

This is my side of a trade for VictoriaViper (FurAffinity)

Warning: This story contains transformation, macro, hyper, growth, cock-vore, death and steamy-hot m/m brawling! You've been warned!

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Cruising' for a Bruising, by DragonMasterX.

It was a hot, damp night at Relibal city. Many citizens were asleep, but the night owls remained in the streets, going out for drinks or other kind of nocturnal recreation. Downtown provided a great selection for its young adult population, with more night clubs one could shake a stick at. Even on week days there was activity in the larger cribs where all the big names went to.

Relibal was a cool place to live in if one could look past its frenzied non-stop life-style. It was a city touched by Dionysus as front page touristic magazines would introduce Relibal. Even its business oriented districts were frenetic and bustling with activity during the day, giving the "work hard, play hard" adage an extension to categorize cities as well.

Sylver Industries was a big name in Relibal; a local pharmaceutical company which managed to expand into an innovative R&D conglomerate in a mere five years since its inception. Nowadays Sylver Inc.'s main goal was to have one of their pharmacies in every state of the country and provide customers with their quality products. This brought the city of its HQ a ton of attention, and thus Relibal simply exploded with popularity. Like with every mighty success story however, there was a dark side to it that not many liked to speak of.

Sylver Inc., like any other industry dabbling in experimental chemistry, handled toxic residue and waste that could create stacks of barrels on a daily basis. With its magnificent advent and growth, the company's dangerous side-product demanded handling costs that were well beyond acceptable financial covers. A less than tasteful solution was found by simply dumping toxic waste in nearby no-name towns and burying it by paying commissioners and greedy mayors bribes that were, in scope, a lot less expensive than the usual environmental charges. It was all good and dandy until barrels started leaking into the earth, toxic chemicals dripping into the townspeople's waterworks. It took years, but surely enough carcinogens found their way into the drinkable water source that fed many towns, degrading and poisoning it over time.

Shortly afterwards, the afflicted towns who caught wind of the irregularity way too late began to report numerous causes of grave disease, and an investigation to trace the source began. Proof was found and elected officials shaken off their dirty secrets, but Sylver Inc. denied all wrongdoing. By then, they had all the money and resources to pay their way out of any court deal and still count with their exorbitant yearly revenues in profit.

"Another fucking tale of the strong preying on the weak," Axel Kissinger considered himself cynical and angry cobra, but he had a good reason to. His lover Cain along with all of his family had been some of the uncountable victims claimed by Sylver's environmental negligence, and whereas the law previewed and warranted cases like this would never go unpunished, hardly any responsibility was being taken. Axel repeated the same phrase over his head every day, lamenting his loss. But he was tired of ineffectual lawsuits and bullshit legal loops; that's why he moved into Relibal and got a job at the pharmacy his group was attempting to take down.

"Tonight's the night," Axel's tongue flickered as he smiled. He walked around the empty aisles of

the production department while thinking, "I'm getting even with them, Cain," the anthropomorphic cobra looked at his smartphone's wallpaper with fondness before it was replaced by the calling portrait of one of his colleagues. "I'm there, just a sec."

Axel belonged to an activist group which first began to push for a collective lawsuit against Sylver. They were bounced back twice by the giant conglomerate, a faceless tyrant who no doubt laughed at their puny attempts to dethrone it. Ever since they decided going around the nice way wasn't going to cut it, they all began to stage a plan to blow up one of Sylver Inc.'s main facilities in Relibal and thus send their anonymous message.

They were ready. Axel's group had managed to bribe janitors and vigils to give them this chance, and took care of the more scrupulous ones. They did so by temporarily incapacitating those people of course; they weren't murderers; they simply wanted to tear Sylver down to show them they weren't beyond reproach. Axel however would've pulled a trigger on more than one of those corrupt security guards. He shared his pain with those in his group, but the truth was his only reason for being was to take his revenge on the sons of bitches who had taken away every last thing he cared about in the world. Axel was beyond caring about principles; that's why he studied his ass off to get good marks in a career that didn't interest him; that's why he got employed in the same sickening place that killed his family and lover; that's why he didn't care how many lives it took to mend the wound in his stone-cold heart. If they needed to be taken, he would do it.

When standing in front of the loading area's gate, Axel pushed a button that caused metal to groan and grind upwards, the gate lifting like a door welcoming intruders. No fewer than half-dozen other anthropomorphs showed up wheeling in wagons full of explosives; all their faces and features concealed. It was going to be a fireworks display. "Good job, Kissinger," the leader of the group, Tusk, greeted Axel with a small handshake before handing him a mask. Axel shed his work clothes and donned the same outfit as everyone else, and then they got to work.

Thanks to weekly reports by Axel, it didn't take long to cover all the bubbling vats of different chemicals with plastic C4 and the elaborate phosphorous solution that would paint a jolly good message in the sky for a couple seconds; enough time to give a colorful "fuck off" to Sylver Inc. after the explosion.

"Ground is all covered. Let's get the second floor. Careful with the catwalks, these bastards are so cheap they're rickety as all hell," Axel explained to his comrades. The group split into two; one did double checks on all the planted explosives while the rest were guided by Axel to put the rest of the C4 on the pumping stations overseeing the ground floor.

"Gee, Axe," one of Axel's comrades, using his own codename, called out for his attention, "These vats sure look colorful. What were you cooking up here anyway?"

"I wasn't cooking anything up, Valk," the reptile hissed in annoyance as he knelt down to work, "But to respond with what I do know: Some sort of protein-based body-mass supplement formula they stole off a poor sod in some community college."

"Steroids?" Valk asked while handing Axel more plastic explosive.

"Some shit like that yeah; what do you care? It's all going up in flames after we're done here."

"Guess so. Sheesh, that's a lot of it. Makes me nervous to be walking on top of it," Valk got a reassuring pat on the shoulder after Axel was done.

“Let’s move. We’re running out of time,” Axel knew they had bought themselves some time with the bribes and temporary hold ups, but who knew how long they had until an outer line asked for a status report. If that happened, they were done. Valk and Axel walked up to where Tusk was setting his own explosives to help him do it faster. After the third and final C4 was set, the trio was ready to leave before a bright light flashed the catwalks from below.

“Shit, duck.” Tusk pulled both Axel and Valk down and they all looked in surprise as they found several uniformed anthros gathered around the rest of their team. The four remaining activists had been unmasked, cuffed and made to kneel. “Dammit, they got caught!”

“Why didn’t they ring us?!” Valk whispered with concern.

“‘cause they got caught, that’s why!” Axel whispered back with a groan. “What now, Tusk?”

Tusk clutched his gloved paw around his knee to fight out the frustration. He lightly peered over some of the hand railing to see the guards checking their explosives. “From the looks of it they know about our plan, but haven’t had the time to call an expert; must think the explosives are rigged to explode; that gives me an option since they won’t remove them themselves. Axe, Valk, I’ll run off and have them chase me; make them think I got the bomb detonator.”

“But you do,” Valk commented before Tusk tossed her the remote. Valk easily caught it but gasped nervously, “Don’t do that...! Tusk, are you really gonna...?”

Tusk shook his smartphone in his hand and tightly held it up, “Axe, help Valk get everyone out and then we can blow it all up.”

“What if they don’t all follow you?” Axel questioned. Tusk paused for a moment.

“We just gotta hope they will. If we wait it out here they’ll eventually bring someone to take the bombs down; not to mention we’ll probably get caught sooner than that, and then all of this will have been for nothing. You two ready?” Tusk got two uneasy nods; that was all he needed.

Axel and Valk watched on as Tusk firmly grabbed the hand-railing next to the pump station. The activist leader looked down at the circle of armed guards and gulped; his plan was risky, but it was all he could think up at that moment of duress. Mustering up his courage, Tusk vaulted over the catwalks with a loud racket and dropped down on one of the guards. He landed on the unsuspecting canine-looking morph’s shoulders and in an acrobatic feat managed to kick him on the head, bouncing himself over his captured comrades and their circle of captors, “Too bad suckers!” he yelled at the confused guards, already bolting towards the exit while waving his arm to and fro, holding his smartphone in a way they could see the device’s featureless back, “I got the detonator. Gonna blow the place sky high with you all in it!”

The guards who at first pointed their guns at Tusk froze in place, but no sooner than the masked activist made it out they immediately followed. Caught terrorists or not, they didn’t want to get caught up in any explosions. They decided to go after the maniac.

“Damn, he’s a good actor,” Valk remarked as the three security guards dashed out. Warning shots started soon afterwards, “Oh God, they’re shooting at him!”

“What did you think they were going to do? C’mom, let’s go downstairs,” Axel helped Valk up and carefully walked to the descending flight of stairs to the bottom floor, but no sooner than they had turned ‘round the pumping station, a familiar flash of light caused Axel’s vertical pupils to thin out

behind his mask. "Fuck."

"Y-you...!" a fourth security guard had discovered Valk and Axel. The armed guard had no doubt been sent up and they hadn't noticed him until now. The guard looked panicked, no doubt by Tusk's declaration. "But if you're here... That thing in your hands!" Axel growled as the guard mentioned Valk's possession of the actual detonator and knew the jig was up. He couldn't let the guard capture them, he had to do something!

Axel stepped forwards managed to catch the nervous security guard's gun arm, causing the panicked feline to discharge a round out into the ceiling. Valk screamed and nearly dropped the remote, but managed to hold on. "Axe!" she yelped.

"Go! I'll be fine. Get the others out now!" Axel commanded.

"But!"

"Now, Valk!" the cobra growled before the guard finally returned to his senses only to deliver break himself free with his other arm and pistol-whipped Axel against the railing. Valk cried again but she managed to duck under the guard and dash downwards. Before the guard could give chase however, Axel reincorporated and threw himself at the guard, doing his own clumsy job of fighting him.

