

Lustful Domination

By Dragonien

"You're in my spot, squirt."

The fox paused halfway through laying down under the bench press bar to look up at the source of the voice. The speaker in question was an absolute mountain of a bear, dark brown fur fluffing out somewhat unkempt around the edges of his shirt's collar and sleeves thanks to how tightly the obviously size-too-small shirt was for its wearer. Even though he had the typical pot belly that was all but trademarked to his species it was clear that it, along with the rest of the ursine was more muscle than fat. The bear would have been quite impressively intimidating to just about anyone thanks to his prodigious build and impressive six-and-a-half-foot height. Intimidating to just about anyone, that is, except for Andy.

Slowly the orange and white furred fox extracted himself from under the bench-press bar and rose to his feet. Unsurprisingly his own rather average five-foot ten-inch height left him barely eye level with the bear's Adams apple. While he was no slouch by any means, his body was leaner and more athletic with springy muscle meant for sprinting and activity rather than the raw power build the bear had. Which meant said bear probably outweighed Andy by at least a hundred pounds of pure muscle. Surprisingly, though, the fox seemed not the least bit intimidated by the powerlifter bear even as Andy raised his eyes to stare the bear down.

"Didn't see your name on it." Andy calmly responded.

That seemed to take the bear aback for a moment. it was clear as daylight he was one of those smug assholes that loved to lord their size and strength over smaller people to make himself feel even bigger. It was also just as clear he wasn't used to having people smaller than him not immediately being intimidated by him. Which is why the bear's ego prompted him to transition from smug superiority to annoyance and aggression.

"Don't need my name on it. This is my gym."

This brought a smirk to the fox's muzzle as he stared up at the bear. For the second time the larger fur found himself flummoxed when instead of the backing down and placations he expected from someone smaller than himself he once more found the fox directly, and quite literally, challenging him.

"Arm wrestle you for it."

For a long silent second the bear simply didn't know how to respond. He wasn't exactly the brightest bulb in the shed and didn't have much of a knack for complex problem solving as his obvious reliance on brute force would suggest. As that silence dragged on a couple of heads began to turn in their direction to watch the building altercation. Nearby, a tiger at the free weight stand, one of the bear's typical groupies, was watching the exchange with curiosity; not used to having his 'alpha' questioned so blatantly. Not far away from him a couple of wolf girls were watching with a gleam of interest in their eyes. The local 'gym cats', girls with a thing for big guys who like to throw their weight around that hung out at gyms to chase the gym rats, were clearly interested in watching one of the gym's slabs of meat posing as a person assert himself over someone smaller than they were.

For a split second there was a look of nervous concern that crossed the ursine face staring down at Andy. A brief crack in his self confidence as some barely used intelligence in his head warned him something wasn't

right and he should be wary. Both the look and the feeling quickly died away as a fresh wave of indignation at being challenged flared up and filled his response with smug bravado tinged with an audible under-channel of anger.

"Alright then, runt. You're on. You win, you're king of the gym." he paused, making a show of his lips turning into a wicked grin. "You lose, you're my new bitch."

Andy's calm, casually confident reply only inflamed the bear's anger that much more.

"You're on."

Five minutes later half of the gym's occupants were crowding around the fox and bear as they stood, hunched down, to either side of a large wooden crate someone had dragged out of the back room for them. Their elbows rested atop the wood with their hands held out in front of one another in preparation of locking together. The pose made the size difference between the two of them that much more apparent with how the bear had to visibly stoop down lower along with the blatant difference in the thickness of both their forearms and biceps. There wasn't a single person watching that wasn't ready to throw \$20 on the bear not just beating the fox but throwing him halfway across the room with the force of slamming the fox's arm down.

"Ready, boys?" the sultry feminine voice of one of the gym-cat wolf girls asked.

She had asserted herself as the referee for the little grudge match while her friend watched from just behind. When both nodded, she gently pressed against the back of either of their hands to push them together, encouraging them to clasp closed around one another. The bear eagerly squeezed his fingers tightly around Andy's own in a clear attempt to intimidate him with the uncomfortably tight grip. When he saw no reaction on the fox's face his grin turned to a glare as he stared Andy down. Then Andy squeezed his fingers closed, and that brief flash of concern the bear had felt before reared its head full force once more.

