

Once upon a time, as is typically how stories like this begin, there existed a world of magic and mysticism, sorcerers and wizards. The very building blocks of creation were easily molded by the best and brightest of their time. It could have been a realm of infinite potential, and to a degree it was, but there were those who used this potential to further their own misguided aims. Powerful spellcasters rose in the ranks and attempted to vie for complete dominion over the very fabric of reality. These misguided souls thought they could become gods, but all they succeeded in doing was irrevocably shattering the very universe they sought to command.

All was not lost though. There were those who saw the writing on the wall. Knowing that there was no hope in saving their realm, they instead turned their sights to other planes of existence in hopes of saving their race. They sought desperately for a new world that they could inhabit and keep their ways intact, but the end came before they were ready. As the very universe collapsed around them a few forward thinking magi made the decision to relocate the entire population to the realm that was the closest match, and so it came to be that the once powerful race of magi came to inhabit a very unmagical world which was occupied by a race of equally unmagical and surprisingly bald creatures.

The humans of earth went into a panic at the arrival of this strange new species that had literally appeared out of thin air. Nobody knew what to make of them. They appeared to be animals, but they walked upright on two legs and even seemed to be able to speak some form of language. It took a while for the two races to be able to speak to one another and even longer for them to begin to come together. The magi were too scattered across the globe to really band together and form their own nation, and now that they no longer had access to their magical powers, they lacked the ability to rally together and stake a claim to a region of the world.

The next few years were a time of great upheaval. A few nations welcomed the newcomers with open arms and granted them amnesty and asylum while other nations chased the magi from their borders or outright hunted them like animals. Even to this day, there exists an uneasy peace between the two races even in the most progressive regions, but the magi have done their best to assimilate and adapt. With every passing season the two races become closer and closer to living together as one.

During this time, the people that had traversed the rift became known as “magi.” It was an ironic title since they had lost their magical powers, but it served its purpose. The original name that all the rift-travelers had used was “Aerthlings” after the name of their homeworld Aerth, but this sounded too much like “earthlings” and made the humans uncomfortable. The name Magi had begun to be used in a sort of sarcastic, insulting sense by the humans, but to their surprise, the Aerthling were quick to accept the name and even used it as a beacon to rally around. The scattered tribes and nations from the rift needed a name they could call themselves, and the name “magi” carried with it the history of their people and served as a constant reminder of what their wonton use of magic had wrought.

It had been almost eighteen years since the magi had traversed the rift and came to Earth. In some of the regions where the magi population was highest much of the younger generations couldn't even imagine a world where the two races didn't live side by side. Clint was one such person. He was barely even old enough to walk, much less talk when the rift had opened. He had grown up going to school and hanging out with humans and magi alike. He couldn't understand why some people freaked out about the color of someone's skin or the shape of their snout.

"I told ya if you keep dawdling, I was gonna lap ya!" A tall, lean fox magi said playfully as he wrapped an arm around the shorter, slimmer brown haired human's head and brought him in for a noogie.

"We don't all live at the gym, furball." Clint grumbled in feigned annoyance. He loved having his face pressed up against his lover's meaty, orange furred pecs, and Sain was well aware of it. The big fox even kept his boyfriend's face mashed against his exposed chest long after he had stopped rubbing his knuckles against Clint's brown haired scalp.

"Well maybe it's time you started, shrimp." Sain replied playfully, even going so far as to stick out his tongue at his little lover. Sain loved to tease Clint about being out of shape, but they both knew that Clint was anything but. Clint was a lot slimmer than Sain, but he had very defined muscles which were easily visible on his slender form, especially since his loose tank top revealed much of his upper body, and his super short, running shorts hardly covered any of his legs and even gripped his ass in such a way to accentuate the very dense gluteal muscles.

Sain just had one of those builds that really showed off his muscles, and the fox was not afraid to flaunt them. Unlike his human boyfriend, Sain hadn't even bothered with a shirt leaving his well-toned pecs and abs openly on display for any who might choose to ogle the fine, vulpine specimen of masculinity. His little running shorts were somehow even more revealing than Clint's, but that was less a factor of the style and more a factor of his magi anatomy. Like most magi, Sain had a dick that was well above average for a human. His huge package made many human men, including Clint, a little self-conscious about their own equipment. Sain's dick was well over a foot long while soft and as thick as his wrist, and his nuts were the size of grapefruits. His immense junk struggled against the front of his little running shorts and looked as if it was about to bust free at any second.

Sain became aware that Clint was no longer even pretending to struggle against his headlock. Sain glanced down and could see that Clint was staring in awe at his aforementioned humongous package. The blatant tent in Clint's shorts made it obvious what had him so enthralled.

Clint could never bring himself to believe it no matter how often he was told, but he was actually considered well above average as far as humans were concerned. His thick, eight inches would have been highly sought after just twenty years prior, but it was hard for him to think of it as big when every day he got to see almost twenty inches of schlong up close and personal.

The lover's shared moment was rudely interrupted by a sarcastic voice. "I figured I'd find you two love birds out here." The voice that they both recognized immediately said. The newcomer then whistled as he eyed the tent in Clint's shorts. "I know you came here to work out, but you might need to get a room before you start your next set of reps." The large huskie said with good natured snark.

"What do you want, Owain." Clint grumbled as he shook off the headlock and then adjusted himself so that the waistband of his shorts was pinning his boner upwards at a less conspicuous angle.

"I was just on my way to class and saw you two doing laps so thought I'd say hi." The white huskie said. He then paused for a moment to take a long, loud slurp from his cup of overpriced artisan coffee. After an awkward silence he continued on to the real reason for his visit. "Oh, and I thought I would tell you that everything is ready for this weekend. We've got the cabin to ourselves so you might want to be sure to get your bags packed so we can be on the road by three."

"By three? But my last class lets out at two forty-five!" Clint replied in shock.

"Well then you better pack fast." Owain replied with a chuckle.

"Oohh... I wish I had a newspaper right now." Clint grumbled as he made a wringing motion with his hands.

"Let it be. He's just doing it to fuck with you, and I could easily pack some things for you while you are at class." Sain explained calmly. He knew that these two didn't actually hate each other, but Owain tended to be a bit territorial about his friends, especially those he had known his entire life. It would just take a little while for these two to warm up to each other.

