

Two dog tags dangled on a shoelace, clacking together as their owner walked back and forth. When the wearer paused to look at a third dog tag resting on a bedside table, the jangling ceased, metal settling on a swell of white furred pectorals. Continued pacing brought the noise back to life, the triangles of an orchestra sounding in tempo with the pounding of the footfall kettle drums, coalescing into the rhythm that the choir of muttering used for meter. The black conductor's baton jutted from his hips, wavering, unsure if it wanted to add a third triangle to the symphony.

He fingered the tags hanging around his neck, metal warmed by the heat of his body and the insulation of his fur. The knot of the shoelace separated the tags near the holes through which the string was looped. He dragged one tag around the circle, tugging the lace along with the motion to make the knot rest in the nap of his neck rather than over his throat. The tags pressed up to one another like lovers sharing a twin sized bed after removing a pillow from between them. He moved the long brown braid that cascaded past his broad shoulders and down his wide over to his front, the black dyed tip tickling the base of his cock.

The yellow tag rested on top, the engraving upon the metal facing up. Running a nail across it, he traced the words: "The gift of growth". A present from a deity, infused with the powers of gold and size. As the glow emanating from the tag brightened, the wearer panted, his ears twitching as they nearly brushed the ceiling of his bedroom. His quads hardened, a cramp that eased itself from sudden tightness into pleasurable swelling, muscle burgeoning, being given a push that regular hours in the gym could scarcely replicate.

He touched the etching on the green dog tag, his body quivering as silent words tumbled from his mouth: "Foxes are meant to be big". The hardened dick throbbed, bouncing up, the head hitting its owner just below the chest. Grapefruit sized balls hung in front of his thighs, a fuzzy white sac stretched to tautness filled with potency that dribbled out the piping. A full length mirror beside his bed failed to capture the full picture of the enlarged male, reflecting only that which was bellow the waist. A step towards the glass caused the reflection to become smeared with his juices, clouding the view of his own hyper endowed beauty. He turned on a slight angle to prevent anymore damage coming to the mirror, his shaft hovering above the bedside table.

His knees trembled with thoughts of being bigger, more potent, more extreme. With the help of the two gods who had blessed him with his dog tags, achieving those dreams could be a reality whenever he desired. No further changes came to his form as he stood there, staring at what he could see in the mirror: a cock to satisfy size queens who didn't know what was really possible, muscle that could win professional competitions without needing to flex, and a soft coating of orange, black, and white fur that made the whole image almost cute. His bushy tail wagged behind him, the weight of it counterbalanced by the slight swing of his dick.

It was hot, or so he'd been told. It was cute, or so they had said. He grabbed at his hips, trying to pull at what little flab he could find, scowling as his pinching located a pocket of soft flesh. Fat, he told himself, letting go of his hip and turning away from the mirror while crossing his arms. He glanced over his shoulder, back at the lone tag on the table, currently sitting in a small puddle of his own precum. His fingers dug into his bicep, unable to dent the muscle, the fur parting for his grip. A powerful tug at his groin had him moaning, his arms dropping to his sides. With one hand squeezing his shaft, he reached for the last of the trio.

No words were carved into the bleached bone of the third dog tag. He turned it over in his fingers, checking for scuffs or scratches on the surface. His grip lingered on his cock as he tried to undo the

knot of the shoelace with one hand. The two tags on the string jingled, bells waiting for a knocker to make a truly resounding ring. He pulled the shoelace up and over his head, threading his braid through the loop, his hair ending up once more against his back, stuck in the crease of his lats. With twitching fingers, he untied the knot with the flat of the bone dog tag pressed into his palm. A quick slip of hand caused the loose tag to become threaded, the ivory sliding down the string until it collided with the golden tag. An otherworldly click reverberated through the room. He reformed the knot behind his neck to avoid having to deal with pulling on his braid again.

Zev sat down on his bed, the mattress sinking beneath the vulpine. His elbows on his legs and his head resting in his palms, the fox stared ahead, unfocused gaze transfixed upon the nothingness in the air between himself and the blank wall. The newly added dog tag burned against his chest, demanding that it be given attention. Green and yellow metal glowed, but were unable to reduce the heat of the white. The fox brushed his fingers through his hair, pulling strands out of the tightly wound braid. He took hold of the long chain, bringing it frontward once more to tug at the cloth keeping the whole mess together. Once the purple hairband was removed, he shook his head, tendrils of hair going in every direction before settling down over his shoulders and behind him. Unbound, his hair rested on the sheets, a mat of brown waiting to be weaved back into a single entity.

“Well,” he said to himself. “It’s been a while, hasn’t it. Didn’t think I’d be using you again any time soon, but when the mood strikes.” The fox shrugged. “So no holding back on me. We’re going full on out with this one. You hear me?” The tags gave no response. “No reservation. No regrets. Whatever happens, happens.” Zev rose, his arms hanging at his sides as best they could manage with his bulk, his head bent forward. “This is such a bad idea.” The ivory tag shivered, the white radiating a light engulfing black. He closed his brown eyes.

Sweat beaded on his brow, a small rivulet of water running around his eye, dripping down his cheeks to pool in the cleft of his pectorals. Fur rose as the heat in the room climbed, an ethereal wind ruffling the softness that coated the vulpine’s torso; his hair fluttered on the indoor breeze. The bedroom door slammed shut while the dog tags tinkled against one another. He tilted his head back, nose facing the roof, leaving a slight damp spot on the stucco that covered the ceiling.

Fire broke out across his body, the smell of burning fur mingling with the rising stench of sulphur. The inferno crackled as it eradicated any trace of liquid left on his skin. Sable flames sprouted from where his white and black fur once covered him, the orange of his coat replaced by the natural hue of a campfire blaze. His hair, ignited by the conflagration, burned a brilliant white, strands of flame licking the bed sheets without setting any of the linens alight. He breathed deep, the fire burning hotter as he inhaled, cooling as he exhaled.

Nothing remained of what was once a bushy ball of fluff he had called his tail. From the area above his glutes, a crackling of energy erupted, a spark of blue arcing away from his torso. A swish of his hips caused the bolt to fork, splintering itself into a nontet of electricity. The nine fragments thundered as jolts of lightning jumped from one branch to the next, flashes of light brightening the room, fighting the darkness that the flames of his body created. There were nearly as long as he was tall from base to tip; the bolts rolled together, wagging like the tail of a dog given a rather special treat.

