

Watching the rearview mirror was probably the hardest thing I had to do in my life. I wasn't just leaving Leo behind—but everything I'd known. Even though we said our goodbyes, I knew we would never see each other again.

That much was clear when we didn't exchange phone numbers.

And now he was shrinking away until he was just a ruddy dot as we pulled around the corner. The engine's hum filled the cabin, Kudzu drumming a little over the steering wheel as he stole side glances at me.

"Chase?"

My name pulled me out of my bittersweet reverie. "Yeah?"

The raccoon beside me wore his usual attire, dark shorts and a matching tank top. His wiry muscles were on display, arms tensed as he held the wheel. "Just checking to see if you're alright. You've been quiet."

"Just...thinking," I said, "A lot."

He nodded knowingly, his right hand sliding from the wheel to take mine. The grip was comforting, his padded fingers slipping around between mine. It was a familiar embrace, one we'd cultivated over the last two years since...

A slight shudder went up my spine.

Well, since we first met.

Kudzu tilted his head, his dark-furred face lined with growing concern. "Steady breathing?"

I'd had my fair share of panic attacks since we had gotten out of Echo, so he wasn't wrong to ask me. They've been improving in the last year, loud noises setting me off less and less.

"Yeah," I said, forcing a smile as I squeezed his hand reassuringly.

His bushy, ringed tail flicked behind his chair. I could tell he didn't fully believe me, but he was willing to put it aside as his thumb slid over the back of my hand.

"Did you find what you were looking for?"

"Closure?" I asked in reply before shaking my head. "No, I don't think so."

Just as his frown started to deepen, I continued speaking. "I found something else, though." I gave his hand an emphatic squeeze as I smiled. His worry seemed to melt as he regarded me, flicking his gaze between me and the rugged roadway out of crumbling Echo.

"I didn't take you to be so corny," he responded with a wry smile.

"Not usually, but...it felt like it was worth saying." I swung my tail around, brushing the tip against Kudzu's, still yearning for more contact with my boyfriend. Seeing Leo again was

incredibly bittersweet. I could still see the cracks—the parts of him that had gone to pieces—even as he put his life back together. Still, a long way to go, but I think he'll be okay someday.

"He'll be fine," Kudzu said, as if reading my mind. He returned my nonplussed look with one of amusement. "You forget, I knew him too."

I laughed a little, "Yeah, I guess so. Sometimes, I forget you lived right next to him for years."

The tires buzzed as they finally hit solid road, our overpacked pickup zooming along the dusty highway. Lake Emma sparkled off in the distance, almost in a final farewell. A dilapidated, stylized sign labeled "ECHO" whipped past, adding to that sense of finality.

The closing of a chapter.

"Leo can handle adversity," Kudzu said, his fingers squeezing between mine. "He'll leave too; give him time."

"Yeah," I said with a quiet sigh, leaning against the headrest as I stared at the manilla-colored ceiling.

The idea of starting a new life was daunting, but I'm glad I finally said my piece to the old one. I'm not sure I'd be able to live with that itching feeling of regret if I hadn't.

Sunny California awaited—far away from sagebrush and tumbleweeds.

Far away from people and places that could hurt me. I tilted my head, watching my lover for the longest, the stoic raccoon braced with a hand resting over the wheel.

And the people who would hurt those I care most about.

Unpacking everything was harder than I thought. I didn't want to ask how Kudzu could afford a shop/apartment combo in the Bay Area. It was surreal being able to see the Golden Gate Bridge from my bedroom window.

Apparently, his family had connections—that's as much as Kudzu would tell me about the topic. At least we had the deed; from what I could tell, it was legitimate.

On the shop side, Kudzu surprised me by hitting the ground running. The doors were already open before I could finish unboxing. I was a little curious about his shift to selling flowers, but he told me that it was a soothing diversion after everything we had been through.

And they sold well! He had at least a dozen species that I couldn't remember the names of, and he spent most mornings caring for them. It made me a little jealous; sleeping in left me devoid of cuddles.

It's hard to imagine having an empty bed anymore. Having someone there to hold you at night—to know that you're not alone—was something I couldn't live without anymore. Maybe it's because we never moved in with each other, but that level of deeper connection didn't happen with Leo.

My stomach sank as I thought about the red wolf.

It had been months already, and I tried to push the thought away. Nearly three years since we officially broke things off, and I still found my mind drifting.

"Chase?"

Kudzu's firm but gentle voice coaxed me out of thought. "Y-Yeah?" I asked, ears folding back as they warmed.

"Did you want pancakes?" He leaned around the corner, peering from the kitchen at me expectantly.

"Sure!" I responded, trying to force a smile onto my face.

He came out of the kitchen, bushy tail swaying. My boyfriend wore nothing but an apron covering his front, a comically cringe "kiss the cook" logo on the front with a lipstick kiss—apparently a housewarming gift from one of our neighbors.

I tried not to be distracted with that trim, toned body.

Though, I was failing pretty hard, considering Kudzu's mildly worried expression twisted into one of amusement. "I was going to ask if you're distracted with something." He turned slightly, revealing his flank. I tried to hold an exhale as he gave me a flash of those taut cheeks, a little dimple forming as he flexed them.

It's a sight I've seen for years but never got old. Something about Kudzu parading around in nothing but a smock was pushing a few buttons.

"I was, but..."

"New reasons?" he asked, his tail giving a sultry flick.

I coughed in my throat, feeling the warmth crawling up my neck and into my cheeks. I couldn't ignore his summons as he beckoned me with a finger. The chair squeaked as I got up, rattling quietly across the wooden floor before I padded over.

He tucked that digit under my chin, lifting it up before gently kissing my lips. Chaste or not, I had to fight to keep my knees from going out. I often forgot he was shorter than me, carrying enough charismatic energy for someone twice his size.

"Still want pancakes?" Kudzu asked, his nose only inches from mine. A shiver raced up my spine as he locked those dark eyes on mine.

He had really opened up in the last few years. The stoic exterior he had when we first met had given way to a confident raccoon. He still wasn't the most expressive person I had met, but there was a marked difference.

