

Accidental Godhood

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Commission for drewbermeister

WARNING: this story contains: red fox, fennec fox, male, female, M/F, sex, vaginal sex, masturbation, object sex, macro growth, cock growth, muscle growth, breast growth, destruction, excessive cum, domination, and more. If you aren't 18, or you are horrified at the thought of me writing actual, honest to goodness straight sex, then you better go look elsewhere. Otherwise, enjoy!

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“Look out!”

That was all the warning Andy got before the giant steel container crashed less than a foot away from him onto the dock. The red fox has knocked off his feet from the impact, and he landed on the concrete with enough force to knock the air out of him, and make stars appear in front of his eyes.

The container, similar to those used on old, planet bound boats, was designed to withstand the rigours of intergalactic travel. However, it wasn't designed to be dropped from several stories when a magnetic loading crane should suddenly fail, and the sides split open, disgorging its contents: a bright, glowing, neon blue viscous fluid, that coated the fox head to toe, making him sputter and accidently swallow the bitter, undoubtedly toxic and dangerous substance.

Hovering robots quickly raced in to prop up and stabilize the container before it could fall and crush Andy, while a couple more reached their mechanical arms to drag the fox out of the puddle of blue goop.

The next fifteen minutes was a blur to Andy: people rushing here and there, medics propping him up and trying to figure out what was wrong, foremen shouting for assistance, sirens wailing as police and maintenance crews hurried to the scene. Water was presented to wash his face, removing the alien substance from his fur.

Eventually Andy found himself in a nearby medic outpost, lying on the bed, dazed and disoriented, still sitting in his blue stained orange coveralls. He was describing what happened to a police officer, then repeating it again to a manager of the spaceport, then a third time to a representative of the cargo ship's owner. Eventually lawsuits would be involved, and millions of dollars would be on the line, and people were going to lose their jobs and eventually robots would replace them all to prevent such a thing from happening again. Hell, Andy might actually get a decent sized cheque from... someone soon. Maybe he could take Rebecca out for a night on the town? Or even a vacation to see the flooded cities of Europe?

"Andy? How are you feeling?" the foreman, a badger named Ted, asked the fox as he was lost in a daydream.

"I... I don't know... okay I think?" Andy said, his voice a bit hoarse from a dry throat. But the medics wouldn't let him drink any water due to the lack of knowledge of what he had just been soaked in, and if water would react badly to it.

But he felt fine. Better than fine, actually. He was breathing fine, he wasn't sore. Even some of the aches and stiffness of working at the spaceport every day were fading from him, and he felt stronger than ever. Andy could feel his body begging to get back to work, to move, to flex his muscles, to just do something other than lying here. But he couldn't. Not yet.

"Well, just hold on a bit longer," Ted said. "We are bringing up the manifest to figure out what was in there, and if you are going to need to go to the hospital." His phone began to ring, and he turned around to take the call.

Andy nodded, but he wasn't listening to the badger. For some reason, the cute red panda nurse was catching his eye, which was strange for him. While the nurse was a perfectly attractive and pretty specimen, Andy had a girlfriend already, Rebecca, and he wasn't actually looking for anyone. But his mind felt a bit hazy, even a bit, or a lot, hornier than usual: he could already feel his pants tightening up, and that red panda's shirt wasn't doing enough to hide her plump breasts as she bounced around, her hips swinging seductively back and forth...

He shook his head, looked away, even as he felt his body heat up, his biological urges trying to take control. Andy's leg began to twitch, and his penis began practically begging to be used: ass, pussy, a blow job, hell even just using his hand and jacking off right now...

But he didn't even have to, as the pressure finally got to be too much, and he came, hands free, inside his work clothes. Andy twitched as he felt his body relieve himself, feeling the white cream running down his legs, and glancing around nervously hoping no one just saw him, or notice the wet stain coming through the coveralls. But with the blue goop still all over his company supplied outfit, it was most likely barely noticed.

What the hell is wrong with me? Andy asked himself as the heat and pressure finally lifted from his mind. He was confused... and still horny. He was never like this, not even when he was going through puberty. He couldn't even remember the last time he had a wet dream, yet, here he was, wide awake, and blowing his load hands free.