"You little...!" in the ensuing struggle, the guard dropped his pistol over the railing and into the vat of chemicals below, "You and your little terrorist friends won't get out of this scot-free. Now that I know you're all bluff, I'll take care of you and then personally take out your lady-friend!" Axel glared at the security guard after they separated some distance between each other. The cobra winced mentally as the calico morph took out a cackling taser with a sadistic smirk on his face.

Axel leapt back from the guard's initial lunge and ducked under a follow-up swing, the taser looking more and more dangerous each time it sparked. Axel wasn't good in a fight; he didn't have a strong body, but he was at least fast on his feet. He wished he had a way to counter, but he hadn't studied martial arts either; he couldn't possibly take on an experienced security guard, forget about taking him out. Unfortunately, evasive action drove Axel to a corner on the catwalk. He bumped his back against the hand-railing and took a brief glance down below at the bubbling chemicals of likely toxic chemicals. "End of the road, terrorist. You're toast!" the guard went for a final lunge which Axel reflexively attempted to dodge, but only managed to hard-press against the hand-railing. The catwalk groaned under the sudden strain and Axel widened his eyes at his folly.

"Crap!" the cobra had managed to avoid that lunging attack, but in doing so his footing gave away and he began to fall backwards. In a desperate attempt to save himself he swiped at the security guard's tie for leverage, but the guard pulled back in time; however, the calico wasn't fast enough to withdraw his arm, which Axel immediately went for.

"Let go, you asshole, we'll both fall!" the guard groaned as he supported himself by the undamaged part of the railing, but he didn't have to do much in the face of gravity. As much as Axel had praised his quick decision, his gloved hands didn't provide enough grip to hold onto the cat and all he managed to do after slipping was knock the guard's taser off his hand paw. Axel cried out as the taser struck his chest and began electrocuting him as he fell down to the vat of chemicals. A loud splash was followed by the screams of a distressed Valk watching the whole scene from below as she helped everyone out of their bindings. The rest could only look as their comrade was swallowed by the last bubble bath anyone would want to take.

"Axe!" Axel's comrades all yelled in unison as they watched him fall to his demise, but couldn't do

anything to save him. They had all formed their activist group for the same reason; to take a stand for their dead loved ones who suffered thanks to this monstrous company. If they had learned anything after all the pain Sylver Inc. had brought them all, they knew the fate of their comrade already. As they all stared in disbelief, the trio of guards returned with a beaten and unmasked Tusk in custody.

“What’s going on here?!” the squad captain barked out and sent his subordinate to round the five activists up. All four of the unmasked ones had been untied and a new masked one was there; she was holding a remote device. “Is this another one of your tricks, boy?” the canine snorted in Tusk’s face, making the activist rhinoceros talk through his bruised mouth.

“N-no...” Tusk admitted, “You broke my damn phone. That’s the detonator. Please don’t hurt them,” he pleaded apologetically, coughing up some blood while Valk rushed to his side.

“Tusk! It’s Axe, he... Eeek!” Valk cried out as she was seized from behind, her remote confiscated.

“Got it, captain!”

“Finally!” the squad captain allowed himself a celebratory sigh of relief, “Round them all up, boys. I’m tired of these dress-up freaks. It’s not even Halloween. You’re going to tell me how the hell you got in here.”

“W-wait...” Tusk weakly begged, “Wh-Where’s Axe...?”

“nother one of your friends? Does he have ANOTHER detonator or something?!” The security guard captain was about to have another fit. But then some steps on the catwalk stairs and a voice drew everyone’s attention.

“Negative sir,” the calico adjusted his cap as he walked back to his security team.

“Where’s the hostile?” the team captain demanded, but the calico merely bobbed his head back at the vat behind him.

“Fell down after a struggle, sir. Probably already dead, the poor bastard,” the cat explained calmly, although nobody said a word after the explanation.

The security guard captain sighed and looked down at his captured quarry, both breaking down in tears alongside the rest of the activist group. The captain didn’t even feel like taunting. “Call an extraction team; they’ll have to get the body out of there; I think there’ll be a lot of red tape here in the morning. Least us... we’re done here, people.”

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Axel couldn’t see around him. He was struggling to breathe, foul tasting liquid rushing down his throat. The cobra couldn’t move his limbs, his body paralyzed by the taser shock which had also zapped the liquid around him. He tried to scream for help, but all he managed to do was swallow more of the industrial waste he was drowning in. The reptile thought this was it, that he was completely done for. He had not only failed in defending himself, he had also failed to avenge his deceased family and lover. It was all over for him.

“Just bomb the place Valk,” in his last moments of lucidity, bitterness and desperation enveloped Axel. He thought of his comrades who he had only regarded as a means to the end of destroying

Sylver and all it stood for. He began to blame them for their soft side; they should've brought guns, shot down anyone that got in their way. "Why did you give Valk the detonator, Tusk? Were you afraid I was gonna bomb it sky-high with us inside?" the cobra lamented in his head, struggling to stay conscious.

Axel clenched his fangs, furiously clutching his fists as he finally hit the bottom of the chemical vat. "I'm going to die without doing what I came to do... fuck, fuck!" the cobra roared out, expelling some of the liquid pooling in his lungs as he thrashed about. Suddenly, Axel realized he had regained a limited amount of mobility, but it wasn't enough to escape his predicament. He thrashed his limbs about, yet couldn't control his tail or legs properly. Those bottom extremities were itching, as if his monthly molting had suddenly hit with a vengeance.

Axel knew he couldn't be molting, as it had happened a week earlier, so something else was at work. The itching became feverishly annoying, which prompted him to forget his situation and sluggishly reach down to scratch his thigh. With his pants in the way, Axel saw no other alternative but pull them off before resuming his venture. Halfway through, the cobra gasped as he realized feeling was returning to his legs; however, he could only move them together. As if he was swimming with both legs glued to one another, Axel flapped his lower body in an attempt to separate his legs, but the more he tried, the more together his legs felt. This feeling spread to his bottom and tail, tugging his pointy extremity downwards to stick to his legs. "What's happening? I can't control my body!" Axel long forgot about himself drowning, his body apparently sustained by the strange process which was changing him.

Soon enough, Axel could only move his lower body by dragging along both legs and tail at the same time. His eyes adjusted to the greenish liquid he was submerged into and realized his legs were losing their definition and features such as their kneecaps and ankles. For some reason, this visually torturous facsimile was delivering no kind of pain, but Axel was panicked all the same. He grasped at his deflating thighs like someone trying to recover a coin from quicksand; the truth was it looked like his legs were sinking into the back of his tail. Axel freaked out and began to thrash about.

The process sped up, exacerbated by Axel's adrenaline. With every passing second, his legs disappeared into his thickening tail, which was also gradually growing longer and longer. Axel's lower body was transforming into one giant, long tail. The flare of his hips reduced in girth as his legs finished merging with his tail, his buttocks having completely flattened and fused with the rest of the now enormous extremity. All the while this happened Axel held by his head and screamed, his screams literally drowned by the ionized chemicals surrounding him. His tail thrashed about as it grew, smashing into the vat which drew attention from outside. His new lower body had grown so large and long that it was longer than he used to be tall, turning him into a slithering half-anthro.

But that freakish experience had only been the beginning. Axel tried to swim away from his own tail, believing himself to be stuck in nightmarish delusion. As he attempted to stroke, Axel felt the muscles in his arm tingle and warm up, stopping his efforts to swim only for his eyes to bulge out in surprise.

Axel had always been a scrawny kid, and growing up he was barely able to reach a decent build no matter how much he tried working out or following strict diets. Since Cain loved him for whom he was, Axel stopped caring. His interest returned all at once with the suddenness of a high-way car crash as he looked at his throbbing arm. His bicep was round now, he could feel it pushing against his outfit, and not only that; he could tell it was defined and muscular. Axel brought his other hand to inspect the vascular lines pushing against his scaly skin, his veins pulsing and pumping blood; working overtime to bring nutrients to his protein starved body. Axel was so mesmerized by the

sudden change that in his attempt to flex an arch his arm, its growth suddenly redoubled in effort and his sleeve burst apart. Axel cried out from some sort of alien pleasure invading his senses as his arm stretched and popped larger in size and girth; bubbles spewing out of his mouth. He could feel the fabric of his clothes straining and stretching; even his mask was getting tighter around his face. The clingy wet outfit was slowly losing a battle of attrition versus Axel's transforming self.

The cobra shook his head to get rid of the cobwebs and resumed his admiration over the largely muscled arm he had suddenly gained. When the visual enchantment was gone, he realized the effect had spread to the rest of his body. Axel didn't even need to look. He could feel the insurmountable amount of power welling within him, generating heat that his reptilian body was happy to accept. "I feel stronger... nothing hurts anymore. I can feel it! I'm growing stronger even now!" Axel thought to himself as he brought up his other muscled arm to flex it and was pleased to see it grow another size; this time busting the remainder of his sleeve, tearing it off in the process. Axel flexed his arms inwards and tried to pump his pectorals, becoming flabbergasted as his chest ballooned out into twin slabs of noticeable cobra beef, shredding his undershirt and outfit. He could feel his abdominals developing as well, popping out by the pairs, swelling and hardening in sequence. His shoulders were widening, deltoids bulking up and tugging what remained of his upper clothing right off. His back flared with tightly packed trapezoid muscles and powerful, massive flanks. His cobra hood was becoming more prominent behind his head, making him look more and more intimidating as his mask tore off with the rest of his clothes.