...Especially when he wanted to fluster me.

"Y-Yeah... I'm still pretty, uh, hungry," I said with a light laugh as I tried to maneuver my way around an accidental innuendo.

He twirled the spatula in his hand, giving it a little flourish as he went back to cooking; his ringed tail gave me a teasing brush between the thighs as he did. The batter sizzled as it poured onto the pan, the gooey sphere spreading as it subtly bubbled.

"I've been thinking about getting serious with working out," Kudzu said as he flipped the first flapjack.

"O-Oh?" I asked, my mind starting to race with salacious imagery.

He cocked his head over his shoulder, giving me a smug look. "I know how much you enjoy my body, Chase. You've made that obvious the day we first met."

I nearly choked on my spit, coughing. "Wh-what? I—"

"You're not as subtle as you think."

The downside to living with someone is that they know you inside and out. I tilted my head to the side, rubbing my neck as I tried to think of something to say—fruitlessly.

"I've considered it before," Kudzu continued. "I've never seriously lifted."

I blinked several times. "You haven't? But, how—" He made a good point. I hadn't seen him in a gym so long as I had been with him, yet he still maintained a ripped figure. I always wondered how he did it. Natural metabolism and a healthy diet? Half of that wouldn't explain the light plush around my middle, though.

"Genetics, possibly," he said thoughtfully. "I've been more focused on growing plants than myself."

This time, I didn't stop the flustered huff from slipping out of me. If he was like this at square one, what would he look like after a few months of lifting? What if he fully leaned into it with supplements?

My cheeks sizzled as I thought back to how Leo used to hit the gym, aggressively pumping iron and chugging protein shakes when we were in high school. Watching him go from beanpole to broad-shouldered quarterback over the years drove me crazy. The way he practically fought the weights, grunting and sweating as he lifted, was just as hot as anything we had between us.

"I could probably, uh, look some stuff up for you," I offered, my voice cracking slightly. "Maybe get you some supplements and supplies..." I let out a flustered squeak as he ticced a white-furred brow up.

"You're really getting into this."

"I-I mean, it's something you want! Wouldn't I be a bad boyfriend if I didn't help a little?"

He chuckled quietly, slipping the pancake from the skillet to a plate before starting the next. "You don't need to pretend to be pious, Chase." He gestured toward me with a tilt of his muzzle.

"You're quivering."

Frustration fought with embarrassment as I adjusted my pants.

"You don't need to hide it," Kudzu said matter-of-factly. Or I assumed, anyway. It was hard to tell with him sometimes. He wasn't exactly the most expressive person I've known.

However, the question was solved when he slid a hand down the small of my back. He traced the base of my tail before giving my rear a firm squeeze. I squeaked, nearly jumping out of my shorts.

"Y-You're in a mood," I muttered, trying not to let my voice quiver. I could see the bulge tenting out the front of his apron, stretching it out in the shape of his sizable endowment.

"I've been in a good mood," He said, slipping another pancake onto the plate. "I have some excess energy to burn."

"I figured you would be exhausted with all of the gardening you've been doing," I said, stepping back to cool off. It didn't help that the stove kept things a few degrees higher than I was used to.

He laughed, a sound that instinctively made me smile. "You would think so, but I've felt *good*. Ever since we got out of Utah, I've been feeling..." He paused, trying to find his words before shaking his head. "It's probably my imagination."

"I don't think it's just you," I said. "Maybe it's just that we're so far away from it all, but... I haven't had a panic attack since we moved in."

The burner turned off with a click, Kudzu reaching up into the cabinets for some syrup. "How about...*Sam*?"

The name made my stomach sink, leaving me fidgeting on my feet. It was a strange thing to have an actual name for my mental issues. "No. Not a single thing. I haven't had any intrusive thoughts or images..." I laughed, a single pop. "But, I've had hope before."

He turned, sliding a plate of pancakes into my hand. "And now you have breakfast. Eat up. We can talk more about working out later."

I had lost track of how many weeks we had been going to the gym together. Turns out there was one at the end of the street, which was convenient.

It was a professional gym, so muscled men weren't in short supply. Any other time, and I would have loved ogling huge guys—just not when I'm a sweat-soaked rag heaving for breath on a squat rack.

I laid back, chest bobbing, my gaze catching on an alluring sight across the aisle. Bobbing up and down over the stair stepper was my boyfriend. Meaty quads outlined his shorts, defined muscle rolling as steel cables for hamstrings rippled. His calves bulged, a few veins tracing under his short fur as he stepped.

God. It was crazy how much size he was packing on. His appetite had quadrupled. I'm sure we'd be deep in the red if it weren't for unlimited buffets. Our budget was mainly for supplements, shakes, and a fridge full of meat.

It was almost like I could see the muscle growing as he worked out. Kudzu's clothes started to hug him like a second skin. He had been complaining the last few days, and...given my new perspective, I could see why.

And it wasn't just me who was staring either. I had to stuff my jealousy as several bodybuilders outright rubbed elbows with my boyfriend. They set him up with advanced weight training and some "supplements" that I couldn't Google. I'd asked him if any of them were steroids, but he denied it.

So far, I haven't seen any needles, so...

He stepped off the stairs, whipping his sweat towel over his shoulders. I noticed a subtle waddle to his gait as those thighs slid together. They stopped short of me, Kudzu staring down his muscled chest at me. He gave me a look, his head tilted to one side.

"Did you finish your set?"

My mind blanked, the unusual view giving me all the right angles to admire that carefully cultivated physique. "Uuhh, y'know, I'm just..." Words fled from me as I got a good look up his shorts. I could see a slip of his shaft down the leg, vivid pink visible against his furred thigh.

"...Chase?"

"Yep!" I snapped with forced enthusiasm, feeling my face heating up. I flipped up to get off the machine but banged my head against the weight bar. The world erupted into stars as I tumbled back onto the faux-leather bench.

"Chase!"

It was like my name was spoken through cotton, fuzzy and muted. I could feel the world turning, hands sliding underneath me as the ground fell away. I blinked my eyes open, wiping away the blur as the room around me came back into focus.

