

Happy Hour

By: Dragonien

“Come to papa.” Al said aloud.

The glass bottles lining the door of his refrigerator had no response to his cat call, being inanimate objects and all. That didn’t stop Al from talking to them as if they were a favorite pet, though.

“It’s just you and me tonight, sweetie.” The tan-furred goat cooed as he plucked one of the bottles up from amongst its companions. Tenderly, as if cradling the back of a lover’s head, he pulled the bottle up and placed a loving kiss against the cold glass container.

Of course, if anyone had been around to watch this scenario, they would have thought the goat was crazy. Not that anyone else has any room to talk. All of us do weird things when we’re alone. Al, for his part, had no qualms acting weird in his solitude and was even self-aware enough of himself to find humor in his own silliness. With his drink now both in hand and properly wooed he carelessly kicked the refrigerator door closed with the back of a hooved foot as he spun away. The happy humming and light bounce to his step that made the normally subdued clomp of his hooves on the tile and hardwood of his house were only further signs of his anticipation of his evening of ‘relaxation’. Moments later the couch was sliding a half inch across the floor from the abrupt impact of Al flopping down onto it in a way that any parent would have scolded their children about not taking care of the furniture for.

Al squirmed back and forth for a solid minute to dig his backside, arms and legs into the couch’s padding and carve out a comfy groove for himself. Only once he was thoroughly buried within the comfortable embrace of the cushy old piece of furniture did he turn his attention back to his drink. With a grin, the goat hooked the tip of one of his hoof-lined fingers under the edge of the unmarked glass bottle’s top and effortlessly popped the metal cap off without a care in the world where it landed on the floor. He could pick that up later, cleaning was a task for future Al. Right now, the only Al that was present was relaxing and enjoying himself Al. Al gave one last look around the living room to check that the door was locked, the windows were closed and their curtains were pulled shut before finally lifting the bottle up to his lips to take a sip.

The liquid poured down his throat in a strangely pleasant mix of hot and cold. The temperature of the liquid contrasting with a sharpness that bordered just this side of a burning sensation to leave it feeling interesting rather than uncomfortable. Within seconds of the liquid hitting his stomach he could feel that pleasant warmth radiating out from his core and through the rest of his body. It was like when you eat a helping of hot soup after being outside in the cold for hours on end. The heat didn’t fade after a few seconds like hot soup would, though. If anything, its effects seemed to intensify slightly. Al could feel his face flush slightly as blood rushed to his head. Before even letting that first sip fully settle, though, Al gleefully lifted the bottle up and took a second swig of the bottle’s contents as well. The goat’s eyes slid half-closed as he basked in the warmth spreading out through every inch of his body for several long moments before finally feeling the sensation, he had really been looking forward too.

It started as a light tugging along the front of his shirt. Just a mild discomfort, like when you're shifting about too much on the bed and some of the shirt gets bunched up under your back and pulls too tight over your front. Except Al hadn't moved other than to raise his arm to take a drink. His pants quickly followed his shirt, beginning to hug rather snugly around his hips and pulling against his knees when they bent slightly. Either oblivious or, more likely uncaring of the implications of these sensations Al, simply smiled and raised the bottle to take another sip. This time the effect was more noticeable as the contents of the bottle's effects compounded with each successive swig. Tufts of chest fur began to push out of the tightening collar of his shirt even as it rode up to expose his belly. Within moments the waistband of his pants started to dig into his skin only for a sharp snapping sound and distant clattering accompanying a contented sigh of relief from the goat. His eyes opened just a bit to smile bemusedly off in the direction he had heard the button of his pants fly off in.

