through simply by pressing it next to his drooling cock. He snickered to himself and just threw it to the laundry hamper, picking a pair of sweatpants out instead to help accommodate his newfound girth. There was just one problem – the moistness issue. He just couldn't seem to stop himself from dribbling pre, maintaining a constant state of low-level arousal. This hadn't happened to the test animals, had it? He'd need to check his notes, and they were at work... and he couldn't well go in feeling like the sexiest man alive if he was waddling in with wet pants. An idea struck him, and he fished around for his wallet, pinching the condom he picked up way, way back at university and kept for a special occasion that had never quite materialized from between some bills. He ripped it open eagerly, fidgeting with the rubber, and streeeeetched it over his length. He grinned the widest grin to see it barely slip half-way over his length, taut over his throbbing, meaty dick as the reservoir at the end began to slowly fill. He shivered as he slid his sweats on, the feel of the fabric against his sensitive length providing him with far more stimulation than was generally considered appropriate. That half-hard bulge pressed softly against the fabric, bloated and powerful, as he stepped out the door, waddling all the way.

One car journey, a brief stop at the drug store for an extra huge box of extra huge condoms, and several disbelieving glances later, the corgi staggered through the front door to the labs, his still-growing length constricted by a rubber that was far too small for such a behemoth and his sweatpants lightly stained by a few accidents on the way to work. It was beginning to get a little too heavy for his liking – the corgi was kind of hoping the dose would wear off soon. If it didn't, and he just kept getting bigger, more sensitive, more productive... oh god. He took one look at the receptionist in her low-cut top, small but firm and round and perfect breasts hidden behind a layer of fabric, and blood began to flow. He huffed needily, screwing his eyes shut as he waddled towards the elevators, his sweatpants beginning to strain and stress as that enormous rod surged forward. A small slurp announced to the corgi that the rubber slid over his dick was attached no longer, soaking him right through with pre, thick ropey strands of warm, musky cum... it was too much. Hammering on the call button for the elevator, he barely even looked around before he slipped a hand into his waistband, whimpering pathetically as he milked himself dry, small clawed hands just gripping onto that thick, juicy length and pumping with no regard to anything but ecstasy. Pressing up against the elevator doors, he scrabbled inside as they opened, thankfully to reveal nothing but an empty metal chamber for him to slake his desires.

It was better – or rather, worse – than he remembered from last time. A constant stream of prejizz pooled on the floor as he brutally fucked his hands for all they were worth, bucking and grunting in sheer mindless lust. Each stroke brought more mind-numbing sensation than the last, as Nathan moaned and huffed, tongue lolling and eyes hazed over. Seconds passed like hours, the little corgi

set adrift in a sea of pleasure, and with one toe-curling slide of warm hands over a hot member, he brought that sea from his mind to the real world, spurting quarts, gallons of cum across the elevator, just watching it drip from every surface and soak his clothes straight through. As he lay panting, dripping, moaning, the doors opened, the corridor ahead empty. Though he just wanted to stay and lay in the haze of afterglow, he couldn't risk staying here. He didn't particularly want to explain what had just happened to an angry janitor! He scampered off, dripping and drizzling from a half-hard cock that just would not seem to stop.

He ran into his office, quickly locking the door behind him as he slumped against it, tucked out from not only the most intense climax of his life, but also from dragging around a cock that he feared would soon rival his torso for width. He sat up on his overstuffed balls, that one little squeeze from his butt enough to send sparks through his length once again, the tingling arousal surging into his cock as the corgi watched it reach its full, imposing size, whimpering slightly. Pre slithered slowly down his rod and down his chest, utterly ruining his clothes with musky goo that soaked right through them. Having voided the manufacturer's warranty for absolutely everything currently stuck to him with thick, sticky goop, the corgi proceeded to push his muzzle into the slit of his cock, taking it in both hands and stroking himself with primal ferocity, growling and panting at the rough intensity of his pleasure. As he rubbed himself raw, he didn't notice the footsteps of heavy leather boots clumping down the hallway, following a certain corgi's trail of cum...

"Nathan? Are you in there?" The door handle rattled and shook, causing the corgi to yelp in surprise and scramble away from what he feared may be an imminent discovery. From behind the securely locked door came the annoyed, bored tones of the huge, crocodilian janitor, his meaty claws no doubt gripping the door handle like a terrifying, green-scaled vice.

"Uh... ah, yeah, I'm h-here!" he yipped, gritting his teeth as thwarted need burned through his oversized organs. "What do you want, Jonas?" The nervousness was thick in his voice, the corgi's beady little eyes looking around the room for any way to escape, or clean up the sticky, musky mess. "There's a trail of jizz leading to your office from the front door, Nathan. Care to explain?" Nathan could practically *feel* the irritation in the crocodile's voice, his fur sticking up on the back of his neck a little.

"Uh... just a little leak with some of the test animals." Boy, that sounded worse than he intended. "I-I mean, I was carrying in a cage, and-"

"Save it, you stubby little sexual deviant." snapped Jonas. "Everybody knows what you do in that lab of yours, weird-ass dick drugs... just keep it off of my goddamn floors, will you?" The sounds of the crocodile stomping off back down the corridor brought the corgi some release, as he wiped his sweaty brow, sighing in relief.

All the adrenaline surging through his system was not doing his body good though. He felt a shudder through his system as his dick throbbed bigger and bigger, growing before his very eyes. The thick, veiny meat just pulsed, each beat of his heart sending even more length and girth into his cock for him to play with as he ran a hand across the pre-slicked surface in appreciation of his monstrous endowment, just watching it surpass his little body as his heart struggled to meet the demands of such a beast. Moaning with unstoppable lust, Nathan wrapped his arms around his rod and worshipped inch after inch of pure pleasure, each stroke of his fingers sending a cascade of neurons aflame with sensation. His entire existence became the ends of his hands and the flesh they pressed into as he worshipped his cock with mute reverence, softly panting with no breath left to scream

and moan his agony and ecstasy. The feeling of pleasure, of power just welled up tighter and tighter within him, like a clockwork spring being wound to the breaking point and even further, his little chest heaving as he stroked himself – and then it happened. He exploded. His eyes shot wide open as climax rocked his entire form, every muscle tensing as one as he watched one huge pulse just slide up his meaty member, culminating in one viciously powerful splurt of cum fired out his rod like a cannon. The hot, sticky goo splattered into one of the fluorescent lights on the roof, the sheer velocity of such an impact shattering it to pieces as he fired off again, and again, and again, that orgasm seeming to go on forever. Spurt after spurt violently fired from his cock, until he was at last left a panting, dribbling wreck on the floor, that behemoth endowment placated for now as it flopped flaccid ahead of him, the sheer weight of it pulling him forwards and into his slick, cum-stained cock. Time passed – he couldn't say how much. He was simply lost in the chemical haze of orgasm and afterglow, his monstrous member still spewing pre in anticipation of the next round, feeling just like he was tucked into the cosiest bed ever made, warm fire and a delicious hot drink set aside just for him. There was a sharp knock at the door, and Nathan twitched one ear around to listen in, not really bothered to try moving and answering it...

“Nathan! Nathan, are you all right? It's time to leave, and there's a mess all up and down this corridor – urgh, it reeks of sex in here...” The corgi simply smiled to himself, nuzzling into his dick as both he and it found themselves ready for more. Nathan lay across his unimaginably huge member as it pulsed and throbbed to full size, getting bigger and bigger than he had ever thought possible... no. It wasn't time to leave at all, especially when he was just getting started...