From the blaze on his head, two ivory nubs poked free, elongating into a pair of draconic horns that curled backwards the closer the spikes reached the pointed tip. His ears wiggled, brushing over the sides of the protrusions. The horns cracked, the gut wrenching sound of a bone snapped in half, as they thickened and lengthened, reaching their full size, the tops extending above the point of his ears.

Zev lifted his arms up, holding them parallel to the ground. His chest rose and fell, pectorals squeezed together by the steady breathing of the fox. Two bumps formed below his armpits, stretching away from his torso as if to mimic the limbs resting directly above. Like a sculptor checking an original copy before attempting to recreate a masterpiece, the growths looked to the arms above for inspiration as to what should be done. Tissue turned to bone and muscle, formulating a faithful reproduction of what had already existed, granting the fox the boon of an additional pair of arms. True to their work, the artisans had ensured that the new arms were accompanied by a thick set of pectorals that hefted the originals up, pushing the swell of his chest into his chin.

Below the waist, another craftsman was trying to forge a piece of art. The workings of a second penis were already in the making, spooling from his groin beside the base of the genuine article. An equal in girth and length, the imposter fought for space, shoving the authentic dick to the side so that both could enjoy resting on the curves of his gonads while soft, the duality of malehood propped forward by his thighs. When the new shaft was finished forming, crowned as a king like its equal brother, the twins were indistinguishable, leaving it an impossibility to guess which was the true cock and which was the fake. Both stuck out forward, bouncing, uncaring that there was a crisis of identity for them to resolve.

He yawned, a set of enlarged canines sticking out from the side of his muzzle dripping with blackened saliva. The transformed vulpine opened his eyes, growling to himself when he saw nothing but a barren wall in front of him. A snap of his fingers from one hand caused the full length mirror to rise, floating in the space before its master. Another snap from a different hand, and the glass expanded, widening and lengthening so that it could reflect the full majesty of the one who commanded it. Pupils of orange flames danced in the mirror, the smile on his lips missing from the rest of his face.

Muscle pulsed beneath the conflagration. He kept his gaze fixed on the mirror, watching as the bulk of his body morphed, filling out thicker beneath the constantly shifting flames. The lower set of arms were incapable of resting at his sides, the hugeness of his lats propping his triceps up, forcing him to slowly increase the angle between arm and side, interfering with what little space the upper pair had. When he could no longer hang the bottom two at a 45 degree angle, he shrugged, four shoulders heaved upwards and rolled back. The muscle packed on faster, pushing the angle to a full ninety degrees before stopping.

The top pair of pecs engulfed his muzzle; the bottom set shoved the top one higher, the pillows of brawn squashed into his cheeks. Beneath the ribcage, abdominals crunched, an eight-pack burned into existence and formed on an anvil that had been destroyed by the power of what was crafted atop the metal. A pencil floated along, nestling itself between the folds and bumps of his stomach. The wood snapped as he flexed, graphite and splinters turned to ash after their purpose had been served.

A waist that could make a ballet performer jealous separated the glamour of his torso from the beastliness of his lower half. The ball lightning of tails whipped about, fleeing from the bubble butt that rose up and outwards to create the fox's ass. One bolt flicked around, the tip of it diving into the crack that acted as guardian to the entrance hidden between the marble cheeks. Zev moaned, strands of ebony liquid falling to his chest before burning up in a burst of fire. He pulled the tail out, allowing it to linger at the gateway, its eight companions left to crackle with ire at not being given the opportunity to please.

Supporting the monstrosity of a fox were a pair of legs too large to be attached to the rest of his body. The circumference of each quad more than doubled that of his hips, leaving him with thighs that squeezed together no matter how much he tried to spread his legs apart. So much muscle adorned his

frame that his calves were in a similar predicament to his thighs, the bulls connecting his paws to his knees flared to such size that the diamond shape associated with the muscle could not be discerned. The whole of him was an impossibility of brawn, defying physical laws by its existence. The left leg rolled around the right, a thundering step slamming the floor of the room, walls shaking with the tremors. Another step followed, quicker than its predecessor, resulting in a greater quaking.

His balls dropped, slamming into the ground, more shocks rocking the house as the weight of his genitals rapidly accumulated. The storehouse of his potency gurgled, pumping the fluids stored in his vats down the tunnel. A distension formed in his cocks, a medicine ball travelling down each shaft that left them stretched out to a matching size of the globs that were seeking release. Upon reaching the tips, the cocks lengthened, Zev made to waddle backwards to allow his dicks more room to grow. His butt crashed into the wall behind him, denting the plaster holding the room together. The dickheads hit the opposite wall, puncturing through and journeying onwards into the bathroom. At more than twice his height, they ceased lengthening, depositing a load of black semen into the tub, overflowing the porcelain with vulpine essence.

The anomaly of muscle flexed, lifting his arms and posing in a quadruple bicep, the under arms bumping the upper set up. Fiery white wisps billowed in the clefts of his pits. He stuck his nose into the top right underarm, breathing deep of the aroma of musk that wafted from his body. He dug his tongue into the makeshift hair, lapping up the earthy taste of sweat that collected in the crevices of male anatomy. The mirror fell, shattering and sending shards of glass scattering across the floor. Zev walked forwards, his sac knocked to the right as his left leg moved ahead, squashing the silver frame beneath his paw. His dicks bumped into the tiled wall of the bathroom in the room ahead. He pulled his head out from his pit, tongue lingering to enjoy the embrace of heat and man that resided in the four pockets created by his arms.

“Well,” he said, his deep voice resonating in his doubled chest, a bass that had the shards of glass on the floor shaking, “it’s a start.” He brushed his hands through his flaming hair, the burning white flung behind him as casually as an actress readying herself for a photo shoot. “It needs more.” He pumped a hand along his right cock, unable to encircle the girth even if he were to use the assistance of the other three grips. “It needs worshippers.”

He turned, cocks smashing through walls that got in his way. The doorframe and surrounding plaster was knocked aside to make room for the enormity of his form. Stairs collapsed under his weight as he walked down them, a trail of destruction following him as he exited his house. His dicks were out of the building before he was, watering the lawn with a healthy dose of cum. Zev buried his head into his pecs, sniffing at the scent of lust that hinted to what was tucked safely beneath his arms. After several deep breaths, he plucked his nose out of his chest and strode forward, charging out into the daylight and into the world of a what had previously been a pleasant weekend for everyone.