I was in Kudzu's arms, the shorter raccoon holding me effortlessly. Those biceps bulged, a few veins creeping out from under his tank top to branch over split mounds bigger than softballs. His expression was etched with concern, and a slight tilt of my head showed a few others were also taking notice.

"I-I'm okay!" I quickly said with a rattling laugh. "Just...just a little clumsy!"

The "clumsy otter" narrative stuck, Kudzu exhaling through his nostrils as he nodded. Gingerly, he lowered me to my feet. Despite the dull throbbing, I don't think anything else was knocked loose in my head.

We finished off our workout, even though it probably wasn't fair to label what I was doing as such. I spent most of my time running around the track that looped the walls of the building. The main machine and heavy weights sat in the middle of the sizable oval, giving me a perfect vantage point to keep my eyes on my boyfriend.

It was crazy how much he had taken to this lifestyle. I'd been to the gym several times when I was a teenager, and even with supervision, my form sucked. I wasn't even that great at swimming—something I should have had a natural talent for! But Kudzu—he slipped into weightlifting as if he were made for it, like a puzzle piece snapping into place. His reps were ridiculous, too. I swear he was on the same curls as I passed around the loop a second time.

My body ached, clothes sticking to me uncomfortably, sweat acting like glue. My legs cried out for a reprieve as I finally came to a wheezing stop near the men's lockers.

"I may need a new wardrobe," Kudzu said as he approached, winding his way around the weights and across the track to me. No kidding; his tank top looked constricting, the front of it pulled around taut pecs. The straps were stretched around traps that hugged his neck. A few fat veins ran up the sides of it, showing off just how much it had swelled as well.

I had to wonder if the stuff he was taking had steroids in it. Kudzu's upper body was developing quickly, and his shoulders had broadened a good combined half-foot width.

Though, it couldn't have been steroids, right? The stuff I read about it online said that it shrank your manhood and could cause aggression. If anything, Kudzu was happier than he had been in months, and I know he hasn't shrunk in *that* department. If anything, I swore it was getting bigger too...

"We're already stretched thin as it is," I said with a nervous chuckle. "I'd hate to say that you're eating us out of house and home—especially since it was my idea—but..."

"...But?" he asked with a sly smile, his flat, impassive brows seemingly adding to the effect.

"N-Nothing," I said, mock-innocence falling flat. My nose twitched. Being this close to him, I could pick up on a distinctly musky aroma radiating off of him. The salty tang tickled my sinuses as earthy tones threatened to short out my brain.

"M-Maybe, uh," I said through a constricted throat, "Maybe...you could save the shower until we got home?"

He stopped just short of stepping into the lockers, his brow lifting. I could see the gears turning, clicking into place as he inferred my real desire—as he always did. "Whatever you want," he said, the tiniest hint of a sultry purr to his voice. "I might need you to cut this top off of me anyway."

My face burned, buttons thoroughly pressed as he sauntered through the doorway. I swore he flexed his ass on purpose, those meaty globes clenching together as they filled out his skintight shorts.

"God... What have I unleashed?"

The locker room was downright icy compared to the rest of the gym. The AC was cranked to maximum, wafting over us as we stepped into the room, soles slapping lightly over the tile floor.

Kudzu was quick to strip, the raccoon having popped our locker open. I got a small show as he tugged his shirt over his head; I noticed the beginnings of a struggle, the process not-so-seamless thanks to his newfound musculature.

It was difficult not to stare. His back muscles rippled and feathered in an almost hypnotic way. The same could be said for his rear and hamstrings, muscles thrumming as he stretched his arms over his head.

"Coming?" Kudzu asked, a towel already over his shoulder, soaps in hand. He gave me a curious look, eyeing me up and down. There was a subtle hint to his voice, a lascivious tone that I couldn't push out of my mind.

I'd never known him to be very sexual, so this was a bit of a shock. I scampered over to the lockers, hastily stripping my clothes off before throwing them straight in and slapping it shut. I hiked my own towel over my shoulder as I scuttled after him.

Thankfully, this place didn't believe in communal showers—much to my relief. Instead, we got a long hallway of roomy shower stalls, each with locking doors. There was a little entryway with two benches and the actual shower in the next section beyond.

By the time I closed the door to our stall, Kudzu was already in the shower. Being at the farthest end added to the idea that my raccoon was seeking privacy. My heart thumped as I locked the door, dropping my stuff next to Kudzu's on the bench.

The water hissed, Kudzu's form obscured by a translucent curtain. Steam rose, hazing over the top of the stall, seeming to muffle the world around us—shrinking it down to just our small corner. I peeked around the curtain, water having already slicked Kudzu's fur down. The result was that he seemed even more ripped than before, the muscular curves of his post-workout body on full display.

“I was wondering what was taking you.” His tone would have been matter-of-fact or expressionless to most people, but I knew better. There was a slight lilt to his words, the corner of his mouth quirking up slightly.

The air was several degrees warmer as I stepped into the shower. There was room for us and a little wiggle, but not much more. Kudzu adjusted the shower head, keeping it from blasting me as I squeezed against the side wall.

I laughed nervously as he slid closer to me, pressing those solid pecs against my chest. Muscled arms circled around me, biceps pressing into my sides as the slightly shorter raccoon looked up at me. His gaze was hungry; I could already feel a subtle throb, a warmth sliding along the inside of my thigh.

A moan slipped out of me as he flexed slightly, putting enough pressure around me to make my spine pop. It was a hint—a tease—a little show of how much stronger he had gotten.

“I love you.” The words were possessive, spoken against my neck. I could barely get out a word before he gave it a slow kiss, suckling in a way that I knew would leave a hickey behind.

His hands wandered down my back possessively. I squeaked as his palms pressed over my rear, fingers kneading it. My tail hiked automatically, and I found a pair of fingers slipping underneath. Kudzu was driving me crazy, keeping me pinned in place with his heavy body as he did what he wanted.

The water made his fingers slick enough to slide into me, spurring me into a series of short, breathless gasps. He was serious today. Those fingers slid in and out of me, pushing deeper with every thrust.