Andy's fingers were like iron clamps around the bear's so tightly that he was genuinely afraid he might not have been able to pull himself free if the fox didn't let him. Worse still was when the fox's fingers tightened just a fraction further it was HIS hand that suddenly was aching painfully from the pressure. The sudden confusion, concern and fear nearly drowned out the wolfess counting down from three to signal the start of their contest under a flurry of half formed questions and regrets in his head. Then, he steeled himself within the stone fortress of his own ego and, the instant she had signaled for them to start, shoved down with his arm with every ounce of strength he could muster.

Normally even he, the cocky asshole that he was, would have held back for fear of hurting someone. he wanted to put them in their place not put them in the hospital. If he had used his full strength as violently as he had against the fox then he was certain at least half of the people he had arm wrestled over the years would have either had bone fractures or dislocated shoulders. Yet now, with his instincts screaming at him that he had bitten off more than he could chew, he had decided the risk of being shown up for underestimating someone was too great so he pushed with all his might. The only problem was Andy's arm didn't move even a fraction of an inch. He may as well have been pushing against a brick wall for all the give the fox's arm had! Within the first second the entire room had gone deathly silent save for the grunting and growling of the bear desperately straining to budge Andy's arm even an inch. Soon pride gave out to desperation and the bear braced his leg shamelessly against the box and even raised his other hand to push with the first, giving up the pretense of a fair arm wrestle in his panic. Were it not for the fur covering his face everyone would see the bear's cheeks having gone beat red

as blood rushed to his face from the strain of effort he was exerting as veins stood out against the fur-covered skin of his neck, chest and arms.

Then Andy finally made an effort.

The bear became an abrupt blur as a chorus of yelps, growls, breaking wood and the crashing of a body to the floor filled the air. Then all became silent once more, every single set of eyes staring down at the heap of ursine fur and flesh whimpering on the floor next to the smashed left side of the wooden crate. His arm hung at an odd angle, clearly dislocated, while several noticeable shards of wood stuck in his dark fur from where his arm had been slammed so hard against the box it had shattered. The force of Andy's movement had not only slammed his arm hard enough to shatter the box, but the momentum had actually flipped the bear clean off his feet and slammed him to the ground in the process, probably the only reason the arm had simply pulled out of socket instead of snapping like a twig. That kind of strength didn't seem possible, even for someone the bear's size or larger. It particularly didn't seem possible for such strength to have been wielded by a fox that weighed barely half what his opponent had.

Among the still silent, gawking stares Andy slowly strolled his way around the box towards the bear. the soft footfalls of his sandal clad feet the only sound audible in the room. when he stopped next to his victim, he casually lifted one foot up, making a bit of a show of wiggling it to let the sandal slide off the end, then pressed his bare foot down onto the bear's sideways-turned face, pushing his cheek into the thin carpet of the floor below. When he spoke, his voice came out loud and assured, with an air of strength to it that made the group want to back away instinctively. More than a few ears flattened and tails tucked at the tone of Andy's voice.

"Does anyone know what our little friend here did wrong? No? Its quite simple. he bit off more than he could chew."

Andy had to make a conscious effort to keep from grinning as he made his declaration, knowing that he would have his chance to fully let loose soon. Already he could feel the familiar electric tingle vibrating through his body and causing both his tank top and shorts to tighten. Were anyone paying close enough attention they might have noticed how his clothing had suddenly pulled taut and his fur seemed just a bit shaggier and thicker where it pushed out around the edges of his clothes. He took a moment to pause, both for dramatic effect and to draw in a calming breath to help him stay under control just a bit longer.

"Big man thinks he's hot shit just because he's got a little meat on his bones. lifted a few weights and now thinks himself a king." as he spoke, the fox slowly twisted his foot back and forth atop the bear's face, causing him to grunt in weak protest. "I want to say size isn't everything but..."

Andy paused mid-sentence, feeling the sudden surge of energy and power that bloomed through him as his declaration was absorbed by those nearby. Even just this much was enough to have more than a few of them all but cowering in front of him, ready to either bolt or do anything he told them too. The feeling only got more intense when every single person watching got to see up close his whole body shudder then simply surge outwards in every direction. His shirt pulled skintight, riding up to expose two or three inches of his belly while the shoulder-straps strained against the thickening mass of his shoulders and neck. His pants similarly pulled taut around the girth of his thighs and plump swell of his ass-cheeks, the hem riding up to mid thigh where once they had hung down to his knees. Even his fur looked to have grown all its own, thicker and shaggier still to the point thick fluffs of it muffin-topped out of every edge of his clothing it could freely burst from. Even the bear beneath him, while not able to watch the spectacle, was able to actually feel the fox's foot surge and thicken atop his face, toes stretching out to cover more of the side of his head with each passing millisecond.

