

The Archive: Ars Antiqua

By Dragonien and Bennie

“Wake up Matt.”

The sharp crackle of a static-undertoned voice snapped him from his sleep. Papers went flying as his arms reflexively jerked to push himself into an upright sitting position, as if to deny that he had been slumped forward on the desk. Matt grumbled under his breath as he combed his fingers through the pale gray fur atop his head, flattening his triangular ears down briefly in the process. His eyelids still felt crusty and stuck together when he blinked them. Lazily he reached a hand up, grabbing for the small plastic receiver of his radio that was clipped to his breast pocket to fumble his thumb down on the talk button.

“Wasn’t asleep” he muttered in a voice that sounded more like that of a sleepwalker mid-dream than someone trying to pretend being wide awake.

“Sure you weren’t. Just like you weren’t asleep around this time every single other time you had overnight inventory..” Came the static-latent reply a moment later. “Just thought I’d check since the boss-man should be there any second.”

It took a half second to sink in, but the moment it did Matt burst to his feet in a flurry of desperate movement. His chair went clattering down to the ground behind him, the dull THUNK of the chair’s wooden back hitting the hardwood of the floor echoing endlessly through the cavernous warehouse he stood in. Matt’s head jerked back and forth, long feline tail nervously lashing back and forth each time his head whipped around. After a few moments of silence, save for his own movements in the room, the radio erupted with electronically garbled laughter.

“Oh man, I heard that all the way up here in the booth! What did you do, fall out of your chair?!” the uproar of laughter latent words echoed from Matt’s radio receiver.

“Asshole, that’s not funny!” Matt angrily spat into his receiver. “It’s bad enough being stuck down here all alone in the middle of the night without looking over my shoulder every second waiting to get berated and yelled at!”

“You probably wouldn’t get yelled at if you weren’t sleeping on the job.”

“Semantics.”

Matt sighed aloud, hands lifted to rub his fingers over his temples. The sudden adrenaline surge that had snapped him from groggy to wide awake in panic was rapidly fading, and leaving a pounding headache in its wake. It was bad enough that he had to work these overnight shifts at least twice a month, stuck down in what basically was a glorified and wildly oversized basement doing inventory. It wouldn’t be so bad if the system was properly modernized. But instead he had to use not just one, but a literal dozen binders to go through and manually check every object and book in storage. He had to check the number tag on its storage compartment, to the number on the object itself. Then he had to correlate both of those to the same number in the binder and ensure the picture and description matched what was in the binder, finally checking it off on his 79 page checklist of objects and books.

Of course as tedious as this was it didn't really take the whole night, especially after you'd done it a few times. So anyone on the night inventory shift like he was now was given extra 'busy work'. Namely, the transcribing of books from the library into digital copies. That was what had put him to sleep. Sitting in front of the computer for hours on end, mindlessly flipping pages in the millionth old leather bound tome and word for word retyping everything the book said into the computer. Any sensation of accomplishment at completing an entire book was immediately erased when you took the book back to its place on the shelf and saw how many more thousands of books were still left to go.

Many of them were old and fragile, needing to be handled with particular care or even in special plastic coverings or with gloves. Most of them smelled to some varying degree of old leather or mildew. And all of them, every single one, was covered in a fine layer of sneeze-inducing dust.

Matt had learned how to read the "dead" languages in college. It had been a fun series of classes of reading through works and puzzling them out with classmates. He missed that. He had thought having the ancient languages on his resume was neat. He didn't expect them to be such a part of his job now, and how boring it could be.

His current task at hand was transcribing "Ars Antiqua" - a collection of reality altering spells by an eccentric wizard by the name of Galeon Vanderwolf of the early 17th century. Supposedly from the limited biography the archive had on him, he had been a bit of an oddball that tried to commercialize his spells in the same way that a traveling salesman would sell snake oil to unsuspecting peasants as a cure-all. The problems that followed in his wake were enough to get the attention of the order at the time, and once the mess was cleaned up, his spell books were confiscated. According to the card for the book, Matt was the first person to actually open and read it in decades.

