

Slowly Seduced by A Size-Shifter

By Dragonien

“Dun dun... “

Locks of brown hair shifted as Rory swung his head around looking for the source of the voice.

“Dun dun... “

Again the voice repeated. As Rory swung his head to the left a shock of pink hair rose up just barely above the roofline of one of the nearby taxis.

“Dun dun dun dun dun dun”

Just when Rory realized the sound was coming from behind him a pair of slender arms wrapped around his paunchy middle and a familiar voice whispered into his ear.

“Gobbled all up.”

Cai couldn't help but chuckle at how flustered the hefty captive in his arms suddenly was.

Ears flattened atop Rory's head and his tail twisted in a confused, non-committal attempt to both wag happily and tuck shyly between his legs at the same time. it didn't help that after only a couple of seconds of hugging him from behind Cai's hands slid down and playfully groped at the soft padding around Rory's stomach.

"You're exactly like your picture! Down to the very last pound. I'm almost disappointed you didn't turn out to be a 5 ft Mouse girl named Samantha who'd been catfishing me for years. I was all ready to applaud you on your fantastic photoshop and video editing skills."

"Ha ha very funny." Rory grumbled, deadpan.

"Can I still call you Samantha?" Cai teased.

"If you haven't noticed I've got a few inches and a few pounds on you, short stuff." Rory taunted, reaching back to pat the side of one of his impressively wide hips. "Don't think I'll hesitate even a moment to sit on you for real. You've been begging for a face-to-ass smothering for months!"

At that the smaller of the two released his grip on Rory and took a step back. Finally able to turn around and get a good view of his online boyfriend in the flesh, Rory was not disappointed. Those cute pink locks in sharp contrast to the white fur of his ears and orange fur along the rest of him made the fox downright adorable to Rory. Cai was a few inches shorter than Rory was, something that the dog didn't bother to hide his glee about. Even if they had been the same height Rory would have had easily a hundred pounds on the fox. Rory wasn't exactly fat but no one could call him thin. Thankfully most of the unnecessary weight he had was perfectly content to use itself to pad his already prodigious backside to the point that sometimes his hip scraped the sides of door frames.

Cai wasn't exactly a slouch in the curve department either. While not having the same overall mass as Rory, his lean and slender body made his own ample hips seem that much larger in proportion to the rest of him. His thick thighs and hefty back side left each of those lush cheeks of his easily more than a handful. It didn't help that his button-up white shirt was tight enough to hug every curve of his lean torso and the plush dark blue jeans visibly strained to contain the ample mass of his posterior. Rory could actually see the little bit of flesh muffin topping over the tight waistband of the fox's jeans; visible through the tightly-hugging fabric of his shirt.

“Hello? Earth to Rory.” Cai’s voice came unexpectedly.

Suddenly embarrassed at the realization he’d been staring at Cai’s ass and had zoned out, Rory tried to change the subject before Cai could call him on it.

“So! Are we going straight back to your place or should we stop and get something to eat on the way?”

Giving the dog a grin that told Rory Cai was definitely going to give him a hard time about that staring episode later, the fox took pity on them and let the subject pass.

“I planned for us to stop somewhere on the way home. I can't imagine that a four ounce cup of soda and a bag of peanuts would be a very filling meal.” Cai replied.

Smiling, Rory hefted up his small suitcase from the ground and looked around.

“So. Where’s your car?” he asked.

“I don't have one actually.” Came Cai’s reply.

“Oh. Took a taxi?” Rory pressed.

“Nope.” Cai said with a smile.

As he answered, the fox took a couple of steps away from Rory. Briefly he glanced to the side as if taking stock of the various cars and people in the driveway in front of the airport. Rory simply shrugged and turned his attention back towards the airport terminal. His eyes scanned back and forth across the various signs and notices hanging everywhere looking for how to get in queue for a taxi.

So engrossed was he in reading through the unnecessarily cluttered wall of information that Rory didn't even notice Cai slowly backing away from him and into the streets. He also didn't pay any attention to the growing volume of conversations around him. It was only when an out of place detail finally clicked in his head that he pulled his attention away from the notices. Turning himself around to face Cai he started to ask a question.

“Hey wait. If you don't have a car and didn't take a taxi how did you get... here...”

Rory's question trailed off as his eyes went wide and his jaw hung slack as he turned to find himself staring at the ankle of a massive, familiar-looking fox. A fox whose feet were now wide enough to span the width of the four-lane street. Rory's eyes slowly trailed upwards as his head tilted back to take in more and more of the view of his boyfriend suddenly finding himself blown up to the size of a building. Only when his head was tilted all the way back and he found himself meeting the eyes of the now hundred-plus foot tall Fox did Cai answer in a loud, booming version of his otherwise familiar voice.