Must have been something to do with the stuff that spilled on him. Was it some new chemical? Some new aphrodisiac or something? If it was, man, it was potent...

"Okay, well we are absolutely nowhere now," Ted grumbled as he turned back to Andy, who jumped, glad that he could be distracted, if just for a moment, from his thoughts. "The manifest just says that it's 'an item of scientific curiosity' from Devtilki 4," the badger grumbled. "And all the scientists that wanted it can say is that they had no idea if it was actually dangerous or not." Ted sighed. "But they can't actually come out to check on you, since they are hours away in Los Angeles."

"So, what do I do boss?" Andy asked, doing his best to hide the fact that he had just, unwillingly or not, just came in his pants, and even after that was on the verge of pouncing on the otherwise oblivious red panda, or just whipping out his dick and masturbating right there...

"Eh, I say go home. Take the rest of the day off. Go to the hospital if you are really concerned," Ted said. "It's been, what, half an hour? Had it really been toxic, I'd think we'd be calling the morgue right now anyway."

"Are you sure?" Andy said. "Like, I can stay till the end of the shift..."

"Nah, we're going to be shut down for the rest of the day I bet," Ted said, with a sigh. "I'll call you if we need anything, but I think you should just go home."

"Alright," Andy said, slowly climbing off the examination table as his clothes felt a bit tighter than usual (though he blamed his erection for that), then walking out the door, and through the automated gates and to the metro system that would rush him back to New Boston.

It was funny that they would choose such a name for a city in the middle of the Nevada desert, 350 miles from the nearest ocean. Then again, four hundred years ago, Boston was the main seaport in America. Now, far, far removed from the muskets and tricorne hats of the Founding Fathers, New Boston was the main center of the inter-galactic space system, where hundreds of space freighters, liners and military ships would arrive and depart daily, sending the resources and goods of a dozen colonies and a thousand asteroids to keep North America powered, fat, and amused. Giant skyscrapers pierced the sky, where almost every major company, conglomerate and monopoly had at least a branch office, if not their modern, sleek headquarters. And with that required hundreds of exorbitantly paid executives and tens of thousands of fairly well off managers, accountants and other office workers, living in penthouse suites and condos, and hundreds of thousands of menial labourers to support the spaceport, the companies, and the lifestyles of everyone else, all living in crowded apartment buildings and tenements in areas that were barely maintained by a city government that was more concerned about making the 1% richer and richer.

But Andy wasn't concerned right now about the class-stratified, cyberpunk dystopian nightmare he was living in, if he had ever noticed it. The fact that he was still riled up, and his cock was very insistent on being taken care of in some way or another, was front and center. He walked, nearly jogged, to the subway platform that would go directly to the other side of the city.

The train was ten minutes later than scheduled, which did nothing to help the fox's steadily dwindling inhibitions and patience. He closed his eyes, trying to think of anything else: baseball, football, cute girls in cheerleading uniforms...

Nope, that didn't work. Andy curled his toes, trying to force his body to get a hold of itself.

With a grinding of gears and steel on steel, the train finally arrived. Once painted white with fancy designs to look all modern and fancy, the cars were now showing their aluminum skin through patchy paint work, and the grease and grime of a quarter century constant use was traveling up from the bottom of the cars upwards.

Andy nearly sprinted into the nearest car, and seated himself in the back, panting heavily. Since it was only around 2 PM, there were very few riders on the train, which Andy thanked the lucky stars. Because as soon as the train started moving, and the closest person was five rows ahead, he unzipped his overalls, unzipped his pants, yanked down his

underwear, and let his cock spring out. The eight inches of canine manhood pulsed and throbbed, the knot at the base as large and fat as it ever was, and precum oozing from his cumslit.

The fox quickly wrapped a paw around the red shaft, and began to pump, biting his lip to prevent any noticeable moans from escaping his lips as he quickly, furiously, jacked himself off.

He knew all too well that this wasn't normal. He never masturbated in public like this before, and never thought of doing it before. The thought of fapping in public would have made him uncomfortable and blush just a couple of hours ago.