“Who shall be first?” the fox roared to the sky, projecting his words across the neighbourhood. Lawn mowers were momentarily shut off to hear the echo of his challenge. “Not that you really get to choose,” he added as he looked around the street. His dicks pulsed to see the gawking faces of people silenced by his presence. A car driving past crashed into a stationary vehicle, breaking the spell of awe. The owner scrambling out the passenger side door. Screams began in earnest, people fleeing away from the being of flame, lightning, and sex. “Their terror is erotic.” The fox licked his lips as he plodded towards the man who had interrupted Zev’s grandiose entrance.

Sprawled on the cement, a wolf wearing a suit and tie struggled to get back on to his feet. The vulpine

watched as his victim attempted to rise. The lupine yelped and fell over, clutching at his left leg, the limb swollen and twisted from its proper position. Zev loomed over the stranger, the double shafts providing enough shade to cast the wolf in darkness, bars keeping him from seeing the sun. His whimpers resulted in thick beads of precum splashing on the ground over a dozen feet away from him. He scooted backwards, flipping to his front to crawl away from his source of fear. A hiss of fire, a snap of a finger, and the wolf found himself floating through the air, limbs stuck to his side by invisible bounds. The vulpine's grinning visage, perched atop a black blaze of pectoral, filled the wolf's eyes.

"Be honoured," the fox spat, saliva smacking the wolf in the face like a splash from a spoon left under a running tap. "You will be a base for so many others." Zev brought the struggling canine closer, their noses pressed together, fire burning through the business attire to expose the wolf. "Your demon god has declared it so." Muzzles touched, Zev's tongue snaking out to wriggle its way into the sealed maw of his squirming lover. Slick with fluid, the tongue slipped inside, bringing with it the taste of acid and cum. The wolf shuddered, slumping forward as his ears flattened and his tail tucked. "Don't act so defeated. Everybody's a little bit gay. I just intend to make sure you're very gay." Fangs dug into the wolf's neck, piercing flesh to inject the prey with poison.

The canine writhed, held aloft in the air by mystic forces with nothing to impede the twitches and jerks of his limbs. Grey fur picked up shades of greens, blues, and browns. A fissure of red drowned out the other colours across his stomach. Zev's hands caresses the spellbound wolf, steadying the thrashing body before it could harm itself with a stray jilting of an arm or leg. The demon grabbed his hostage by the balls, yanking on the scrotum, stretching it down to fill the sapphire tinted sac with virility. A shaft of deep brown rose, a cock to match the size of its owner's gonads.

Zev rotated the suspended body around, the wolf hanging upside down with his cock thumping against the green of his chest and muzzle. A smile of pleasure spread the lupine's cheeks, his eyes rolled back to reveal the bloodshot whites. "Enjoying yourself now, are we?" Zev lowered the hanging canine, his captive's ears resting atop the curvature of the fox's left dick. "It feels good to be a man. Or I suppose what your kind would consider to be a decent man. Too much cock for you to think, with balls bigger than your brain. You have no control over your actions in this state. Why, if I were to let you down, you'd have no desire for anything other than to please yourself. The object of your desire pulls on your groin. You can see it on mine as well, the embodiment of a man. Cock is what brings you joy. What difference does it make if it is yours or someone else's?

"Now imagine with me a world of men who understand this. No more wasting time trying to pretend they care about status. No one screwing around trying to impress others with actions. Nobody fucking it all up with a sorry attempt at a social structure. Just raw animalistic passion and pleasure. An endless planet of lust, of men living each moment to enjoy what they are created to enjoy: sex. Sizes won't matter. Shape will be meaningless. Ability will be inconsequential. Sex will control, with me at the reigns, the only one with thoughts that aren't just about fucking. Oh but I will enjoy myself there for eons. This body is built for pleasure like your own, amplified to a degree you do not deserve to experience.

"Rejoice, my chosen object. You will be the base for this brave new world. People will remember you as the being who helped their king found a paradise. Assuming anybody can remember anything other than carnal desire." Zev laughed, his four armed embrace grinding the wolf into a bone breaking hug, the lupine's nose pressed into the depths of Zev's crotch. Musk filled the canine's senses, the cock tucked beneath the demon's arms firing a volley of spunk into a black and growing puddle that covered the lawn. "The first of many before your last. Now, show me how much you want it." The wolf flipped

over, his personage slowly lowered to the ground, balls touching the solid earth before his feet. “Show your king what a good little slut you are, or prove that you aren't gay.”

The puppet rocked on his paws, grunting as he tried to maneuver the weight of his junk. His lightly overweight frame failed to move the anchor stuck between his legs. He whimpered, banging at his shaft, moaning as the blows to his meat caused it to release another load of semen, a white blast that coated the bricks of the home across the grass. Zev watched with arms crossed over his chests, tails lashing through the air with the cry of thunder. The wolf collapsed on his own junk, panting, paws kicking at the ground in one last attempt to propel himself forward. Incapable of movement, he settled for raising his tail, revealing a hole that had never seen any attention in its lifetime.

“You think I'll fit?” Zev rumbled, a hand slapping the bared rump. The wolf nodded, groaning as his tail rose higher. “You think your formerly straight ass can handle one of my dicks up it?” The wolf whined, a puppy being denied affection after a long test of self control. “I should hope so.” Zev stepped back, cracking the pavement under his feet as he positioned himself far enough away to align his cocks with the awaiting hole. “Or else I'm not doing a very good job of my work. And let's be honest” Zev thrust forward, two heads squeezing together into an opening a fraction of their size, the blow lifting the wolf off his balls. “I'm fucking amazing at what I do.”

He drove the lengths in deep, unbothered by the bulge in his condom's stomach that contorted to the shape of both cocks, a fuzzy container deformed by the contents. Zev plowed his way in, grabbing hold of the canine's hips once the fox's arms were in reach and yanking the wolf down the rest of the way. The buried dicks throbbed, their impaled protector sent up and down with their whim. Blackness oozed out of his maw, dribbling from his muzzle, splashing into the pool that resided across the grass. The demon sighed as he stroked the backside of his new sheath, claws tracing the shape of a vein through the blue and green fur of the covering.

“Ready to have a ball?” Zev laughed as his cocks erupted, seed distending the belly of the wolf farther, testing the elasticity of the canine. Whatever room could be provided was rapidly filled with semen, the excess bubbling out of his mouth. “We appear to have a leak.” A snap of a finger barred the lupine's muzzle shut. The belly domed, sinking towards the earth, the weight supported by a pair of horizontal pillars. “You have my seal of approval. You make one terrific cock-sleeve. But I sphere you'll only get to enjoy it for so long.” Muffled noises passed through the wolf's lips, the trapped words vibrating through the cum in his body, creating ripples that tickled the bottom of Zev's shafts. “Puns: the surest sign of demonic intent.”

