

He began to massage the wad of latex between his fingers, pushing and crushing it like a ball of putty before starting to stretch it out. He looked excited for whatever was to happen with the stuff but I just watched in curiosity, mostly marveling at how the fine muscles of his forearms rippled with the slightest movement. I guess the more solid suits were to have more realism to their movements so that even the smallest of movements of the wearer reflected in the suit unlike mine that folded and contorted at the joints.

Chris pulled at the latex a few more times before stretching it wide and stepping one hulking paw into the ring. The latex stretched with ease, molding to the various contours of Chris' paw - even the fine, bristly fur coating it - leaving it black and shiny all across its surface. Chris chuckled as he stretched the wad up along his calf, coating his synthetic bulk all the way up to his thigh.

"You know, I'm pretty sure they made latex wolf suits," I mused as I watched the process. "Could have gone with those if you wanted a look like that."

Chris shook his head, "Nah. This is something different. Much more fun. Just watch."

He then proceeded to stretch the latex out wider, stepping his other leg into it. It was like watching one of those vacuum videos. The latex stretched but clung to Chris' body so that it filled every little crack and crevice between the muscles. He continued stretching it up his torso, tucking one hand into the interior of the stretched out wad before slinging it up once his shoulder like he was putting on another suit. He did the same with the other arm shortly after and the process was completed with a small snap against his neckline.

I looked the newly black wolf over, eyeing how the latex seemed to adhere to his body without so much as a web of extra material between the gaps. Even his tail was coated in it and was 100% separate from the rest of him. You'd think that it would have been like stuffing a fluffy log into a pair of pants, but the thing was swinging freely as Chris turned and posed lightly for my inspection.

"So what do you think? Pretty hot, huh?"

I nodded with a grin, "Sure, but what does this one do other than make you look like a drone?"

Chris puffed out his chest and flexed his lats and legs, making his body thicken more thanks to the underlying hyper suit, "It's gonna make me the most massive wolf I can be, whelp!"

The way he said 'whelp' made me shiver. It was commanding and full of confidence. I didn't move as he reached into the box once more and pulled out a little gadget from within. This one was small, maybe the size of a silver dollar and looked like a landmine. He placed it on his chest before grabbing his own wolf mask and pulled it on over his head, snarling as he completed his transformation into a hulking beast. My cock rose further up to attention at the sight. I had never considered myself inclined towards the furry stuff, but the beast Chris had become was making me think otherwise.

Chris took note of my further arousal and chuckled, "Looks like you're getting into this too. Am I rubbing off on you?"

"You're certainly pressing buttons I didn't know I had," I admitted.

“Good. Now let’s see what other buttons I can push.” He reached into the box one last time and pulled out a pair of rings and a small dildo, setting the latter behind him on the couch while he unclipped the rings and attached them to the base of his cock and balls, locking them. “Oh fuck...that’s tight...” he seethed under his breath, “but oh so good...”

His cock throbbed at the attention it was getting, the spear-tipped wolf dick plumping up further as its owner grew more aroused. Already it was nearing the foot mark and it was barely even hard. Chris laughed as he saw I was staring, casually stroking his member to add another girthy two inches to its length.

“You’re gonna have a good time with this guy tonight. Mmmm-mmmph...I can feel him wanting to bust free. I’m excited to see just how big a hyper cock those guys can make...”

Chris groaned as the thought caused his cock to shoot out another five inches, veins starting to appear across its surface as it pulsed limply in his fingers. He kept stroking it, chuckling darkly at whatever perverse thoughts were starting to fill his mind to make that thing stretch longer and thicker in his meaty palm.

“Ohhhh the things I’ll do to you with this dick,” he sighed as he rolled his head backwards, “I’ve been holding back for so long now. I wanted my victory to be the sweetest it could be. You saw it all, right pup? My team won the championship! And it’s all because of these big fucking muscles!” Chris flexed his arms once more, the twin bicep peaks towering up past his fist.

“I did,” I played into the story he presented earlier. “You were the best!”

“Damn right I was!” Chris laughed, “That team’s gonna be nothing without me! But I’ve decided I want a change in career.”

“What do you mean?”

“I find no challenge in that shit anymore,” Chris growled, “I plow through those runts like they’re toys! I could give up on my workouts and still be more than a match for them.”

“You’ve been working out so hard, though. What else could you do?”

Chris’ wolf maw grinned wickedly, “Do you know why I’ve been working out so much all year?”

I shrugged, “To keep in top shape I thought.”

Chris shook his head, “Nah, pup. I’m always in tip top shape. I workout to get bigger!”

“You have been getting pretty huge lately,” I smiled through my mask.

“Oh that’s just what I haven’t been able to hold back.”

I felt my face actually go pale, “Hold back?”

Chris’ grin turned sinister, the ferocity of the wolf mask amplifying his underlying charm and dominating presence, “Oh yeah...All season I’ve been pumping the iron day in and day out. I’ve had to keep it hidden

because then I'd have gotten kicked off the team for being too big. But now..." he tensed his body, making every muscle throb, "I'm actually a little tired and don't think I can keep that beast within me anymore."