But he was desperate. If he didn't do it himself, his cock would just go ahead and do itself, as he had already found out.

So his hand flew up and down his cock, so fast that had it been two sticks it would have started a fire, as the pressure and tension built up through his body again until, with a sigh of relief, another orgasm hit his body, and his cock spurted against the back of the seat in front of him, his semen landing with a wet and heavy *splat*, then running down and landing on the floor.

Andy tried his best to hide the relief, even as a soft, warm, soothing, almost electric tingling feeling ran over his body, like goosebumps making his fur stand on end. He shuddered, his arm and legs twitching as the tingling finally subsided.

He leaned back in his seat, cock still out, as he basked in the afterglow.

But something felt off. For one thing, his head wasn't tilted as far back as it should have been, like there was something in the way. His clothes also felt a lot tighter than usual: even his steel toed boots felt like they were a size too small.

Andy looked down, trying to figure out what was wrong. He looked out the window, at the rushing concrete and steel tunnel. Was he sitting a bit higher than usual? Like he was sitting on a couple of books?

He otherwise felt fine... great even! The last time he felt like this, he must have been in high school on the swim team. He always had a lithe build, fairly thin, and an otherwise normal 5'10" high, and even now as an adult he was still like that despite the physical work he did. He had to give up on the dreams of football when he couldn't bulk up and gain more size, but he was still strong. Part of him wanted to go to a gym to see exactly how strong he

was. Something in him said that he would easily bench press over 200 pounds now, even though he was well below that.

But he had another concern right now: namely that his cock was, again, demanding attention.

“What the hell?” Andy grumbled at his throbbing manhood. “I just dealt with you.”

Three times in an hour? If that? Fuck, something really was wrong with him...

Andy shook his head, then pushed his throbbing cock back into his pants and did up his work clothes, which was harder to do than he expected. He was just a minute or two from his stop, so he wasn't going to now.

He finally stood up as the train slowed down, though he felt a bit off balance. Andy nearly tripped and fell, but caught himself. He pushed himself up, and quickly off the train before anyone noticed the present he left behind.

Andy didn't notice that his ears now brushed against the top of the door to the subway car, which was normally at least six inches above his head.

Each step through the station was hell for Andy: his clothes were straining, way to tight on his body, and his cock was forced down against his thigh, so each step sent another electric shock of pleasure and need running through his body, which only increased the sensitivity and pressure and burning need to reach another orgasm. He was thinking that maybe the substance had shrunk his clothes, and that was why it was rubbing and making everything just that much harder to deal with, which wasn't totally out of the question.

It never even occurred to him that maybe he had grown instead.

Up the escalator, past the curious stares of passerby's looking at the large, ill-clothed fox, and onto the street for the short walk to his apartment building. Every woman that walked by only made it that much harder: thanks to the heat of the midday Nevada desert, there wasn't much in the way of clothing on the female population out and about today to hide features like hips and breasts. It was torture to his libido, screaming at him to just stop and jack off right in the middle of the street.

But Andy, teeth gritted, each step getting him to his home faster and faster, ignored it. He wasn't some sex crazed beast who would just rut in the middle of public. No, he'll do it at home. With Rebecca.

He finally reached his apartment building, nearly crashing through the sliding doors, and marched for the elevators, past the friendly security guard at the desk, fumbling with the

card to grant him access as it felt a bit smaller than usual. Andy tapped it against the scanner several times in increasingly desperate panic, until finally the elevator opened up, and he managed to get inside.

He only got a minute of respite in the privacy of the rather tiny elevator. Andy felt like it was smaller than normal, but just couldn't piece together why that was. Instead his hand was unconsciously stroking his cock through his overalls, making him shudder and moan. His body twitched again, and another orgasm rocked his body, the wetness of his third so far that day running down his legs.

The elevator door binged as it arrived at his tenth story apartment, and Andy had to force himself to stand up and walk out, even as his climax still continued, and his whole body felt stiff and sore, increasingly tightly confined. The first rips of fabric could be heard, and the snap of the zipper, allowing orange fur to pop through seams and tears. Andy was breathing heavily, groaning as his clothes continued to constrict him.

