

“Gods among men... has a ring to it, doesn’t it?” Five figures stood around a softly glowing circle painted onto the cellar floor, arcane symbols twisting and turning around each other, the odd dyes and paints seeming almost alive as they slinked around the stony surface. The speaker was a tall, handsome figure, a grizzled male bear, broad-shouldered and brimming with barely restrained physical power as he watched over the rest of the people in the basement, putting the finishing touches on the odd magical ritual. Hooded sweatshirts and jackets drawn tight comprised the uniform of the oddly dressed figures in the dim light, protecting them from both the cold and from revealing their identities. A slim, voluptuous snow leopard grinned widely as she pressed a lit taper to some sticks of incense, the rich, heady scent beginning to waft into the room. “And among women, too. We gotta be egalitarian in our godhood, right? Let them *all* suffer beneath our massive forms.”

“Haha, that’s right.” A fox piped up with a wry grin across his snout, wiping his hands clean of some unusual powders. “Doesn’t matter if they’re man, woman, hermaphroditic sexbeast – they’re all gonna be concerned about us, rather than what particular set of organs they possess.”

The final touches were added, the five figures standing around the circle, hand in hand. The odd runes and designs painted on the floor glowed a sickly, verdant green, the colour of sunlight through thick leaves. Each of the participants felt an unearthly force begin to well forth in them, as though their very souls were outgrowing their mortal frames. As energy crackled in the air, they felt the magic surround them, infusing the surroundings with eldritch energy. The green runes of the circle on the floor coiled around them, the group feeling as though a greater presence was imposing itself roughly upon them. The bear looked over to his comrades, watching them fall to their knees on the stone floor and moaning with utter hedonistic pleasure, the snow leopard slipping a hand down the front of her jeans as her eyes glowed bright with arcane energy. It happened slowly, at first – he saw the horse opposite him collapse, his hands spread wide on the ground to support himself as he visibly grew larger. His clothes were pressed outwards by his growing bulk, thick ropey muscle surging against the fabric and drawing it taut against his body. The snow leopard’s chest swelled thickly against her hoodie, her bra audibly straining against its growing payload, just ready to explode. The fox, snarling and moaning in rapture, the sneakers that once housed his black-socked feet split apart at the seams to accommodate his thick, broad paws as they became larger.

As for the bear, he simply struggled to his feet and tore the shirt from his rapidly enlarging chest, the solidly defined pectorals on display for his comrades as buttons spat across the room, the tattered shreds simply tossed aside as his waist began to tear at his slacks, the belt stressed and strained by his growing bulk. He roared in primal satisfaction, his claws slicing through his trousers to reveal a thickening, fattening length. The scent of his masculine musk began to fill the air, the two ladies present purring a little as their eyes rolled back in their heads, tongues lolling as they began to lose themselves in lust. Each and every one of them moaned their passion, their thick, powerful bodies beginning to crack the foundations of the building as tons upon tons of muscle and fur pushed ever more urgently against the confines of the basement. As his shoulders pressed painfully against the roof, the bear tried standing, his musculature surging forth as he simply shrugged off the building in a shower of rebar and dust, stepping forth into the world outside, brimming with raw and terrible

might as he set one huge foot down after the other, towering tens of feet above the city street. The passersby turned and looked, witnessing the birth of a creature of unimaginable strength and potency. More than a few found themselves fixated on his thick and potent manhood, hanging erect in the air as he grew ever bigger, the sidewalk beneath his toes covered in spiderweb cracks that spread wherever he stood.

The rest of the giants joined him out in the city, all five growing seemingly without end. Grins on their faces and lust in their eyes, they surveyed their new playground as they each began to crest a hundred feet in size, looming tall over the people and cars that looked like interesting little playthings to their twisted desires and dominant forms. The fox took the snow leopard by the hand, leaning in and kissing at her neck passionately, his big black toes set upon a mailbox and crushing it as though it were an aluminium can, the solid, wrought-iron frame flattened into a crumpled metal disk by an effortless step from the giant.