Matt returned to his work with a sigh, momentarily stifling a sneeze from the dust that lifted off the book as he did. He found his place on the page, and resumed copying the text onto his laptop. The writing was so light in places, he sounded out the passages several times as he read it, to make sure the grammar was right. It was very slow going. By the time he was done he must have read the passage 4 or 5 times:

Φύλακας της Πύλης, Άρχοντας των κρυφών Οδών μεταξύ ζωής και θανάτου, σας καλώ.

Ένας οπαδός των παλαιών τρόπων φωνάζει σε σας. Ανοίξτε την πύλη ανάμεσα στο βασίλειο της ζωής και το βασίλειο των νεκρών γιατί θα επισκεψιμότητας στο με τον αναχώρησε.

Καλώ την οικογένειά μου από παλιά. Η αδιάσπαστη σύνδεση με μεγάλη αγαπημένους μου. Ζητώ τη βοήθειά σας χίλιες φορές στα καθήκοντα που χρειάζομαι.

Feeling a little better that he had worked the section out, he left a marker in the book. He knew he was done for the night, even if the clock said he had more time. He couldn't concentrate on anymore.

Standing up to clear his head he decided to pace the length of the room a few times. It was on the second turn he he heard a voice.

“Τι στο διάολο θέλεις;”

He stopped for a moment, tilting his ears around, wondering if he heard it right. Walking back to the desk, he picked up the radio.

“All right smarty, what was that?”

He heard the sound of a chair hitting the floor in the security station up on the balcony.

“HA!” Matt replied on the radio. “Who’s asleep now?”

A few seconds of incoherent grumbling was the only reply Matt got from Vincent. The amusement of Vincent’s hypocrisy had eased some of the tension that had abruptly built up in Matt from hearing the disembodied voice speaking in tongues. He was probably just tired, he had been down in the archive for too long. It was bound to mess with his head.

“Hey V, I think i’m gonna call it a night here. Inventory check is done, and I got through at least a few more of the tomes. But if I sit here transcribing another one for ten more seconds I think I might lose my mind.”

“Your funeral, man. See this is why I never bothered trying to get Archivist certification. I’m happy up here in my little guard booth not letting old wizards and wizard wannabe’s memoirs haunt my dreams and nightmares every night. Close up and bring the paperwork up and we’ll get you out.” the voice paused, then turned playful again “if you think you can stay awake that long.”

Matt wanted to give him some smartass reply in return, but the cogs in his brain were too sluggish to offer more than a token grunt of disapproval. Instead, he tiredly began gathering up his things and filed the books away so he could get checked out and head home.

“Head home” was a relative term. In reality it was more like ‘head to the gym to further torture myself, then head home’. Unfortunately he had signed up for what amounted to a self-imposed hostage situation with his local gym to keep in shape. He gave them a large ‘security’ deposit up front in exchange for a decent discount on services. The hostage-taking came in with his dedication pledge: If he didn’t come in to the gym at once one hour every day then he would forfeit his entire security deposit.

At the time it sounded like a good way to keep him from making up excuses not to go to the gym. But in the current moment, all it sounded like was a good reason to invent time travel. That way he could go back in time and murder the idiot past self of him that thought it was a good idea.

As he walked through the gym’s automatic glass doors he decided to himself that he’d just take it easy tonight, just a few minutes on the treadmill and bikes each to get through his quota and head home. At least a good workout would help him sleep through the day for another night shift. He was distracted and walked into the locker room without looking around much. So when the voice rang out with snide tone of voice reminiscent of a playground bully, his tail fritzed with the surprise.

“Hey there, kitten!”

Matt’s thoughts were scattered by the familiar voice. He winced as a mental image of its owner popped into his mind unbidden. It was “Fang.” And he had almost walked right into the hulking wall of black fur.