"Five... four... three... two... one..." Andy moaned, counting down each step until he arrived at his door, smashed the key card against the scanner, throwing open the door, banging his head on the doorframe, and finally getting into his apartment.

"Ahhhhh!" Andy bellowed, as he finally relaxed, in the privacy of his apartment. His overalls and clothes finally gave way: the middle of his overalls ripped clean in half, as did the sleeves and around his biceps and thighs. His jeans also gave way, splitting along the seams, while his t-shirt rode up over his belly, the cotton tearing around his neck and shoulders. His boxers were still valiantly holding on, but they couldn't hold his junk anymore, his dribbling cock now poking out one of the leg holes, while his balls swelled the rest of it.

There was a patter of feet from the kitchen, followed by the emergence of two, large triangular ears, followed by the rest of a fennec fox's head, around the corner. The sandy colored fox's blue eyes went wide at the sight of her boyfriend, as he was now nearly seven feet tall, standing in the ruins of his clothes.

"H-hi... honey..." Andy panted. "I'm home!"

"What happened to you?" Rebecca exclaimed, stepping around the corner. The five-foot-tall fennec fox was in a pair of sweats and one of Andy's t-shirts, several sizes too large for her frame. And while normally Andy would be about ten inches taller than her, now he absolutely dwarfed her. But her attention quickly dropped to the impressive manhood, 10

inches long, and still throbbing hard even as the last shot of cum ran down his shaft. “You are... uh... home early...”

“It’s... It’s a long story,” Andy said, absentmindedly reaching up and grabbing the rags on his shoulders, and easily ripping it all off, allowing it to fall to the floor. “Something happened at the dock, and now... I...”

“You’re huge!” Rebecca said, intimidated by the giant... and maybe a little bit turned on as well. “You got muscles! Honest god muscles! Like, you have a six-pack!”

Andy blinked, then looked down at his stomach, and, indeed, he noticed the outlines of abs on his belly where none had been before. He lifted up an arm, and experimentally flexed it. The fox was just as surprised as Rebecca at his biceps growing larger, peaking into small hills where before his arms resembled more like the flat desert outside.

“How did this happen?” Rebecca asked, taking a step closer, craning her neck up to look at Andy.

“At the dock, a container broke and dumped some stuff on me,” Andy said, as he peeled off the rest of the rags on his body. “I have no idea what it is, or anything, but ever since then, I’ve been horny like you wouldn’t believe.”

“I... I can tell,” Rebecca said, glancing at Andy’s manhood, then grabbing the throbbing cock, and working it out of his underwear, making the fox whimper and twitch as his sensitive flesh was handled. “Like, even your dick is bigger. I didn’t think that was possible.”

“Neither... ugghhh... neither did I,” Andy groaned as Rebecca began to stroke him, slowly, feeling the larger, fatter cock in her hands. But she began to pick up speed, and soon Andy was thrusting into her hand with a feral energy that surprised her.

The only warning she got was when Andy let out a low, moaning cry. Then a tidal wave of semen shot out, landing on her face, forcing her to close her eyes and let go, shielding her face from the hair trigger orgasm.

“Ack!” Rebecca gasped, swallowing some of her boyfriends cum that landed in her mouth. “You’re like a goddamned fire truck!”

Andy grunted, groaned, and that’s when Rebecca heard the snap, crack and pop of Andy’s body: bones lengthening, muscles growing, his entire body expanding outwards and upwards. His head bumped into the ceiling of the entryway, making him groan, and start to hunch over as he now reached nine feet tall.

Rebecca, almost half the height of the giant fox, gasped as his cock, keeping up with the growth, tore through his underwear, and two baseball sized testicles flopped out, hanging low and heavy.

“You... you grew again... when you came,” Rebecca said, biting her lip at the sight of her giant, hunky boyfriend. And the thought of him getting even bigger.

Andy let out a low groan, his eyes half lidded from the pleasure. “That... that makes more sense than my clothes shrinking.”

Two arms reached around Andy’s neck as Rebecca jumped up, pressing her body into her boyfriend, and pulling him down, nearly making him fall on her.

“Bedroom. Now.”