And then he had me turned against the wall. The warm spray of the shower brushed my left side, a slight shiver going up my spine as Kudzu’s fingers slipped out of me. I could hear a cap popping and closing along with a deep grunt from my boyfriend.

“NNhh...” I groaned as slicked fingers pushed back into me, stretching and working me into what was going to happen next. It had been a while, but Kudzu felt distinctly larger as he pressed against my entrance. I moaned, shifting my hips and widening my stance in an attempt to take his slicked shaft.

It had been a while, but I didn’t remember having this much struggle getting Kudzu inside of me. Not that we had had a lot of sex in our relationship; most of it was fixated on trying to return to a semblance of normalcy after what we had been through.

“NNhuuh...!” I moaned breathily as he finally slipped into me. He plunged in deep; I could feel him stretching me, veins catching along my entrance. Kudzu’s arms wrapped around me, holding me possessively against his chest.

He breathed against my neck, hilding me. I could feel the subtle throb of his heartbeat as we stayed like this for nearly a minute, the hiss of the shower masking our heavy breathing.

And then he started to thrust. He muffled my moans with his mouth, tilting my head just enough for us to lock lips. My rear shook, soft clapping echoing in our small stall as he rocked his hips into mine. I could feel those rock-solid thighs against the back of my legs, hard muscles surrounding me as those arms hugged me tightly.

It was crazy to think we were having sex in a “technically” public space. I’d never known Kudzu to be so bold. Hell, even I wouldn’t have suggested this...

But rational thought was hard to grasp as he picked up his pace. Kudzu broke our kiss, biting down on my neck possessively. I tried to moan, but a set of fingers slid into my mouth to keep me muffled. They swirled around, pressing down on my tongue, forcing me to suck over them in time with the thrust of his hips.

My eyes threatened to roll back in my head. Kudzu was huge; it felt like someone had shoved a throbbing sausage into me. I could swear my stomach dented out a little as he pressed in hard.

I shuddered as his other hand traced down my stomach, gripping my endowment before starting to shakily pump it. I wasn’t going to last long, even if he didn’t touch me. Now that he was, I began seeing white stars exploding even as I closed my eyes.

“Fuck,” he hissed, kissing at my neck and along my jawline. “Chase...”

The sheer need behind how he said my name was the trigger to send me over the edge. He squeezed, gripping around the base of my cock as I spilled all over the wall. Kudzu’s voice added to the mix of muffled noise as I moaned around his fingers.

Warmth spilled inside of me as well, filling the corners that his sizable shaft didn’t steal for itself. I could hear those particular three words as he whispered against my neck, repeating them a few times as he slid his fingers from my mouth.

Kudzu hugged me from behind, pulling me back a step and into the stream of warm water. I noticed he didn’t bother pulling out, staying buried deep as we shared our embrace under the steamy stream.

“Sorry,” he whispered after a moment.

I blinked, tilting my head back to look at him. “What for?”

“I didn’t ask...if you were okay with this,” he said quietly, nose buried into the crook of my neck.

I laughed a little, even going so far as to squeeze that endowment still inside me with a flex.

“Why wouldn’t I want to have sex with my hot boyfriend?”

The compliment brightened him, his ears going back up. “Hot, huh?”

“Have you looked at yourself in a mirror lately?” I jabbed back with a laugh.

He hummed thoughtfully, “Maybe a bit...”

We shared another embrace in the water before I finally broke the silence. "Maybe we should get cleaned up? As much as I like you inside me, I'm starting to get a little sore."

Kudzu laughed before giving me another kiss.

My fingers clattered over my laptop, but my mind was drifting. Trying to keep up with the mundane details of running a one-man photography business was mentally taxing. Far better than having to make up a bunch of waffle for articles and reports, at least. More focus on my real passion: photography.

Thinking of distractions, the floor thumped rhythmically, shaking me through the shuddering legs of the sofa. I bit at my lower lip, secure in the knowledge of what exactly was causing it. Trying to work on a backlog of commission requests was futile as the rumbling approached, shelves and portraits on our living room wall rattling. One in particular was dancing left and right, a frame filled with a smiling goatee-wearing otter with his arm wrapped around a slim, serious-faced raccoon with crossed arms.

A shadow blocked my view, descending over me like an eclipse. I tilted my head up, being met with a set of cream-furred spheres. They were sprinkled with dark flecks of stubble—the beginnings of a testosterone-fueled hirsute forest. The rest of the raccoon attached to those swollen spheres was nothing short of monstrous. A heavyweight bodybuilder peered down at me, those dark eyes barely able to see around the curvature of his chest as he watched me impassively.

He wore nothing, his pink shaft dangling nearly down to his knees, a set of turgid balls swinging behind them like a pendulum. There was hardly any space for his endowment, his meaty thighs taking up room, teardrop-shaped quads brushing together as they occasionally feathered and flexed.

"Have you seen my keys?" a rumbling voice asked, causing me to shiver.

"I...N-No?" I answered unsteadily. The behemoth got down onto a knee, the ground shaking. It gave me a good view of his back. Swollen traps flanked either side of an enlarged jawline. Prickly dark stubble had formed along that blocky expanse, testosterone having done a number to my evolving boyfriend. The muscles that made up his meaty back were split in half by a ravine where his spine ran, a fluffy striped tail obscuring the center of boulder-like glutes.

I couldn't begin to name all the muscle groups standing out proudly under his tight pelt.

A hand slipped under the sofa, palm spread wide. I let out a noise of surprise as I was suddenly jolted upward. The pillows bobbed, my laptop hopping off my legs as I clutched the back of the sofa. With just one arm, Kudzu had lifted me and the furniture straight into the air, fan blades whirling only a few feet above me.

"Found them." The sofa wobbled as I was lowered back down, the jingle of keys heralding my descent. Kudzu laughed, a gravelly, rumbling sound as he smiled down at me. Those keys played in his hands, rolling around fingers far thicker than I remembered.

"I didn't scare you, did I?" He asked—a genuine question. "I know you've enjoyed me showing off my strength. I thought you would like the demonstration."