Matt had gone to the school with Mr. Gregory Nathaniel III, or ‘Fang’. What had merely been the schoolyard bully had grown into a full-of-himself star football playing monster in high-school; which was where he started to insist upon being called “Fang.” Matt lost sight of him after college and hadn’t lost a single ounce of sleep over the fact. But he was still here in town, working some business executive sales job. He’d tell you at-length about his corporate conquests and accomplishments if you asked, and often when you didn’t, but Matt never bothered to commit it to memory.

Not that Matt wanted to talk about jobs to people like Fang. How do you say “I work for a society that archives dangerous magical material” without sounding like you were a nutcase?

“How’s the gym’s smallest member doing?” came another sneer.

The black wolf was sitting in the changing room, flexing and admiring himself in the mirror, as usual. Well. He wasn’t fully-black, Matt remembered. He probably dyed that spot o grey out. Fang was the kind of guy who would linger in the changing room, his eyes wandering to look at the other guys in the reflection of the mirror, to compare.

It was amazingly narcissistic. Fang didn’t really have any competition to worry about thanks to his genetics lottery jackpot. He was an huge monster of a wolf. Standing just a couple inches shy of the eight foot mark at 7’10”, and packed with enough muscle to make a bodybuilder envy. Even sitting, this beast of a wolf was taller than Matt’s standing height.

Matt did his best to ignore the wolf as he walked over towards his designated locker. He could hear the occasional murmur coming from Fang, little personal compliments he’d give himself like “Fuck yea” or “Pumped today”, obviously said with just enough volume to grab the attention of anyone nearby. Even without looking Matt could imagine Fang sitting there flexing an arm or puffing out his chest for himself in the mirror, admiring how his fur, still damp from his recent shower, clung to his body and better accentuated his bulk.

Rather than indulging in Fang’s ego, Matt let his mind wander to other topics. He pulled his duffel bag out of the locker and began sorting through it for his gym clothes as if his body were on autopilot, having done the same routine almost a hundred times in the last few months. He pondered what to have for dinner when he got home, or if he would even eat before just collapsing in bed. Wondering what movies were coming out soon and if he shou-

A hiss snapped his attention back to reality. When his mind refocused he realized he was staring right at Fang’s reflection in the wall length mirror along the far wall... and his lips were pulled down in a frown that exposed a hint of sharp teeth. The hissing had been him. Thankfully it seemed to have been quiet enough that Fang, nor anyone else in the locker room, had noticed it but that did nothing to explain why Matt had done it. He hadn’t even been paying attention to anything in the locker room.

“Ω! Αυτό είναι.” said a whispery voice that seemed right in his ear.

Matt paused his thoughts a moment, his ear twitching. It was that voice from before.the one he thought he imagined hearing earlier in the archive, but this time he understood what it was saying: <<Oh. This is it.>>

Before he could make much of it, he felt being pulled to one side. Matt tensed reflexively and leaned back the opposite direction, automatically reaching an arm to brace himself against a locker. Straightening back up, his movement felt sluggish and somewhat forced. Like there was some kind of automatic movement his body was doing on its own that he had to make a conscious, physical effort to resist. It felt reminiscent of when you’re sitting on a sharp incline and even though you’re sitting perfectly still, gravity is trying to pull you down so you have to keep a constant tension of effort in your arms and legs against the ground to keep yourself from moving of your own accord down the incline.

It was then that the dawned on him, like when you remember the name of that celebrity that’s been on the tip of your tongue all night. The voice he heard in the office; it had asked “what do you want?” More specifically,

it had asked something more like “What the FUCK do you want?” The explicative had confused him. They didn’t teach those, and you had to pick them up on your own.

Matt’s attention was drawn to his surroundings once more when he felt a heavy weight land on his shoulder. Out of his peripheral vision he could see a meaty black furred hand gripping his shoulder like a vice. Crap, it was Fang.