Andy blinked, comprehending the words, then with a lust filled grin, scooped her up. He took three steps, ducked his head to prevent from bumping into the door frame, then dumped her onto the queen-sized bed, as she quickly tried to take off her pants. Andy didn’t even try, instead tearing into her sweats and panties, leaving her bottom exposed, her pussy already wet.

There was no time or patience for foreplay as he pressed his hands, nearly double their size that morning, against her shoulders to pin her to the bed and he pushed the fat tip of his nearly foot long cock against her vagina, and pressed it in. The thick cock made Rebecca cry out as she was stretched, wider than she had ever thought possible. But it wasn’t painful: in fact, it felt amazing. Andy grunted and panted as he tried to push more and more of his manhood into her, pulling out to ram in another inch, then two, thrusting, pulsing, groaning.

He couldn’t get his knot inside her before he came again with a lusty howl, still thrusting and trying to mate Rebecca as hard and fast as he could, and starting another growth spurt.

Rebecca, feeling Andy’s cock grow longer and thicker even while inside her, as his already incredible weight grew even more, let out her own cry as an orgasm racked her body, the massively increased libido of her growing boyfriend proving to be infectious.

It was then that Andy felt the tiny figure under his arms begin to shift and stretch. He opened an eye, panting heavily, as he watched Rebecca start to grow as well. From her diminutive five feet to an Amazon goddess six and a half, the t-shirt she was wearing now began to grow tight over her body, showing off more curves and bigger boobs.

“Y-you... you are growing too...” Andy panted.

“W-what?” Rebecca, her own afterglow settling down on her as her body twitched in time with the throbbing fifteen inches of red fox inside her pussy.

“Like, you just got bigger!” Andy said. The thought of his girlfriend growing as well now... that was more than enough to get him fully hard and ready to go again, even after this last, fifth orgasm he just had.

Soon he was grinding his cock inside her again, making Rebecca gasp and moan, clutching the sheets of the straining, cracking bed, as she was taken on another ride.

Andy was on such a hair trigger that his fat, sensitive cock in Rebecca’s tight, dripping cunt was soon cumming again, this time pushing his height above twenty feet. At the same moment, Rebecca also began to grow larger, Andy’s shirt straining to hold in the fennec’s increased breast size, and ripping around her arms.

The bed underneath them finally gave way, though neither noticed or cared Andy now sat on the ground, hands gripped around Rebecca’s waist, and he quickly began using her like a sex toy, ramming her up and down his shaft as fast and as hard as he could, slamming her pussy against his fat knot over and over and over again. Rebecca, groaning and moaning as she was used, could barely keep her wits in check as another climax hit her body, then a third.

Then the knot popped in.

They both let out a howl of ecstasy that shattered glass, as they both began to grow, faster and larger than before. Dozens of pounds of muscle grew over Andy’s frame as his head burst through the roof into the next apartment his paws crushing what remained of the bed into kindling and bent steel before smashing through the wall into the hallway. The shirt Rebecca was wearing also finally gave up, letting her boobs bounce out, large, perky, with a fat nipple on both hard and erect.

But they didn’t stop. Couldn’t stop. As soon as Andy’s orgasm ended, he was busy fucking Rebecca senseless to get another, filling the fennec fox with his growth inducing cum. Each subsequent orgasm adding more and more size to both of them, demolishing walls and crushing the furniture under an encroaching wall of red, white and black fur. The apartment above was now fully connected to their own, and soon the floor gave out and they crashed into the rooms below, smashing their neighbor’s belongings as they continued to rut.

The residents in the building during the normal work hours now fled the rocking, shaking, trembling building, expecting an earthquake. But when they reached the streets and

looked back, all they could see, as glass shattered and the stucco façade began to crack and crumble, was the moving wall of red and creamy fur spread through the building.

Until an ear piercing howl shattered any pane of glass that remained on the building, and all those within half a mile, as the whole building crumbled to show a giant, muscular, twenty story red fox, pounding a half as tall, but curvaceous and beautiful fennec fox as if there was no tomorrow.

“A-ah-Andy,” Rebecca groaned, her voice booming and powerful thanks to her increased size. “Y-you are... getting too... ahh... big!”