“I walked.”

“You, um... you never told me you were a shifter.” Rory stammered before taking a long draw from his coffee cup and hoping the caffeine would calm his nerves.

“Technically I'm a macro. I only found out I could shift during puberty so I grew up big.” the fox, now back down to a less overwhelming size, answered.

“I... I see... “

Rory was not taking this revelation well. He had essentially frozen up at the airport when he found himself staring at toes big enough to cover his entire torso. He hadn't even been able to manage more than a squeak in confused protest when fingers as big as logs reached down and plucked him up along with his luggage like he were nothing more than a toy. The ride, or for Cai the walk, to the coffee shop had been mostly uneventful save for the fact that he was held gently yet securely in a palm big enough to park a car on.

He wasn't mad at the Cai, though. In fact, that was part of the problem. The two of them both knew about their shared interest in disproportionate size relationships. They had both spent plenty of times playing pretend in role-plays online or just spending an afternoon talking with each other about what they would do if the other was big or small to them. No, he wasn't mad that Cai was a giant. He wasn't even mad they had lied about it. If anything, he was scared. Scared because this was probably the single most arousing thing that he could possibly imagine.

“You’re taking this rather well. I expected you to be at least a little upset with me.” Cai confessed between sips of his own drink.

Rory scoffed audibly then took a bite of his muffin. Only once he was done chewing did he deign to reply.

“Yeah, well it wouldn't do me any good, would it? If I got mad at you I guess you would just step on me.”

“Oh no, of course not!” Cai responded at the scandalous accusation. Then he gave Rory a suave grin before adding “We can wait until we get back to my place for that.”

Caught off guard, Rory choked on the bite of muffin he had been in the middle of taking. He spent a good minute coughing and hacking to clear the remaining crumbs from his lungs as Cai snickered at him. After he took another swig of his coffee to finish clearing his throat Rory gave his vulpine boyfriend a death glare that only made Cai giggle harder. Rory also pointedly chose to ignore the sudden tightness that had developed in the front of his pants in response to Cai’s insinuation. Instead, he changed the subject.

“So, I’ve got a good bit of savings I can fall back on so I don’t have to rush finding work too quickly. I figure I would just throw my resume out to a few places and see what bites I get to start and go from there.” Rory discussed, only to pause and add in a nervous tone. “I mean... if you’re still cool with me moving in and all.”

“Of course! Why wouldn’t I be?” Cai replied without hesitation. “It will be great! I mean my place is a little big but we can go by the shopping district later and get you one of those micro prefab houses. I’ll probably have to go micro so we can go furniture shopping in the tiny shopping district. The hand-carved stuff in my district looks pretty but it really does not look comfortable for actual use.”

As Cai continued gushing with increasing excitement Rory’s thoughts turned inwards. *Micro?* Was that how Cai saw him? The term wasn’t derogatory but hearing it from the fox seemed to drill in the difference between the two of them that he had never known about. Not just himself but everything Rory had ever known and everywhere he had ever been was tiny to Cai. Micro. He couldn’t tell what made him more uncomfortable: the brief flash of inferiority that thought brought... or the shameful fact that it turned him on.

Cai had to snap his fingers several times to get Rory to snap out of his introspection. The dog blushed, realizing he had been lost in thought and completely missed the last few things Cai had said. Cai didn’t mind though. If anything, it made him smile wider. He had hardly been able to take his eyes off Rory since the dog had arrived. Listening to the cute little pups’ reaction to his real nature, Rory’s obvious attempts to hide that it was a turn-on for him, and

Rory's attempt to regain some feeling of control by asserting his plans for self-sufficiency? it was all just so adorable. But he would let Rory have that for now. Later he could tell them that they wouldn't need to work anymore. He had more than enough income to support both of them. it helped that Rory could literally sustain himself on Cai's table scraps if necessary and it would still be enough to be a feast for him every time. And that wasn't even getting into his suspicion that even that would be a turn on for the flustered canine. So instead Cai took his turn to change the subject. He just couldn't resist.

"You know I could, right?" Cai asked casually.

"Could what?" Rory responded, confused by the sudden non-sequitur.

"Step on you." Cai replied as nonchalant as if he were commenting on sewing skills.

Rory shuddered slightly as he made a valiant effort to keep that mental image out of his head. He wasn't very successful, though, and the front of his pants got even tighter. But Cai wasn't finished.

"It would be fun, wouldn't it?" he cooed, resting his elbows on the table and his chin in his hands. "It would be like your own personal weighted blanket."