"Well. I'd love to chat, but I have a biology test to ace. Ciao." Owain said flippantly. He gave one last dismissive wave before turning to exit the racetrack that Clint and Sain had been jogging on. Clint made a motion like he was about to yell something after the white huskie, but Sain held him back.

"I hate that guy..." Clint muttered.

"No you don't." Sain replied with a chuckle. "You're just letting him get under your skin. Once he warms up to you, I'm sure you'll get along great. Come on. Let's do another lap and then we should pack for the trip."

"I guess..." Clint grumbled dejectedly. "Do you think we really have time for another lap?" He then asked.

"Sure... As long as you don't go as slow as you did last lap." Sain replied with a hearty laugh. "and besides..." he added as he leaned in closer to whisper something sensually into Clint's ear. "Once we get out there, neither of us are going to be needing a lot of clothes."

Sain gave Clint a quick, playful slap on the ass which caused the slender human guy to emit a short "Yipe!" Clint was about to make some comeback, but Sain was already well on his way down the track. "Ugh... you're lucky you're so damn sexy..." Clint muttered before he too took off down the track at full speed.

Sain was right. Packing really didn't take long at all. Clint had plenty of time to load up a duffle bag full of clothes and toiletries during the hour before class. He left it sitting on the sofa of their shared apartment so Sain could load it into the car while Clint was attending his last class of the day, and the three of them were on their way off to a weekend in the countryside right on schedule.

Clint was stuck in the back seat by himself, which was fine by him. He would have preferred to be up front with Sain and have Owain shoved into the back seat by himself, but it was Owain's car and so the husky was doing the driving. Clint really didn't want to be in the same half of the car as the douchey dog, and so he was fine to sit back and spend some quality time with his virtual quests.

"Enjoying the ride back there?" Sain asked as he looked back over his shoulder.

"It's alright." Clint responded noncommittally. "I just wish it didn't smell like wet dog in here." He then added sassily.

"Sorry. I didn't get the upholstery cleaned after my last date." Owain sassed back.

Clint looked up from his game and pondered what Owain had said. It seemed harmless enough, but the way the two magi had just exchanged a high five, there had to be more to the story than he was getting. It took a moment, but soon it sunk in. "Ewwwwwww." Clint grumbled in disgust which just made the two bros up front laugh even harder. Clint muttered to himself and slumped down even farther in his seat and focused even harder on his game rather than give Owain the satisfaction of seeing him squirm.

Clint made a lot of headway on his game during the next hour or two. He was just about to the final boss when Sain finally snapped him out of his game. "Want to see where I was born?" The fox asked.

"Huh? You were born before the rift, though." Clint responded. He slowly looked up from his game and continued, "That would mean you were born on- What the FUCK!?" Clint yelled. The landscape around him was far from anything he had ever seen before. It looked a lot like what he expected an acid trip to look like. There were large trees all around them, but the leaves were red and the trunks were blue. The sky was green and the grass was just as red as the leaves on the tree. It didn't make any sense. He was beginning to fear that Owain had spiked his drink with something, but Sain was quick to calm him down.

"Relax. We're still on Earth, but a little bit of our world bled through." Sain explained calmly.

"What? But how?" Clint asked. Sain's calmness led him to believe it was perfectly safe, and so now Clint was getting to be more excited than freaked out. This was quite literally a whole new world for him.

"We are pretty close to where the rift opened, and as I'm sure you know, this was the single largest rift in the world." Owain explained.

"Yeah. I remember hearing about that growing up. That's why there's so many of you guys here." Clint added.

"Right. Well, this one was too big to close all the way." Sain added.

"Wait. Is that safe?" Clint asked.

"It's fine. It's a small crack between worlds. Nothing more than particles and trace elements can get through. It's perfectly safe, but as a result the ground here has become saturated with mana." Owain explained.

"How come I haven't heard of this before?" Clint asked.

"Owain's family owns the land and they keep it pretty well under wraps." Sain explained.

"And no one's thought to question the creepy red foliage?" Clint asked skeptically.

"The change in color is a recent thing. It took a long time for this area to get saturated enough for the transformation to be noticeable, but this area is so far off the beaten tracks that no one has really thought to check it out." Owain explained as he pulled the car up beside a small, but neatly maintained cabin that was nestled in amongst the trees.

Once he put the car in park Owain turned around in his seat and flashed Clint a sly grin. "The real secret isn't the trees, though." Before Clint had a chance to ask what he meant, Owain held out a paw and conjured up a small flame.

"Is that...?" Clint began to ask but he was cut off by Owain.

"Yes. It's fire, dumbass." The husky replied jokingly.

"I was going to ask if that was magic!" Clint sassed back. "Like. Really real magic?"

"Well, it's not the David Copperfield shit you bald apes had been serving up; that's for sure." Owain replied.

"But we didn't bring you here to show you parlor tricks, right Owain?" Sain cut in. He had an uncharacteristic devious glint in his eyes that caught Clint's interest.

"What? What did I miss?" Clint asked. He was practically begging Sain for information, but his vulpine lover was being unusually cryptic and was acting as if he hadn't heard.

"Well. We should get settled in. I know I for one need to get out of these clothes." Sain said casually as he tugged at the front of his tight t-shirt to air out his sweaty chest. It was getting into the early parts of summer and it was already hot and humid out in these woods.

Clint grumbled and slumped back into his seat in a huff, but once his friends got out of the car, his curiosity got the better of him. It wasn't like he was going to learn the secret just by sitting around and pouting, after all.

The three of them quickly settled in and reconvened in the large, open front room to discuss their weekend plans. Sain was now clad in a lightweight pair of jogging shorts and an equally airy t-shirt. Despite the loose fit of his clothes, his huge dick still bulged obscenely against the front of his shorts. Owain was dressed in a tight fitted polo shirt and tight, form hugging jeans, as was his typical style. Clint was the only one still wearing what he had worn to class.

"So what's the secret?" Clint pleaded once more. The two magi exchanged a knowing glance and a devious smirk but made no direct effort to answer.

"Maybe it's best if we just show you." Owain said cryptically. Clint waited anxiously as he looked expectantly back and forth between his two furry friends, but neither seemed to be doing anything. The suspense was killing him.