The wolf expanded, the red streak across his belly widening along with his stomach, a warning sign for those in front to bail out of the way or be smothered beneath a circle of fuzz filled with jizz. His stomach touched base, taking the burden off of the demon's cocks. Zev turned around, dragging his cumdump over the dirt, a furrow forming in the grass that filled to create a puddle of jizz. Blue balls and brown cock were squished between the red gut and the night fire of Zev's nuts, the wolf's loads painting his belly with snowy peaks.

Zev marched through the street, his herald swelling larger to proclaim the coming of his god and king. Cars were knocked aside by the spunk heavy blob, the details of a body lost as the gut grew, arms, head, and legs all trapped in the outer recesses of the cum sphere. The body blocked Zev's view of what was ahead. A house was knocked aside to make room for the home-sized wolf. Zev smacked the side of his personal furred balloon, listening for the sloshing of semen within the skintight bubble. His cocks pumped without any visible decrease in the size of his orbs.

He watched the rate of expansion damper, slowed to the point where his steady production resulted in minimal inches gained to the diameter of the whole resting around his dicks. The demon rubbed with his lower hands what was once a wolf with an office job, the upper two busily exploring and squeezing his own musculature. "Decisions, decisions, decisions. This location will do just fine, I'm sure. But so many options when there is so much power to use. What say you, planet-in-the-making?" The mass of fur covered spunk gurgled. "Yes, that would be the obvious option, wouldn't it. Make myself bigger to keep pace with you. How droll, boring and uninteresting. A parlour trick when I have an arsenal of sorcery at my beck and call." Another gurgle. "You don't get to decide if there's more cock in you, slut. Just take it like a good little straight man."

Zev peered to the left and right, looking above and past the shoulders that should have blocked his muzzle from moving to the sides. Streets devoid of cars, empty of people and life, greeted his scowl. "Pansies and cowards," he growled. "Where are the worshippers, the cultists, and the people begging to be my champions? Do they not know that they have the opportunity to witness the creation of utopia for man?" His tails cracked, a dot on the horizon rushing towards the awaiting demon. The onrushing speck stopped with its nose stuffed into Zev's armpit, a leanly built cat twitching his tail against burning muscle. "You have precisely two seconds to tell me what I want to know before you lose the chance. Where did everybody go and why were you not here when you should have been? Oh look, that's two seconds already. Times up."

The vulpine lowered his arm, trapping the invited feline between lat, tricep, and armpit. With each flick of the cat's tail, the appendage was pulled in closer to the crevice of fermented male odour. One last twitch, and the tail was no more, sucked into the depths of rankness. Zev lifted up his arm, the feline's body nowhere to be found. Nose embedded into the pit, Zev sniffed, savouring the flavours of spice, bonfire, and pheromone that accosted his nostrils. He licked out what sweat his tongue could find, rolling drops of beaded rankness across his tastebuds. "Needs more fox to get rid of that litter box after taste."

His balls roiled, the din of his production lost beneath the sloshing of the globe he was creating. Zev scratched his nuts, bringing two hands to nose and inhaling, fillings his lungs with musky air. "It needs to be stronger. All of it more. They refused to come to their god, they shall be brought to their knees for their disobedience." He stamped, fissures spreading out from the impact, concrete and pavement sundered by the artificial quake. "So much more than snacks, the first ones to inhabit a planet that would have given them all they want." Zev scratches at his chin. "No. I suppose this was inevitable. And this way is just so much more fun. Yes, I think we've decided on how to make you nice and plump. You've been real swell to wait like this."

Palms upturned to the sky, Zev closed his eyes. He slowly clenched his fists, the brawn in his arms flexing, unrealistic amounts of muscle fighting for space with one another, shoulders trespassing on the territory of biceps, triceps casting shadows on forearms. One by one, he unfurled his fingers, a bolt of energy firing from each digit as it straightened out. With all twenty fingers tensed, he spoke. "Come. You have forfeited your chance to be whole. Instead, you shall become part of the whole. Come and receive your sentence for disobeying."

From all points on the compass, figures rushed towards the channeling demon, tied to the indomitable will that had them suspended in the air, dragging them through trees and buildings without causing any injury to their personage. They formed a semicircle around him, twenty people bobbing on the unseen current of magic that rippled through the cosmos, bringing them to their ultimate fate. None spoke as

they eyed the burning vulpine and the slowly expanding mass of colours that was attached to the multi-limbed summoner.

“You are probably asking yourselves why I brought you here today. And if you aren't asking that, you're not an idiot, so good on you.” Zev spoke towards the belly of the wolf, paws rubbing the cum filled gut, stirring the mixture bubbling within. “Your questions are a waste of my time. You're food. You could have been giants if you wanted. Or have cocks large enough to span oceans. Any desire you wanted, it could have been granted. But no, you ran like cowards. Yellow bellied cowards who are afraid of the inevitable night. So now you'll fulfill my desires. And I'm hungry.”

Zev snatched up the first body he could reach, tugging towards himself a stout cheetah. The feline squirmed, whined and pleaded that he be spared whatever unknowable fate was to befall him. Feet aligned to Zev's muzzles, the fox opened his maw, gripping with all four hands to push his meal into his throat. The cheetah screamed as he struggled, but could not break free of the hold that pinned his arms together. Black saliva dripped over his thighs, slickening the lower portion of his body. The demon's throat barely bulged as he stuffed more of the cat down.

Waist deep, the cheetah's sobs ceased, turning into the moans of a man spending some alone time in his bedroom. His cock rose, teased to erection by the tongue upon which his thighs rested. Twin fangs pierced his rump, the puncture marks filled with toxins. He bucked his hips, grinding his dick into the wet surface that provided pleasure unlike any mouth he had used. The humping continued as his chest was swallowed, a growing set of balls showing as a slight bump in Zev's neck. One more gulp brought the feline all the way in, nothing more to be seen of him but the contours he made within the fire.

The lump travelled down, revealing itself as a distension in Zev's abs, muscle stretched to the point of losing the definition it has once had. He belched, rubbing over the squirming mass within his stomach, his meal continuing to try and find relief. “I wasn't expecting him to actually be yellow bellied. Some coincidences are just too wonderful, wouldn't you agree?” He yanked another of his onlookers, the fox staring into the eyes of one of his kin, an arctic who had shed the winter coat of white in favour of a cooler summer brown. “And two good turns of fortune in a row, why, you'd almost think they weren't coincidences at all.”