I groaned softly, unable to conceal the tent in my shorts even as I hiked my knees up. "Y-Yeah... It's good."

He leaned forward, putting a hand on the back of the sofa as he loomed over me. I could hear the invitation to touch; that much was clear. Kudzu had become increasingly handsy of late. Or, rather, subtle demands that I be handsy with *him*. I reached out, fingers quivering as I slid them over the solid spheres that pushed out his chest. A soft groan bloomed out of the bodybuilder as he leaned closer, bringing them down towards my face.

"That's it," he whispered. "*More...*"

It was rare that Kudzu asked for anything. Hearing such an openly stated command had my heart racing.

"A-Ahh..." he gasped as my thumb passed over a quarter-sized nipple. I had gathered that he was getting more sensitive as he grew. It was like his entire body was a wire for pleasure; I even heard him moaning just by walking, his bloated biceps grazing against his chest, elbows angling out from how large he was becoming.

His hand slid behind my head, gripping it firmly. I found my face shoved against the underside of his solid pec, my nose sliding against the banded muscle as those globes clenched together. Kudzu practically mashed my mouth against the nipple underneath.

I obliged, huffing and panting as I suckled. Kudzu's body rippled around me, muscles flexing on end. He knelt on the sofa, leaning over me, his broad back casting a deep shadow. He was heavy enough that he could probably crush me under his weight. The thought sent a sick blend of pleasure and fear through me.

My hands wandered up those arms, feeling over limbs as thick as my chest. He was crazy vascular—especially when worked up like this, veins crawling over him like vines or roots from a tree.

Kudzu's cock dropped over my stomach. Over a foot-length of raccoon pulsed, making a puddle of precum that stained my shirt. God, it was as thick as my forearm...

I know we haven't had a lot of sex—focusing more on our relationship instead—but there was no way he was going to fit inside me now. Any bigger and he'd probably pop out of my other end if he tried.

"Chase..." He moaned breathily, lowering himself down. His massive chest dropped over me, pinning me to the sofa as I was brought face-to-face with my bodybuilder boyfriend. I opened my mouth to respond but found it filled with Kudzu's tongue.

Scratchy stubble tickled my face as his blocky jawline flexed and shifted alluringly. His tongue slid past my lips, rolling into my mouth with a ferocious need. I was lifted subtly, those mammoth arms tucking under me, pressing me fully against his herculean body.

It was like he was cobbled out of steel cables. Underneath his short-furred pelt, his body had absolutely no yield. Kudzu was already pretty ripped; now, there wasn't a speck of fat to be found.

Kudzu thrust against me shakily, pushing me deeper into the sofa cushions. I shakily reached around him, grabbing at what I could of his broad back. It was challenging to get around those lats, like hugging iron wings.

I lifted my legs, hiking them around his sides. My feet perched over his rear, a soft moan slipping out of me as those glutes swelled and jumped under my soles. Every touch seemed to shock Kudzu with ecstasy. He moaned in my mouth, the deeper baritone barreling down my throat.

Grabbing both of his nips and tugging seemed to pull the trigger. His body clenched like a coil, muscle bulging under his pelt with enough force to subtly creak. Hot spunk spattered under my chin, dripping down over my chest as rope after rope shot from my boyfriend's length. It jumped, slapping against my stomach with enough weight to make me twitch.

He pulled off of my mouth, several strings of saliva snapping. I took the time to massage along his stubble-coated jawline, feeling over those masculine contours. We were both hot and blushing, chests heaving.

"I love you," he muttered breathlessly, nuzzling my neck before kissing it. I squirmed, squeaking as he kissed down my chest and to my stomach. He unbuttoned my shorts, peeling my shirt off as well, tossing my clothes aside.

I wasn't prepared for his warm mouth to wrap around my already-aching endowment. I let out a wobbling wail of a moan as he dipped himself all the way to the base, that scratchy stubble working against my lower stomach.

The weight of his mammoth upper body kept me firmly pinned in place. There was no escape—not that I wanted to get out of this, no matter how much my brain threatened to implode.

His pecs rolled forward and back over my thighs, the cleavage bumping up against my balls as Kudzu practically gagged himself over me. His large hands slid over my body, thick fingers squeezing around me possessively. It was crazy how much of a toothpick I was compared to him. Those meaty mitts could easily wrap around my upper arms, sliding down to my own hands as he laced fingers.

It was difficult to get mine between them now. They were miniature pillars in their own right, ending in blunt black nails. Tendons bulged as he squeezed, the pressure reaching uncomfortable levels as his mitts engulfed mine.

"K-Kudzu...!" I moaned, his name rattling out of me. It seemed to spur him on, his bobbing growing faster. He pressed his pecs against the base of my shaft, squeezing them around it as he worked the tip. My vision faltered, lights popping in and out as it felt like I was on the verge of blacking out from it all.

He groaned, a deep, churning sound as I blew in his mouth. The vibrations sent my eyes rolling back in my head. He sucked diligently, nearly pulling out my soul as he gulped down every last drop.

Musk radiated from the behemoth, a light sheen of sweat in his short fur. My clothes were soaked with sweat and cum, the stuff mingling into a miasma that made me feel even more lightheaded.

"Ah!" I gasped, being pulled into the air effortlessly. He flipped me into his arms, holding me bridal style, his bloated biceps bumping against my back and thighs. Kudzu kissed me again, this time slower. We gently bobbed together in that embrace as he carried me to our shared bedroom.

"I was working," I said with a shaky laugh as our lips parted.

"I know," Kudzu said, his blocky jawline shifting as he smirked. "You needed a break."

"You consider riling me up as a break?" I asked, returning his expression.

"Are you complaining?" As he stepped into the bathroom, Kudzu turned sideways—a necessity with how broad his shoulders had become.

"I didn't tell you to stop, did I?" I replied. My arms looped around my boyfriend as I hugged tight to the wall of dark fur and muscle. Judging what was poking me down below, I had a feeling getting clean was going to be a second priority...

"Chase? Can you...help me?"