Finally Owain got up from his seat on the couch and began to slowly walk towards Clint. Clint inhaled instinctively and held his breath in anticipation. By the time he had stopped walking forward, Owain was so close that Clint could actually feel the warmth emanating off of his body. Clint could even smell the husky's fur.

Clint looked up into Owain's grinning face. It was then that he realized something was off. For as long as they had known each other, the two of them had always been the same height. They had never really seen eye to eye, but that was a philosophical thing instead of a physical thing. Now Owain stood almost a full head taller than Clint.

Clint could hear the fabric of Owain's clothes straining against the wall of brawn that was housed within. Clint's eyes shot down to the source of the noise. He all but gasped in shock as he saw Owain's pecs pressing harder and harder against the front of his tight-knit polo shirt. Owain had always been in pretty good shape, but he was nowhere near as big of a health nut as Sain was. The husky now looked like he had been living at the gym for a year. If the indentation of his abs which now showing through his skin-tight shirt was any indication than Owain would have to have the body of a porn star, and thanks to his magi nature, he more than had the cock to match.

Clint's eyes darted lower to check out the bulge of Owain's pants. The husky's quads were straining hard against the denim, but that wasn't what really caught Clint's eyes. The husky's bulge was obscene even by magi standards. It looked like he had a couple of schoolyard balls shoved down his pants and his dick looked to be thicker than Owain's toned arm.

"You want to see it, don't you?" Owain said playfully as he popped the button on his fly.

Clint glanced up pleadingly at his boyfriend for a moment as if to ask permission. Sain merely laughed and waved dismissively. "Have at it. For the duration of this weekend you two can fool around all you want... provided you let me join in." He added with a sly win. Sain's cock was noticeably hardening in his shorts as he spoke. It was obvious that he was enjoying the little show too. Probably even more than Clint was.

Clint looked back to Owain and was surprised to see that he was now staring directly into the husky's beefy pecs. The strands on the husky's shirt were popping left and right. It wouldn't be long before the shirt gave up the ghost entirely. Owain seemed to be thinking the same thing. "That's enough of that." The husky said smugly as he reached a hand up to his collar and ripped the entire garment from his muscular frame as if it was a piece of tissue paper. "That's better." He said with a chuckle.

Clint couldn't help himself. He needed to feel those spectacular muscles. He ran his hands along the ridges of Owain's toned abs. The husky's grey fur was surprisingly soft. It was obvious that he spent a lot of time conditioning. Clint made a brief mental note to buy some new stuff for his boyfriend. Sain's belly was nice and soft, but Owain's felt like it was covered in silk.

Owain moaned softly as Clint's hands made their way across his thick pecs. "Mmm... Sain said you were a muscle fan, but I think that was an understatement." Clint's cheeks burned red from that comment, but he was too far gone to let a little minor embarrassment stop his tactile exploration of the husky's enhanced body.

"Enough of that, little monkey. Time for the main event." Owain chided playfully as he stepped back away from Clint's groping. Clint looked momentarily crestfallen until he saw Owain's hands go back down towards his overstuffed crotch and go about finishing the task of unzipping his fly. The husky's huge cock spilled out like water from a breaking dam. Clint's throat felt dry. He wanted to take it into his mouth so bad, but the thing had to be as thick as his neck. He watched it bobble and bounce in slow motion as it swung free. When it finally came to a rest, the head of it dangled halfway down his shins. Clint was about ready to get down on his knees and worship that fantastic cock, but he was momentarily distracted by a sudden motion.

Owain quickly hopped the rest of the way out of his jeans, which caused his humongous nuts to flop free for the first time. They were even bigger than Clint had expected they'd be. Each white furred

orb was the size of a NBA certified basketball. The huge, hefty nuts dangled almost down to the husky's knees. Clint knew he needed to get up close and personal with them, but before he could do so, Owain stopped him.

"Now, now, little monkey. It's not fair that I'm the only one naked." Owain chided playfully as he rubbed a paw across the pre-soaked tent of Clint's slacks. Clint was not in a state of mind to need to be told twice. He didn't give it a second thought as he hastily pulled off his checkered, flannel overshirt and his tight, white t-shirt. He practically hopped and hobbled as he shoved his pants and boxers down all at once. In a matter of seconds he was completely naked and standing before the tall, buff husky.

"What a cute little thing." Owain said playfully as he cupped Clint's fairly average package in one, large paw. Clint shuddered at the soft caress of his sensitive region, but fought back the urge to moan. He was a little put off by the teasing, and he didn't want to give Owain the satisfaction of hearing it.

Just then Clint felt a pair of powerful arms wrap around his shoulders and the familiar stiffness of his boyfriend's thick dick rubbing against the small of his back. "Go easy on him, Owain. He's sensitive about that."

Owain pulled back his hand and made a dismissive "Tch" sound. "I only tease him because I like him." The husky replied.

"Wait, what?" Clint responded. He was momentarily dazed and confused. Owain had been nothing but antagonistic of him since they had met. Sure, they kept things mostly cordial, but this was still a huge shock for Clint.

"He's always been like this." Sain murmured into Clint's ear as he continued to grind his dick against the small of his shorter lover's back. "I'm honestly surprised he let anyone near me. You're the first of my boyfriend's he has actually accepted. You should be flattered."

Clint was stuck in a stupor between dumbstruck awe and lusty haze. He was trying to size up Owain's forced aloof expression, but it was difficult to do with Sain's dick grinding against him and Sain's huge, powerful, vulpine paws rubbing along his stomach and cupping his balls.

"And as for your 'little' problem." Owain said playfully as he reached down and once again rubbed his paw against Clint's modest erection. "That's the reason I suggested we get you out here."

Clint's jaw hung open in dazed awe as he gazed into Owain's eyes. The devious glint in the husky's eyes made it clear that he was up to something, but for once, Clint wasn't afraid to find out what it was. Now that he had a better understanding for how the husky thought, Clint felt he could learn to even like the guy. Plus, after seeing the little growing stunt that Owain had pulled, Clint was suddenly hopeful that he could have the dick of his dreams.