Whimpering into the fluff of his tail, the arctic fox was crammed headfirst into the armpit that had consumed the first victim of the day. The nook beneath Zev's upper left arm had no visible opening to it, simply another area of flame that crackled across his body, but the substitute odourizer sunk into the crevice, head and shoulders shoved into a hole that didn't exist. The arctic's feet kicked, paws banging into the lower arm's bicep. Zev flexed, muscle on his arm surging to a size that surpassed his cranium, pinning the arctic's legs between mountain and horseshoe. When the demon relaxed, there was no evidence anybody had been sandwiched between his arms.

Zev snuffed at the musk, breathing a heavy sigh of satisfaction when the smell that greeted his nostrils was rich with spice, maleness, and vulpine essence. He lapped at the underarm, drinking boiling sweat that simmered on his tongue before going down, a chaser to help settle the meal still wriggling within his gut. A quick check to the other side's armpit had him snapping his tails, a jolt of blue brightening the darkness that emanated from his body. He stuck fingers beneath the pits his nose could not reach, the lower two beyond the scope of his impossible flexibility. A sniff of his hands led to a suckling of the digits, deep rumbles vibrating in his chests. The squirming in his stomach settled.

“That's unsatisfactory.” Zev glanced to his sides, trying to make out some of the other eighteen guests



still left in attendance. “No he was delicious, don't get me wrong. But he wasn't filling. Didn't last nearly as long as I would have liked. Who among you thinks they can do better?” The rolling of thunder and hissing of fire filled the silence. “Really, nobody? Not one of you thinks you'll make a better meal. Oh, that's not entirely true, is it?” Zev tugged the tail of a husky, the portly canine's bellyfat jiggling beneath his t-shirt. “You know you'll make quite the snack. I'm inclined to agree. A husky husky is just what I wanted.”

Zev grabbed his entree by the rump, squeezing the tender flesh until the canine barked. “One just isn't enough though. We can do better than just one. Let's see here. We've got a fat, so we need a carbohydrate, a vegetable, and a protein to round it off.” His three free hands plucked more guests, fistfuls of butts getting pinched and grabbed, eliciting a mixed chorus of pitiful cries and reluctant moans. “Well you'll have to make do in place of a proper diet.” In his clutches, Zev held a gangly otter, a well fed moose, and a muscular bull. “And you kind of fit the requirements anyway. Except for the otter. But carbs wouldn't be good for my figure. Twice the protein is just what the demon ordered.”

Like a juggler going through the motions on stage, he tossed his dinner into the air, four voices screaming in terror as they were launched to the clouds, thrown in a circle by four paws. Round and around they went, watching one another spin and flip, drenched by the occasional spray of spittle that their captor fired. They witnessed their bodies changed: the otter grew taller without gaining any development, the moose becoming thicker without putting on height, the muscles of the bull inflating to a size to rival the performer, and the husky ballooning with fat.

The vulpine opened his maw as he flung the otter skyward, releasing the mustelid from the act. Fifteen feet tall, the otter cleared the top of the ball of colours that was attached to Zev's dicks before plummeting, a nose dive that led straight into the awaiting mouth. The fox swallowed, taking in the entirety of the otter like a long wet strand of spaghetti. Zev slurped the tail, making sure to show off the tip of the appendage between his fangs before vacuuming it up. His stomach swelled out to make room for the new resident.

Following in kind, Zev performed a similar trick with the bull, the oversized bovine looking like a bodybuilder inflated by an air pump. Not even the bull's fingers could move as he was heaved heavenward, a gift to see the world one last time from a never before experienced vantage point. His pecs blocked the view of anything other than his own brawn, the present squandered. He landed feet first into Zev's muzzle, and was shortly gobbled, the monster's tongue licking between folds of sinew as he savoured the taste of beef. The belly domed out, but the abdominals retained their appearance, if somewhat misshapen by the three bodies trapped inside.

The husky and moose went airborne at the same time, their pudgy bodies clinging together as they collided some fifty feet above the ground. Stones without support, they dropped from the sky, a double cannonball headed towards the ravenous pool waiting below. Zev glurked as he found his muzzle forced open further, the fattened forms of canine and cervine stuck in his maw. He reached up and shoved down on the puffy bellies, fingers digging into fat and fur. Push after push had them sinking in deeper, their rotund physiques visible beneath the fires of Zev's neck. He shoved, and they went lower, until finally he had his fingers in his mouth and two more people in his stomach, giving him a gut that rivalled the size of his whole body.

He picked at his teeth while rubbing over his swollen middle, prodding at the limbs and torsos that writhed within his body. Their struggles lessened, but his stomach continued stretching, and the shapes that pressed at the inner walls grew more obvious. Zev hummed to himself as he placed a raccoon on

top of the ball of expanding blackness. "Let them do some of the heavy lifting for me. Growing is fun and all, but having people grow inside of you? And knowing they are just going to make you bigger? Well, doesn't that just sound amazing to you?" Zev moved the procyon's head up and down. "Glad you agree with me. It only seems fair that you get the chance to experience it then. I would never want to deny somebody their desires after all."

Pleas and cries for mercy went unheard as Zev leaned forward, chests squeezing his target between muscle and a crowded belly. Fangs sunk into the raccoon's shoulder, the puncture marks sealing shut once Zev removed his teeth from the chunk of flesh, a trail of acidic goop linking them together. The smaller male groaned before falling on his back, rocked by a series of spasms that had him smacking the hard wall of fire that was the demon's stomach. A minute transpired, the raccoon relaxed, panting as he stared into a curtain of smoking white obscuring the sky. Zev brushed his hair aside.

"Can't have you hurting yourself. Now that you're going to be nice and stretchy, how about we start fulfilling that wish of yours?" The vulpine snatched up four of the party in his hands, the other nine ensnared and shocked by the kitusne's tails. He dangled a black cat above the raccoon's head, the feline swung back and forth by the tail. "You're just having a constant run of bad luck today. Numbers and omens just aren't going your way. That's what you get for being a weakling, no ability to make your own luck. We can change that though. Just open wide, and let your god do the work. So what if he's bigger than you are? You can handle him." Zev released the cat, who screeched as he started falling towards the raccoon. "I made sure of it."