The request came out clumsily, displacing the usual confident rumble of my boyfriend's deep voice. Kudzu sat on the end of our bed, his elbows angled out—something he was permanently forced into thanks to his newfound size. Nearly as wide as the mattress, his rounded delts threatened to hang over the edges.

He had been fighting with his tank top to no avail. He didn't have the flexibility to get the dark fabric over his chest anymore. I was content to watch him writhe and wiggle as he accidentally put on a salacious show. But I couldn't ignore an earnest cry for help.

Perching my knees on the edge of the bed, I climbed Mount Kudzu. Getting the shirt down over his barrel chest was more difficult than I had initially thought. The fabric strained, seams popping as I pulled the tank top around his wing-like lats. I swear they were on a collision course with his ass.

"I need bigger clothes," Kudzu muttered, leaning back as I tugged the last of the fabric down. It refused to cover his lower stomach, the last few sets of cobbled abdominals poking out. It wasn't quite a crop top, but that would change in a week. Thick fur crept up from his crotch, a triangular point that nestled up in the divide between rippling bricks.

"Kudzu," I said as he got up, my hands wrestling with the waist of his shorts. "I don't think they *make* bigger clothes."

Getting even the elastic up and around his glutes was a challenge, deeply dimpled boulders filling up the space—and that was nothing to say about his crotch. That sausage had swollen to a soda bottle, the base still visible, no matter how much I fought with his shorts. He had managed to squeeze into a jockstrap, the band alluringly traveling around his lower obliques, accenting them.

He was quite a sight as he stood up to his full height. He was half a foot taller than me, which boggled my mind as I tilted my head back to look up at him. Whatever was happening to him, it was more than just muscular. It was like his body was expanding, stretching to make room for more mass. He was the width of at least three old Kudzu now...

The floor shook with every step; he had to turn sideways to slip through our bedroom door. Even then, the frame caught against his pecs and back. The brush—especially against his sensitive chest—made him moan out, a sharp single note of delight followed by his herculean body quivering.

It was a wonder he wasn't walking with a constant boner. He confided in me a few nights ago, confirming what I already figured was the case. The bigger he grew, the more sensitive his herculean body became. He thought it might be the increased blood flow combined with how tight his pelt was now.

Just a brush down his massive back or sides was enough to make him gasp. I had to be careful how I touched him, or else I could make him prematurely blow his load. As hot as it was, I'm sure he didn't appreciate having the front of his shorts stained and dripping when we were in public.

Not that there would be much of a difference. All eyes were already on this herculean raccoon. He took up two seats in the bus and half of an elevator to himself. I was the only one who could drive the truck now, its owner unable to fit comfortably inside.

He thumped around in the kitchen, a blender starting up—a familiar sound in the last few months. Slipping on loose shorts and a t-shirt, I slid out to join him. The once sizable kitchen was a little cramped. Kudzu was like a revolving door; I had to duck out of the way of those shoulders every time he turned.

Dark contents poured from the blender pitcher into an extra-sized cup. A meaty hand capped it off, giving the lid a little twist.

"You're still drinking a shake? Aren't you working at the shop today?" I asked curiously, leaning against the refrigerator and out of the way of the massive man's movements.

"I'm still growing," Kudzu said before tipping it up for a long drink, Adam's apple bobbing. "My body needs nutrients even on rest days." He glanced at me, flashing a sultry smile as his blocky, bearded chin nestled against his pecs. "I'm also trying out a new formula. It was recommended by my personal trainer."

"New?" I asked, looking at the dark contents of the shake. It was utterly unappealing, and the smell wasn't exactly appetizing either. "Do...you know what's in it?"

The excessive time it took to answer told me everything I needed to know. He reassured me that it was safe, a hand engulfing my shoulder as he rubbed it. He made his way downstairs, leaving me alone to think.

I spent the rest of the early morning making breakfast, cooking myself some eggs, and popping bread into the toaster. I ended up at our short dining table with some coffee as well. As I was taking a deep drag, I heard a heavy thump below, the floor shuddering.

"Wha—"

A deep moan echoed up the stairwell. It instinctively made my shorts tent, stealing some of my breath. I put my mug down, chair squeaking across the hard floor as I headed to the stairs.

Following the groans, I found Kudzu in the corner of his shop. Several pots had tipped over, shards of ruddy clay dotting splashes of dirt around the hulking raccoon. Next to his feet were the half-spilled contents of his morning shake.

"K-Kudzu?" I asked tentatively, trying to step past the mess and through rows of leafy flowers.

"S-So...hot..." he muttered, sounding delirious. Kudzu squeezed his chest, bunching those swollen pectorals together. He was soaked with sweat, his shirt darkened and damp. It looked like he was burning up, cheeks and the insides of his ear a warm pink.

I blinked as a few loud pops filled the room. The sides of Kudzu's tank started to split, stitches coming loose as white and gray fur spilled out.

"*UUnnghh... Ch-Chase!*" he moaned, throwing his head back against subtly swelling traps. "*H-Help,*" he gasped, his pecs pumping bigger, pulling the strings of his tank top taut. There was enough space to slip an entire arm into the fabric fit to snap. His hands were forced away, biceps and pectorals fighting for space—a losing battle for his desperate grip.

He was actually *growing*, body expanding in real time as sweat dripped and puddled around my musky boyfriend. The heady aroma smacked me across the sinuses, dizziness nearly causing me to trip over some pot shards.

"G-Getting too big..." he moaned just as the insides of his shorts split open. A massive shaft slipped out of the tear, obliterating the crotch of his shorts in the process. It throbbed into the air, increasing in size with every pulsating heartbeat. Veins webbed over it as it gained several inches—even a whole *foot*. His jockstrap acted as a pouch for burgeoning balls, the elastic stretching and straining as it frayed.

In the middle of this orgy of excess, I hazily remembered that I left my camera bag downstairs. I had taken pictures of hydrangeas for Kudzu, one of the few ways I could help around the shop.

I pulled the bag off the shelf, digging through it until I found my prize. I popped the cap off, shaking as I angled the lens at my bulging boyfriend. He was braced in the corner of our shop, shoulders grazing the cinder block as he clutched onto the edges of the countertop. The wood was already starting to fracture under only a fraction of his weight. Kudzu's clothes were hanging on by literal threads, his chest heaving in jittering gasps as he tried to catch his breath.