Clint shut his eyes and let out a soft moan as he blew his load straight into the soft pads of Owain's huge paw. Clint had barely even been touched, but it was his biggest load to date. It was a combination of things that had sent him over the edge, but not the least of which was the growth he had just witnessed in the husky and the promise of much of the same for himself.

Clint could hear Owain's soft chuckle and feel the husky's paw pulling back. Clint's eyes fluttered open to see what was happening, and he was greeted by the sight of Owain's huge paw lifting to his face. "You got me all messy." The husky chided playfully. "Why don't you help me get cleaned up?" He added with a sly wink.

Clint didn't need further instruction. He understood completely. He gripped the husky's huge paw with both hands and set to work lapping the jizz up. Clint was totally into it, even going so far as to lick the spaces in between Owain's fingers. All the while, Sain continued to plant soft kisses on the nape of Clint's neck and rub his stomach and massage his dick. Clint could even feel Sain's one of Sain's hands slowly working its way around to his firm ass.

"Oh, you're good at that." Owain murmured. "I might have to give you something else to lick clean afterwards." Clint wasn't in any position to respond nor did he have any intention of doing so, but that was just as well for Owain.

Clint let out a soft gasp followed by a slow moan when he felt one of Sain's thick, furry fingers slip into him. Clint was already rock hard all over again and was well on his way to blowing another load, and judging by the wetness he could feel on his back, he was pretty sure that Sain was in the same boat.

Owain suddenly pulled his hand back away from Clint's face. Clint momentarily resisted and tried to keep it pulled in close, but he quickly gave up. He was too lost in the soft caresses of his lover to focus too much on anything else.

"You did well. I think it is time for round two." Owain replied deviously.

Clint couldn't focus on what the husky was saying. He was too enrapt in the sensations of his lover's gentle embrace. Clint suddenly became aware of Sain pulling away and pulling out. Clint was just about to protest, but Sain cut him off.

"Where is it?" Sain asked.

"It's in the left pocket." Owain replied gesturing towards his discarded jeans. Clint turned around just in time to see Sain pull what appeared to be a small, glowing, tear-shaped opal out of Owain's jeans. "Yeah. That's it." Owain said.

"What's that?" Clint asked.

"That's the main event." Owain explained cryptically. Owain then turned to Sain and continued his explanation. "Keep that on you and focus on how you want to look. Simple as that."

Sain flashed a furtive grin at Clint and asked. "So. What do you want to see?"

Clint was starting to piece it all together. "Wait. What?" He stammered.

"I can change anything I want, and I want to be absolutely perfect for you." Sain explained. He was beaming happily. He looked like a kid in a candy shop.

"You already are!" Clint exclaimed. Somehow Sain managed to smile even broader upon hearing this.

"Oh, please." Owain groaned in feigned annoyance.



“Well, I know how much you love muscles...” Sain mused out loud. Already he was bulking up inside his loose clothing. Clint could actually see his muscles slowly expand outward and press against the sides of his clothes ever more with each passing second. Clint’s jaw hung open as he stared on in lust fueled fascination. He never would have imagined that Sain could ever be any hotter, but as the already buff fox continued to fill out even more, Clint found himself getting even more turned on.

Sain’s muscles were already pressing hard against his previously loose clothing, but the fox glanced back up at Clint, flashed another playful grin, and said. “But why stop there? You like everything big, don’t you?”

Before Clint could even manage to piece his thoughts together enough to ask what Sain meant, the fox was growing all over again, but this time it was not just his muscles. Clint stared on as Sain’s head rose steadily higher and higher and his form became wider and more defined. Sain’s t-shirt had originally hung over the waistband of his shorts by several inches, but already there was a sizeable patch of the fox’s midriff becoming exposed between the two. Sain’s shorts had already been straining from the added muscle mass, but now they were getting stretched even thinner by the extra growths everywhere else. As the seams popped and tore, Clint became more aware of a particularly key piece of enhancement.

While the rest of the fox’s clothing was more or less holding its ground, Sain’s cock looked like it was going to burst free from its cloth confines at any second. It had been hard to keep track of the size of Sain’s bulge with all the other changes; not only had Clint had a hard time focusing on anything other than the steadily expanding muscles, but the steady bulking up also made it difficult to gauge sizes. Sain’s cock used to be as thick as his forearm, but now that the fox’s forearm had several pounds of extra brawn stacked onto it, that comparison would no longer hold.

Just as Clint had suspected the comparison was no longer accurate but not in the way he thought. Sain’s humongous cock was thicker than his beefy forearm by a good margin, and it was still growing faster than the rest of him. When the front of Sain’s shorts finally gave in against the expanding mass of dong, the fox’s cock spilled free along with his balls and revealed their true size for the first time. Already his huge dick reached up almost to his collarbone, and his immense nuts dangled past his knees. The sheer weight of Sain’s swelling nuts was so great that they were steadily pulling his cock downwards, which was just fine by Clint. It meant that he got a clear view of his boyfriend’s ever hardening upper body.

The rest of his clothing was soon losing the battle as well. His previously buff, toned quads were now so layered with muscle that even the most roided-out pro-lifter could never even hope to compete. His lightweight shorts were amazingly stretchy, but already they were starting to tear at the edges. It wasn’t long before both pant legs shredded straight up the sides turning the already tattered garment into something little more than a shiny, metallic blue hula skirt. The tattered ribbons of his shorts that dangled from his waistband were now so short that they wouldn’t even drape down low enough to cover his ass, which Clint could only assume was absolutely phenomenal by now.

The sleeves of Sain’s shirt gave out against the constant swelling of his already immense biceps soon after his shorts did, but the rest of it held out a lot better. As Sain continued to grow up and out, his shirt slowly pulled up revealing row after deeply trenched row of abs. Sain already had the most defined eight pack set of abs Clint had ever seen and the mounds of muscle were raising up even higher

with each passing second. On either side of his abs, Sain's obliques bulged and curved inward, forming an Adonis Belt that may as well have been forged from pure iron.