“Swooning for the big wolf I see. I should have known you were gay.” His voice had a smug, yet slightly threatening edge to it. “Don’t think I didn’t see your reflection checking me out in the mirror. You were practically drooling.”

Matt tried to respond, but the only sound his throat seemed to be able to produce was an incoherent slur of a word or two, as if he were trying to say several things at the same time. His body seemed to have a mind of its own tonight, conflicting with what his own mind wanted.

The wolf’s grip on Matt’s shoulder tightened uncomfortably. It was hard to tell whether it was just Fang naturally having such a strong grip and not realizing he was squeezing so hard, or he were doing so on purpose to further intimidate him. His arm jerked backwards and Matt felt himself dizzyingly spun in place to face the looming wolf. It was then that Matt’s eyes, wandering again of their own accord up and down the wolf’s almost totally exposed body, glanced down around his middle. Fang’s other hand was resting on his hip, one thumb hooked into the waistband of his snug dark blue boxer briefs. The edges of his index finger clearly pushed against the side of a prominent bulge in the front of them, partially from said bulge simply taking up so much space, and partially because Fang was clearly trying to show off. Even as nervous and confused as Matt was in the current situation, he still couldn’t help but admire Fang’s impressive ‘proportions’.

“It ain’t fair for you to get a free show though. People gotta pay for that. But don’t worry. We’re pals, right? I’ll give you the friend discount. All you gotta do is help a big wolf relieve some pressure.” Though Fang spoke in a reasonable tone, both the grinning expression on his face and the painfully tight grip on Matt’s shoulder gave the impression that no wasn’t really an option.

Matt was panicking, mind racing trying to figure out how to get out of this situation. All the while whatever it was that was causing his body to try to move on its own seemed to be increasing its efforts to take over. Before he could think to clench his jaw shut he felt his mouth open and say in a hoarse whisper “Tha sou heeso ta moutra.”

Fang clearly didn’t understand what Matt had said, and did not like that fact one bit from the way his smirk curled downwards into an annoyed frown instead. Most likely he assumed that Matt had just insulted him in a language he didn’t know. While Fang had never been much of one for outright violence, always leaning more towards overwhelming intimidation and dominating presence to do his work for him, he did not take kindly to direct insults or challenges to his authority, imagined or otherwise.

The hand on Matt’s shoulder slid backwards to forcefully grab a fistful of both the back of his shirt and the scruff of his neck. Abruptly Matt felt the floor seeming to pull away from the bottom of his feet as the hulking wolf literally picked the diminutive feline clean off the ground by the scruff of his neck. As he was lifted up, Matt’s paws scrambled for purchase seemingly of their own accord. His hands grasping what they could for purchase, which ended up being the forearm of the arm Fang was lifting him off the ground with. Though he should have been terrified, his fear of the moment was drawn away by the increasing resistance he was having to put up to keep his body from moving in ways he didn’t tell it too.

Fang was saying something threatening to him. But the words seemed far off and muffled. Through the haze of his own internal dialogs trying to decypher the situation, whatever Fang was saying sounded like it was muffled through a pair of headphones. In the comparative calm of his mind, Matt wondered what the heck was going on. He could only assume that voice in his head had something to do with something in the Archive, and whatever was going on with his body was connected. What had he been reading again? What was the incantation? Something about calling upon the spirits of your family for help?

He had been reading it aloud as he copied it.

The panic that realization caused prompted Matt to refocus his attention back on the outside world. He had to get some sort of control of the situation. More specifically, he needed to call someone in the know for help, as whatever was happening to him was clearly getting worse the longer it went on.

Fang, meanwhile, had gone from smug, to annoyed, to downright pissed. This little jerk from his school was making fun of him, and now was just ignoring him. The only thing that got under the thick skin that was Fang's ego more than disrespect, was being ignored.. He leaned forward, muzzle pushing right into the little cat's face "Who the hell do you think you are, runt?"