“Mmmrrr... you guys have fun, me and Rita are going to wreak a little havoc by ourselves... come on, you.” Circling his arm around her waist, the fox led his companion off down the street, stepping solidly down the busy road, their gargantuan paws striding down the street in unison directly over the cars below, the steel yielding easily to their massive feet. Pawpads flattened whatever they touched, the powerful symbols of an industrial nation simply crushed flat, as though a wicked child had taken a sledgehammer to his toys. Gore and debris plastered the soles of the two lovers, each footstep displaying the horrific sight to the shocked bystanders as their fluffy tails wagged happily, his cock solidly erect and her sex beginning to drip eagerly as evil thoughts gestated in her head.

The bear grinned widely, displaying his sharp teeth to the crowd as he surged past two hundred feet, huge paws crumbling the sidewalk from the slightest step. Tiny bystanders were caught under individual toes, the milliseconds of squirming before they burst wetly against his feet providing a pleasure that was beyond words – the unhindered strength behind his booming, apocalyptic steps stirring dark desires within him. The huge, muscular bear took the steps of a titan, loud thunderous footfalls punctuating every movement as he walked around the crowd below. He circled them a little, his feet never quite making the connection with the victims below – and it was far too late before they realised he was simply herding them into one place, backing them up against the tall stone walls of the city park. With nowhere to run and two huge paws in front of them, the crowd broke. Some cried, many screamed, all felt a deep and primal terror wrenching at their hearts. A leathery sole was lifted far into the air above them, four hundred feet of still growing bear displayed before them like a wicked, capricious god – and then, in a heartbeat, a hundred lives were simply snuffed out. His foot hit the ground like the wrath of god, smearing a thin gorey paste upon his soles and into the cracked and crumbled pavement. He scraped his foot off on the road, his claws driving a rent into the asphalt as a long bloody trail marked his victory. He stood, lost in lust, admiring his sheer size and the tiny toys before him... and heard another giant’s footfall.

But this was not like his – it was louder, more powerful. The sound echoed for miles, ringing in his ears like the aftermath of a gunshot in a church. Slowly, tentatively, the bear turned to see what had

caused such a noise – and was greeted by the sight of a giant hoof, connected to a giant leg. He stared up and up, past a thousand feet, two thousand, three – staring up into the prominent, thick endowments of a cruel and smirking god. A strapping, thickly muscled stag with odd green markings coiling around the fur stretched taut across muscle, the bear watched him twist his hoof into the city, four thousand feet of god grinding more than a few skyscrapers effortlessly into his foot. Almost an entire block was lost to his footstep, the sturdy constructions ceding like wet tissue paper to his unimaginable strength.

“Hello, you. Were you not expecting me? That was awfully short sighted of you, especially when you called on me to lend you a little power.” The stag opened a clenched fist just a little, dangling the fox and the snow leopard between two pinched fingers, allowing them to swing idly in his grasp. “I caught up with your friends – they seemed to be having a good time. Very friendly with each other – when I first saw them, she was giving him a little grope, isn’t that right? Very naughty of you to be such an exhibitionist in front of all these shocked little people. What’s even naughtier is that the five of you have been destroying my plaything without me... you didn’t even think to invite me along? Honestly, I’m shocked... but no matter. I’m here now, and I can take it all out on you.” The stag took the two lovers back into his fist, squeezing them tighter and tighter, even their massive forms unable to withstand the pressure as an ugly crack rang out across the city, a spurt of blood and gore dripping from between his fingers. He ran his tongue across the bright red fluid, grinning widely, and simply tossed the beaten and broken bodies into a cluster of office blocks, watching their colossal forms crash and crack into the buildings, demolishing them completely.