As Sain continued to expand upward and outward, what little that remained of his shirt was quickly becoming tatters. It wasn't even able to stretch down far enough to cover his enormous pecs. The bottom hem of his shirt just barely reached down far enough to cover his nipples, but with each passing second, more and more of those came into view. It was like a race between sides. Which would win? Would he get so tall that the bottom hem of his shirt would make it over the bulging mounds of his pecs to the relative safety of his neck, or would his steadily expanding pecs and lats prove to be too much for the shirt to handle? Just as it looked like the bottom hem of his shirt was just about to cross over the densest point of his enormous, bulging pecs, the fabric gave out. His shirt split clean in half right down the middle. Sain quickly tugged at the few remaining tatters of his shirt and shorts effectively ripping them off and leaving him completely nude.

Despite the fact that he had been all but nude before, somehow the sight of seeing his huge, buff, hung, towering boyfriend exposed before him in all his naked glory was too much for Clint to take. Clint quickly climbed up on top of Sain's dick, which by now was far larger than Clint's whole body, and shimmied across it until he was face down in the soft, orange fur of his lover's chest. The cleft between the two gigantic slabs of pectoral brawn was so deep that Clint could easily get his whole face buried in between them. Clint continued to remain seated straddling his boyfriend's enormous dick as he nuzzled deeply against the thick muscles and murmured softly to himself. "Yes... Get bigger..."

Clint had meant to keep those thoughts to himself, but Sain was able to hear the soft murmurs of his little lover just fine. Sain was only all too happy to comply. Already Sain had to tilt his head down because he was pressing up against the twelve foot high ceiling. He had to will himself to slow his growth down. He wanted to be even bigger for Clint, but there was one thing holding him back.

Owain leaned back against the wall and whistled appreciatively at his now hulking childhood friend. Sain was only getting started; Owain could see it in every shudder of anticipation that pulsed through the foxes now massive muscles, but Sain seemed to be fighting it. Owain smirked and let out a soft chuckle. "I've already warded the area. A quick spell will repair all the damage we could do. Don't worry about property damage. Just let loose." Owain called out to his huge pal.

That was all Sain needed to hear. His broad smile returned in full force as did the outward surge of expansion. His muscles bulged out even more and his cock and balls swelled and swelled. The ceiling cracked against the force of his upward rise. He had to bend over farther and farther just to fit in the room, but eventually it was simply too much for the roof to bear. The paneling fell away in large chunks and the wooden rafters split and cracked. Realizing there was no longer any reason to hold back, Sain stood up to his full height shredding what remained of the roof from the top of the cabin. Owain ducked under his pal's absolutely massive hard-on to get away from the falling debris, but Clint didn't have that luxury. Fortunately, the immense overhang of Sain's enormous pecs provided more than enough coverage for Clint to hide under.

Sain stood up at his full height and looked out at the trees around him. A few of them were taller than him but not by much. He completely dwarfed the car they had rode in in though, and the cabin only came up to about his armpits. He was easily twenty feet tall at this point.

It wasn't just his height that had seen one last surge of growth though. His nuts were simply massive. Each immense orb rested solidly on the ground despite the fact that he was standing tall. The twin reservoirs of cum were so huge and so full that they were both the size of a bus. There was enough pent up jizz sloshing around within in that he could easily fill a full sized swimming pool and still have enough left over to fill the kiddie pool while he was at it.

Even his muscles had grown astronomically. It didn't seem fair to Clint to even try to compare Sain's new physique to that of other people. As far as Clint was concerned, Sain's muscles even put the mountains to shame. The indentations between muscles which would have been but grooves on even the hardest of powerlifters were veritable valleys on Sain. Even the trenches between the fox's immense abs were so vast that Clint could easily slide his entire dick between them; a fact which he was all too happy to take advantage of.

Clint nuzzled in as close as humanly possible to his lover's expansive torso and ground his dick into the deep clefts between the twin rows of bulging abdominal muscles. His face was buried in between Sain's mountainous pecs. His head was buried in so deep that he had solid walls of muscles pressing against his ears. The force of the slabs of flesh against the sides of his head was actually giving him a bit of a headache. Clint didn't dare imagine what would happen if Sain decided to flex those glorious mountains of muscle, but he had no reason to worry; he knew that Sain would never do anything that might hurt him.

"Looks like you are enjoying this." Sain said with a chuckle. The giant fox's voice reverberated through his entire body. Clint could feel the deep rumbling of his lover's voice resonating in his soul. Clint managed a soft moan in response, but he was too lost in the sensations of soaking in the presence of his giant boyfriend to really think of much else. It wasn't until he felt a gigantic finger tapping him on the back that he pulled himself away from those gloriously huge muscles long enough to check out what was going on around him.

Clint turned to see a huge hand holding a tiny gemstone out for him to take. "It's your turn, little dude." Sain said.

Clint leaned back into Sain's chest and murmured softly. "Why don't you use it a bit more?"

Sain laughed heartily at this. The guffaws reverberated through his entire body. The tremors just about knocked Clint off his knees and onto his ass. Clint managed to steady himself before that happened, though.

"I think I've used it enough." Sain replied after managing to bring his laughter down to a chuckle, and then added. "I don't want to use all the juice before you get a go at it."

Clint looked back at the gem and noticed that it did indeed have less of a shine to it. As much as Clint wanted his boyfriend to keep growing massive, he didn't want to miss out on his chance to get the cock of his dreams. After mulling it over for a moment, Clint nodded in agreement and reached over to pluck the gemstone from the fox's hand. Clint paused for a moment just before he gripped the stone. He marveled at the size disparity. His entire outstretched hand, fingers and all, more than fit in his boyfriend's humongous palm.

Clint took the stone in his hand and stared at it for a moment. "What do I do?" He asked uncertainly. Sain made it look so easy, but so far Clint was seeing no results.

"You just have to clear your mind. Focus on what you want." Sain explained calmly.

Clint furrowed his eyebrows and looked at the stone once more. It sounded easy in theory; this should be a simple task for him. All he had to do was focus on growing his dick, but he couldn't get the thought out of Sain growing even larger out of his head. Clint closed his eyes and took a deep breath as he tried to clear his head. He had wanted this for years. He revisited all those old dreams he had where he had a dick that would make a pornstar hang his head in shame. As he focused his thoughts on his dream dick, he could feel a warmth spreading through his groin. He knew it was working. This knowledge made the images even clearer. It was as if all his long repressed fantasies came slamming to the forefront of his mind's eye. He continued to focus his thoughts as he silently chanted a mantra to himself. "Bigger dick... bigger dick..."