"Yea well you're a bit too small for that aren't you?" Rory snapped back reflexively.

The moment he saw Cai's lips twist into a playful smile he realized he'd fucked up.

Under the table Rory felt Cai's foot nudging against his own. The fox was making an impressive show of moving his legs around beneath the table while keeping his upper body perfectly still so that no one would be the wiser. Unless they walked right up to the table, that is. After a bit of nudging Cai had both his and Rory's feet sticking out just a bit from

underneath the table; just barely enough that they could see both of them. Neither had particularly large or small feet but Rory's were a bit bigger both proportionally and thanks to the four or so inches he had on his boyfriend's current size.

"See. Look at those big puppy paws of yours. You sure you still don't still have some growing to do to fill those out a bit more?" Cai teased.

Before Rory could give a bratty reply he felt Cai's foot push against his again. The difference was this time Cai wasn't moving his own foot. Looking down Rory saw Cai's foot nudging against the side of his own and slowly pushing against it. Within a few seconds it had filled the small bit of distance between their feet and was now noticeably larger than Rory's. Suddenly panicked, Rory looked up and saw his boyfriend still sitting there as innocently as could be. Innocently save for the fact that he was hunching down a bit more to maintain that same casual position above the table.

The metal chairs had already been a snug fit for both of their ample backsides. However Rory could see even from across the table that Cai's ass was overflowing both of the armrests of his chair noticeably more than Rory's was. The cast-iron armrests squished and dug into the supple flesh of Cai's swelling back side and let the flesh muffin top around it before, with the tiniest and most barely audible creak of shifting metal, they started to bend.

"Wh wh what are you doing?!" Rory hissed sharply under his breath. "People are gonna see!"

"See what?" Cai asked innocently. "I'm just stretching a bit. Nothing to see."

Contrary to his words the fox was making no movement whatsoever out of his casually relaxed position. Yet he was continuing to let his height slowly creep upwards without hesitation. It was hard to guess with him still sitting down but Rory's best guess was that the fox had to be at least seven foot tall now if not more and was still slowly but steadily rising. it

didn't help that the sight of Cai's foot paw outgrowing his own foot right beside it had him chewing on his lip to try and stifle a more visible reaction.

And that was when Cai's other foot pressed itself against the dog's crotch.

Rory let out a sharp yip of surprise that made almost every head in the outdoor dining space turn sharply in his direction. Despite his outburst Cai continued to sit there as if nothing had happened. Though his growth did come to an abrupt stop for the moment. Cheeks suddenly burning with a furious blush, Rory ducked his head as if abashed at his outburst. it seemed to be enough for the majority of the onlookers to go back to ignoring him although one or two did linger their gaze on the unusually tall fox sitting with Rory.

"Shhh... stay calm, pup." Cai encouraged softly. Then he grinned and threw Rory's words back at him. "Or people are going to see."

Rory visibly bit down on his lower lip to stifle a moan that tried to roll its way up his throat. Under the table Cai was framing the outline of Rory's obvious erection with two of his hefty toes and gently stroking up and down its length. There was no hiding it now. Even if somehow Cai hadn't seen all of the other signs there was no way he hadn't noticed how rock hard his boyfriend had been from the moment his foot reached Rory's lap.

They sat like that in near silence for a good two or three minutes. Cai casually nudging and teasing his boyfriend's crotch under the table with a foot now nearly the size of a dinner plate. Meanwhile, Rory was putting all of his effort forth into not making audible sounds as he looked back at the fox a mix of chastisement and pleading. Then, suddenly, Cai's foot pulled away as suddenly as it had appeared. The abrupt absence left Rory achingly aroused and bereft of much-needed stimulation.

"Would you like a refill or are you ready for the check?"

The unfamiliar feminine voice made Rory jump in his seat. He's been so engrossed in what was going on under the table that he hadn't even noticed the petite cheetah waitress that had brought them their food walk up to their table. Thankfully, Cai took mercy on him and answered for them both.

"I think we're just about done. Can we get the check please?" the enlarged vulpine said as innocently as could be as if he hadn't just been giving Rory a Public footjob under the table and wasn't now nearly eight feet tall. When she nodded and walked off with a smile, Cai turned his attention back to the flustered canine.

"I believe this is the part of the date where I take you back to my place."

With that the fox pushed himself up out of his chair. Rory failed utterly in his attempt to hide his glance at the visibly bent chair that was now free of the destructive force of Cai's backside. Nor could he stop himself from gawking up at his vulpine boyfriend now that he was standing and Rory could clearly see he was easily over seven feet tall if not dangerously close to eight. After placing a couple of bills on the table he turned his back to Rory and began walking towards the street.