The cat seemed frozen in fear, his eyes glazed over as if staring off into the distance. But ever so slowly, as if prompted by Fang's words, the eyes seemed to refocus back on his. Matt looked Fang right in the eye with a penetrating stare that even made Fang almost flinch from the intensity of it. A single word whispered from Matt's muzzle in that same hoarse voice that wasn't quite his own.. "Run."

Matt felt himself pushed back in his own mind. It was a strange sense of disembodiment where he was clearly still in his own body, experiencing everything it was, but having no actual control over it at all. At the same time, phantom sensations of tension running through his body appeared and were growing in intensity: Surges in pressure as if his body were fighting against some kind of universal physical pressure being exerted on him, followed by the feeling of joints popping and releasing as his body slowly resisted and pushed through the smothering force pressing down on him. It was like his body was covered in a full body rubber band and he was slowly flexing every part of him to push and stretch it outwards.

Fang stood there for a split second in shocked silence at the surprising intensity behind that glare. When he got past the initial waves of anger at being defied, curiosity at how the cat had made him come so close to flinching, and amusement at the fire in someone so much smaller and weaker than him, he had to admit that the cat had some balls. Not that he'd ever admit it out loud or anything, but not many people would ever stand up to him in any fashion, especially not ones he could break like a toothpick. And of course, he still fully intended to rip that fight right out of Matt and put him in his place, but at least in his head he gave credit where it was due.

When Fang had finished his momentary internal dialog deciding how to deal with the uppity feline he returned his attention back to Matt. That's when he noticed two things that made him freeze in place in a mixture of confusion first, followed by tiniest hints of fear. First was the fact that the arm holding Matt in the air was getting tired, muscles straining and burning, if only slightly, with the effort of holding up a heavy load. Fang had picked up people a good deal larger than Matt just like this and his arm never got this tired this fast. The second thought is what started putting pieces together for Fang, and elicited that twinge of confused fear. Fang's arm was getting tired, and was still holding Matt as high as it had been before so that they would be almost eye to eye...

And Matt's feet were now resting almost flat on the ground.

Now that he noticed it, his eyes went wide as he saw the changes visibly happening to the cat in his grasp. The cat's shirt had untucked from his pants as he stretched taller, the buttons pulling apart as the cat's torso widened. A brief chorus of barely noticeable impacts smacked against Fang's torso as they all burst off in sequence, peppering his chest like tiny plastic spitballs.

At first Fang's mind tried to rationalize what was happening in some absurd manner or another. One of those fantastic stories you would read in the letter columns of those magazines like *Bone*. This cat had somehow put together some sexy stripping surprise just for him. Fang found himself looked around to see if there were more people to join in or not while his mind tried to reject the reality of what was really happening.

His attention was drawn back by the sound of fabric ripping open. The button and fly of Matt's pants had burst apart while the inseam around his thighs had ripped open, exposing fur and underwear fabric alike through the opening. Fang was perplexed though, brain still struggling to accept the reality of the situation. He didn't remember Matt being this ripped the last time he saw him here. But the longer Fang stood there watching, the harder it became for him to rationalize away what was happening to Matt as he watched the already impressive thick thighs swelling and burgeoning yet larger still right in front of his eyes.

The splitting pants drew attention to another matter. One that Fang's mind seemed only able to even begin to focus on now that it was starting to accept, however unwillingly, that Matt was somehow getting bigger. The cat was hung! The fly of his pants hadn't just been ripped open by the width of his waist expanding. A bulging outline of feline malehood strained the front of his overtaxed red boxer briefs, pushing through the burst fly of his pants as if eager to take up any extra space it could find. His underwear bulged outwards so obscenely that the front of his boxer brief's elastic waistband was actually pulled away from his waist, exposing a tiny hint of fur and flesh within. And as Fang stared, dumbfounded at that sight, he could see that elastic waistband slowly pulling further and further away... Matt was still growing.