The procyon's mouth flew open, unhinged at the jaw like a snake preparing to gobble down a meal. Into the void went the emissary of poor fate, the cat's tail flicking for a moment against the raccoon's nose before the maw was shut, a lump bigger than the raccoon's body travelling down his neck, stretching his stomach out to accommodate another person. The reluctant predator moaned, his centre of gravity shifting, weight on his stomach dragging him to the earth. He rolled to the side, tumbling down the belly of the vulpine before being stopped by a palm. A pair of blazing eyes filled with mirth greeted him.

"Another, you say?" The raccoon was made to nod with the help of Zev's fingers. "Bet you didn't know you had it in you. And you don't yet. Maybe you'll adjust once we go through the rest of these willing participants here. Don't they all seem just ready to please and eager to contribute?" None of the twelve souls clutched in his grasp uttered a sound. "Assholes. You keep getting chances and blowing it. So if you're so keen on being asses, how about you get a formal introduction?" Zev rolled the raccoon over, the procyon made to rest on his belly, stomach to stomach with the fox. The ringed tail rose, exposing a boney rump. "Seconds are on the way."

Zev slammed the next victim into the raccoon's hole too quickly for the demon to make out what species had just lost his chance to enjoy a life of pleasure. The raccoon screamed, a holler of pain that could not overpower the harmony of pleasure that reinforced the musical shout. His stomach thickened, two forms within clawing at the innards, scrambling to try and find a way out from their prison. Zev's stomach gave an appreciative rumble, the contours of his victims no longer showing, leaving him with an expanding ball of fat that threatened to push the wolf on his cocks off. The base of the twin shafts were visible once more, glistening with ebony cum that seeped out of what was presumably the canine's rear.

The mass of blue, brown, green, and red gurgled. Whatever had once been the wolf's tail could not be found across his backside. From the sides, no trace of legs or arms could be discerned. The front

offered no view of his face. If not for the oversized genitally that jutted out beneath, he could have been confused for an enormous sphere, plump with spunk and filling up slowly, a plugged bathtub with a leaky faucet ready to overflow the lip of the porcelain.

A pat to his own gut sounded like a kettle drum being hit with a hammer. "I need to watch my figure, or I'll end up like him." Zev's belly growled, shifting beneath the raccoon who was rocking back and forth trying to settle the war that was been wagged between the two occupants in his stomach. The demon lifted the procyon up, two hands hoisting the writhing mass of male off of Zev's shrinking middle. Muscle packed itself on to the kitsune's frame, compounding the issue of his own mobility without interfering with his movements. Though his arms should not have been able to budge, he continued to flex and swing them around, growling as he watched biceps bigger than trucks fight for room.

His height followed along, the fox rising into the sky with a booming laugh that shattered glass. Unable to spread his legs, the sinew bulged to the sides, quads growing, a herd of elephants supporting his body, enabling for more size to find its way on to him. He cleared the wolf ball, able to see over the fattened canine, past the curve of green and brown and into the distance, into a land with towering buildings that would crumble from his might. They would be dust under his feet before he was done with this planet.

Somebody wailed. The offending party was stuffed up Zev's ass, lightning tail following along with the meal, a tingle of pleasure spreading from his anus to his loins. The sable gonads roiled, swelling, lifting him off his feet as they plumped to match pace with the rest of his growth. His cocks elongated, the sphere attached to them grinding into the ground as it was made to move again, both heads appearing as outlines in the red fissure that covered the front of the ball. A second person was gifted the joy of providing the demon with anal pleasure, a second tail joining in the fun of tickling his sphincter.

Squirming in his hands caused him to focus on the raccoon instead of the tail fucking. "Oh I promised you growth, didn't I. We'll get right on that, after a lesson in sharing. You got to eat two, so I got to eat two. I'll feed you one, then I get to eat one. Then I'm just going to finish off the rest of you because I'm bored and this is taking too long. Take a guess where the next one is going to go." The raccoon opened his mouth, moaning, the battle in his stomach still going strong. "So close, so wrong at the same time. You need to think with your head more, not your head." Zev laughed, the boom of his voice giving way to a moan as a crack of thunder echoed from his ass. "Let's see. Seven back there, and two in my hands. Better make this easy on us both and just give you both."

Zev tugged on the procyon's cock, stretching out the member into a two foot pool, backed by balls that were woefully undersized. A pair of coyotes found themselves with ears pressed into the drooling erection of a raccoon, smooshed together between the hands of their captor. A push forward had the urethra of the raccoon deforming like a rubber band, creating an opening for the two canines to enter, a water slide with a pool waiting for them at the bottom. Zev poked at their paws, sending them down the chute and on their way. The slit snapped shut as soon as the toes had cleared the opening, the faces of the coyotes materializing in the balls, one on each side, rubbing into the sac from within, eliciting desperate cries of need from the host. Upon reaching their final destination, the raccoon's gonads were keeping him as immobile as his belly.

"Looking good. I think I could still fit you into an elevator, though. You've got a lot of work to do if you want to be my size." Zev's tails flicked, the last of his captives sent at break neck speeds in the direction of his appendage's whimsy. One tail curled to the front, depositing the head and shoulders of a trembling mouse into the demon's muzzle. He slurped on the rodent, sucking in the entirety of the

mouse's body with one gulp, the pink tail trashing in the final moments of the snack's defiance. "And you've got a lot of work to do if you think that you're filling. Can't any of you provide a decent meal?"

Body after body went down the vulpine's esophagus, his neck constantly stretching with the forms that were forced down into his stomach. Though seven more were consumed by the demon, no shifting and deformation of his abdominal walls were visible. He patted his stomach, a belch accompanied by a jet of black flame erupting from his mouth, singeing the skyline with acrid smoke. The haze fluttered down, blanketing the fox and raccoon in a thin coating of ash. Zev's body heat burned the offending dust out of existence, the procyon left to blink and moan beneath the gritty coating.

A kiss on the muzzle had the raccoon quivering atop the mounds of people that were stuffed within himself. Liquid putrescence filled what little space remained within the bloated mammal's stomach, the strand of toxin linking victim and tormented as Zev smiled upon the handiwork. "We've still got two steps left before you get your wish fulfillment fantasy made reality. Oh, that's right. It's mostly my fantasy. Not a problem, a willing participant makes it fun. And an unwilling participant makes it even better." The fox lifted the struggling raccoon up, encasing the subservient male's cock in the furnace of the demon's muzzle. A mighty puff caused the procyon's balls to double in size, inflated with air and venom. Zev sucked on the dick, the raccoon squealing in pleasure. "Delicious. I give you a 9 out of 10 for flavour. And if you were wondering about the others, they were all nine too. You're all just scrumptious."