Andy, panting heavily, looked down in a brief moment of lucidity that followed one of so many countless orgasms and the start of the next, to see the outline of his cock in her belly. It had to be almost as long as his arm, and as thick as one of his biceps. Even Rebecca’s new, curvy hips couldn’t hold him forever, or else she would become little more than a condom on his cock.

Andy let out a pained, lustful growl as he started pulling out, more and more forceful with each tug as his knot refused to slip out of Rebecca. But with a loud howl as his bulbous knot was squeezed tightly, he finally pulled out, in time for a waterfall of potent, virile fox cum to shoot out, soaking the fennec, other buildings, cars, people, and everything else, smashing windows and blasting the siding off of structures even down the block.

And the fox shot up in height as another rope of cum shot out of his cock and soaked the block, then another, and another. Even as his pillar of manhood continued, he stood up on shaky legs. At Andy’s full height, his old, now ruined apartment building would have only come up to his chest. But his shoulders were broader than the former tenement so he couldn’t have even tried to hide behind it as his muscle’s bulged and flexed larger and larger, and his cock and balls alone would have taken up almost half the building’s height.

Rebecca, lying on the ground as a half dozen of Andy’s orgasm’s leaked from her pussy and another coated her from head to foot, let out a loud moan as she also felt herself grow over the rubble of hers, Andy’s and a couple hundred people’s former home, her ears pushing up against another of the tightly packed towers, while a twitch of her feet sent another careening, then collapsing into dust. If she stood up now, maybe she would have come up to just under the thick pecs that dominated her lover’s chest, eye level with the first ridge of his now tight and well defined six pack. Though her gaze would have been much more focused on the mammoth cock, longer than two telephone poles end to end, thicker than a tanker

truck, with two massive, swinging balls that would have made the largest mansions pale in comparison.

The fox looked around, at the result of his most recent orgasm, at his expanding buxom girlfriend at his feet, at the city that was steadily shrinking beneath him, with police cars and firetrucks racing to the scene, and people fleeing from the two giant vulpines. He may have noticed that some of those that were plastered by his cum were also starting to grow larger. Men and women alike, ripping through their clothes and gaining new muscularity and features: the men turning into healthy and well-built Adonis', the women into thin, large breasted and curvy hipped Amazons. And what would they do, but begin to fornicate themselves, making out and enjoying the pleasures of the flesh, as a few of the greedier and size obsessed sought out more of Andy's seed, bathing themselves in the potent growth formula and making their bodies grow larger and larger.

But none of those caught in the collateral damage could compare to the giant Rebecca, and were far, far, far outclassed red fox above her.

A grin crossed his face, even as he panted to catch his breath, and he felt his insatiable libido build up again.

He was huge!

He was a beast!

He was a god!

Andy bent down, picking up Rebecca and hefting her up, little more than a large stuffed animal to him. He kissed his girlfriend on the lips, setting her on the fat knot of his cock as he proceeded to make out with her, pushing his tongue into her mouth in a deep kiss.

Even as they made out, she began sliding her hips and wet lips along his shaft, making the cock pulse and throb as it was played with, as she pushed her breasts against his own pecs, the heavy pillows pressing against him, her hard nipples making him shudder

They finally pulled away from their kiss, Rebecca purring, and Andy huffing, groaning, barely restraining himself.

"C'mon big boy," Rebecca said, her eyes flashing mischievously, and hungrily, as she kept grinding against his cock. "Grow."

Andy didn't need to be told twice, as he let out a howl of ecstasy, and another climax, many times larger than before, rocketed through his cock.

And he grew again.

“Yes! Bigger! Manlier! Sexier! Grow! Grow!” Rebecca screamed so her fox could hear her.

No longer was he growing in inches, or even feet, but yards (meters for the metrically inclined). Thousands of pounds of muscle were added to his body in just a few moments, as his head pushed higher and higher with each shot of cum, dwarfing every apartment building in the neighborhood. There was the force of a broken damn with each shot of his cum, a firehouse of virile fox seed, that punched holes into the weaker buildings, and shifted the stronger ones on their foundations. Quickly flooding the streets in his seed, he was turning hundreds, if not thousands more, into growing, sex crazed beasts.