Fang's ears folded a little. No. This wasn't right. Matt was smiling a big, toothy grin, and that bulge in his shorts was getting even bigger. Not just from getting larger either, as Fang could see the outline filling with blood and hardening. It was only then that Fang realized he was no longer holding the scruff of the Cat's neck. Instead, his arm was raised over his head, wrist resting on Matt's shoulder. When Fang tore his attention from Matt's junk to look back at his face, he found himself looking up at Matt. That made his ears go completely flat against the top of his head.

That look on Fang's face, and seeing his ears flatten in submissive fear made Matt's grin widen. One hand raised and gripped around Fang's wrist on his shoulder, holding it in a vice grip that told Fang he wasn't going anywhere. Matt then spoke

"You were practically drooling." It wasn't a question or an accusation. It was a simple, forceful, statement. One spoken in a foreign tone of voice so deep and resonant and with an unknown accent so heavily slurred with the unfamiliarity of the English language that the words were barely discernable.

Matt meanwhile, was torn between absolute panic, and utter bliss. On the one hand the feeling of having no control over his own body was some terrifying cousin of claustrophobia that Matt would have given anything to have never met. On the other hand, he could still FEEL everything his body felt. And good god did he feel powerful. He could feel tendons and sinew like steel cable flexing and shifting with every slight movement his body made without him. He could feel the heavy weight of his limbs and body that made him feel so weighed down, yet that much stronger when he felt his limbs move with the same casual grace he had when he was normal sized. And, of course, he could feel how his dick was threatening to rip open his underwear with its immense proportions. He'd never been an embarrassment in the junk department by any means, but now he felt

like he was hung enough to go into a locker room full of horses and make every one of them bow their heads in shame.

Fang simply didn't seem to have the mental capacity to snap himself out of his frozen state of terror on his own. Instead he simply stood there watching the petite little runt of a housecat he had seen in the gym every day for the last few months transform into a herculean god before him. When whatever spirit was guiding Matt's body decided to reach down and rub his straining underwear bulge Fang seemed to finally snap back into control of himself.

The wolf started to walk backwards, tugging at the arm still gripped within Matt's still expanding hand. One light tug turned into a hard jerk trying to free his arm from the feline's grasp, but it was like trying to pull open a hydraulic vice for all the success Fang was having. If anything it was getting harder and more terrifying for Fang, as with each passing second he could feel the already girthy fingers wrapped around his wrist and forearm thicken and swell larger and larger still. Their grip tightened, and the area they covered increased, making even Fang's impressively defined forearm seem thin and small in comparison.

Matt had to admit to himself that the raging erection that was now quite literally ripping its way out of his underwear was entirely his, it had nothing to do with the spirit possessing him. At least, the spirit wasn't the one causing that. The sight of Fang not just backing away from him in fear, but looking so small to him of all things, was unbelievably erotic to Matt. Add that to the raw feelings of power surging through him, and the actual feeling of overpowering Fang by keeping a hold on his arm made it impossible NOT to pop a boner. When Fang tripped over the bench behind him and fell back onto his ass in his attempt to escape the growing feline, Matt laughed. The joyous force of powerful emotion and self satisfaction behind it was so strong it actually broke through the spirit's hold on his body for a split second and the laugh came out from his actual throat.

Being laughed at momentarily weakened Fang's fear, and Matt could see the wolf gather himself for a snarling retort. The words died in the wolf's throat, however, when Matt's other hand smashed down beside Fang, palm pressing enough of his body's weight onto the bench beside him to crack it in two like a popsicle stick. That casual act of destruction, and the realization that Matt was bending over both to further intimidate him, and because Matt was now too tall to stand up straight in the locker room were more than enough to cow the Wolf back into submission. More than that, Matt actually heard a faint whimper of fear escape the wolf's lips. Matt's cock throbbed lustily in response.