By now the changes would have been obvious to anyone that walked in on Al as he lay there, his legs slowly extending across the couch until his heels stretched past the edge of the far side of the couch while his head inched up past the end of the opposite armrest it had previously been resting upon. Seams along his pants strained visibly as the stitching struggled valiantly to contain increasingly thick thighs, hips and calves only to finally surrender with the satisfying sound of ripping fabric as they burst open. Thick tufts of the goat's tan fur peeked from the newly torn holes in his jeans and shirt, giving the expanding goat a far wilder appearance than he otherwise might have had, a thought that made Al hum in appreciation. He loved the feeling of clothing fighting the losing battle of trying to contain him as he grew, reveled in that sensation of just existing being too much for the seams to take. He didn't even need to flex or move to shred his clothes to pieces.

It wasn't enough for the now 8-foot-tall goat.

Even as he raised his right arm up towards his lip to take another swig from the now notably smaller-feeling bottle, his left hand began to stroke down his stomach. Hardened but well-cared-for hoof-tipped fingers tenderly combed through his belly fur to stroke the sensitive flesh underneath and sent a shiver down his spine from the pleasurable stimulation. His shirt rode further up, exposing more and more of his torso even as it widened enough that the hem of his shirt began to stretch and tear apart along with everything else. Yet his hand did not follow the retreating remnants of his shirt up his torso as it struggled to continue containing what little it could. Instead, it began to drift lower until his fingers brushed along the elastic waistband of his underwear. Even as he did, the zipper of his pants forced itself lower and lower as both the growing width of the goat's hips as well as the increasing girth of more personal areas demanded more space to stretch out. The problem compounded with how much Al was enjoying the situation manifesting in a thick tube-shaped outlining straining the fabric of his dark red boxer briefs and stretching its way across his left hip.

Eventually his questing fingers found their way to that swollen pillar of goat-flesh struggling to continue fitting within the woefully undersized confines of his boxer-briefs. A soft gasp of excitement escaped his lips as he squeezed his hand around his girth, causing it to pulsate and flex in response. Unfortunately for his boxer-briefs that tensing of his inner groin muscles coincided with another small surge of growth, only a couple of inches at a time, but more than enough to tax them finally beyond their limit. With a satisfying SNAP of shredding elastic, the waistband that had been constraining Al's middle finally broke apart as well, mixed with his legs having already blown out the sleeves of his boxer briefs it left the red fabric as little more than a glorified loincloth. One that was happily nudged out of the way by a combination of the back of his hand pushing it away and the rising pillar of hardened pink flesh that was his cock. Even if he hadn't been now well over 10 feet tall the spire of flesh would have been more than impressive, large enough that even his enlarged hand was unable to fully wrap around its girth.

And yet it still wasn't enough.

His free hand curled his fingers around the base of his hefty male-hood, giving it another squeeze as if testing its rigidity. This time he didn't sigh but rather huffed out a sharp breath as his contentment slowly gave way to more carnal urges. The sensation of power, of size was too alluring for his libido to be denied much further. The feeling of just his prodigious weight enough to cause the couch beneath him to groan and sag to the point where he could actually feel the wooden frame creaking and splintering with the slightest shifting of his weight mingled with the stimulation of the shredded remains of his clothes sliding off of his thickening frame to make him feel truly powerful. Sure, he had been bigger in the past dozens of times, but sometimes the sensation of being bigger than skyscrapers or mountains just couldn't compare with the feeling of being just too big for normal surroundings, rather than bigger than ALL of the surroundings. As his finger's began to stroke up and down along the spire of flesh jutting from his hips his mind began to wander to all of the comparisons to mundane objects around him. He first imagined having to duck under door-frames not to hit his head, only to then realize by this point he was probably too large to even stand up all the way in his living room. He thought about how heavy his footsteps would sound, the dull clops of hooves on hardwood or tile becoming true rumbling impacts that rattled the house with each step. Sometimes when you're constantly mired in the extreme and absurd the more mundane can become that much more appealing.