“B-but the ritual text said... there was never any indication as to...” The bear stammered, his hands out in a gesture of placation and submission as he stepped back and away from that omnipresent hoof, smeared with the remains of thousands of people and millions of dollars of property damage. “Ah, yes, Well, there wouldn’t be, would there? It’s not like anybody ever survives the ritual, is it? I mean, not after I have my way with them.” The stag grinned malevolently, taking one step forward toward the bear, his titanic hoof cracking into the ground and annihilating the city beneath him, the road splitting wide open as glass shattered and buildings around the impact site began to crumble. “And now you, and the city you thought to claim as your own, will be used and abused by yours truly. I’d feel bad for you, but... well, you really brought it on yourself, no?” The stag took another step forward, one leg that outstripped even the tallest building in the city for size swinging over his head, slamming roughly into the ground with another plume of dust and dirt as anything beneath his hoof was simply devastated, ground into nothingness beneath his weight. The stag’s impressive organs hung above the bear’s head, a thick set of balls positively brimming with seed dangling ominously as the destruction began to coax that fat length into activity. His shaft drooled pre like a hungry beast, nearly a foot and a half long proportionate to the massive, godlike being – fat and juicy to boot. The stag simply grinned, his musk washing over the little bear, sending him reeling from the potency of it all as he staggered back, pressing into a building and feeling it cede to his oversized form, the concrete, steel and glass wrapping around his muscular body.

“I hate to be a tease, but I see your other two friends staring up at me enviously. Excuse me for a moment while I take care of them.” Thoom, thoom, thoom... the stag’s footsteps echoed like nuclear strikes, causing just about as much devastation in his wake as he strode over to where he had evidently seen the horse and the lioness. As he bent down to scoop them up, the bear simply turned and ran. He couldn’t handle this – this had to be a bad nightmare, a mindbendingly realistic illusion

from a ritual gone sour. As he ran, though, everything felt far too real for this to be the case – the cars crumpling beneath his feet and sticking to his soles, the unfortunate citizens trampled under titanic toes staining his paws messily, the trail of ruined buildings and devastated lives in his wake...

He ran and ran, but soon enough the rumbling of the stag drew ever closer again. He screwed shut his eyes, desperately praying for the god to overlook him, wishing he were back down on the ground so he could run and hide, to jump into a car and burn rubber to a thousand miles away from here, feeling insignificantly small despite the fact he stood taller than most of the tower blocks that surrounded him. A shockwave buffeted him, the bear stumbling and falling on his back from the impact as the stag's gargantuan hoof crashed ahead of him, the huge creature ahead of him swivelling on his hooves and facing him, cocking a sneer down the length of his imposing muzzle. "Now, you might be wondering what happened to your other two friends – let me show you." He picked a male horse and a stacked, muscular lioness from between his horns, still squirming but bloodied and beaten, cracked limbs flailing in the stag's grip as he placed them gently beside the bear. "You summoned me, a god of lust and domination, to slake your vile desires on the inhabitants of this city – now, I will do the same to you." He steadily got to his knees, his massive thighs bulging with the effort as the bear watched his musculature play against each itself – and then, he loomed over all three of the giants, his toned abdominals a hair's breadth away from the trio as he sank his hands into the ground, taking a firm grip as his fingers dug into the buildings around him. He slid his cock across the road, pressing it up against the three and overwhelming them with a haze of masculine musk, the pre-soaked length imposing itself upon them. The hot, thick meat pushed into them, their bodies straining under the pressure as he snarled with pleasure.

The bear did what he could, trying to dig his claws in and uselessly trying to snap his jaws at the massive member, fighting a good fight, but a losing battle. A cock that was bigger than he was just couldn't be lifted, thousands of tons of shaft smearing him against the city streets. The stag shifted his weight lazily, bringing yet more force to bear against him, bones cracking and pain surging throughout his form which was so simultaneously significant and insignificant – a terror to the handful of people still alive down below, a speck against the titanic stag's shaft. He felt the world go white-hot with pain, every nerve ending burning as each pulse of the thick meat against him crushed him deeper and deeper into the earth. He heard the screeching and crumbling of steel and glass around him as massive hooves and finely-sculpted thighs scraped against the city, the stag imposing himself on the city and forcing it to cede to his form. Billions of dollars of property damage and thousands of lives were simply destroyed in an instant with an errant twitch of a hoof, smears against his body. The bear felt that weight increase substantially, in graceful throbbing pulses, doubling, quadrupling, more...