"C'mon, pup. Just give me a moment to get travel ready." The fox purred, winking over his shoulder at the still flustered canine.

Any attempt that Rory might have made the calm himself broke down completely as he watched Cai walk towards the street. The hips wishing would have been bad enough. Those plump, thick thighs and hefty backside visibly wobbling ever-so-slightly at every step he took. Jutted his hip out to the side. But what made it a thousand times worse was that with every step he was growing. eight feet swelled to ten, then to twenty as Cai began to double in size with every footstep. His inaudible steps became audible thumps then heavy thuds until the last one hit the pavement of the street with enough force to crack it and send ripples through everyone's drinks as the ground shook from the impact.

Pivoting on his heels the now hundred-foot-tall fox crouched down and extended a platform-like hand towards Rory; completely disregarding the suddenly nervous, near panicked crowd of patrons.

“Oh God I’m so going to die.” Rory whispered under his breath as he approached Cai’s offered hand.

And the worst part? He would probably enjoy it.

Cai had said they were going back to his place but that hadn’t been entirely true. Apparently, he had this cute little date in mind for the two of them. Rory didn’t really mind. Not that he would have had much way to object if he did.

Rory was amazed at how fast even a casual stroll could devour distances when you were over a hundred feet tall. When he had the courage to lean over the edge of the hand Cai kept palm up for him to ride on, he could see his boyfriend's massive feet slamming down into the pavement of the road over and over as cars drove both in front of and behind him. He didn't know if it was more impressive that the cars weren't freaking out and trying to drive away from the giant or that Cai clearly had enough experience to keep his pace even with the cars down below. Apparently they were used to sharing the road with the titanic fox.

Eventually they left the city limits and made their way out into the countryside. The sun was already getting low on the horizon and they only had another couple of hours of light left. Rory couldn't help but smirk at the mental image of Cai wearing a hat with one of those flashing radio antenna lights on it when he walked around at night so low-flying aircraft didn't fly into him.

Eventually the countryside arched upwards into a steep incline. The cool salty scent had begun to fill the air long before its source came into view. That didn’t stop Rory from admiring the view of the ocean stretching out in the distance.

The rising hill eventually stopped at a steep cliff that even Cai had to carefully step down from. Rory absolutely did not make note that when Cai stepped down onto the sand the top of the cliff was perfectly level with the bottom of Cai's ass. Looking around, he could see that they were in a beach cove roughly a mile in diameter surrounded on all sides by cliffs. It didn't escape the dogs notice that those cliffs were high enough that, without his boyfriend's help, there was almost no way he could get up them by himself. Despite the sudden feeling of being trapped he still couldn't help but marvel at the impressive, secretive beach they seemed to have all to themselves.

"Wow..." he murmured softly.

To his surprise, Cai heard him. The giant fox's ears were damn perceptive.

"I know, right? I found it back when I was in high school and me and some of my friends used to hang out here. It got to be known as one of the 'big boy' hangouts so most of you micros avoid it." Cai explained.

As he did, he lowered his hand to the ground to deposit Rory onto the warm sand below. Either he missed the wince that Rory gave when Cai said "you micros" or he ignored it. When he slid his way off the giant fox's hand Rory brushed a few wrinkles out of his clothes before something dawned on him.

Looking first left, then right, Rory reaffirmed that he was indeed stuck here until Cai helped him up over the cliff. Stuck here, in a secluded Cove, that Cai had said people actively avoided, with no one else but the fox for miles. Slowly, reluctantly, the hefty dog turned around.

Cai had made no attempt whatsoever to reduce his size. He still stood there, towering in all of his immense glory, over Rory. The suddenly nervous ankle-high dog took a reflexive step backwards as Cai drummed the toes of his left foot once. Rory felt the ground actually vibrate

noticeably from it which did nothing to alleviate the sudden feeling of intimidation. Slowly he craned his head back to look up at the smiling face of his gigantic boyfriend. Cai didn't have to actually hear it to know Rory was swallowing nervously.

“N-now, Cai before you do anything hasty...” Rory soothed, raising both arms in front of him in a placating gesture.

The fox didn't respond. Instead, he simply smiled wider. Then he took a step

His foot, big enough to bury a truck beneath it, slammed it down into the sand barely a foot away from Rory. The impact alone was enough to make the comparatively tiny dog stumble to the side! Add that to the spray of sand the impact created and Rory went sprawling onto the ground. Before he could even get to his feet, much less bark out any kind of protest, the fox took another step. This one landed roughly the same distance away from Rory on his opposite side and sent him rolling back towards the opposite foot. With Cai now standing directly above him, as Rory rolled onto his back and looked up, he realized he couldn't see Cai's face past the rather noticeable bulge in the front of his pant. At least not until the fox leaned forward slightly.