The raccoon's belly rippled, his balls copying the motion, the hands and feet of the people trapped inside continuing to fight for freedom. A banshee's wail came shrieking from his muzzle as his skin stretched farther to make more room for those who could not escape. He tried to rub his gut to settle it, to make the men within cease their struggles, but he could not reach around his own belly, the mass of it growing farther away from his arms as the seconds ticked past. His gonads suffered a similar punishment, amassing weight enough to keep the rest of his body supported atop the two coyotes that were swimming in a sac full of cum and venom.

"I wonder what they are becoming in there," Zev said as he poked and prodded the shapes that resided within the raccoon. "One might be gifted with extra legs. I hope he has a cock between each set. One might be getting fatter and fatter and fatter, each breath he takes making him put on weight. I should make sure to try that with somebody later. One might have become the cock for another. I dare say that's how I plan on adding my third down the road." He held the procyon in all four paws, supporting the near shapeless mass of brown and ringed fur. "That's what makes mutagens so much fun. A little randomness is fucking spice for sex."

"And now that you've gotten your wish, it's time you help me with mine. Bon voyage." All four paws were used to stuff the raccoon into Zev's muzzle, jaw unhinged and opened as wide as it could to stuff the bounty of expanding procyon into the demon's gullet. Two fists pushed the meal down once it was safely lodged into his mouth, the lump in his neck expanding the longer he allowed it to stay stuck in his throat. He swallowed, a vortex consuming a ship, and there was no more evidence left of the twenty people he had condemned for their misdemeanour. Zev picked at his fangs with a claw, licking up any of his own saliva that dribbled out the corners of his mouth. The lowest row of his abs lost their definition for the hint of a moment before returning to rigid perfection. "Enough wasting time. The fire has fuel. Let's make us a paradise."

Waves of heat radiated from the demon as his body swelled thicker, taller, all around more massive. Muscle on top of muscle on top of muscle, where there wasn't room for more brawn his body found a

way to pack more on anyway, head to toe covered in sinew that pulsed with the fires that defined his being. He flexed, and the houses on the street that had survived his escapades until now crumbled, broken apart by the physics altering existence of the deity. His appearance shifted one moment to the next. A gout of flame, a giant with four arms, an immobile mass of muscle, a pair of balls and two dicks; he was all of them at once, moving with the fluidity one form provided, overriding the limitations inherent in a different state.

Magma smoldered at his feet, spreading across the pavement, turning the cement, concrete, and bricks from the homes into a lake of lava. Trees and grass burst into cinders, the charred remains disintegrating as the wind picked up the charcoal remains. He sank lower into the earth as he rose higher into the clouds, preventing his ankles from ever becoming submerged in the volcanic bath. The street rapidly reduced to rubble and waste around him. A single step was enough to bring the neighbouring streets to ruin, his exponentially accelerating growth hastened by his desire.

The ball of cum inflated wolf attached to Zev's cocks was jostled. No more were the genitals of the canine visible beneath the multi-hued belly. The dumping grounds for Zev's pleasure was naught but a perfect sphere with a puckered hole on one end and an indent in the other, the entry point for Zev's dicks and the head of his members making themselves known. As Zev expanded, so too the ball kept pace, elastic skin stretching with a groan that was barely audible beneath the sloshing of contained semen.

Zev's tongue lolled from the side of his mouth, corrosive saliva falling to the world below, splashing into the pits of magma that were left in his wake. He walked around the planet as he fucked the globe he was crafting, devastating the populations that were unlucky enough to be in his path. Some fell into the pools of lava, others were crushed under foot, turned into paste that was swiftly absorbed into the soles of the demon to make his paws grow a fraction larger. No body was wasted, no matter how it met its end. The souls of those who were burned were bound to the vulpine, spirits whose sole purpose now was to caress and pleasure their overlord, until such time as he would become bored and absorb the spectres' powers into his own.

Provinces, states, countries – the dividing machinations of men who define their lives by borders and restraint: such things were beneath the fox as he pumped endless waves of spunk into the makeshift condom. The heel of his paws dug into imaginary barriers, lines on paper that had no physical representation in reality. Land split, making way for the core of the dying planet to bubble up to the surface and add to the chaotic ruination. Zev squatted, scooping up handfuls of magma in his lower arms and bringing the bounty to his muzzle, drinking down the spicy nectar he had been using to wash his paws. He licked his lips, a puff of napalm expelled from his mouth carried by the wind, with the hope that it would ignite a location not already annihilated by his presence.

He brushed over the streaks of blue and green that darkened and spread across the blossoming replacement for his home. The blue sank into the skin. Areas of brown rose on the surface, spiking into mountain ranges. Where the green retained its colour, bumps and hills were created. If the surface remained flat, the green turned to yellow, plains of grass as far as the eye could see. Zev rolled the ball over to the other side, crafting desserts, forests, and bogs for his planet. Beneath his fingers, the globe was reshaped, repurposed from a man into a place for men.

Zev curled his toes. The last of the world under his feet crumbled, squeezed into debris that floated through the emptiness of space. He scooped up the destruction into his hands, crunching down on the earth and rock like a child biting into a jawbreaker. A swallow later, the demon gazed at the void he had

made, a once unbroken chain now missing the third bead in the set. In its place, he offered a near duplicate to the original, one corrupted by his will.

He swung his hips, positioning the globe attached to his cocks into the gap in the celestial necklace. With a noiseless pop, Zev pulled out, exposing his dicks to the nothingness of space, twin streaks of cum blasting into the void. He rolled the planet over, admiring an expanse of bubbling red upon the surface. The demon closed his eyes, a finger touching the bloody mark on the sphere. An ocean of lava surrounded him, his personal infernal bath.

Zev leaned back against a throne of obsidian, humming to himself as he idly stroked along his lengths, tilting them this way and that to get himself covered in his own spunk. He ducked under the lava, coming back up with a glittering splash of embers, his burning white hair framing his head and shoulders in a heavenly glow. A snap of a finger conjured a mirror in front of him, reflecting the double pecs, four arms, and overripe muscles that covered his frame, the rest of his body submerged under the molten liquid. Eyes on himself, he sniffed beneath an armpit, inhaling the musk and sulphur, the natural result of his manliness.