He had to simply stand there and let that momentary pause drag into a seconds-long silence as he struggled to pull himself back under control. God if he had known a gym full of overly hormonal meatheads like this would be so prone to subjugation and worship he would have done this years ago. As it was even when he did finally master himself there was not a single person, himself included, that didn't notice that the front of the fox's shorts were straining under more than just the girth of his hips, legs and ass. Not that he really minded. After all, who could be self conscious of having a, if his glance downwards let him guess correctly, foot-long dick? Not to mention that he felt more than a few residual tingles of that energy that people admiring him generated when they saw his proudly displayed arousal. Clearly that had been just as impressive and cowing to a few of them as the rest of the show had.

"Ahem. As I was saying. I want to say size isn't everything but..." This time he paused again, but only for an instant to reach down and shamelessly grope the heavy hanging outline of his now easily golf-ball-sized nuts while his other arm raised up into a shamelessly self-indulgent single-bicep flex that showed off the new girth of his arm nicely. "-We all know I'd be lying. Now. Someone go get me a chair."

Most of the room continued standing stock-still in a mix of shock and awe, but a couple near the back abruptly were scrambling all but down on all fours back towards the check-in desk. The athletic rabbit, rather tall for his species at six foot even, shamelessly pushed and shoved against the thicker, slightly pudgy, young gator as if the two of them were actually fighting over who was going to obey Andy's order. The contest abruptly ended when the gator gave up any pretense of not competing and simply full on side-checked the rabbit with enough force to send him sprawling across the hardwood floor in front of the desk. Triumphantlly the alligator hefted up the large waiting room chair behind the desk and carried it back to Andy, while the rabbit followed after him alternating between irritated glares at the alligator and nervous glances towards the fox.

Andy for his part found it somewhere between adorable, hilarious, and downright lustful to watch these two young, athletic men fighting to follow his most casual of command. He'd been a Werefox since he was a teenager and he'd always had a unique ability to exude an aura of dominance, as he liked to call it. Encouraging people to be submissive and willing to his demands had come almost naturally. He'd also learned that it got stronger when he 'powered up' as he had come to call it, having discovered the effect in college when a slightly too-obsessive one-night stand had gone from submissiveness to downright obsessive worship in bed. Andy at first had been afraid he had projected his dominance onto the poor Labrador too hard and broken something inside him. But days later had come to find they had always been like that: a size queen bordering on fanatically obsessive. So, when he had seen Andy shift actually grow in front of him, he had lost it. And that had been the first time Andy had felt that strange energy that the Labrador's affection and willful submission had fed him, though he hadn't noticed he had actually gotten larger until two days later when he had tried to walk into his bathroom still shifted into his Were form and smacked his forehead on the door frame.

It had taken him weeks to recreate the situation with the Labrador, and months further until he was able to duplicate the same effect in someone less... obsessive. The energy faded over time when it wasn't fed and he would slowly dwindle back to what passed for normal for him so he had never gotten too big, save for that one time he'd had that four way with the Labrador and two of his friends which had ended in little more than a three-on-one body worship session and he had been too big to fit through the door even in his normal form the next morning. College had been fun. But it had taken him years of honing this ability to be able to take in that same inexplicable power from more minuscule and subtle forms of devotion and submission, and this was his dry run on doing so on a large scale. He already felt overwhelmed... and he loved it.

As the chair was set down for him he casually turned to plop down on it, making a point of never moving his foot off of the bear's face and now using it as a footstool for everyone to see. With little shame left after already being so blatantly on display Andy didn't hesitate to reach down and casually push the front of his

straining shorts down his legs a bit. A loud, wet THWAK sounded through the silent air as the massive log of meat that was his dick flopped freely, as if eager, from its prison and hit against the fox's stomach. As his fingers slowly curled around the base of his shaft, he scanned his gaze across the crowd of more than a dozen people, locking eyes with each and every one of them until they averted their gazes away from his. A soft growl welled up in his throat each time they looked away as he felt that tiny trickle of power leak into him from their submission. When he got to the last two, though, he couldn't help but lick hungrily over his lips. It was the two wolf girls that had been fawning over the bear now prone beneath his foot.