Axel was burning with raw, indomitable strength, and the process making him more muscular was also altering his overall size. It had started with the necessary extra inches to make Axel's new proportions match his height, but now all of him was growing taller, thicker and bigger. His expanding form started to take over the bottom of the chemical vat, his coiling tail covering the space his muscles had yet to taken over. Bigger and bigger the snake enlarged, his dimensions pushing out as his bones snapped and muscles popped larger still. All the insanely large lug could do was bask in his own power, welcoming the change. It was the best he had felt in years.

He had always been a standard sized person, and with his new lower body he had effectively become fifty percent longer. However, with his enlarging form now growing by leaps and bounds, Axel was well over ten feet tall and fifteen feet long, and he was still growing larger. The expansion only accelerated and in moments he doubled his overall size and muscle mass, becoming an enormously ripped giant. Axel could barely keep himself contained within the electrified vat, his hugely beefy arms pressing against the metal vat to keep himself still.

His snout, pectorals and the base of his tail began to emerge out of the chemical pool as he became too large for containment. The people outside could see the gigantic snout of a gigantic cobra as his tail dropped over the rim with a heavy thud. Both officers and Axel's own team stared in disbelief at his amazing transformation. Axel's growing discomfort was making him loathe his tight accommodations inside the almost empty vat, his body having already absorbed nearly the entire chemical compound. His heavy fingers clutched down and began to tear the metal walling before, with a mighty push, Axel tore the walling behind him right off.

A collective gasp died down in a still silence as the group of people watched the newly improved Axel celebrate his freedom by throwing his immensely muscular arms up, punching the shaky catwalks above him right off in the process. Axel couldn't help but grin. It was like waking up to a new day when a wish for a new sexy body had been granted overnight; except he had felt the entire process from start to finish.

Now the giant cobra could see his body clearly. Axel's glance moved from his enormously thick pectorals to the sheer, vascular roundness of his biceps and his powerful forearms. He put a hand on

his abs and gingerly bounced his index on each mound of hard muscle in his abdominal wall to count the packs. He counted a solid eight-pack, which excited him to the point he lifted his waist and did a relatively light thump against the ground with his lower body. Of course, his relatively light thump carried enough weight to completely decimate the walling opposite of him where his coils had been draping down onto. Axel felt his weight and strength and he gauged them incomparable and unstoppable.

Despite his initial reservations, Axel found his new lower body more than easy to adapt to. His ancestors had done so before him, so it stood to reason some sort of atavistic muscle memory would allow him the basics of reptilian locomotion. In a few seconds, the 30ft. tall Axel rose to his grandiose size, his statuesque body looming over allies and enemies alike.

“A-Axe...?” Tusk was the first one to escape the beef-induced trance to talk. Valk followed shortly after.

“Axe! Axe, are you okay?” Axel was so big now that he easily shoot up to the ceiling, and if he decided to stand on his tail for extra leverage there was no doubt in anyone’s mind that he would tear through it with his head.

“Wh-wh-wh-what the hell just happened?!” The calico responsible for cornering Axel and making him fall was shaking in his boots. The security guards had reflexively decided to let go of the activists. “Why’s that guy like”

“Axe? THAT is Axe?! THAT is your remaining friend?!” the squad captain suddenly cried out in disbelief. “You’ve got to be kidding me!”

“There’s no way we can take that guy down, captain!” another security guard chipped in while slowly backing away.

Axel looked down at the little creatures before him. His vantage point it look like he was inspecting tiny little toy figurines, which brought him an odd sense of fulfillment and ecstasy. They were puny and he wasn’t. He was powerful and that made them fear him. His herculean, chiseled body was being both feared and admired; he could tell more than one of the terrified looks he was being given hid a great deal of arousal that his forked tongue could easily pick up. Axel couldn’t blame them; he looked like a major deity of masculinity, a manly representation of anatomy sculpted by the very Michelangelo. Unable to resist himself, Axel ignored their words and merely became a self-absorbed posing jock. He paid no heed to his constrained surroundings, instead letting his bulk deal with all the catwalks surrounding him as he stretched and flexed for his audience, arousing himself in the process.

The ‘audience’ was confused initially, but more than one of them was staggered, absolutely immobilized and charmed by Axel’s muscle-bound show off. The less baffled ones screamed and tried to make for the exit when Axel casually began to wreck the catwalks above, making it rain clanging metal. Fortunately, no one was hurt, but the diminished party of people made Axel come back to Earth.

“What am I doing?” the cobra groaned in his head, stuck in a sexy proletariat pose as he realized his member down below had come out, and boy had it improved. The silence had been less about Axel’s musculature and more about the gigantic, virile cobra penis sticking out of his crotch. The pouch hiding it had been unable to hold his proportions back anymore; the chemicals which had grown him into a giant of unparalleled size and girth had apparently also endowed him with a literal ten foot pole. Axel initially blushed at the bouncing, semi-hard member, hissing at it as he couldn’t



help but compare it to the much more insane length of his tail. Sure, there was no contest, his tail won, but he was beyond hyper-endowed; that long piece of snake meat was at least half as thick as his lower body. "I could fuck a feral whale if I wanted to..." Axel briefly entertained the silly thought. The size change had made him unfathomable, like the product of someone's sexually hyperactive imagination. As he looked back at the small people, Axel noticed there was one other detail he had until now been able to see.

Tusk, Valk, the calico guard and the security guard captain were the only ones remaining. Everyone else had left. They were waiting by the exit however, concerned for their own safety. Tusk and Valk bashfully stared at their comrade. The guards were still weighing their options, unwilling to engage the giant but at the same time couldn't let the other two in the processing area with the giant. The squad captain was shakily aiming his firearm at the nude, Naga-like cobra, as if he was in any position to cause deterrence. He had to try anyway. "S-stand down! Ah!" the gun was dropped as soon as Axel made a little effort moving forwards, causing his coiled up tail to thump down heavily.

That was when Axel's serpent eyes finally noticed the calico by the exit. The guard immediately took note of the giant's attention and he freaked out. The cat's legs wouldn't respond; he barely managed to bend over and swipe at his superior's gun and get it up to aim at Axel. "He said to stop!" the guard yelled to the note of Valk screaming when there was a discharge. A projectile blasted out of the heavy caliber weapon, and the target was so large it was impossible to miss. The shot didn't miss, but it had less impact than a fly charging at full speed at an unaware cow's ass.

The giant felt no pain, but the action was inexcusable. Axel glared at the feline anthro and remembered both the pain and humiliation the guard had caused him. Axel suddenly felt his rage return to him.

Strong emotions had always swirled about in his heart, especially so after the day his loved ones had their lives taken away, but Axel could now only feel anger. The seething anger one feels when impeded, when they're denied, when they're brought down by a world that only favors the strong. That guard, right then, was the pariah of all of the world's evils to Axel. He worked for Sylver Inc., and he was responsible for almost killing him. But now things were different. "I'm the strong one. I don't need to involve anybody else to get what I want anymore," his eyes briefly glossed over his teammates, "I don't need to take abuse any longer. Nobody can stop me now." Axel stopped thinking and announced, "I can finally do what I want!" he roared out loud and lurched downwards, making the four people below him gasp and yelp as Axel swiped his right hand and caught the frozen calico in his grasp. His body turned and Axel's coils flowed behind him as he twisted himself around one of the building's columns. He looked down at his captive with a smirk.

"Wahhh! Let go! Let me go you freak!" the security guard struggling in Axel's grip was making the cobra smile. He was so pathetic now, while before he was full of himself; like the lawyers protecting Sylver Inc. Cynical bullies with no value for life; their main concern was lining their own pockets with people's suffering. For once in his life, Axel thought it from their position of power and he liked that look of fear in the cat's eyes. That look of helplessness and desperation like he had seen in the mirror for so many years. Now he could get back at all who had dared make his life miserable and watch them squirm in the same way.

"Freak?" Axel began to cackle at the insult, "Fine. I'm a freak," he boomed with his deep, conceited voice. The calico couldn't talk anymore, increasingly terrified as he was pulled in closer and closer to that gigantic cobra. "But I'm the kind of freak that's done with you and your transgressions, Sylver Inc. Tell them. Tell your bosses I'm coming for them." Axel said without looking at the guard in his hands.

“Alright! Alright! Just put me down, I’ll tell them whatever you want...!” the calico pleaded, but Axel simply smirked; a dark, fang-baring smirk.

“Not you.” Axel laughed at the feline’s confusion. Briefly opening his hand, making the calico visible to the others, Axel circled the column as if it was a tree, squeezing it with his coils. “You’re the message.” he coldly said to the calico, slamming him into the side of the column before he could ask.

A guttural sound of crushed bones and innards proceeded to rupture the tense atmosphere. Streaks of blood ran down the support column under Axel’s palm, as if he had swatted a particularly bloated mosquito. Valk’s eyes bulged out and she covered her mouth with her paws, the vixen taking the longest gasp of her life as she couldn’t believe what her comrade had just done. Tusk, usually calm and collected, flinched at the needless display of violence and could only provide a small amount of comfort to the shaking, dead-silent Valk. The squad captain’s eyes had gone saucer-wide, his jaw almost hitting the floor.

Axel removed his hand from the column without looking at the red smear of unrecognizable organic matter splattered on the dark concrete surface. After rubbing the blood off against his side, the giant cobra boomed once more: “GO! RADIO THEM AND TELL THEM THEY ARE NEXT!”

And with that impressive bellow, the beastly snake turned to the wall, punching it with such heavy impact that the facility’s side exploded into a hole. Axel began to slither outside as steel, concrete and other types of falling debris harmlessly bounced off his muscular body. Fuck C4, and fuck elaborate anonymous messages. Axel considered himself a weapon of mass destruction now. He began to make way downtown.