“But what’s a king without some servants and worshippers? Let’s go see how everybody is doing.” He rose from the pit of lava, a beast of brawn, sex, and fire, heralded by the duo ropes of dark cum that endlessly fired from his cocks. Trees parted to make room for the demon. The lakes and oceans of the world split as he waded through on dry land. Wind brushed through his hair, hot strands of flame drifting behind his torso like a cape. The elements of the planet knew to fear their creator.

He stumbled across a plain in which people were busily fucking, a threesome that was flattening the flowers and blades of grass that had been left to grow wild and free of man’s handiwork. The male in the middle of the pile, a ram in black wool, dictated the sexual caucus. When he humped forward, the feline below hissed and begged for more. When the ram humped backward, the canine on the top of the pile howled and pushed down, hilling into the cottony rump. They were all lithe fellows, thin with little to no musculature definition. After they each enjoyed an orgasm, they changed positions, with the cat in the middle, dog on bottom, and ram on top. Zev left them to their love making.

Deeper into the field, the demon found a fennec copulating with a bat. Standing at twice the height of the fennec, the bat was receiving a blow job, his knee hanging balls bobbing and jerking as they prepared to fire a load into the gullet of the servicing fox. Zev watched the orgasm occur, smiling as the stomach of the fennec inflated, filling up and hanging lower to make room for more and more bat cum. Panting, tail wagging, the fennec pulled off of the cock, exposing nearly five feet of bat dick. The fennec turned around and raised his rump into the air, using the weight in his stomach to prop his ass up higher. Their king smiled as he heard the shouts and cries of anal sex.

Zev crossed into a forest, following the sound of moans and huffing. Sitting in a clearing, he found a porcupine chomping down on a piece of wood, the rodent’s belly sagging and flabby. The tree branch was devoured, stuffed into the porcupine’s mouth along with his hands, chubby cheeks jiggling as he chewed and swallowed. He grunted, trying to stand, but his bloated body prevented him from getting on his legs. On hands and knees, with his gut dragging along the floor, he made his way to the nearest tree, biting into the trunk as soon as it was within reach. With the porcupine propped on his side, Zev could see a coating of dried cum that had been sprayed on the lower layers of fat. There was no trace of a dick, the phallus hidden behind the rolls.

On the outskirts of the forest, Zev found centaurs and minotaurs basking in the magnificence of oaks,

hands rubbing up and down oiled skin that glistened in the sunlight. One cock in the front and one in the back, the centaurs piled up, trying to find ways to ensure that a man could have both his dicks inserted into a hole. A particularly lucky centaur found himself suspended off the ground, his cocks buried into two rumps of other centaurs, who in turn were trying to enjoy similar treatment, a pyramid of fucking building itself before Zev's eyes. Any two centaurs who were positioned face to face in the geometric entanglement were kissing, tongues wrapped together to ensure the stability of the sexual structure.

The minotaurs were busy brutalizing one another, holding on to horns and face fucking without any care for their partners' well being. An occupied minotaur, busily slamming his dick down the throat of another, lowed in pleased pain as his unprotected ass was filled with cock, the bull in the back going straight to the hilt without any preparation or warning. Their muscles flexed, sweat rolling down and into crevices as they fucked, the minotaur giving the blow job jacking himself off with one hand while spreading his butt cheeks apart with the other, inviting one of his brethren to get in there already. The bait was taken, the foursome of minotaurs extending into a chain of carnal celebration as the entire clan of bull men formed a line of fucking.

Along the coastline, a wolf perched atop his own junk was getting a worship session from a dragon with too much muscle to move. The dragon lay across a dick three times his own height, flexing his pecs, abs, and quads against the spire of meat, bringing forth cries of euphoria from the canine. When the pillar pulsed, the dragon slid down, his glutes trapping the wolf's muzzle in a granite grip of ass. As one they sighed, a symbiotic relationship bringing them both to the forefront of nirvana, their orgasms spurting out simultaneously, if unequal in their proportions. Volleys of goopy white landed in the ocean spray, washed back to shore by the rising tide that tickled the massive sac of the wolf. The dragon's sinew pulsed, his back flaring out like a second pair of wings, as he tried to shimmy up the length to repeat the process.

Walking across the planet revealed one seen of debauchery after the next. An army of miniscule pandas fed themselves to a reluctant tiger who had his limbs tied to the ground. When their numbers dwindled, they multiplied, an unending supply of clones. A lion was going around begging for people to fuck him so that he could get bigger, claiming that it was the only way for him to get larger muscles. His gut hung low, the weight supported by the strength of his brawny body. A polar bear scooped up strangers in his arms and kissed them, crushing his lips into whomever he could find. The poor victims of the ursine assault found themselves short several feet once they were freed.

Nowhere could a female presence be seen. Sex was everywhere, entire cities worth of people propositioning themselves for the act, but not a single soul was female. Zev grinned, watching as a pair of six armed meerkats fisted each other, working as many hands as could be managed into the partner's ass. Whatever didn't fit was stuffed down a cock, urethrae stretched around hands and arms, a tangle of limbs and pleasure writhing on the floor. Zev picked up the mess of meerkat. "Do you know what a woman is?" he asked them. They groaned, shoving their limbs farther down the orifices. The demon dropped them, leaving them to pleasure one another.

"Not one of you can remember what a female is, can you?" His voice was heard across the globe, bringing his subjects to instantaneous climaxes. "Some of you were once female, even. Yet you have no idea. Some of you claimed to be straight as could be, and now look at you. Male sex everywhere. The heights of pleasure. No worries or cares about what others might think. You are all different, and yet all very much the same. Sexual toys, driven by your cocks. It's all you need. It's all you want. It's all you think about. Dicks. Cocks. Sex. Men who know what men want. Men who can give what men want.

“You have been repurposed and blessed, though you are all undeserving. An entire population destroyed and reborn as you creatures of lust. And you are all naught but a fraction of my desire. You are the most simple and rudimentary manifestation of my lust. But it will suffice for now. Let us enjoy this paradise together, one where there is no strife. Each day you will experience a new form of sexual pleasure you never dreamed of possible. When your physical limits are reached, and sleep brings you to rest, you will be reset. In a day, one of you may grow to the stars and beyond, but on the morrow that same person may end up a morsel for another giant. You could be fat enough to fill an ocean, or so muscled that your mass sinks into the earth. Whatever you can manage, enjoy it, love it, for it is all pleasure.

“And in the end, you are all here for my pleasure. Because that is all that matters.”