Neither of the two women held any of the nervousness or reluctance that most of the others held, nor the twitchy desperation to please like the rabbit and alligator had expressed in response to his projected dominance. Instead, the two of them simply stared at him all but drooling in raw, undisguised lust. He shouldn't have been surprised with how they acted around the bear and other large, imposing members of the gym. Considering the domination fetish they almost certainly had, with the way they seemed to squirm every time they had watched the bear intimidate or push someone around, he wasn't surprised to find that he could practically taste their scents of arousal on the air now that he was paying attention to it. Most likely the only thing that had kept them from leaping on him right that very moment was that, despite their desperation and clear approval of the situation, they were still under the effects of his dominance. They didn't have permission. The thought of both of them being held back from acting on urges that left them all but shaking in frantic arousal simply by his presence and authority only made him that much harder.

"You two." He growled low as he pointed at them, then the floor in front of his seat, voice husky and thick with his own barely constrained lusts. "Come here."

The words had scant left his lips before the two were literally tripping over each other in a desperate scramble to get to him as fast as they could. Less than two seconds after he had spoken they both were down on their knees in front of him, staring up at him with wide, hungry eyes. The brown-furred wolfess on his left actually had a small trickle of drool leaking down the edge of her lip as she shamelessly stared at the foot-long pillar of wolf-cock partially obscuring her view of his face. The other, a gunpowder-gray color with streaks of white down her front and the sides of her face, was working her jaw open and closed as if torn between trying to say something to him but not quite able to force herself to speak without permission, and imagining how much of Andy's tool she could fit in her jaws. Thankfully, Andy took pity on them both. Though he played it off with an air of generosity, really it was more about the fact that his own self control was slipping and he was not too far off from wanting her lips around his dick as much as she was. Yet he didn't let that show, continuing to maintain his air of authority and absolute control.

"Well? You heard the bet. Come worship your new king, ladies."

That was all the permission they needed. Quickly they rushed to either side of his chair, pressing themselves against either of his shoulders. Their impressive chests squished shamelessly down against his bicep and shoulder as their muzzles leaned in to bury themselves into his neck and drink shamelessly of his scent. Hands roamed across his powerful torso and stone-cut abdominal muscles, feeling the shirt stretched drum tight against his body. The Gray-furred wolfess' hand shamelessly slid itself down past his abs and all but shoved his own hand away in an attempt, one that she visibly shuddered to find that she failed, to wrap her hand entirely around his girth. While she did this her companion combed the fingers of her other hand through the back of Andy's head fur, giving it just enough of a nudge to encourage Andy's head to turn so she could lock lips with him. Their actions were somehow both aggressive and tentative, doing their best to be forward in a blatant show of their eagerness but ready to spring back and retreat at the slightest sign of disapproval from the fox. They were both so desperate to please, and so concerned with disappointing him that in any other circumstance Andy would have found it adorable.

In his current situation, however, he just found it incredibly appealing. Beyond the sexual stimulation of their roaming hands and desperate mouths, beyond even the surge of pride and ego at their affections was the true prize he had been coming here for. Their desire and devotion fed into him like he had just plugged in to a pair of gasoline generators, heavily reminiscent of his obsessive canine friend in college. Yet, even in his nearly-overwhelmed state he urged himself to push himself that little bit farther. Like someone straining on the edge of orgasm, trying to keep themselves on the cusp without tumbling over to amplify the sensation, he held the energy in. Stubbornly he compressed that sense of empowerment rather than let it burst free and force his body larger again. The energy surged through him strong enough he actually shuddered, though the girls took it as a shudder of pleasure from their ministrations rather than the warning sign that it was. All the while the girls amped up their attentions, alternating between themselves of who was kissing him while the other would bury their muzzle into his neck-fur and mutter lustful, hungry words of desire for him. Now both of their hands were on his dick, there being more than enough of it to go around for the two of them with room to spare. Their ministrations were not gentle or slow to draw him out and their desire was clear. They didn't want to tease and toy with him like the playthings they had treated their gym-rat targets like. They wanted to see him put the other men they had dealt with to shame. They wanted him to get off. Despite his years of practice both in honing his abilities both supernatural and sexual the whole situation was simply too much for him. With a final, lustful snarl, he came.

The chair broke after the first throb of his erection jetted out a rope of cum over the girl's arms and across his chest. The sudden release of endorphins from his orgasm made his control on his body slip like it were an oil-slicked rope and he GREW. As if timed with the pulsations of his release his body burst forth in surges of size and mass, physically shoving the girls back even as they continued clinging to and pumping away at him. Even when the chair broke beneath him and he fell the two or so feet to the floor his head and shoulders scarcely moved position for the two as his abruptly increased size made up for the lower sitting position. Whether from the explosive surge of growth finally breaking what little sense the others watching had left, or the exponential increase in the power of his presence both physical and metaphysical, none of the surrounding crowd of people found themselves able to resist any longer.