“I told you I could...” Cai all-but purred as he lifted one of his feet up over Rory. “Did you still think I couldn't? Or did you just think I wouldn't?”

“Cai wait stop do-MRPH.”

Rory's protest was cut off by the massive paw, still with a fine dusting of sand underneath it, pushing itself down on top of him. Thankfully he hadn't stomped down hard like his previous two steps but that didn't mean it was any less overwhelming to the poor canine. He could feel the sand contorting and shifting underneath him as the weight of the foot on top of him pushed the overwhelmed dog deeper into what he could easily imagine would be a foot shaped imprint in the beach when all was said and done. The fox's middle toe shoved down on the front of Rory's face and his arms and legs were trapped, spread eagle, by

the oppressive weight of Cai's supple paw pads. The heat radiating off of them instantly left Rory breaking out in a light sweat even as the cool sand absorbed most of it.

Rory lost track of how long he lay there pinned underneath that foot. it could have been seconds, or it could have been hours for all he knew. He was pretty sure it was the former though if for no other reason than he would have suffocated by now otherwise. Just as his otherwise blackened vision began to fill with those little sparkles of light that told him he was running out of air, the foot lifted up off of him.

Despite being freed Rory simply lay there for a minute: recovering. He didn't even care that there was an obvious erection tenting the front of his pants as his chest heaved to replace the oxygen he had been denied. By the time he was ready to sit up Cai was gone. You wouldn't think something that massive could be so stealthy but there was also no way Rory could miss something that big looking up. A moment later, when a much smaller version of Cai's head leaned over the edge of the paw crater, Rory realized they had just shrunk back down to Rory's size.

'Micro' size.

The thought made his aching erection, still pent up from the teasing at the coffee shop and now him being stepped on, throb desperately. it didn't help him banish the thought when he registered that thought from a few moments ago. Paw crater. Looking around he realized it was an actual honest-to-god indentation in the sand over a foot deep shaped exactly like a giant version of one of his boyfriend's feet.

The throbbing got stronger.

"Come on, hon. Up you go."

Cai's encouraging voice and a firm grip on one of Rory's wrists helped the dazed dog up to his feet. Although it didn't help his current predicament at all, that Cai was back to his smaller, shorter than Rory, size. Despite that he was still having to look down On Rory from where he stood on the elevated edge of the foot print.

"you... you stepped on me." Rory muttered.

it should have been an accusation. But there was no accusatory tone in the words. Instead, there was just a distant tone of disbelief. He hated that he loved this so much. He hated that he was having to make a conscious effort not to whine like a needy puppy at Cai. He hated how desperate he was, now that he had a taste, to have Cai overwhelm him. Dominate him. Own him.

"I promised I would and I keep my promises." Cai chuckled coyly. "And clearly, you enjoyed it."

That accusation was enough to snap Rory out of his daze as blood flushed to his cheeks in embarrassment. Looking down, he realized that not only was he aching, painfully hard, but he was actually leaking enough to create a visible wet spot. When he looked down to confirm this a quick glance back at the fox showed Cai gently biting the end of one of his thumbs and making no effort whatsoever to hide that he was drinking in the sight.

"it's not! I mean... I didn't... Look, that stuff at the coffee shop...!" Rory stammered with increasing incoherence.

His stammering and failed attempt to rationalize cut off abruptly when a ball of fabric hit him in the face. Pulling it off of his head he looked down at it and his blush sparked anew when he recognized what it was. Cai's shirt.

Looking up, he saw Cai already had their back turned to him. Bare-chested now, the lean outline of his upper body was silhouetted perfectly by the lowering sun off in the horizon. Before Rory could call out and ask what the fox was doing, he realized that he could see Cai growing again. As the expanding fox walked straight towards the shoreline his hands moved out of sight in front of him. Moments later his pants fell down around his ankles and Rory realized he had been unzipping them. Careful to step out of each leg sleeve without breaking his stride, the fox left the now five-foot-long pair of jeans behind; no longer growing with him now that he had taken them off. Rory might have been more interested in understanding the mechanics of how Cai's clothes change size with him only when he was wearing them but he was distracted from any productive thoughts by the sight of the last piece of clothing the fox was wearing.