It was going so well at first, but as more and more of Clint's repressed fantasies bubbled to the surface, images of Sain's enormity flooded in as well. Clint couldn't fight them off nor did he want to. In his waking dream he was sporting a cock that would put even Owain to shame. His dick was even big enough to satisfy his titanic lover, but there was something else in his dreams as well; Clint saw an image of Sain now towering over even the trees.

Owain was the first one to notice something odd, but he didn't say anything. Instead he merely leaned back against the shattered wreckage of the front room wall and watched in bemused fascination. Clint's cock was growing, and at a fast rate at that, but that was what he had expected. What he did not expect was that Clint was actually dwindling before his very eyes. It was hard to tell at first. Originally, Owain had thought it was merely his eyes playing tricks on him as a result of the steady growth of Clint's frontal region, but soon it became apparent that that was not the case. Owain started using the humongous rows of Sain's abs as a sort of makeshift ruler to keep track of Clint's steady reduction in height. At first Clint's head reached up to Sain's pecs, but already Clint was eye level with the first row of abs on the fox's gut.

As Clint continued to shrink, his dick surged in size. Already his nuts were large enough to rest on the rigid surface of Sain's erect cock which Clint was still kneeling atop. Clint's cock had grown right alongside his balls. Already it was rivaling the thickness of his own waist. His fully boned cock now stood rigid and upright causing the tip of it to be just about eye level. As his cock continued to creep up in size, Clint's body continued to shrink. In no time at all, Clint's cock towered well above his head, and soon after that it dwarfed his entire body. All the while Clint held the stone clasped tightly in his hands while keeping his eyes clenched tight and silently chanting his mantra. In no time at all, Clint's nuts had gotten so huge in relation to his body that the small guy was actually resting atop them. By this point Clint's balls were so huge that they looked like they were poised to roll off either side of Sain's colossal cock.

Then suddenly, Clint's changes ground to a halt. Despite this, Clint still seemed focused on his chanting. It was as if he hadn't even noticed the effects had stopped. Sain couldn't see much past the enormous overhang of his immense pecs, but he could feel the rapid fluctuation of weight atop his dick steady out. Seeing this as his cue, he reached down to scoop up his little lover in his arms, but when his hand made contact with Clint, he became aware that something quite unexpected had happened.

Sain fumbled around awkwardly at first as he tried to get a decent grasp of Clint's size. He had to rely on his fingertips to do the seeing for him, and he had to be extremely gentle; there was no telling how much damage Sain could do if he didn't account for his new, gigantic size. Finally he got his hands into a position where he could scoop up his little lover and lift him up where he could be seen. Sain gasped in shock as Clint came into view. Clint's cock was large even for the titanic Sain, but Clint's tiny body made it look even more ridiculous. The cock was easily three times as long as the tiny man it was affixed to and was far thicker. Either of Clint's massive nuts was more than enough to fill one of Sain's enormous paws.

Clint was lost pretty deep in his fantasies, but he began to feel something was different. The first thing he noticed was that his entire body seemed to be moving. The sheer speed at which he changed altitude was enough to make his head spin and his ears pop. Then he felt something that felt like a large, fuzzy battering ram thud softly against his side.

Sain shifted his grip a bit to get Clint into a more comfortable position as he tried to snap the little guy out of his trance. When he was sure that Clint was more or less in position, he gave the little guy a soft prod in the ribs but due to their size difference, Sain's finger covered just about all of Clint's ribcage.

As Clint's eyes fluttered open he all but gasped in shock as he stared out at the billboard size grinning face of his vulpine boyfriend. At first Clint was ecstatic. Somehow he had actually done it. He must have managed to channel his thoughts and grow Sain even further. He was still a little groggy after being in his trance, but it made some sense to him; after all, they had been in direct physical contact the entire time. Maybe that's why he had been able to transform Sain further.

Clint glanced around at his surroundings. He was resting in a surprisingly comfortable position, but he was pretty sure it had to be tiring for Sain to hold him like this. Clint's head was resting against the underside of Sain's wrist and the rest of his body was sprawled out across the fox's palm. His legs dangled down through the gaps between the fox's fingers, as did his absolutely enormous balls.

As Clint's eyes finally fell upon his cock he could do nothing but stare on in muted awe. The towering spire of masculinity was far larger than his entire body. He had never been so horny in his life, and he couldn't wait to get a chance to use that thing. Judging by the glint in Sain's eyes Clint figured it wouldn't be long before he was given the chance to do just that.

Clint was thrown for a loop as he felt his body being lowered to the floor. Here he was hoping for a titanic blowjob from his enormous boyfriend, but it looked like that would have to wait. Once Clint made landfall he finally realized that his initial theory was way off base. Clint hopped off of Sain's hand and got unsteadily to his feet. As he surveyed the room around him he realized it wasn't Sain that had grown; it was he who had shrunk! If the various pieces of toppled furniture were any indication, Clint had to have shrunk down to a little under half his original height. Part of him knew he should be freaked out or at least a little worried, but instead he was excited. This was an even hotter turn of events than he had expected. If Sain were this amazingly huge at his current size, Clint could only imagine how hot the hulking fox would be once he lost a few more inches.

Clint clenched his eyes shut and tried to focus on the crystal but nothing happened. After a few more seconds of trying, Clint opened his eyes again and glanced down at the gemstone in his hand. The

stone which had once been small enough to fit comfortably in the palm of his hand was now so large that Clint had to grip it around the edges like he would a baseball, but that wasn't the biggest difference. The gemstone was now almost completely black. It looked charred and dingy, a far cry from the radiant, pearly white it had been just a few moments prior.

"Looks like you burnt it out." Owain explained as he looked down upon the small man and the darkened gemstone. Clint looked over his shoulder at Owain and gasped in shock as he stared up and up at the beefy husky. After Owain's own slight growth and Clint's sizeable shrinkage, Clint didn't even come up to Owain's waist. Clint was actually just below eye level with the white canine's enormous package. Owain's towering boner flew directly overhead, and the huskies huge nuts dangled enticingly before him. Clint was just about small enough that he could curl up right atop those huge, warm, soft, fuzzy nuts and go to sleep with that enormous cock draped over him. It was an undeniably hot thought, but Clint would much rather spend his time doing stuff like that with Sain instead. For starters, Sain was his boyfriend; not to mention, the titanic fox had much more room to spread out upon.