Axel felt good. He felt great even. He was headed for the pharmaceuticals’ HQ, and he was going to singlehandedly destroy every last square inch and everybody in his way. The delicious irony of Sylver Inc. and their guards having given him the power to undo them at their headquarters in Relibal city was the icing on the cake; it was payback time.

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It was very late into the night and very early into the still dark morning. The city of Relibal was blissfully unaware of the recent industrial accident, and it followed its normal course of hapless nocturnal debauchery. Among the public and private parties happening in several locales, the students of a local community college were still making a ruckus in a downtown apartment.

Of all the wild adult teens, Markus Moore wasn’t a big party animal for a college jock. He got invited through a friend’s friend, but his heart wasn’t in it. Since the host’s apartment was on the tenth floor, he found a chance to sneak out to the roof and sit down to wait for dawn, which on several occasions he had found himself to enjoy. He didn’t like loud noise and big crowds, but he hated turning his friends down. Plenty of girls had approached him over the course of the night, some really gorgeous, really produced ones; but he wasn’t into them either.

Markus’ thoughts drifted to college to distract himself and sighed. There was a little yet nagging voice in his head screaming to go downstairs and fuck the first hot guy he could get his big orca arms around; after all, he had also caught wind of several male glances looking his way earlier. Markus repressed that beastly side of him back, knowing it wouldn’t help anybody to see him get scandalous. He was mostly in the closet, but the side of him he was repressing, the one that wanted him to take just any guy he wanted to get his hands on; that side was full of unbridled impulses and dangerous personality traits that he had trouble holding back. He had a split personality disorder

which harbored both his rational side and his animalistic side on different levels.

He hadn't always been like that. The young orca was a lot more introverted than his burly physical appearance suggested, but he owed his physique and his additional "inner voice" to a particular ability he didn't want to share with anybody else. Markus was a size shifter, and the day he discovered his ability was the day his arrogant alter-ego Bruiser took over to defend himself against high-school bullies. Ever since that incident, Markus had had problems to control his urges, so he avoided high-profile gatherings such as these parties. Knowing when to get out and chill was the key.

Bruiser's powers had given Markus clearance to will his self physically larger, like some sort of magic that worked when he concentrated really hard. Ever since his awakening, Markus decided to follow a single selfish impulse to give himself a big body that'd let him defend himself without needing to act. After all, approaching a muscular six foot eight killer whale took some courage. The stretch from high-school to college had given him a perfect alibi to justify his development as a late-bloomer, so now he enjoyed the benefits of an attractive, masculine and strong body without the need to suffer through humiliation or tedious work-out. To date, he was able to grow up to fifteen foot tall, and to make himself so muscular that he could put bodybuilders to shame.

The truth was a big part of Markus loved to show off. He didn't like mingling with people, but he loved it when he noticed people checking him out, nearly stripping him with their eyes. Markus liked to be admired for his bigness: His chest and biceps stretching his every shirt he owned, his pronounced crotch bulge flustering more than a dozen people per outing, his muscular ass swaying in his body-hugging jeans... Markus liked that kind of attention, but he was too shy to do anything with it. Despite Bruiser always roaring to take that opportunity and hip-smash as many pelvic bones as humanly possible, Markus didn't want to risk going crazy with his power. He had bad, embarrassing memories. After all, what would a meek teen that just discovered he has superpowers do? Be clumsy as fuck with them, outright.

Markus remembered the first time he made an attempt to stop a crime inside a convenience store. The place was getting robbed, and Markus thought it was his place to shine. He tried growing a little and using the rags he had prepared to hide his civilian identity, aiming to scare a thug away, but the process of growth, much like the attention he received for his largeness, was addictive. Markus lost control of himself that day and ended outgrowing the joint, kicking everybody else through the window with his feet. Everyone tried to run away while a rubble-covered Markus frantically apologized, but he was able to catch the thief under his huge butt. The guy had passed out, but he at least hadn't had his internal organs squished under his weight.

Trying to be more careful next time, Markus also tried to stop a train wreck from happening uptown. The orca grew bigger and stronger, and managed to catch a derailed unit full of passengers with his body before it reached a highly transited area. That was his first clear success, and letting himself go by putting his powers to use gave Markus unbelievable pleasure as he worked his ripped, muscular body to help his city. But he let himself go too much that day. When he realized why everyone was giving the mini-giant an eyeful downwards, Markus realized the exertion of strength awakened his more animalistic side, the Bruiser. Working himself to stop that train had put a great deal of strain in his muscles, like an all-body workout brought out by the sheer will to survive being sandwiched by a train car and a building. With every fiber of his being working towards making those burly muscles do their trick, Markus forgot himself in the tension, his whole body heating up as he grew aroused. He grew so aroused in fact that he got a hard on that eventually became caught between his body and the train, and it was so big it reached up to his thick pecs. Markus didn't realize it until he backed away from the train that day, but he had smeared the front driver window with pre-seminal fluid. That day, many people wondered if the giant super-hero had jumped in to

make love to the train.

As a result of many misadventures like those, Bruiser, as Markus one time called himself in front of the public non-ironically, came to be known as a well-meaning yet perverted vigilante. A very big boned one in more than one way. Fortunately for Markus, Relibal city had its own share of nudists thanks to its loose moral codes and abundance of nudist beaches. He was happy to help his home city, and grateful nobody asked questions when he and his unspeakable bulk mysteriously disappeared (even if all he had done was shrink back to regular old Markus), but Bruiser was one aspect of himself that he didn't want to show to his peers and friends. He was simply glad he could hold his urges back and not need to use his powers to stop crimes for a while.

That was until police sirens started blaring at such volume that it was hard to miss even at the height of ten stories high. Curiosity gripped the orca. Markus blinked his blue eyes as he approached the edge of the building to look down. What the college student suddenly saw down at the park two blocks away made his hands shake. "Holy shit," he silently exclaimed with barely bated excitement; his finned tail whipping at the air behind him.

There atop the greenery an impromptu peace keeper barricade had formed. It wasn't easy to see from Markus' vantage point, but policemen were positioned behind their cars and Markus could faintly make out the reverberating voice of the megaphone user. Something about stopping and surrendering peacefully, Markus guessed.

On the opposite side, the most gigantic reptile Markus had ever seen slithered its insanely long lower body over the ground; steamrolling both asphalt and grass under the creature's immeasurable bulk. The young orca could hardly believe it. Besides the size which he estimated at around 30ft. tall, it was the first time that Markus saw a cobra Naga. He had read about those being ancient predecessors to the contemporary snake people that inhabited the world in history and culture class, but he was now wondering if Naga were present in the world and this was the first one to come out of hiding. "Damn, must have been one rough wake-up call!" the whale told himself, on the verge of almost falling off the roof's edge.

The giant cobra's appearance was exciting Markus. He wondered if this was some sort of staged publicity stunt, but then after checking his phone's clock, which said: "5:57 PM", abolished the thought immediately. Markus scratched his head and rested a hand on his waist; there went the chances of this being a peaceful meet-up with the species. On the other hand, Bruiser loved this development, which was the source of Markus' carefree attitude. That creature was gigantic, and looked like he could threaten more than one body-builder contest if he wasn't so focused on toppling cars and other obstacles in its way.

Markus looked at his own arms and gave them a little flex with a grin, the fire of his competitiveness sparked. "Whatever that guy's doing down there, the police are going to need help!" and Markus was right. It was easy to tell the muscle-bound cobra wasn't here to make friends. The trail of destruction left in its wake told Markus that the huge monster had been followed for quite a while. The more serious part of Markus calmed his inflating ego down to grapple with reality, "He's going to squash them like bugs. There's no time to play," he told himself in a fit of responsibility. Despite his clumsiness when trying to protect it, Markus loved his city, and having a rampaging monster destroy it wasn't going to look good in Bruiser's resume if he failed to stop him. Convinced of what he had to do, Markus made for the roof's entrance and ran towards the elevator. "It's time to get rough."

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"I'm going to squash you like bugs!" Axel roared down at the police as he simply thrust his body forwards, crunching sirens, metal and tires under his heavy coils. Axel didn't want to waste time with the authorities; he had to get to Sylver Inc.'s main headquarters in uptown. Despite his invulnerability to conventional firearms, the police persisted in their efforts to stop the cobra. Axel had lost count of how many peace keeper units he had flung through the air like a boy casually playing with toy cars. Still they sent more after him. He wanted to show them a point; he was convinced the police was on Sylver's payroll too, and that they had to suffer as much as the company did, but he never expected this much resistance. Axel counted his blessings however, as his impervious, tremendously powerful body enabled him to dispatch everything in his way to Sylver.

Streetlights, cars, mailboxes, closed newsstands on the sidewalk; everything had been upset, broken or outright flattened by Axel's unstoppable bulk. It was such a liberating sensation that part of the cobra wanted to stop and teach the city that had poisoned his and many other towns a lesson about irony. But instead of listening to his wounded ego, he pressed on with his own sense of justice, laughing at Relibal's authorities' pitiful efforts at stopping his advance.

Pistols, shotguns, revolvers, sniper rifles, even explosive weapons were being discharged his way. But Axel's rippling musculature harmlessly bounced off smashed bullets, deflected payload and absorbed the shockwave impacts. The cobra didn't need to do much more than slither forwards, but even his patience had limits. There was a barricade ahead. He could easily circumvent it, but he wanted these people to know who they were messing with. It was high time someone took a stand against corruption, and who better to do it than the strongest in the city? Axel felt justified in his counter-attack when he reared back before slamming his fist down, pounding one of the patrol cars into compacted scrap. The giant hissed down at his opposition, making sure he struck fear in their hearts before he slapped them out of the way with his huge hands. If his attackers broke bones or died on impact, Axel didn't care. "How does it feel, huh? How does it feel to be trampled on?!" the cobra cried out loud.