Skin tight Royal Purple briefs visibly strained around the massive heft of Cai's ass cheeks. Even if the fox were Rory's size those hefty swells of booty would have been more than a handful each. Now that the fox was well over ten feet tall and still steadily growing Rory pictured less of him fondling one at a normal size and more hugging against one of them when he was hip high to his boyfriend. Again, the fabric visibly dug into the edges of the supple flesh much like the metal arms of the chair back at the coffee shop had. Soft, flexible skin bulged around the edges of the tight nylon as it struggled to contain more fox ass than it was ever designed to. Rory could tell there was something written on the seat of those briefs but even with his boyfriend's enlarged size Rory simply couldn't read it at this distance and with all the other distractions.

Cai didn't bother to look back over his shoulder as he casually strolled his way into the water. He didn't have to. He knew full well Rory's eyes would be glued to him. In his path he left a trail of footprints, each one half again as large as the last. Eventually, though, he disappeared completely beneath the waves.

For a long couple of minutes all Rory could hear was the whistle of the ocean breeze and the sound of the tide lapping at the shore. Just when Rory was starting to get worried about how long Cai could hold his breath he felt it. The sound vibrated through the water as a visible ripple that hit the shoreline and resonated ever so slightly. It took him a moment to recognize what the sound was with the water muffling most of it. When he did his ears flattened against his head.

Dun dun...

Accompanied by the sound came a brief roil of bubbles far out from the coast; easily a mile out but still big enough to be seen on the shore. Squinting his eyes, Rory could see a small disturbance underneath the water near the bubbles. A minor swell of the ocean's surface was rising up and heading straight towards him.

Dun dun...

The second sound was closer and more immediately recognizable; though it was still muffled by the water. Another roil of bubbles rolled their way up to the surface of the water several dozen yards closer. the disturbance beneath the water became more noticeable, like a localized wave heading straight for the shoreline. Despite Rory knowing exactly what it was it didn't make him any less nervous. The surface of the water began to part as the shape beneath it approached. Thick, wet locks of pink hair somehow still partially maintaining their shape rose up from the water like a parody of a shark's fin. A few moments later the top of Cai's head broke the surface of the water and the sound became clear as the giants deep, rumbling voice echoed through the cove.

"Dundun dundun dundun..."

the speed at which the fox was swimming through the water could have matched anything short of a speedboat. Even with only his head above the surface of the water it was creating such a large wave in front of him that it was blocking Rory's view of the fox's muzzle from the nose down. Thankfully, the fox slowed his rapid pace as he approached the shoreline. For a second Rory thought that it was just him not wanting to crash into the shoreline. He quickly realized it wasn't because the fox didn't want to swim closer, it was because he couldn't.

The shoreline was too shallow for him.

Cai's neck and shoulders rose out of the water first, quickly followed by the rest of his back. His prodigious backside, massive at Rory's size, was downright titanic at this scale. It may as well have been its own sandbar for Rory if he ever found himself marooned out in the ocean on it. Foot after foot, the titanic fox crawled his way out of the water on hands and knees. As he did, waterfalls of salty ocean water cascaded off of him in twenty different places like he were just another part of the landscape. Hands big enough to palm pickup trucks and knees big enough to crush cars dug deep into the soft sand as the massive fox crawled his way out onto the shoreline.

Even down on his hands and knees the fox towered at least three stories high. Rory struggled to form words. He tried to find some clever or snarky or sarcastic thing to say to try to relieve some of the pent-up stress and anxiety he was feeling at watching this literal sea monster of a boyfriend crawl its way towards him. But he couldn't bring himself to form anything coherent in the face of such a distracting view. With Cai down on hands and knees towering over Rory, the canine got a perfect view to the space underneath the fox; a space big enough he could have parked several cars under there to protect them from the weather. But it wasn't the fact that he could walk underneath his boyfriend's chest like it was an overpass that had him literally drooling without even realizing it. It was that his boyfriend, for all of his playful teasing and act of being in control, was visibly, achingly erect. And unlike Rory, whose erection could be mostly hidden if he just shifted it around in his pants the right way, there was no way to hide the car-sized monstrosity straining the front of Cai's underwear.

It dangled down from his waistline almost low enough to scrape the ground. Either from the tightness of his underwear or the sheer proportional size of it, probably a mixture of the two, it was pulling the front of his underwear down so far that the waistband pulled away from his waistline and exposed the pink base of his tree-thick cock. As if that wasn't bad enough Rory was achingly aware that the thing was nearly twice his size.

Rory was so absorbed in staring at the monster in the pants of this larger monster that he didn't hear the fox talking to him until his view between Cai's arms was replaced by the fox's massive muzzle as it lowered down within inches of the frozen, overwhelmed canine

“Rory, Sweetheart. You’re staring.” Cai accused. The proximity of his face made his voice that much more thunderous and intimidating. “Not that I mind. I’ve got plenty for you to stare at. But first...”