After having a second to collect his thoughts, Clint realized something that made him grin like a stooge. It was all he could do to keep from laughing. Not only did he have the towering Owain beat for relative cock-size, but Clint's dick was actually slightly taller than Owain's entire body. Clint's enormous tool actually shuddered and began to dribble pre upon realizing this. Clint could never have imagined he could be hornier than he already was, but if things didn't get started soon, he was going to cream himself without even having a chance to enjoy Sain's new and improved size.

"I think the little one is ready for the next part of the festivities." Owain stated playfully as he stroked his enormous, four foot cock with both hands.

"I was thinking the same thing." Sain replied. His deep voice rumbled through the wreckage of the cabin and the surrounding area. Clint could feel his entire body rattling, but much of that was from the tremors that were caused by Sain's colossal form lowering to the floor.

In no time at all, Sain was down on his hands and knees, his titanic cock pinned between him and the floor. Clint could do nothing but gawk in silent awe as he stared down the barrel of a cock that dwarfed even his own enormous member. Sain grinned lasciviously at his awestruck little lover and repositioned himself so that he was directly over top of Clint and began to slowly, deliberately move his mouth into position. Sain made extra sure to go as slow as humanly possible to draw out the tension between him and his now pint-sized boyfriend.

Clint's mammoth dick was a bit of a challenge for even the towering Sain to get into his mouth, but with a little hard work, perseverance, and a little soreness in his jaw Sain managed to open wide enough to take the beast. Sain had always prided himself on his lack of a gag reflex, but even he was having trouble swallowing this enormous sword. He could feel his throat being stretched wider as he took foot after foot of Clint's towering rod.

Clint was in ecstasy. Even had he not been so close to creaming just from the sight of having his wildest fantasies played out before him, he would have been hard pressed to hold off for long against his boyfriend's masterful sucking. It took everything Clint had to hold back. The small guy writhed in ecstasy as he felt the giant fox's mouth wrap around his dick and Sain's tongue run up and down the shaft as the fox rocked back and forth and up and down in order to give his tiny little lover the best night

of his life. The giant fox moved his entire body in time with his rhythmic sucking and licking which had the added benefit of causing the head of his massive cock to bump and grind against Clint's turgid nuts. With each rhythmic thump Clint was reminded of just how huge and hot Sain had become.

Owain was not one to be left out of the fun, but the current positions didn't afford him much room to join the festivities. He wasn't opposed to getting himself warmed up in the meantime though. He stared on lustily as his childhood friend went down on the little guy, who was surprisingly good looking for a shaved ape, but there was no way Owain would admit to that out loud. He had to admit though, Clint had good taste in transformations. The reduction in stature just made the guy unbearable cute, and what guy couldn't appreciate a colossal dong?

Owain must have been making too much noise while he stood there grunting and pumping his cock because Sain actually stopped his oral endeavors halfway down Clint's shaft and glanced up at the husky. Sain stared at Owain for a minute; the fox's brow was furrowed as he did so, and then Sain slowly pulled back leaving Clint's towering, dripping cock.

Clint gazed up pleadingly at the gigantic fox. His eyes were fogged over with lust, but it was still obvious that he was as much concerned by the sudden change of pace as he was desperate for more. Sain merely flashed him a reassuring grin and explained. "Don't you worry, little one. I have something better in mind for you."

Clint nodded serenely and slumped back down to await what was coming next. He tensed up momentarily as he felt Sain's huge hand wrap around his torso, but he quickly relaxed. He knew Sain would never do anything that would hurt him, and the way that the huge fox was handling him was so gentle that Clint couldn't help but feel completely at ease.

"It's your turn." Sain said. He gave a brief nod to Owain to let the husky know to come closer. Owain was all too happy to oblige. Sain hadn't sucked him off since Clint and the fox had started dating, and it was no secret that Owain missed the way Sain used to do it. The fox had a skill with blow jobs that Owain had never seen anyone match.

"Hell yeah it is." Owain replied lustily as he strode towards his enormous friend. Sain may have been a smidge over three times Owain's height, but that just meant that Owain's big dick was positioned at the perfect height for the gigantic fox to go down on while remaining on his hands and knees.

Relatively speaking, Owain's cock was actually a bit smaller than it was last time the two of them had done this, but Sain and Clint had had a very active sex life so the gigantic fox was well practiced when it came to servicing dicks of that size.

Sain wrapped his lips around the husky's thick cock and immediately went to town on licking and sucking it. Owain's was only about half the size of Clint's current massive rod, but it was plenty long enough to poke Sain in the back of the throat. Sain actually welcomed the new size. As much as the enormous fox loved huge dicks, his throat and jaw were a bit sore from trying to handle Clint's titanic meat.

Owain was immediately overcome by just how great Sain was. In no time at all, Owain rocking his hips back and forth to match the steady pace of Sain's motions, but it didn't stop there. Owain always had a tendency to need to be the one in control; it was actually the major reason he and Sain had

never been able to make the jump from best friends to boyfriends, and this time was no different. Owain placed a paw on either side of giant fox's head and held it in place while he ramped up the pace of his thrusts. Sain was not in the least put off by this development; in fact, he had expected it. He was perfectly fine to let Owain have his fun. Sain had other, more important issues to attend to, namely his tiny little human lover.

Sain deftly maneuvered Clint back towards his backside, all the while never taking his eyes off Owain as the husky continued to fervently hump his face. Clint was either too enamored or too confused to offer any resistance, but Sain had a pretty good hunch that it was more the former. Clint loved to top; it was part of the reason he had always been so self-conscious about the size of his dick. Clint was always afraid that one of Sain's fellow magi would be much better equipped to give the studly fox the ride of his life regardless of how much Sain argued otherwise. Clint was in fact very skilled in the sack, and Sain had never had anyone that fucked him so passionately and yet tenderly. There was some definite truth to the old adage "it's not the size but how you use it," and Clint definitely knew how to use it. It was all a moot point now though. It's not like Clint could ever feel like he was too small after what had happened tonight.