The police were helpless; they were taking casualties left and right. The giant cobra had already won without even trying, and after the barricade of cars had been destroyed, the immense creature continued slithering in uptown's direction. It was hard to tell what was going to happen, or if the giant had any intention of sparing anyone, but a small glimmer of hope reared its modest face in the form of a not-so-modest, second giant.

Axel felt his advance grind to a halt when suddenly his tail was firmly seized from behind. The gigantic cobra looked back in surprise and gasped, his eyes widening as he noticed a smaller but effectively giant fellow tugging him back. "You!" Axel hissed at the intruding orca. His opponent was roughly half his size, but was just as ripped and muscular. The black and white blubbery skinned cetacean's cute appearance was betrayed by his buff, stark naked body. Despite the fact Axel was much heavier; the orca's effort was enough to prevent him from advancing.

"You've had your fun, snake!" Markus growled, his feet digging into the ground as he tugged at the cobra's tail like the heaviest scale-covered rope he ever had to grip in his burly arms. Markus had to put his clothes somewhere safe so that he could retrieve them later, since growing to his 15ft. tall form was a very easy way to run his wardrobe's bill through the ceiling. Now that he was exerting all of his current strength, he could at least stop the cobra Naga from exiting the park and wrecking the rest of the city.

"You're that pervert whale, the Bruiser!" Markus groaned at the title his opponent used. He hated being called a pervert, but made use of his anger to draw out extra strength. The giant orca pulled

with all of his might and managed to sweep Axel down on his face.

“And you’re in for a timeout!” Markus chimed victoriously at the groaning cobra before he saw his adversary pull himself up with a glare. “Oh crap. Ooof!” Markus grunted as Axel whipped his tail free and quickly turned around, leaping at him with a loud hiss. Axel tackled Markus into the grass, looming over the smaller giant with a mocking grin.

“Says who, puny?” Axel had heard several incomplete but enlightening tales of Relibal’s resident super-hero, but he hadn’t expected to run into him this late into the morning. The cobra was simply glad that he wasn’t as large as they made him out to be. Smirking, the cobra stole a few glances at his own muscle-bound arms and compared them to the killer whale’s, convinced that he had the advantage.

“Oh, you’re asking for it now!” Markus couldn’t use his arms, and the rest of his body was pinned down by the cobra’s superior bulk, so taking that moment of swagger his opponent fell into, the orca dove his head forwards for a head-butt. The attack connected and made Axel hiss in pain, becoming temporarily stunned. Using this chance, Markus freed his arms and grabbed his opponent’s broad, chiseled chest before twisting his hips to enable his legs to search for some footing. He pumped the muscles in his legs as hard as he could and kicked, using the impact to push Axel off and pin the snake down with a heavy slam.

“Ah, fuck!” groaned Axel as the situation suddenly reversed. Markus wasted no time in sitting down on Axel’s massive front, seizing his tail in his arms to keep it from breaking free and attacking him. His legs and own tail tangled up Axel’s arms, keeping him from moving at all. The cobra, abated, growled at his foe, “Why are you even interfering?!”

“I dunno,” Markus sarcastically spoke, “Your damage to property? Egregious kill count? Did you think you were playing Rampage or something and that nobody would mind?”

Axel grunted and felt like taking a swing, but his huge arm was brought down almost immediately by the orca’s legs. “They deserved it!”

“Hey,” Markus interrupted, “I don’t think every policeman’s the shining example of the “Protect and Serve” adage either, but you don’t see everybody snapping and thrashing them, do you?!”

“These assholes aren’t police!” Axel accused, “They’re just part of Sylver’s plan to ruin the world with their greed!”

Markus blinked as he heard the cobra shout, but made sure not to fall for any trick and tightened all of his grips. “Sylver? As in Sylver Incorporated, the pharmaceutical?”

Axel was quickly losing his patience again, growling and hissing at the questioning orca, “They’ve ruined my life! They’ve ruined many lives! I’m tired of nobody doing anything about them! I’m going to destroy them!”

“Whoa!” Markus gasped as Axel seemed to regain his strength and slipped his coils out of his grip. The cobra smacked his arms off and immediately tightened around the orca’s neck. Markus started being choked by the tightening coils, so he dropped all of what he was doing to reach up and try to get the cobra’s tail off him. Axel slammed Markus face-first into the ground. “Oww, damn... ahhh!”

“And I’m going to destroy you and anybody that gets in my way!” Axel proclaimed as he rose back up to his tail base, looming over his purportedly defeated opponent. In a moment however, Markus

managed to tug Axel's tail with a grip strong enough to twist the coil in a painful way, making Axel hiss and attempt to relax his muscles to escape. Markus let go so he wouldn't be choked any further and both giants were now at a distance from each other.

"Fuck, what did they do to you?" Markus rubbed at his sore neck, red rings circling his neck where his skin became irritated. The giant orca looked up at his much larger opponent with a grunt, "They run you out of business where you live? Ruin a forest to make a building or two?" Markus was speaking out of his knowledge on what the newscast was allowed to reveal. Axel went red in the face, anger seething.

"They got you all brainwashed here!" Axel growled and smashed his tail in front of him out of anger, splitting the ground and bouncing rock and dirt all around them. Markus flinched and took a step back reflexively as the cobra held out a claw demonstratively. "You have no idea. Of course you don't! Sylver pays everybody to shut up; they pay everybody to hide their dirt. They got their own townspeople believing everything's alright. After all," the cobra pointed at the giant orca in dramatic fashion, "You aren't the ones paying for their transgressions!"

Markus had always believed that no one was truly innocent. Heck, even with his own way of doing things, many people justifiably believed that his Bruiser identity was no more than another criminal. He was on his own road to prove the world of his worth, and with every bump and learned lesson he believed he could make the world a better place. This guy ahead of him was spouting many accusatory lines that would've made him think any other day, but the cobra had also gone out of his way to prove his point. He was involving parts of the city that had nothing to do with his intended target, and was getting innocents caught up along the way as well. There was no way he wouldn't regret giving the giant cobra the benefit of doubt.

The giant cobra was beyond exasperated. His plans couldn't continue with this misguided tool of a giant getting in his way. "You're with them too, aren't you?" the giant cobra wasn't going to listen to anything otherwise; he was done entertaining the notion that anything in Relibal wasn't confabulated to protect Sylver and enable them to continue destroying lives.

"What?" Markus was taken by surprise by the sudden accusation. He briefly wondered if the cobra was even trying to make sense anymore. "Look, I know you're mad, but killing people isn't the answer!"

"Shut up!" Axel continued; his growling escalating in volume. "They think it's alright to protect murderers as long as those murderers pay them! If you're going to protect them, you're no better!"

"And *you* are better, since you're killing them?! What kind of messed up logic is that?" Markus didn't know how to win the argument. There were so many holes left to fill, and he felt like there was a timer to this conversation, like a bomb ready to go off. Axel replied with more venomous words.

"I FUCKING TRIED!" the giant reptile roared out, "I tried doing it the nice way, but I'm tired of the bullshit. I'm tired of obstacles piling atop more obstacles. But you know what?" Axel slapped his snout with a hand and chuckled, then laughed, then boomed with insane laughter. "Now I have the power to punch through any and all obstacles. I can take those bastards out, and I'm going to do it now! After I take *you* out!"

The emotional outburst was followed by Axel letting out a monstrous hiss before he sprung himself towards Markus. The orca dove out of the way just barely, rolling over the grass. Markus used the chance to charge Axel, but the cobra twisted himself and slapped Markus over to the side with a

powerful tail smack. “Dang, that tail’s so heavy. It hits so hard too!” the orca groaned, feeling a little blood trickle off his white cheek. “I can’t hope to stop him like I am right now. I’m going to have to... Ah, damn!” the orca failed to roll off before Axel’s tail axed down and buried him under its insurmountable weight.

Axel was hyperventilating. He wasn’t completely used to his new body, but he had always been good at manipulating his tail. He figured using his lower body in the same way was the answer to exploit his natural, extra range. With the orca under his coils, he thought victory was assured, but then all of a sudden the body under his huge tail began to quake. Tremors ran up Axel’s tail like dangerous vibrations. He tried to calm down to analyze the situation. “What are you planning, little one?” thought a curious cobra as he leaned down to look at his rumbling tail. Axel didn’t expect to see his tail beginning to rise on its own. No, it wasn’t raising, it was being pushed up. “But how?! I’m pressing him down! He should be...!” Axel’s eyes widened and he backed his torso away from his tail, noticing his foe wasn’t so much struggling to get his tail off as he was simply letting it brush off his expanding bulk.

Markus had always capped his size to 15ft. because of his aggressiveness. It was a self-imposed limit for his size-shifting powers that he gradually increased via training and concentration, but exceeding it was simply inviting his alter-ego to play. Markus knew what could happen to the city if he went overboard with his ability, but he also considered what could happen to every city with a Sylver Inc. building if he was defeated and the raging cobra Naga was left unimpeded. He had to take a stand, even if it meant to sidestep and let Bruiser handle things.

The gigantic orca was already 20ft. tall, but Markus knew that wouldn’t be enough either. He didn’t want to go any bigger, but he had to at least match his opponent’s height. Too big and he would completely lose control, and too small and this would be a futile exercise. Markus focused as his buried body pushed away dirt, rock and grass as it occupied more and more space. His muscles swelled with him, pumping him stronger and thicker than before, filling him with more and more power as his opponent struggled to contain him under the heavy coils. Markus gradually felt relief and elation as the literally tons-heavy coil press progressively lightened up more and more until it could hardly cover the entirety of his wide, ripped back. With every passing moment, Markus added more and more size to his monumental, masculine cetacean form, knowing the cobra was struggling to keep him down. The growth continued until the orca had expanded to match Axel, and whilst stunned, Markus managed to catch him unawares. The black and white giant grabbed the olive scaled cobra’s waist, slamming him down with powerful toss.