It looked orgasmic, his entire body shaking in ecstasy. Precum shot across the room in fat ropes, spattering over flowers and even painting the front window.

My camera clicked as I captured a few images of the spectacle. It was hard to keep steady, and my heart raced as I found it hard to breathe, Kudzu's heady musk assaulting my senses.

My boyfriend grabbed at his shaft, squeezing it with both hands, biceps jamming his pecs together. He thrust, forcing the growing meat through his padded palms. His tanktop split, lats forcing their way out as the straps clinging to his traps broke like rubber bands. Kudzu's shorts burst as well, tearing off of him, leaving only the crimson fabric of his jockstrap clinging to hefty, knee-height orbs.

"Unngh... *Nm*gg... F-Feels so good..." Kudzu moaned, his words slurring as his eyes threatened to roll back in his head. Just as I was snapping another picture, his meaty mitt reached out. A palm as large as my chest wrapped around my shoulders, tugging me forward. I barely had time to toss my camera into the safety of my soft bag before my face went right under his arm.

The pressure was immense as Kudzu slid me into his pit. His swollen bicep shoved into my back, pinning me in place. My fingers traced over his front, brushing over distended abdominals and obliques that flanked them like scaled armor.

Thickened fur under his arm tickled at my nose, wrapping around my muzzle as the deep void nearly swallowed my head. My hands pushed against his chest, palm twisting and shoving on a nipple as I squirmed around.

Kudzu bellowed out a moan, his cock jumping, brushing against my elbow as I fought for breath. His size was overwhelming, the raccoon's arm alone just as big as I was.

That bicep pressed into me, hide audibly creaking as it bloated bigger. Somehow, I got a taste of what Kudzu felt as that sinew swelled across my back, muscle rolling as it greedily devoured space.

I gasped as my face finally pulled from that pit, Kudzu releasing his grip on me. I stumbled back a step, head spinning. He was a monster—easily as wide as he was tall now, standing somewhere at six and a half feet. Traps had flanked around his head, a neck as thick as my waist acting like a plug between his meaty jawline and those overblown pecs. I could feel the saliva dribbling from the corners of my mouth, frozen as I stared at the heaving, sweat-dripping titan taking up all the space in the shop's corner.

It seemed the growth finally stopped, Kudzu heaving for breath. The tables he had leaned against had completely crumbled—collapsed under the weight of the massively muscled man.

"Wh-Where are you going?" I asked as Kudzu moved from the corner, the ground shaking, the few surviving potted plants tumbling in a clattering cacophony. His eyes were hazed, sunken under heavy brows as he made his way to the back of the shop. The walls didn't stop him, the doorframe squealing and breaking off as he plowed his way through. The stone yielded, cracking and shattering on the first try as my mammoth boyfriend thundered into the back lot.

Precum dribbled, leaving a sticky trail behind him, his cock still twitching and jumping. His gaze slowly tilted as if he were looking for something...

He moved towards the truck, the asphalt cracking and fracturing under his feet as he licked his lips. "Kudzu...?" I asked tentatively. My eyes widened as I saw him going for the back of the truck, his herculean torso spreading wide as he placed his palms around the back end. Metal squealed and instantly dented as he put pressure on it, making a fully formed handprint. It was like watching someone gently press their hand into sand, steel yielding to overwhelming strength.

A screech echoed through the lot as the truck lifted, the back end leaving the ground, tires bobbing slightly. Kudzu breathed like a beast, his cock bobbing underneath the back axle as he spread his stance. The ground started fracturing under him, cratering as fissures crawled across asphalt like spiderwebs.

His herculean form strained, veins racing over his body and up his neck. He growled and snarled, that blocky jawline clenching as muscle striated.

The struggle, the resistance of the weight, seemed to activate his body once more. Arms swelled thicker, legs pumping as his glutes bloated up behind him. Kudzu's muscles pulsed with the rhythm of his heartbeat, growing an inch at a time. His hide creaked, straining as it tried to play catchup with engorging sinew. I could hear crunching and popping along with the twisting of metal, his ligaments and bones growing as his frame widened. His arms wrapped further around the truck, creeping along the sides as his fingers tore into steel as if it were tissue paper.

"O-Oh god..." I stared slack-jawed as the front of the truck lifted from the ground. It squeaked pathetically, crunching as the frame was stressed in ways the engineers never considered. Swollen biceps slammed into the truck's sides, causing it to crumple inwards like a tin can.

Kudzu growled, huffing and panting. The sound was *primal*; I whined a little, the mess I made in my shorts turning into nothing short of a sticky fountain.

And then it tore in half.

The truck ripped straight down the middle, glass shattering, shards exploding across the tortured asphalt. The noise was enough to make me cover my ears. It wasn't enough to hold the bisected vehicle; he crunched it against his body as he doubled in size.

Kudzu roared, spittle flying as he threw his head back. He slammed forward into a "most muscular" pose, his entire torso ballooning with vein-webbed muscle. The truck collapsed in on itself, tires popping off as they bounced away. It couldn't hold together against the press of his pecs, banded muscle acting like a hydraulic press.

Crushed steel crashed to the ground, fracturing it as the scrap ball listed. Sweat seamed off of Kudzu's herculean body, his head looking like a grape surrounded by all that rippling, overblown muscle—wedged between those titanic traps and his heaving boulders for pecs.

He brought his arms up, hitting a double bicep pose. Those peaks pushed higher than his fists, those monstrous heads shoving them out of the way. His cock, now the length of several otters, spasmed, jumping as a torrent of cum blew from the veritable canon. Kudzu's balls brushed swollen shelves for calves, and every slight shift in his stance caused them to slide together salaciously.

I had to duck out of the way to avoid getting soaked, streams blasting through the back door and into the shop. Veins webbed over Kudzu's neck as he moaned and roared, streams of drool cascading from the corners of his maw. Veins twitched over his body, pulsing to the pumping rhythm of his heartbeat.