Sain repositioned his hand so that he was now gripping Clint's cock more than the human boy's tiny body. Clint took the cue and immediately gripped onto the backside of Sain's hand as if it were a giant, fuzzy lifeboat. Sain actually found it much easier to get a grip his boyfriend in this matter than when he had been holding onto Clint's torso, and due to the size and hardness of Clint's enormous cock, Sain could be as rough as he wanted without fear of hurting the little guy. And Sain was no doubt planning to be rough. He loved being reamed by cocks, and the idea of taking one this huge excited him to no end.

Sain realized quickly that he was going to need more than one hand for this, and so he shifted his weight so that he was now effectively lying across his humongous, thick cock as if it was a masseuse's table. The enormous tool was just about as thick as his titanic, muscular, barrel chest, and it was so long that it reached right up to his chin. This freed up both of his hands so now he could have one hand for guidance and the other for thrust.

Sain positioned his boyfriend's dick so that it was aimed straight at his eager hole. He hesitated for a brief moment. This was going to be by far the biggest dick he had ever attempted, but he was sure he could do it. He just needed to psyche himself up first. Once he was ready he slowly began to slide Clint's cock into him. It felt so amazing that Sain actually let out a soft moan, but very little sound came out since his mouth was still plugged full of Owain's dick. The husky was still showing no signs of slowing down even though Sain could taste the slightly bitter tang of Owain's pre filling his mouth. Owain obviously was close to cumming, but the husky's self-control, especially in regards to holding back his cum was legendary.

Sain had never felt so stretched out before. It was simply fantastic. He couldn't even imagine what it must be like for Clint, but his enhanced vulpine hearing was able to make out the soft whimpers and moans of his little lover as Clint writhed in ecstasy so the gigantic fox knew that it had to be at least as good for Clint as it was for him.

Sain felt his own cock give a lurch as Clint's nuts made contact with his own. The fox had actually done it. He had successfully managed to take Clint's enormous rod right down to the hilt. Sain would



have let out a proud sigh of relief had his face not been shoved so full of husky cock. He wasn't done yet though. The hard part was over; now all that remained was to enjoy himself until one or both of them finally lost it.

Sain slowly pulled Clint's dick out of him and then right before the head could slip out, Sain shoved it right back in. Over and over he did this. Each pass caused the fox to emit a soft, blissful whimper and the human to let out a low moan of ecstasy. Sain was really getting into it. His whole body rocked back and forth in time with each thrust. He rocked back and forth atop his enormous cock causing the colossal dick that was wedged between him and the floor to grind against the wooden floorboards. The continual stimulation of his dick being rubbed and his ass being reamed was enough to send Sain over the edge in record time. He was so caught up in the orgasmic sensations and resisting his rising urge to cum that he couldn't even focus on rubbing his tongue against his pal's dick which was still thrusting in and out of his awaiting mouth, but Owain had things more than under control on that end.

Clint may have merely been along for the ride, but it was still the most intense sex he had ever had. Sain liked to spice things up in the bedroom, but this was the first time the fox had really taken control; although given Clint's current size he could barely even stand up let alone try and pound someone with his oversized cock so it was for the best. Sex had been amazing when his dick was fairly average, but now that it was larger than his body Clint's dick was simply so massive that the sensations coming from it were overloading his brain. Synapses for firing left and right and all he could do was hold on tight and moan. He knew he wouldn't hold out much longer, and by this point he was so exhausted and so horny that he was OK with that.

Owain was a lot hotter under the collar than he let on. Not only was Sain's mouth just as awesome as ever, but there was just something about having a fox that towered over him and had at least twelve times his own bodyweight in pure muscle being completely docile and subservient to him that he just found extremely hot. Owain's whole body was shuddering with bliss and anticipation as he thrusts became ever more ragged. His dick was twitching and lurching more and more by the second. Realizing he was at his limit, Owain gritted his teeth and rammed his huge dick in for one last, deep plunge.

All at once the three friends came. No one knew who lost it first, and no one particularly cared. Owain held on tight to his friend's head as he pumped shot after thick, gooey shot of warm, bitter spunk straight down the fox's throat. Whether it was by instinct or some innate desire to swallow cum, Sain sucked down every last drop that the husky pumped into him.

Sain's whole body tensed up and shook as his colossal dick fired a massive salvo of jizz right into the husky's legs. The massive torrent of spoooge quickly soaked Owain's nuts and legs and began to flood the remnants of the cabin. With each passing second gallons upon gallon of cum landed with a plop in the hardwood floor. In a matter of seconds the pool of spoooge was so deep that it was up to Owain's ankles and was showing no signs of slowing down.

Sain's insides were suddenly filled with a warm sensation that he knew very well. He was being pumped full of Clint's cum. This had happened several times in the past, but never to this degree. After just a few short sputters, Sain could feel the pressure building up inside of him. He could actually feel the jizz pooling in his gut as more and more flooded into him. It felt amazing, and he would have loved to let Clint pump him full of spoooge, but Sain was quickly losing the ability to keep a safe grip on his little

lover. With the last ounce of strength Sain could muster, he pulled Clint's still spewing cock out of him and gingerly placed the little man on the ground beside him.

The lake of jizz was so deep that it Clint had to stagger to his feet to keep his head above the jizz. He unsteadily got to his feet and then collapsed face down onto his still seizing nuts. The steady, rhythmic motion of his balls pulling in and then relaxing as he came and came again was so relaxing that he could have drifted off to sleep right then and there, but there was no way Clint could live with himself if he didn't stay awake for what was sure to be the greatest climax of his life.

By the time the three of them were finally spent everything in the surrounding area, including the friends, was coated in a thick layer of spunk. They were all so winded and so physically drained that none of them could even muster the strength to stand.

Clint was the first to speak. "Man... that was awesome... it's a shame we have to go back to how we were before." He murmured softly. His voice was already soft due to his reduced size and his exhaustion, but it didn't help that he was still lying face down in his own massive ballsack.

"Well... it'll be a few days before the prism recharges." Owain replied. He was just as exhausted as the rest of them, but he still managed to lace his voice with devious intent. "And besides... nothing says we have to revert completely back to normal." Clint had not missed the implication. The small dude chuckles softly as he nuzzled his face into the soft expanse of his enormous sack. He was so going to love being hung.