Axel grunted but quickly found that he was unharmed. He felt pain during the split second between the impact and his recovery, but for some reason the wound that was supposed to have fractured a rib wasn’t there. It was a similar phenomenon to when he made the recovery after getting pinned down earlier. Axel pegged it as another welcome side-effect of his mutation. “What the hell did you just do?” the towering cobra hissed but quickly found himself humbled when Markus rose to his new stature: just over 30ft; enough so that Axel didn’t have to look down anymore.

The orca’s closed eyes opened and a grin drew itself over his face as he looked at his opponent. The muscle-bound killer whale adapted a looser, more relaxed position and leaned forwards with a condescending glint in his eyes. “Made myself bigger, dumbass. Not paying attention?”

Axel wasn’t insulted, but part of him became wary. The orca had been coming off as a naïve buffoon so far, but now that he was larger his presence had changed; there was a certain aura about him, as if he was ready to kill. Axel didn’t need any special cognitive ability to sense it; that beast wasn’t the same giant he had been battling so far. “How come you didn’t get any bigger, then, Bruiser?”



“Don’t need to get any bigger than this to kick your tail,” Markus began to stomp forwards, making Axel hold his huge arms out to put some distance between them. Markus wasn’t about to get intimidated now; he was far beyond the call of reason now; he just wanted to beat the giant cobra to prove his own dominance.

As Markus threw himself at Axel, the cobra sprung to the left and tried to trip his opponent with his tail. In his hurry to tackle Axel, Markus fell for the trap, but he turned around at the right time to deliver a smack to Axel’s back using his finned tail. Axel grunted in annoyance, barely feeling the blow. From the orca’s new attitude and his brazen bravado, it was clear the sea mammal was trying to taunt him with that move.

“Come at me,” Markus goaded as he immediately stood up, but as soon as he turned around a heavy, large fist connected with his jaw, giving him what he wanted. The orca reeled back slightly from the impact. Axel grunted when his opponent, head still thrown back, grabbed his arm and held him in place.

“Let go!” Axel pulled, having been convinced he had put the right amount of strength behind his jaw breaker. Markus had diminished the damage dealt by the blow by slightly pulling his head back at the last second, and now his foe was at his mercy. The wild orca pulled Axel forwards, butting heads again. Axel hissed in pain and had no time to react before Markus reared back for a follow-up beat down swing, face-planting the giant cobra into the park’s grass.

“Get up, you wuss. This is just starting!” Markus laughed, reaching down to grab Axel by the shoulders. Before Markus could chant victory however, his neck was lassoed by Axel’s sneaky tail, coiling around its target like an actual serpent. While Markus went to tear his tail off him, Axel grabbed Markus by the ankles and swept him off his feet and onto his back.

“No, I’m ending this!” announced a growling Axel as he threw himself down to elbow the orca’s mid-section. Markus got the wind knocked out of him with the successful blow, but it took him only a moment to recover and fight back.

Blow after blow was traded between the two giant lugs. Every punch, kick or tail whip was backed by tremendous weight and force that could easily tear a building down. From aggressive pushes to violent shoves, the park quickly became decimated by the giants. Bystanders could only watch as the two extremely masculine, insanely buff, towering guys fought the biggest fight Relibal had ever seen.

It was dawning. The first few rays of early morning sunlight peered through the atmospheric layers to bathe Relibal with brightness. Now illuminated, the giants had come to a brutish stalemate. Axel and Markus were arm-locked in a struggle, their eyes glaring at each other as their hands pushed against each other’s, with neither side wanting to budge at all.

They were absolute beasts. They looked visibly exerted, panting from the physical exhaustion of non-stop close quarters combat. Both blubbery and scaly skin glistened with their accumulated sweat, glossing their nude, extremely sexual bodies. The park was drenched with their sweat and more was dripping down off their pores, most notably their armpits. Their musky essence wafted in the air, overriding one’s sense of smell with the masculine scent of overripe, bulgy, powerful and exerted muscle mass.

To those watching, Relibal was used to their clumsy local hero, but they had never seen him this big or this excited; one could say the monumentally big cetacean was aroused, and it was showing.

Markus was stuck in a violent, aggressive, dominant attitude loop perfectly matching his hulking physique, and all he wanted to do was subdue his opponent. Damn the attention he was receiving, he was turned on by the sheer amount of effort he had to put simply to hold that enormous cobra back.

Obviously, Markus had never had a worthy opponent to test himself out, but now that he had one, it also happened to be an extremely good-looking, albeit crazy giant Naga. He was majorly turned on; not just because of the workout, but because of how hot it was. They had been hitting each other, kicking each other, grappling for what seemed like hours, but all that physical contact had also served to deliver more sensuality than a sweaty male homosexual romance scene in a sauna.

Much to his own chagrin, Axel was in a very similar situation, although it was hard to tell if he wasn't enjoying it himself. It didn't help that he was a fan of the developed male anatomy, and that he was one such specimen of gloriously endowed masculinity now, but his foe wasn't bit as repulsive as he figured early. Axel had only had the Bruiser described to him, and his initial first-hand experience with the black and white beefcake had left him unimpressed. But now that Markus had grown to his level, it was hard to stop staring.

It wasn't just staring. Axel had already stolen more than just glances, having taken more than one opportunity to slap or otherwise grope the orca's muscular ass or his perfectly round pectorals. The cobra had also been paid with the same coin, and more than once during their heavy brushing he could feel the grunting orca groping his beefy arms and feeling his hard eight-pack.

The truth was, those sweat covered muscles, their fiery gazes communicating unwavering stalwartness, and even their sneakily playful gropes during their grapple was driving both to massive arousal. Any other day, on a different universe perhaps, they would've already made love atop the park instead of fight. But it was not to be: Axel couldn't allow himself to be bested; many counted on him, even if they would doubt his methods. Markus was lost to Bruiser's impulsive tendencies, too distracted by his own swollen ego and horniness to pay attention to those cheering for their hero, but he wasn't going to let his opponent win either. They were locked in a battle for supremacy where backing down was not an option.

Even on a TV at Sylver Inc.'s, the arrested Valk, Tusk and Axel's other comrades were hoping the giant snake would win. They all regretted Axel's transformation having made him go mad with power; but they all agreed with one thing after listening to Axel's outbursts: Relibal needed to open its eyes to the truth, and after this night; whatever the outcome, nothing would be the same.

Axel was gradually losing it. Between his arousal and frustration, it was hard to keep his cool or do anything better than push back in their stalemate. He could barely ignore the fact that their genitalia was exposed anymore. Their penises weren't just exposed; they were rock hard, throbbing at their augmented lengths. Stealing a glance downwards for a brief moment, the cobra was somewhat relieved to see the orca's testicle sack: a pair of enormous gonads, tautly stretching scrotum; they looked like Markus was carrying two relative grapefruits bouncing atop his muscled thighs. Their size was what gave Axel relief; they were about what he felt was sloshing within his body, as his testes were internal. They were equals on that aspect and it relieved him. Part of Axel was a hopeless competitive male, no doubt another quality he could by now use to compare himself to his adversary.

Markus couldn't stop smirking, taunting the cobra with just his eye. He knew where he was the clear winner. Ever since his pouch had revealed its contents, his massive dong had automatically decided a separate, although very sexy and empowering contest. The cobra's pulsing, hard erection was a good size; in fact, the orca wondered if any ass could survive a pounding from such a gigantic

dick even if the scaly giant were to downsize to a more manageable height. Entertaining that point was moot however. When it came down to how much rectal destruction his own hyper endowed man bits could cause by default, Markus was justified in fearing for his partners when Bruiser wasn't at the helm.

Even whilst flaccid, Markus's shiny glossy-rubber black cock hung all the way down past his knees. That monolithic tower of black meat had been bouncing all along during their fight, swinging between Markus' legs like a hypnotic pendulum of virility even during swaggering strides. Erection had only made the offending pecker grow larger still; packing such length and girth that the "third leg" term was useless to describe it; Markus could do a hands-free self-suck without even needing to crane his head. The orca wasn't just monstrous, he was colossal. If he were to be a knight of standard height in the middle-ages, his dick alone would have been the reason no feral dragon would dare invade the realm.

If they both were knights in the middle-ages, Markus and Axel would've thought the same either way: It was hard to avoid crossing swords. With no unnecessary words being spoken, the pair of hyper endowed, muscle-bound gods couldn't help but voice their sexual tension with lewd moans and manly grunts as their sexes touched, batted one another, or simply pressed needy throbbing flesh against flesh. Axel couldn't deal with it any longer. He had to take the stupid sexy whale out.

Summoning what energy he had left, Axel maneuvered out of the arm-lock and surprised Markus with unprecedented fluidity. Axel's muscular, lengthy coils enabled the cobra to circle Markus like a climbable boulder, constricting him at the same time. Confused but alert, Markus lost his left arm to the coils which constricted it to his side, but managed to keep the other free to push Axel away from him.

The hyper-phallic orca could feel his massive erection bouncing between coils, making him moan as pre was expelled out in thick globs of white that splashed down onto the darkened, moist grass already covered in sweat. Axel finally found his chance and kept his grip on his massive adversary's cock, making sure to tighten the tip of his tail around it to keep the Bruiser distracted with sexual stimulation.

"Kinky," Markus grunted out while wobbling, having trouble to keep his balance during the heavy constriction. He cursed the snake's idea however, as it was working. His legs were quick to give out, making the orca fall down on his huge butt, indenting the shape of his round buttocks on the messed-up park.