Before Rory could respond, one of Cai’s hands reached out and shoved Rory to the ground. The dog reflexively squirmed and writhed in a futile attempt to push himself free of the fingers spread to either side of his torso and holding him down. Suddenly Cai crashed down onto his elbows in order to free his other hand. A claw larger than a knife to Rory hooked itself in the collar of his shirt and jerked downwards before he even had a chance to react. The sharp rip of fabric came with the fox effortlessly tearing Rory’s shirt off, leaving Rory staring wide eyed up at his monstrous boyfriend.

“HolyshitCaiwhatare-“ Rory babbled, still struggling, only to be cut off by a deep, hungry growl that thundered out from the giant fox’s throat.

“Shhh... I’m unwrapping my present.”

The fingers holding him down slid lower and exposed the waistband of Rory’s pants. The dog started to protest but had barely gotten half a word out before that same claw tip hooked into the waistband of his jeans as well. With the same effortless jerk of Cai’s finger, the jeans shredded apart like tissue paper and left Rory stark naked.

“There... that’s better.” Cai affirmed more to himself than to Rory. “Now, for YOUR present...”

Abruptly, Rory was released as Cai pushed himself up to his feet. He was about to crawl up to his feet as well but when Rory looked up his heart skipped a beat. Staring up from directly between Cai’s legs, the fox’s entire upper body was blocked from view by an erection jutting from his hips that was long enough Rory could have stretched out on top of it and had plenty of room to spare. Utterly at a loss for words, all Rory could do was stay on his back and stare upwards as Cai pivoted on one heel to face back towards the ocean. Raising up on his

toes, Cai began to squat down over Rory; thighs bulging from the effort and ass directly over Rory. it was only now that it was so much closer, and so much larger, that Rory could read what was printed on the back of Cai's underwear.

'Suffocate'

The sky dimmed for the dog as the titanic twin swells of ass flesh that were Cai's ass filled the sky above Rory. By the time Rory realized what was about to happen it was far too late for him to react.

WHUMP.

Tons, literal tons, of ass crashed down upon the poor, overwhelmed dog as Cai simply sat down on top of him. The beach sand squashed downwards under his immense weight; some of it was displaced and pushed aside while more was simply compacted beneath him. it was thanks to the combined malleability of the sand and the sheer softness of the titanic backside on top of him that kept Rory from simply being squashed like a bug. Not that it did anything to help keep him from being absolutely smothered and left immobile. He couldn't see, he couldn't even hear through the flesh burying him from head to toe save for the sounds Cai made that resonated through his own massive body. In that instant that Cai had sat down, Rory's entire world became Cai's ass.

If the dog hadn't been buried underneath said ass, Cai would have heard a desperate, needy whine raise itself from Rory's throat. The over-stimulated pup desperately ground his hips upwards in the tiny range of movement the give of Cai's ass gave him. Rory found himself humping and thrusting almost ferally against the literal hills of flesh big enough they could have compacted several cars at once! Dimly he could hear the rumbling sighs of contentment and lust from his giant tormentor vibrating their way through the giant fox. He could feel the fox shifting his position back and forth slightly; most likely to make himself more comfortable. For Rory, though, all it did was make that titanic booty shift and twist in place; grinding him deeper into the beach sand. The added stimulation was too much for Rory to handle and he came without even realizing it; not stopping his thrusting and grinding upwards even as he felt

that tiny bit of Cai's underwear and ass wetting itself with his comparatively tiny load. That finally seemed to get Cai's attention, though.

Cai raised his ass up off of Rory without warning. For a brief moment the dog was plastered against the thick swell of backside like some kind of living tattoo only to peel off a split second later and fall down to the ground. The shadow that was Cai's ass lifted only partially into the air before crashing down right next to where Rory lay in a several foot deep ass crater. Fingers almost as big as his body scooped the panting, frazzled dog up from the sand and lifted him around to Cai's front where the fox could see the state Rory was in. His own cum soaked the fur around his belly and waist and, despite having just gotten off, Rory was still rock hard even if he was a bit too out of it to realize it.

"Mmm. Naughty dog. I think you made a mess on my favorite pair of undies. You're gonna have to clean those for me later. For now, though..." Cai rumbled, licking over his lips eagerly. "I've got another job for you."