Matt could feel the ceiling pushing down on his back even with him crouching down on all fours after a few seconds. Whatever was happening to his body was clearly getting faster. But none of that seemed to bother the spirit possessing him. His body casually pushed upwards, loud cracking sounds of breaking concrete and wooden support beams was heard as he simply smashed through the ceiling of the locker room. His legs stretched out a bit, feet smashing through the wall and into the Gym lobby to make more room for themselves, while his head smashed through the opposite wall to make more room for itself as well.

Thankfully Fang was protected by the enormous chest of the growing feline, watching debris fall down to either side of his impromptu shelter like rain falling down around the sides of an umbrella. The hand that had been holding his arm had let go, but Fang still made no move to run. Part of him was too scared to move from this spot, hoping maybe the feline would forget about him, and the other part of him was too scared to leave the 'safety' of being underneath Matt, for fear of being crushed by falling debris.

When the growth seemed to finally slow, the Gym was in absolute ruins around Matt, little more than piles of debris his growing hands and knees had bulldozed out of the way as they had made more room for

themselves. As his body pushed itself up onto its knees he realized he had to be nearly a hundred foot tall, judging from how even on his knees his head was still easily looking into 5th and 6th story windows in the larger buildings nearby. Then his gaze swept back down to the ‘clear’ spot beneath him, where some of the lockers still were intact and standing and, between two of them, lay a tiny, terrified black wolf.

As the spirit had sat up, both of its now freed hands had lowered down to Matt’s enormous genitals. Even considering his enormous size his cock was monstrous, taking both of his hands to properly handle the size of it. Matt’s body shamelessly was jerking itself off while Matt, still trapped inside, was wracked with both the physical pleasure and stimulation, as well as the mental arousal of such overwhelming power both over his surroundings, and over Fang specifically.

As if sensing the latter thought, the spirit lowered his gaze back down to the tiny wolf who was simply staring up at him, unable to bring himself to move or run or act in any perceivable way. He looked so tiny, so insignificant. With the way Matt’s dick suck out, it hung almost directly over Fang, so comparing its size to the wolf was effortless. When Matt realized how much bigger his dick was than Fang’s entire body he no longer could hold it. He came.

His release hit with the force of a speeding bus, both metaphorically for the sensory overload Matt was feeling, and literally for the actual physical impact against Fang. The wolf visibly was shoved backwards against the still standing row of lockers with the force of the first shot, intentionally aimed right at him by the spirit, before disappearing under the flood of white that followed it. Matt’s monstrous body shook and spasmed with the force of his orgasm, hard enough he could actually feel the ground trembling beneath him in response, for what seemed like several minutes. That orgasmic haze of lust and release making time blur together and making discerning if it lasted a few seconds or a few hours a feat both impossible and undesirable.

When he finally began to come down from his afterglow Matt could feel the spirit leaving him like a draft of cold air coming from beneath his skin. His vision blurred and the world seemed to spin around him as a sensation of dizziness and falling overtook him. When his senses finally recovered he found himself lying in the ruined decimation of what had once been his Gym, littered with a mixture of crushed debris, rubble and, to his immense embarrassment, literally gallons upon gallons of what he knew was his own cum.

He was back to normal size and proportion. Surprisingly, he was even wearing his clothing again. If it hadn’t looked like a literal sex bomb had gone off around him, he’d have wondered if all of that had just been a dream. A brief pang of worry hit him when he realized what he had done, to Fang specifically at least. His head swiveled back and forth desperately, but he quickly calmed when he heard a low groan a few yards away. Seeing Fang’s utterly cum soaked body lying against the half crushed lockers, battered but clearly not seriously injured sent a wave of relief through Matt. Relief, and a tiny bit of smug self-satisfaction hidden beneath it. After taking a moment to calm down and collect himself, which Matt swore to himself was also not him prolonging his brief enjoyment of Fang’s comeuppance, he reached into his cell phone and dialed the emergency work line.

“I... uh. Would like to request a level um... 5 containment. On my current location.”