Axel didn't respond to the tease, but instead delivered a stare of contempt at his opponent. A certain part of Axel was prompting him closer and closer to his immobilized foe, his lower body still jerking him off to ensure Markus wouldn't have the strength to free himself. It was a curious sight: Helpless, constricted, trapped, bound... so deliciously bound. Axel's hissings grew louder the closer he put his face next to Markus', decisively smacking the orca's free arm out of the way, holding it back with his other two.

"What? You want a kiss that bad?" Markus half-wished he hadn't cracked that joke, as the ominously silent Axel stopped half-way in his advance. To Axel, the Bruiser could talk good game however he wanted; it didn't change their current roles. That's when Axel's mouth suddenly opened, stretching wider and wider until his jaw naturally dislocated to reveal his thin forked tongue and the pulsing, hot and wet maw.

There was a collective gasp of worry amongst the population of Relibal as they watched their hero in peril. Heavy droplets of salivate cascaded on top of Markus, making the orca squirm harder.

That's just what Axel wanted. He wanted to put the arrogant buff cetacean in his place, but his belly was also hungry; he had caught prey, it was only natural he ate it. To ensure his accuracy, Axel made sure to tighten his grip on Markus phallic tower of meat, using his lower body and the orca's massive shaft as leverage. In a decisive move, Axel lunged forward and pushed Markus down by the shoulders, slamming the moaning orca down before his maw snapped around the orca's head. And silence followed.

Panic exploded in the streets as it seemed like the hero had fallen. The situation had moved from hard-core manly erotica to a bleak future for anybody deciding to oppose the hungry predator. If the angry cobra finished Relibal's hero off and then took Sylver out as intended, then what was going to happen to all of its population? It wasn't like the giant snake cared much about being directly or indirectly related to his purported suffering; and without their egregiously over-sexualized champion, who would defend the weak? The city and its inhabitants were doomed.

At least that's what it looked like for the first few brief seconds. In what seemed to be a desperation move, Markus had managed to swing his free arm just in time to stuff his fist ahead of his face, preventing Axel to fully close his maw around his head. Any second later and his neck's vertebrae would've snapped under the pressure of those powerful jaws, so Markus thanked his quick thinking. "Get. In my fucking. Mouth!" a furious Axel growled out at his opponent, pulling back and smacking Markus' arm before immediately snapping at him again. Markus twisted his entire body and managed to move his head out of the way, causing Axel to munch grass instead. A loud crack followed as Axel bit down on the grass, dirt and rock he had bit out, disintegrating it all and showing once again why a single bite to the head could be fatal.

Markus didn't have many options. He was completely bound, exhausted and the molesting was certainly not helping his focus at all. His twitching dick felt like it was about to explode, and an orgasm could put him at a seriously satisfying disadvantage if he suddenly lost all of his stamina at once. His plans didn't include becoming snake chow, but with just one usable arm to his name, the orca's culinary fate was almost sealed. That was of course, until Markus discovered the reason for the heightened level of arousal he was feeling down between his legs.

Axel was infuriated. Such was his rage that he continued to wail down on his foe in an attempt to subdue his meal without paying attention to his lower body. Its duty was to constrict and support himself as he had his protein-fueled breakfast, but he failed to notice how slippery the Bruiser's cock had become thanks to excess pre-ejaculate coating the turgid shaft it was constricting. Axel suddenly started feeling the task to lean down and bite become increasingly more laborious, and a strange tugging was making it harder and harder to get to the Bruiser's head with his mouth. In fact, it was almost as if he was being pulled away from his prey.

At first, both parties were confused, mistaking the strangeness with the feverish lust they were both experiencing towards each other, but it was soon evident something weird was going on with Bruiser's erected phallus. While Bruiser certainly was relieved to see Axel slowly pulling back, the involuntarily retreating cobra tried pushing himself forwards, but merely found himself gripping the orca's shoulders for leverage.

Axel's eyes nearly doubled in size when he looked down. As a result of the mindless stroking and squeezing, Axel didn't realize that his tail tip had inadvertently pierced the orca's urethra. Axel couldn't help but blush in embarrassment; he had only seen and heard of this in far-off fetish sites before but wasn't sure it could be practiced in real life. Part of his tail hadn't just spread the orca's gigantic sex pole's entrance; it had entered a good few feet deep. His tail tip was sounding the orca's penis!

The Bruiser was spacing out from pleasure. His testosterone fueled mind couldn't process exactly what was going on amidst the hazy lust clouding his reason. A tremendous amount of wild pleasure was currently spreading from his stretched out dick, making him relax his body against his constricts. But Markus didn't even have to worry. By some twist of his unique biology, Markus' body wasn't merely enjoying that particular kind of penile intrusion, it was craving it. It was pleasure that was so impossible and unattainable that, responding to every sudden urge of pent-up need, his every muscle began to work to keep that sounding going, and also intensify it.

Markus' relaxed body suddenly tensed up, his buttocks squeezing tightly together and his thighs sandwiching his taut testes as he simply let the process happen. His dick was flexing, the black shaft of unnaturally flared meat gorging itself on snake tail by generating strong contraction-based suction. As this happened, the already titanic orca cock expanded its girth to accommodate the growing thickness entering its slimy depths. Markus had no idea this was even possible, but looking at his opponent who until now had been trying to eat him he sucked into his dick was a major turn on. Markus had no idea how it was happening; he didn't care; all he knew was that it was another sexy kind of flexing and he could work with that.

The orca delighted himself watching a helpless cobra giant lose his grip on his shoulders, being pulled down in a spiral around his huge body. Markus had to quickly sit up to allow this as Axel was pulled off him like an uncoiling rope. "Nom, nom, snake," Bruiser cruelly sneered between moans.

Axel was not just caught off-guard by the incredible phenomenon, but also at the insane amount of pressure that was feeding his lower body into the other giant. When the cobra lost his grip on Markus' shoulders and failed to grab his chest, he also lost half of his lower body in the process. He was being slurped in by that ravenous orca cock; he didn't know what to do. As his tail was worked inside the other giant male's body through the urethra, Axel was flabbergasted to see the Bruiser's engorged shaft struggling to contain the increasingly wider girth of his ascending coils. Every feet presented new difficulty to the hungry dick, but just as it had done during its initial swallowing, the massive cock merely became even more massively thick to accommodate its meal.

Markus couldn't taunt anymore at this point. He was beyond himself with pleasure, moaning and thrashing his head as he felt his precum being pushed back by the invader plugging the liquid's only exit. He didn't even notice his opponent grabbing him by the waist to hold for dear life, not wanting to find out what would happen if he happened to be worked all the way inside.

"Let go!" growled a desperate Axel as he dug his fingers onto Markus' chiseled flanks, but the orca couldn't communicate; he was too busy moaning his head off. Axel roared, powerless, as he made his best attempt to pull out, but every time he thought he got a foot or two out, the hungry orca cock merely redoubled its efforts and pulled even more of him inside. This strange tug-o-war continued for several grueling minutes until Markus' cock reached Axel's waist; the hungry orca penis was having trouble drawing him in past that point.

The snake thanked his new proportions for their opportune new thickness, his torso flaring out into the statuesque piece of musculature it was acting like a plug for the huge cock. However, Axel didn't know for how long boon was going to last. That insanely big dick had sucked his lower body in like a gigantic wet noodle; Axel could only grunt as he felt his dick twitching and throbbing inside that pulsing, angry black python. The irony of a big dick eating him like a snake would however wasn't striking gold with Axel. He wanted out. "How?" he asked himself while pondering to simply pull himself free, but what if that's what his predator wanted? He didn't want to put his hands down and try prying that sucking cockhead open just to fail and slip his hands in; escape would be impossible then.

Finally, Axel noticed his deluded opponent had lost control of himself and could only moan and thrash about. It was so obvious that he had missed it initially: He had to make the Bruiser cum! “I have to get this guy off or he’ll eat me...! He wants to cum more than anything. I’ll give him such a powerful orgasm that he’ll force me out. And then...” the cobra hissed maliciously, already thinking of how much he wanted to eat the giant orca after this humiliation.

Preparing himself, Axel got his hands around Markus’ terrifyingly thick shaft and began to work its sides, giving the orca a good double hand job. That massive dong had become so gigantic that not even with both of his hands could Axel hope to cover it all. The cobra left nothing to chance; he squeezed, scratched, pounded, slapped, and even wriggled his lower body inside of it for additional stimulation. Seeing Markus work himself up was making Axel confident in his unusual but seemingly effective strategy. “Not very long now!” the snake hoped, wriggling himself harder as he contorted his body to reach under the glans with his tongue. He carefully avoided the great sucking cum-hole, ensuring his safety before he began profusely licking the exposed orca-hood, kissing and even sucking on the flesh. “Come on, cum! Cum!” Axel found himself growling at his predator.

Unfortunately for the snake, Markus was lucid enough to interpret what was going on. His cock’s prey wasn’t surrendering; no, he was trying to escape! “Hell no, you’re cock food now!” Markus groaned, stuttering from the wild pleasure. Axel redoubled his efforts, but so did Markus. The orca flexed inwards and moaned, willing his hungry cock to hurry up. Somehow, his voracious dick responded to the command by swelling around its victim, drawing Axel in faster than ever before.

“No! You can’t do this!” Axel roared out loud, but it came off as more of a whimper instead. “Let go! Let go!”

“So you can eat me instead? Think again, morsel,” Markus laughed, seeing Axel writhe and lose his grip as one by one, his pair of abs vanished into his growing length. The orca could barely contain his elation as he could feel the cobra’s lower body heading towards his hips and nearing its final destination; he could barely wait for the finale.