His broad paws pushed larger and larger, forcing the few policemen nearby and the numerous “victims” of Andy’s cum to escape or get crushed. His tail was large and thick enough to swat away buildings, obliterating anything that would dare to compete with Andy in height.

“Grrrraaaarrrr!” Andy howled as the last ropes of sperm from his throbbing cock splashed on the ground, leaving the monster panting heavily as the growth finally tapered off. Now he was able to take a moment to take in everything. The hot desert wind rustling over his muscles and still hard dick. The sensation of the concrete and splinters under his feet like sand on a beach, scrunching his toes and digging his claws into pavement and concrete like they were tissue paper. The sounds of buildings creaking and groaning as the slightest movement of his body send tremors and earthquakes through the entire city just because of his sheer mass and size. Being able to look over the vast city, from the sprawling spaceport he worked at to the towering, glittering steel and glass skyscrapers of the central business district. The sound of sirens wailing in the distance and the screams of those terrified and running from him, and the louder, booming moans and cries of those infected by his seed embracing their hedonistic fantasies.

The fox let out a grin, before glancing down at the base of his cock. Rebecca was still there, clinging onto her boyfriend’s fur with all her might as the cock under her had grown larger and larger, forcing her to spread her legs wider and wider to remain perched on his fat knot. But she was now trying her best to get his orgasm back.

He reached down and plucked off Rebecca, who gave a whimpering moan as she was lifted up to be eye level with the giant man who was holding her in his palm.

“So, you want me to get even bigger, eh?” Andy said with a booming voice.

“Yes! Oh fuck, yes!” Rebecca exclaimed without hesitation.

Andy grinned, as he looked back to the spaceport, and the dozens of interstellar frigates and cargo transports. “Then you’ll love this, dear.”

He turned on his heel, grinding what little remained of their home to dust, before stomping through the suburbs, commercial centers and factories between them and the spaceport, obliterating anything and everything in his path, smashing through shopping malls and warehouses, crushing highways of cars and trucks, covering the length of multiple football fields in a single step, leaving the deep imprints of his paws with every step. His free hand wrapped around his cock, slowly stroking to get him ready for the greatest show ever in New Boston, and leaving pool sized drops of pre cum to mark his path of destruction.

He finally arrived at the spaceport, where the workers were scrambling in terror at the approach of their massively promoted former co-worker. But Andy wasn’t here to take revenge on lack safety standards in the pursuit of greed and profit, or the hard work for fat cat bankers and stockholders. Well, maybe a bit, somewhere in the back of his mind. But he was much more interested in showing off just how big and powerful he was, how much this city was underneath him now.

He flopped onto his knees at the birth of one of the largest cargo ships docked at the port, his cock smashing into the upper superstructure of the vessel, but even the impossible length of his cock and the bulge of his knot was only, at most, two thirds the size of the ship.

Andy smirked. He’ll change that soon.

He pulled back a bit, removing his cock from the flattened upper portion of the ship, then gently set Rebecca on the top of the ship. She was pretty big, her body easily making up for the wrecked bridge and living quarters of the crew.

But even she was only about half as tall as Andy’s cock now, which the red fox was now positioning at the end of the ship.

“So, maybe I’m too big for you now,” Andy said to Rebecca, giving her a massive kiss that covered her muzzle, tits and stomach in a single move. There was a tinge of sadness in his voice at the fact that he was now so massive he would most likely never get the chance to show his love Rebecca again physically.

“But I sure as hell ain’t big enough yet!” Andy growled as he pulled away. Lust, power, dominance... all mixed together now.

With a single thrust, the tip of his cock pierced the aft of the ship, smashing through engines and power plants and fuel tanks, bending steel beams and titanium alloys, crushing the hundreds of shipping containers still left within it's hold into scrap. His rough fucking made the whole vessel rock and shudder as his shaft took up more and more of the interior of the vessel. Rebecca on the top deck let out a shuddering moan, her hand rubbing her wet pussy as she felt her mate obliterate the giant spaceship below her with his cock.