Of course, that didn't stop him from wanting more. Even as he continued to squeeze his fingers up and down his own length, he raised the bottle up to his lips again. Before swallowing, though, he took a deep breath as if I'm preparation. He could feel his arousal building to a crescendo and he wanted to take a moment to simply bask in it and let that budding bliss gestate. Waiting just long enough that he felt himself subside just slightly from the edge, he raised the bottle up again and simply tossed the entire glass bottle into his mouth, swallowing it down like little more than a large gel-tablet. Within seconds that contented warmth flowing through him turned into an intense heat. Sweat broke out across his brow and he felt his heart-rate speed up even further beyond what his arousal had pushed it too. Newly hardened muscle along his forearms tensed and bulged slightly beneath the skin as his body seemed to momentarily thicken rather than grow, several dozen new pounds of muscle surging across his frame. Of course, the most important muscle wasn't left out either. He was able to actually feel his cock swell within his hands and feel it swell what, to him, felt like a full inch larger proportionally. Which, to any other person watching, was probably a good extra half foot or so of goat-meat to be admired. Those sensations alone were almost enough to push Al over the edge even after giving himself time to calm down, but the effects of that last swig of the chemical cocktail that had started all this was far from over.

Abruptly the couch simply gave way beneath the goat, a sharp CRACK of splintering wood the only warning he got before he fell a good foot or so down as the entire frame splintered apart beneath what had to be at least a ton or two of goat by now. Almost as if reacting to the impact like some kind of defense mechanism, his body surged outwards just as abruptly with a newfound burst of size! Hooves smashed against the far wall hard enough that they simply broke through into the kitchen while his head simultaneously ballooned out behind him and hit the front door hard enough to dent it outwards. His left arm, still frantically stroking across his enlarged male-hood smashed its elbow against the wall beside him mid-growth spurt with enough force that it, too, tore straight through and left a hole clean through into the bedroom on the other side. All of this was only secondary to the goat, however. Too lost in the overheated sensation of growth and power to notice anything but his own building pleasure. He could feel himself pushing towards that edge again, even as his head pushed against the front of the house and his legs pushed against the back. When he felt the wall behind his head and shoulders give way, he finally reached his peak.

The blissful bleat that emanated from the giant goat's throat would have been like a full-throated roar to anyone else thanks to the sheer volume of the sound and size of its creator. Accompanying that very un-prey-like 'roar' came the explosive release of all of Al's pent up tension, lusts, and stimulation throughout the day. Rope after rope of thick, musky liquid exploded forth from a dick that could have rivaled the couch he had been laying on only minutes earlier in size. Each shot was easily multiple gallons in volume and burst forth with enough force that where it hit parts of the roof that hadn't yet collapsed around him it would smash clean through drywall and roofing like a high-pressure water hose. Thick globules of it splattered all over his bare-furred chest, face and all over the front yard of his house. Where it hit in the yard noticeable divots of dirt and grass were torn up like someone had been taking a pressure washer to the dirt, while one or two even hit one of the neighbor's nearby cars enough to dent the frame!

When the flow finally ebbed and his own personal firehose began to soften, Al collapsed back in contentment on the crushed remains of his front porch. His chest heaved as he struggled to catch his breath even as the afterglow left him contentedly smiling and considering simply falling asleep right there. A thought tickled the back of his mind before he could solidify his decision, however, and he cracked his eyes open to lazily examine his surroundings. As if only then realizing what exactly he had just done, Al's eyes went a bit wide as he saw the destruction around him. His massive, now nearly 30-foot-tall body sticking out of the destroyed front of his home with dozens of dents, divots and damaged vehicles surrounding him all soaked in puddles of his own... you know. Al looked around at the multiple neighbors who had stepped out of their homes to see what all of the commotion was, many staring in mixtures of confusion, disbelief, outrage, fear, and a few even in admiration. All he could think to do was nervously smile, trying to hide the primal sense of pride and power at having caused such an uproar simply by 'taking care of himself' deep within his thoughts behind his embarrassment at the situation. The best he could offer up to them was a single word in response to their expectant gazes.

"Uh... Sorry?"