Rory was able to raise his head up and clear some of the fog from his thoughts just in time to see the hand holding him lowering itself down towards Cai's waist. Down towards where Cai had pulled down the front of his underwear and exposed all 11 feet of pink erection jutting from his waist and throbbing needily. Eyes widening, Rory tried to push himself up in Cai's palm but the hand was already turning sideways. Instead of getting up Rory was forced to brace his feet against one of Cai's fingers to keep from sliding out of it!

"Cai wait don-MRPH!" Rory began protesting, only to be cut off as he was shoved, front first, against the side of Cai's cock.

Rory could hear the fox's deep, rumbling sigh of contentment as Cai gripped his own dick. Even his massive hands couldn't cover all of the immense expanse of his erection! Hell, Rory could have stood at the base and stretched his arms all the way up towards its head and still not even reached the edge of Cai's cockhead. Not to mention being ground between it and Cai's hand as the fox jerked himself off didn't help ease his sense of inferiority at all.

“Mmrph... Keep squirming, Hon... God this feels good...” Cai’s deep voice rumbled into the evening air. “I wish I’d invited you here with me years ago...”

Cai’s stroking became faster and faster, squeezing harder and grinding Rory more firmly into the throbbing erection beneath him. The stimulation on his own dick had Rory practically feral once more in his own over-stimulated lusts; already nearly on the edge of orgasm again despite having gotten off barely only moments beforehand. Cai’s grip got so strong at one point that Rory was partially broken from his own lustful haze as he felt his joints creak under the pressure. Cai was so lost in his own masturbatory pleasures that he was nearly crushing the poor dog! And yet, somehow, as shameful as it made Rory that made it even hotter for him. The idea that his giant boyfriend could crush him just by jerking off with him without even realizing it sent him over the edge again. And when Cai felt the wetness from Rory’s second orgasm, it set him off as well.

Abruptly, Rory fell to the ground between Cai’s legs as the giant fox let out a booming moan of pure bliss and released him. Falling on his back, Rory looked up in time to see the massive cannon of a cock firing thick, heavy streams of jizz literally dozens of yards ahead of him. Gallons of the liquid crashed down onto the beach with enough force to send sand spraying from the impact points. Rory was terrified of what the force of those cumshots could have done to him if they had pointed at him; imagining himself being knocked off his feet and flung back by each one like being hit with a burst from a high-pressure firehose. When the fox’s orgasm wound down nearly a full minute later the last couple of releases were less hose-bursts and more dribbles of musky white liquid. Dribbles which left the last few bits of it dripping down and splashing on top of the dog down below; leaving Rory sputtering and coughing as some got in his mouth.

For a good two or three minutes after that they both lay there in silence: Cai leaning back to prop his torso up by stretching his arms back behind him and Rory laying, exhausted, beneath the overhang of Cai’s softening bus of a cock and soaked in fox cum. When the giant fox finally began to move again, it was to scoop Rory up from the ground and raise him up to eye level.

“That was wonderful, hon.” The fox praised; his face still twisted in a blissful afterglow-fueled grin. “Did you enjoy yourself too?”

Reluctantly, Rory nodded his head before he realized what he was doing. Feeling too tired and too powerless at the moment to do much more than respond sincerely but lacking the energy to actually speak. Despite everything from the physically overwhelming Cai had subjected him too as well as the clear displays of power that could effortlessly overpower Rory, still left him rock hard. Online he'd always asserted himself as the top at least some of the time when they talked. But now? He couldn't even begin to imagine being anything other than a plaything for this behemoth of a bottom-heavy fox. And as much as he didn't want to admit it, he think he liked that.

"Let's get cleaned up and we can go back to my place. Can't wait for round two with my little toyfriend." Cai giggled.

As he did his hand lifted up and Rory found himself sputtering again as a tongue wider than his body swept across the dog once, twice, then three times to clean some of the thick coating of jizz off of him. Rory made a conscious effort not to look inside of the giant mouth directly in front of him that could swallow him whole. As the fox licked him clean, something Cai said resonated in his head louder and louder with each passing moment. Cai hadn't called Rory his boyfriend, but rather his toyfriend. is that how Cai saw him? Not even as a micro anymore, but as a toy? A plaything to be used for his own amusement?

"Fuck. Why is that so hot? it shouldn't be so hot." Rory muttered aloud after Cai had finished licking him.

"What was that, dear?" Cai murmured, still smiling all the while.

Rory's body went rigid when he realized he had said that out loud. Unable to stop his ears from flattening against his head he looked up at the expectant giant fox.

"I uh... Its nothing, big guy. Let's uh... let's just get back to your place." Rory answered, his voice giving away how clearly flustered he was.

Cai simply hummed in agreement.

“Yes. Let’s.”