Even as he was still lost in the daze of his release the massive fox felt more bodies pressing in around him. One pushed its way up against the underside of his upraised foot, their muzzle burying itself deep within two of his digits to lavish the sensitive flesh of his toe-crotch with the wet attention of his tongue even as the foot rapidly swelled beyond the size of his torso and soon was pinning him against the wall. Another pushed their way between his spread legs and all but flopped down onto his prodigious and expanding ball sack. They gathered up the now melon sized, and still growing, orbs in their arms and clung to them lovingly as they pushed their face into the musky fur and flesh to drown in Andy's powerful musk. More of them swarmed up along his legs, arms and chest to press themselves to various muscle groups, lavishing them in fanatical licking, kissing and grinding and left the fox feeling like some kind of perverse, adult jungle gym. By the time his head, Andy still sitting flat on his ass, was beginning to rise up over the balcony of the second floor of the gym's open main hall, every person in the room was desperately offering whatever attention and stimulation they could both to fuel his growth and to sate their own carnal desires. All save for a single, poor bear slowly being smothered and dragged across the floor by the enormous vulpine foot still pressing down atop him. The catalyst of Andy's rise all but forgotten and trampled beneath the fox's sole.

When Andy's orgasm finally slowed, the fox himself unable to tell if it had really lasted for several minutes or simply had felt that way due to the intensity of it, he found his head uncomfortably hunched forward. Glancing up he saw that his head was pushed firmly up against the second story ceiling overhead. He wasn't even standing up and he was already taller than the entire building was! Glancing down he couldn't help but grin at the sight of over a dozen different people utterly soaked in his seed and panting to catch their breath in the aftermath of their own releases. Some were sprawled across his thighs, each of which were now thicker

around than refrigerators, while others were draped across the enormous girth of his biceps, each of which easily could have rivaled a Volkswagen bug in size. Others were clinging to the fur of his chest, pressed against the massive shelf of his pectorals or the ripped cobblestone of his abs like he were some kind of rock-climbing wall. And, of course, more than a few were still clinging to his beanbag chair-sized testicles or the couch sized dick which, at the sight of all of this, was already swelling back to a half-chub. It wasn't even just the sight of them all clinging to him that made him feel so powerful. Rather, it was that he barely felt them at all. A dozen different people, hundreds of pounds of gym-goers were all clinging on to him and their weight registered to him about as much as key-chains hanging from his pants pocket.

Even with them all, for the moment, calmed and sated Andy could still feel the trickles of energy that devotion and submission they were all drowning in feeding in to him. he could feel his skin still pulled taut and straining around his frame as if he were in a constant state of post-workout pump. Hell, for the first dozen seconds or so after taking stock of his hangers-on he simply stared down at his chest, able to actually see it thickening and broadening ever so slightly. But it wasn't enough. He wanted more, needed more. To that end, with a hungry gleam in his eye and little care for those clinging to him, the fox-turned-god began to stand.

Concrete rained around him, mixed with larger chunks of steel and wood as his head and shoulders effortlessly tore through the ceiling. Those that were quick enough clung tighter to his fur to keep from simply falling off, trying their best to hide under the overhang of his various bulky or dangling bits to avoid the rain of debris around him. Higher and Andy rose, feeling that brief sense of vertigo like when in a fast-rising elevator as he rose thirty feet, forty, then finally just shy of the fifty-foot mark at his full standing height. The ruins of the gym stood around him around mid-thigh level as if he were standing in a damaged sand castle, the slightest shift of his weight brushing his legs against the edges of the remaining roof, sending more of it crumbling inwards and falling apart. With malicious glee, Andy swept his gaze around, surveying his new territory and the prey held within it. Already he could feel tiny trickles of new energy connecting to him as, while most began to run in fear at the sight of the monstrous fox, a few down below stared in awe and amazement. Andy told himself they wouldn't get far. Before long he'd have the whole city under his control... then he extended that thought and his cock thickened visibly from rebuilding arousal when he amended that to under his paw instead.

As the newly minted god raised his leg to take his first step as a living titan, he didn't even notice the slight crunch beneath his other foot. That brief instant where the entirety of his immense weight rested on that one leg bearing it down on a lone, forgotten bear. The ursine left in the ruins of his gym, his ego, and his life as the god he had created went off to claim the city for his own.