“No no! I won’t eat you, I won’t!” Axel cried out, desperately trying to tear himself out but his worst fears realized when his hand also fell prey to that insatiable orca member. Axel felt his arm glue to his sides as he was devoured bit by bit, steadily being guided to dark oblivion. “I’ll even leave, I promise! I’ll leave you alone, I’ll leave everyone alone!” he pleaded, unable to see any other way out.

But the Bruiser would have none of that hogwash. “Mmm, sorry pal. Crossed way too many lines already!” Markus held his grossly over-stretched, extra-widened member with both hands and thrust his hips upwards. The bounce combined with gravity and the wild suction going inside the gorged penis meat was all those contractions needed to pull the muscle-bound cobra in. It took some effort, but Markus’ musky rod spread like a starving anaconda’s mouth before engulfing Axel past his broad chest. Axel wriggled his free arm in an attempt to find a grip, but as the orca glans began to sandwich his face in the cum-hole, the reptile’s eyes finally met darkness. Markus didn’t stop, he didn’t want to stop; he couldn’t stop. He kept working his meal down his penis, sucking his giant rival down to the last of his being. That burly arm was the final part of Axel that saw light, feet upon feet of bulky snake beef disappearing into the cetacean member.

Markus’s tongue rolled out and he panted, feeling how ridiculously stretched and disproportionately thick his member had become. It was like having an actual titanoboa attached to his groin; a titanoboa which had just finished engulfing its meal. Markus couldn’t believe he had actually trapped his opponent inside his manhood, but it decidedly felt good. It was something he would’ve

maybe only dreamt about eventually, since these things extreme fetishes could only happen with powerful bodies such as his own, but now that it was a real thing, Markus was on the verge of climaxing at the mere thought of having consumed another male with his cock.

Axel was trapped. He had no way to exit and despair was gripping his head. Was he going to die? He could only squirm and slowly slide downwards inside the orca, his tail already feeling wet with what he surmised was the heavy-set creature's balls full of pent-up semen. What was going to happen to him if he became trapped down there, would he suffocate? Axel didn't want to find out. He didn't have time for this. His mission hadn't changed; he had to take Sylver Inc., the murderer of his loved ones and many more, down! They couldn't be left alone doing whatever they wanted, they had to pay!

Mustering whatever amount of will-power he had left, Axel fought against his fate, ignoring the nausea caused by the intense, intoxicating amount of musk hitting his nostrils within his fleshy prison. He gripped the orca's inner duct with a hand and squeezed, feeling the entire cock throb as reaction. Axel growled and tugged with all of his might, actually managing to budge himself a little. He pushed his tail tip against what he surmised was the Bruiser's testicle bottom and sprang himself up, suddenly popping outside for fresh air once more.

"Ahh! What the?!" exclaimed a bewildered Markus as Axel's arm shot out of his dick and grabbed him by the neck. Axel, completely drenched and dripping with pre, had managed to launch himself out up to his chest and was trying to strangle him.

"You're going down, orca boy! I'm not through until I avenge my family and loved ones!" Axel roared in Markus' face, using all of his remaining strength to clutch and grasp, aiming to crush the Bruiser's thick neck.

Markus by himself had been caught so unawares that he was at risk of having his windpipe demolished by Axel's herculean strength. There wasn't a lot of time to think, so in his arm flailing, the orca used his own brute strength to uproot the biggest tree he could feel around for. Using it as a club, Markus bashed Axel again and again with it, pounding him with all of his might.

Unable to defend himself, Axel received the brunt of that blunt assault and gradually lost what little energy he had left. He felt his consciousness slip bit by bit, and his body losing in its struggle against the huge member. But still Axel tried to persevere, pounding Markus' chest, scratching him, biting his pecs, anything to live. He still had so much to live for; he had people to live for.

Markus, however, had a city to protect. He couldn't let powerful giants such as this cobra do as they wanted, damn the consequences. Even as Bruiser he understood he had to live in the same place as others; so he had to do his best for himself and for them too. Markus wasn't your typical hero and he was damn sure the cobra was going inside of him. Using the tree as an improvised plunger, Markus hit its bottom against Axel's head, forcing him back inside. With loud, slick sucking sounds, the growling cobra was put back in his place. This time however, Markus wanted to take no chances.

Not content with his enemy being back inside his tremendous member, Markus growled and jammed the tree into his glans' urethra. The orca hissed at first, overly stimulated by the roots scratching his insides, but the intense sensation immediately translated to pleasure. Markus panted and watched as he worked the tree's trunk into his meat hose, causing it to stretch even more. "Yes. Yes...! Get inside of me. Go take a dip. Mmmrrr... make me feel full!"

Unlike Axel, the tree quickly snapped and fell apart half-way, the pressure generated by that hungry

dick making sure to smash its comparatively brittle meal into smaller, more easily consumable fragments. Markus had no idea what was going to happen to Axel, but he had just discovered a very sexy new fetish; to sound his dick with huge objects.

Axel was assailed by heavy musk as he was forced into tightly packed chambers. He could tell that just like the dick that had consumed him, the Bruiser's balls had also expanded to accommodate him, so it was like being trapped inside a little acclimatized pool of very smelly, gooey whiteness. The organic heat that would've been unbearable to any other non-cold-blooded creature was actually making Axel thrive, but without the space to move, being forced to curl into the fetal position with his enormously long lower body, it was meaningless. He could feel control over his own body waning. He had lost. Axel had failed, and the heroic pervert had won. Axel had known from the start that he was wrong. All of the killing and meaningless destruction had just been an outlet for his self-contained rage. Deep down he knew he was no better than the bullies who had humiliated and destroyed so many people, but now none of that mattered to him. He couldn't think straight. His mind was slowly shutting down; feeling as if he was slipping into a very strong slumber. The last Axel's conscious mind was able to process was feeling floating wooden splinters bumping against his body, but even then he couldn't be sure.

Markus couldn't take it anymore. After that tree's last few branches had been consumed, his member returned to its original shape in a hurry, as if begging him to finish already. His balls had become so enormous that he was not going to be standing up on his feet anytime soon, grown over his thighs and legs and spilling onto the ruined park's craterous ground like deformed blimps full of spooge. Markus grabbed his phallus and wasted no time in jacking off, feeling a strange sensation take over as his balls started to shrink back to their usual measurements. Yet a new process was taking place at his sperm factories.

The devoured tree and cobra were being processed, broken down into more basic components that Markus' balls could work with. As if his hungry testes were an additional pair of stomachs, they had begun digesting their meal. The body within started losing its definition, slowly giving up its shape in favor of a new type of consistence similar to the liquid it was in. Both cobra and tree became indistinguishable from one another as they gradually were assimilated by the huge orca gonads. Whatever mass that couldn't be absorbed simply fell apart and turned into more semen, the rest of it traveling to Markus' body in a rush to empower it with rich nutrients.

This alternative digestive process granted the masturbating Markus with a boost in virility, making his dick grow past his head as he panted in delight. "Yes, yes... more!" he moaned as the process empowered him, turning the colossal beast into an even bigger one. Markus swelled taller along with his member, his balls returning to a more manageable size with every growth spurt making Markus enlarge. He soared past 40ft. tall and headed into the next stratum with his loudening lewd cries of bliss. His feet and legs stretched forwards the larger he became, bowling over the few trees he hadn't knocked over already, while his lengthening tail snaked across the opposite side, its fin scooping dirt and lamplights off the side-walk.

All throughout the alien process, Markus couldn't stop beating off, his oozing dick cascading gallon after gallon of orca pre all over himself and below. He couldn't stop jerking off, his frenzied sexual needs overriding every other thought as he could only think of expulsing his generously overbearing load. "Fuuuuuuuuck!" Sexual climax was achieved with a drawn-out roar as the orca threw his head back and his dick stopped throbbing only to blast out a thick geyser of sperm that began to rain down in heavy globs. People in the streets ran for cover as the grown-up giant coated himself, the park, the nearby parking lots and other buildings in the immediate perimeter with musky, creamy spooge. Markus unloaded and cried out in orgasmic bliss, feeling jolts of pleasure push him towards finishing himself off by squeezing and beating himself off faster despite being ejaculating already.



His blasts of hot cream continued and some even claimed it went on for five straight minutes, but one thing was for sure: This part of the city had just been marked by the gigantic orca.

When Markus officially came off it, his cum cannon's payload had died down into a still egregious stream of white, but at least it wasn't driving the insurance cost for cars up any longer. When he was finally able to stand back up, Markus nearly lost his balance at the sudden change in perspective, realizing he had ballooned up to 50ft. worth of orca muscle-god. His semi-flaccid cock was well on its way to flattening whatever was under it, having grown to an obscene length worthy of making Godzilla himself run away in fear. He was still glistening with sweat and cum, the morning sun reflecting the sheen on his wet blubbery orca skin. Markus looked off into the distance, ignoring the public cheering for his victory as he directed his attention over to the uptown part of Relibal. He clutched his fists tightly and a smirk curled up his face. "Hope the guys at Sylver don't mind if I drop in for some questions."

Markus left the park a complete, musky mess, but the townspeople were gladdened that the murderous cobra was gone. Down at the park the public service workers would later find gigantic leftover bones, part of a gargantuan cobra skeleton, all of it buried under the congealed orca splooge. It was clear that the cobra wouldn't bother anyone anymore.

As for Relibal's giant conglomerate, Markus, or at least Bruiser, wasn't very pleased with how they had pissed off another giant into coming to mess with his turf. Relibal wasn't big enough for two giants, and despite his clumsiness when he was Markus, and his unbridled animalistic need to hump when he was Bruiser, the orca wasn't about to let anybody else destroy his hometown. That was a lesson he needed to teach to the greedy stock-holders.

His throbbing black cock agreed.

The End.