The stag, on the other hand, felt the three little prisoners splash against his cock, grinding them into bloody nothingness as he grinned widely, getting bigger as he did. Two thousand feet became five thousand, five thousand feet became two miles, three, four... with two catastrophic crashes of hoof into the earth, the shockwaves annihilated the site of impact, his sturdy legs obliterating whatever he stepped upon, thick muscles flexing as he stood upright and loomed tall over the city. He put a hand on his dick and stroked idly, the pleasure nothing compared to that of rutting the city, the tiny

giants too. He wanted – *needed* domination, his sick lust demanding satiation. A few idle footsteps over the insignificant city provided an ember to start the fires of passion, his hoof crunching into blocks of flats and offices alike. Again, he lay down, on his back this time, his broad shoulders crunching into the buildings below as he settled in, his titanic form comfortably forcing the city around him to conform to his body as he sprawled out, cock in hand. Another spurt of growth shuddered through him, his godlike physique crushing the towering skyscrapers and endless city streets effortlessly under rock-hard muscle. He just allowed himself to grow, his weight cracking the earth beneath him as he rapidly outsized the city, his massive form engulfing the entire thing as he grew ever larger, slowly working his rod as lake-sized drops of pre splashed down around him, flooding the land below. The idle rocking of his hooves drove huge rents into the ground as he playfully toyed with himself, feeling an elbow splash into the sea as the crust began to crack against his weight. He grew across the continent, countless towns and countless more lives annihilated against his growing bulk. Beneath, millions of citizens looked up in awe at a sea of creamy-brown fur, rolling over the land like a tidal wave of utter domination.

The stag's eyes flickered half-lidded as he felt the satisfying cracking beneath him, the tectonic plates shifting under his mass as he left an indentation in the planet that would never be fixed. He grew to eclipse the entire planet, the whole wide world just a little thicker than his cock before he stopped and looked over his plaything. He ran a tentative hand over the lush green planet, feeling his fingers crack into the crust and the hot molten core spill forth, warming his hands against the brisk chill of the solar winds. He took the blue and green orb hovering in the inky black, watching the tides play against his massive body as he smoothly pressed the planet against the head of his cock. It ceded easily to his omnipotent shaft, the hot magma washing along the length as he exhaled warmly. He speared a hole right through it, wrapping rock, earth and metal directly around him. Hot molten rock joined thick, viscous precum as he fucked the planet. The last survivors, tucked away safely in their bunkers far under the earth, found themselves ripped to shreds as that massive, meaty member ploughed right through everything they had ever known. An entire existence completely wiped from history. The stag shuddered and grinned, his climax mounting as he broke the home of billions of long-dead beings upon his shaft, and simply grew once more. The sensation proved irresistible, the primal pleasure of domination granting him the ecstasy of orgasm as the planet exploded outwards, his cock blasting through the rock and molten core as though it were nothing at all, a hot knife through butter, a thick, meaty finger through wet tissue paper. Debris splattered across the inky depths of space along with a huge gigaton payload of hot and sticky cum aimed directly towards the sun, the nuclear furnace sizzling and hissing as it boiled the splatters against it, until it all became too much. The system grew dim as that impossible cumshot extinguished the sun; a satisfied sigh ringing out across the stars as the stag lay recumbent, drifting through the void. And as he lay back, his mind tickled as yet another ritual on yet another world began... yet another toy to play with and destroy for his own sick whims. Somewhere on a distant planet, two huge thunderous footsteps rang out above a city ravaged by giants...