The inside of the shop was a wreck. From my angle, the remains of his carefully cultivated flowers were utterly soaked with spunk. The drains clogged, floors flooded with my boyfriend's copious load.

"K-Kudz...?" I asked, voice rising in pitch from a pang of fear as he approached. It was like a living wall swaggering up to me, the morning sun blocked by his colossal back and traps. His hands nearly swallowed me, wrapping around my sides as fingers laced behind my back. I felt like a toy in the titan's hands as I was brought to his face.

Our lips jammed together, a single moan slipping out of me muffled as we locked muzzles. He pressed me to his chest, sweat soaking through my shirt and shorts as he ground me against him. The raccoon's grip was possessive, his embrace desperately needy.

"I feel..." Kudzu said between heavy breaths, strings of saliva connecting our lips, "So *good*..." The bassy growl in his voice was like an industrial engine, causing me to quiver. "So good, Chase..."

To my surprise, he turned. Mammoth thighs slid over each other as he presented me with his rear. The nearby dumpster acted like a table for him, his swollen pecs sliding over the cover as he reached back invitingly, spreading those feathered globes.

I didn't need more of a hint as I stepped forward, wrapping my arms around those tree trunks. I nuzzled between his glutes, my head practically vanishing between them. I barely found the winking hole hiding in there, such was the size of those bulging boulders.

It was surreal how large he had become, towering over me with enough mass to level a building. His glutes flexed, pulling me in deeper as I serviced him from behind. My moans must have tickled something in him because I could hear his deep thrumming.

It was hard to find purchase on the ground, the parking lot cracking, sinking a little wherever Kudzu stood. It was a relief when he got onto his knees and spread himself for me properly. I pulled out of him with a gasp, face sweaty.

Kudzu's calves acted as perfect perches for me to stand on, toes curling around the shelves of diamond-cut muscle. He was eager, bushy tail flipped up, sliding into the tiny slit between his meaty upper back and his literal boulder-sized glutes.

We didn't need words; his silent rocking back against my hips was enough to signal to me what he wanted. To be fair, I wasn't in much of a headspace to deny him, either. It was like there was a buzz in my brain, my cock aching, practically pulling me to the sweaty, banded set of glutes clenching in front of me.

I barely got myself lined up before I was yanked inside of my titanic boyfriend. Muscles rolled in the right way to take control of my cock. I sank between those glutes, pulled between them like a hotdog into a bun. I gasped, hugging around his sides, my arms unable to even reach halfway around the herculean raccoon.

I slipped into his entrance, my hips pressed against it as I was half-sunk between those banded glutes. The intrusive image of him popping me like a grape with his ass flitted by, but I quickly dismissed it.

"NNyyess...! C-Chase!" His voice boomed. His arms wrapped around the sides of the dumpster. Metal creaked as it crunched inward, squealing and collapsing like someone dropping their heel on a soda can.

It was hard to grasp the bucking behemoth, but somehow I managed. I used those enormous lats like grips as I held onto him. Sweat trickling down his body made it tricky, but I got into a rhythm as I slapped between those meaty globes. I practically had to throw my whole body into it, using my tail as a counterbalance as I slammed home against that squeezing, flexing entrance.

He was already leaking again; I could see the precum starting to form a puddle around his knees. The dumpster continued to collapse, crushing under my heaving wall of muscle monster. I took the time to nuzzle his back, tracing a few wayward branching veins with my nose. It was like someone put hoses under his skin, those pulsating roots thicker than my fingers.

His sheer size was mind-blowing. Kudzu was less of a person and more of a landmark I was standing on—a living, breathing, sweating mass of muscle that squeezed and pulled on my

cock. It was nearly enough to leave me breathless, every fiber of my body aching as I slapped and clapped his hips.

It must have taken a lot of control for Kudzu, too. On some level, he must have known that he could easily crush me between his ass, careful to roll them with only enough force to squeeze the air out of me—and thankfully nothing else.

Knocking the ruined dumpster aside, Kudzu opted to grab his cannon of a cock. He massaged it between bloated biceps as he thrust through those oversized arms. The resulting explosion of muscle across his back was jaw-dropping. Muscles feathered, bunched, and bulged as those herculean shoulders rocked.

"*K-Kudzu-!*" I moaned, clinging to the bucking bull as I teetered on the edge. He was too far gone to hear me, bestial grunts and growls shaking out of him as he thrust through his arms and into his chest. I couldn't stop myself as I went over the edge, one particularly aggressive tug around my cock sucking me skin-tight against his backside. He practically pulled the cum out of me as I unloaded, squirming and writhing against the living wall of rippling raccoon.

My ears rang, and everything went numb as my eyes rolled back in my head. It took me a while to realize I was no longer inside my boyfriend but instead tucked bridal style in his arms. I heaved softly, catching my breath as I blinked away the worst haze, watching Kudzu's masculine mug as it threatened to mesh with his overblown chest.

"Y-You're as big as a *van*," I muttered, barely believing the words myself as they tumbled out of my mouth. If he wasn't here, holding me several feet off of the ground, I'd strain to accept his radical transformation.

"Just the start," He said breathily, a primal hunger resonating in his words. "I...I need more weight. I can still grow bigger—for you."

How he stressed the last word made my heart flutter and my cheeks burn. "W-Well... I guess we don't need the truck anymore," I said shakily. "E-Everything is within walking distance anyway... E-Especially now..."

He seemed more interested in my body than what I was saying, his blocky, bearded jawline nuzzling along my face, the scratchy hairs mingling with my goatee. He growled possessively, tucking me between his pecs, my body sliding into that sweaty, sinewy cleavage.

"Your flowers are kinda ruined." I gasped softly as he bit onto my neck, his blocky chin sliding against my throat. "G-good thing w-we got a new business... I just g-gotta make sure my camera still works after your flood."

I could tell my words were lost. Between worshiping himself and roping me into it, he wasn't paying attention.

I couldn't blame him either. The thought that this demigod was my boyfriend sparked a sense of giddiness. All the possibilities and things he could do with that inhuman size.

All I needed to do was keep him growing...