Andy grabbed the hull of the ship on either side like it was a sex doll, lifting up his round bubble ass and the excitedly wagging tail in a flag of conquest. This forced the rear of the spaceship, still surrounding his cock, to lift up and up and up, before he began to violently screw it, his hips thrusting in and out with a speed that even Rebecca hadn't experienced before.

Rebecca could feel the whole ship shudder, the hull bending and twisting and breaking, welds snapping and support beams crumbling, the bulge that formed every time Andy forced his cock in hard. But she couldn't help but enjoy it, fingering herself, groping her breasts, clinging to the what she could of the damaged but surprisingly sturdy spaceship with her legs, imagining that she was being plowed by the giant fox cock just below her.

"So... close..." Andy snarled, his thrusts growing harder and harder, faster and faster...

Then he came.

The newly opened interiors of the ship were soon filled with a lake's worth of fox seed.

Then the ship itself finally burst at the seams as the fox's growth spiked.

Rebecca soon found herself falling down into the rubble of the dock, thousands of tons of bent and broken steel landing around her, and the thousands, tens of thousands, of gallons of Andy's potent seed.

The fennec was soon growing again, doubling, then tripling in height as she swam in the output of her boyfriend. Her cream coloured fur was now nearly totally white from Andy's cum alone, with black and grey specks of steel getting stuck in the gooey mess on her fur. Now she reached her full potential of beauty and size, with massive breasts that rivaled the largest boulders, and hips wide enough that she wouldn't be able to walk down the street without bumping into the buildings on either side, but also tall enough that even the tops of the man made canyons of the city center would be nearly eye level with her.

But even this massive growth spurt paled to Andy's.

Now Andy was taller than any building in the city. Any structure in America. In the world. And still he surged higher and higher, forced to adjust his stance as his thighs and inflating balls and throbbing cock competed for space, demolishing entire subdivisions with his wayward paws. The sand around the city, a yellow-orange tinge well known to generations of western movies and video games, was now turned white in long, arching shots, like a perverse, lewd, hot snow had blanketed the land. Canyons and natural landmarks were quickly coated and claimed by the fox, as he continued surging higher and higher.

“Yes! Yes! Bigger! Bigger!” Andy cried out, his voice echoing off mountains and canyons for miles around.

Both of his hands gripped his now massive cock, and stroked harder and harder. He yipped and cried and moaned, panting heavily as he pushed his body, just starting to wind down from his umpteenth orgasm that day, to do it again.

And again.

And again.

Soon his head was in the clouds, literally and figuratively, before breaching the barrier and going higher into the atmosphere.

He twitched his foot one way, and the whole of New Boston was ground into ruins. He stumbled in another direction, and he crushed an entire red painted mesa into pebbles. The rivers of the whole Southwest were now being filled more by Andy’s semen than water as the giant lake of his seed now forming in the middle of the desert around his feet began running into every nearby stream, canyon and river.

But only now, when a single one of his toes now would have more than doubled the height of the tallest tower in the crater that was his home city, the need, the urge to reach orgasm, finally subsided.

Andy’s cock, which was now long enough to reach the top of his chest if he lifted it up, was let go. The force of air that was pushed by his flaccid phallus caused a windstorm that kicked up a huge windstorm that turned the lake of cum into a roaring ocean. Exhaustion hit the fox like a ton of bricks (though it would take a few million tons now to more accurately simulate the feeling), and he let his knees buckle, and he fell backwards, landing on the nearby mountain range like it was a sofa, crushing several mountains under his body and setting off seismic detectors in California and causing a panic as an earthquake was feared.

But the giant, muscular fox, panting heavily to try to catch his breath, began to doze off, oblivious to the sheer amount of damage he had caused.

It was only later, after the sun had gone down that he woke up, to feel someone climbing up on his broad chest. He glanced down in bleary eyes to see Rebecca, exhausted, soaked head to toe in his cum, and barely the size of his foot paws, laying sprawled out.

“Heh... sorry about that,” Andy said in an embarrassed tone. “I... uh... may have gotten carried away.”

Rebecca looked up with a tired smile. “And I thought you would have gone planet sized.”

Andy chuckled, lifting up his cum soaked girlfriend, and kissing her on the forehead. “That’s for tomorrow.”