He reached a finger up and pressed the device on his chest, the surface illuminating with a small display reading '0.' A soft whirring sound suddenly hit my ears. It was faint, but my better senses could pick up on the mechanical noise. The soft sound of stretching rubber joined it, a wonderful creaking and groaning. Chris looked at me and my eyes dilated as I saw his body start to swell before them.

"Ohhh fuck it feels good to let it out," Chris moaned as his head rolled backwards. "I've been waiting for this moment all season.." He looked up at me, "You thought I was big before, just wait! I'm going to become the biggest alpha beast the world has ever seen!" He strolled to the couch and flopped down into the center, the furniture creaking from the weight of silicone placed on top of it. "Now get over here and start worshiping these bulging muscles of mine. I actually worked up a little tension out there and I need your big, strong hands to give me a proper massage."

Chris kicked the box, now finally empty of its contents off of the coffee table and thumped his feet on top, flexing and wiggling his large wolf paws in anticipation.

"Come on, pup. They're not going to massage themselves. I want to feel your cute little tongue on these hot, steamy soles."

I gulped as I fell into Chris' fantasy, sitting down on the opposite side of the table as I took one of his paws into my hands. I gently pressed into them, making sure not to use too much strength, though the thick layers of silicone probably would have been a match even for my stupidly enhanced strength. Chris actually moaned as I kneaded his paw. They were actively swelling in my hands along with the rest of him, his paw pads plumping up like pillows while the rest looked meaty and muscular.

"Mmmm...go on..." Chris moaned as he reclined on the sofa, "Get a good feel of them. Taste them. I know you want to."

His other paw rose up and plugged itself against my face. The smell of silicone and leather filled my nostrils, making me weak in the knees. I was not one to miss out on an opportunity and began to lick up the underside of his paw, much to Chris' delight. I licked and suckled at his toes, digging my nose deep into his swelling paw pads while my hands gently massaged the rest. I was surprised at how hard they felt in my fingers. I expected them to be more like balloons and dimple at my touch, but maybe the latex was so tight that all the air was being compressed into a near-solid mass.

I glanced up through Chris' toes to see him smirking down at me, his arms behind his head as he enjoyed my worship. His arms looked even thicker and fuller now as his triceps stretched wider and wider behind him. Even the padding covering his shoulders was looking thicker and more durable - like the latex was actively growing everything it covered. They definitely kept that perfect, form-fitting look the entire time.

Chris caught me looking and gave me a quick bicep flex for my viewing pleasure. My cock was quickly getting to full mast at the sight. As his arm fell back behind his head - my brief glimpse over - my eyes traveled to the device on his chest. It now displayed a green '2' in the center. Chris was definitely looking thicker as his body continued to inflate with air. At least an inch and a half was added to his frame as the device ticked over to 3.

“Oi! Maggot!” Chris suddenly snapped, “Less gawking and more worshipping!”

He pressed his foot firmer into my face, pushing my head lower so that I was no longer able to see the rest of him.

“S=Sorry.” I apologized.

I quickly got back to work on his feet. They stretched longer and thicker against my muzzle as Chris stretched and flexed his toes at my touch. They were getting so long now, easily past a whole foot in length and their toes were so plump and succulent. After a few minutes I was allowed to move further up his legs, gripping the bulging calves he had. My fingers were feeling up two soccer balls implanted behind his legs. Those were connected to thighs as thick as telephone poles, each one segmented to perfection and rolling with every gentle movement of Chris’ body as he flexed his feet. I ran my fingers in between the ridges and grooves of the pads covering his things, their firmness actually surpassing that of regular pads now and they thickened along with the muscle beneath.

“I gotta hand it to ya, pup. You give a great massage.”

“Thank you,” I smiled genuinely.

I continued up his legs, watching his legs inflate inch by inch as I moved up their length to his torso. I passed over his cock, the thing still mostly flaccid, but nearly two feet in length thanks to the growth it was receiving from the device. I moved up to his abs, burning my tongue deep into the crevices and valleys that they formed. I practically motorboated each one like a pair of tits. They were just as plump and sturdy as a pair anyway. And Chris had three whole pairs of them. Chris burst out laughing at the feeling - possibly a little ticklish there which I made note of for later - but I continued up to those pecs as my hands wrapped themselves into his lats and obliques.

My tongue found its way around to Chris’ nipple, a perky stud now the size of a quarter which I gently sucked at. It elicited a fresh moan from Chris and I felt his cock lurch against my naked torso. It spurred me to continue, my tongue flicking and caressing across the hardening teat as Chris squirmed beneath me. Our bodies were now colliding with each other and I could feel him actively surge beneath me as the inflation continued.

“Oh fuck” Chris gasped as I moved to the opposite side, “Who gave you permission to do that?”

I smirked as I continued to lick at his plump nip, “I figured a beast like you needed all the love he deserved. Are you not pleased?”

Chris smirked, “I certainly don’t like how cheeky you’re cheeky you’re getting. Do I have to put you back in your place?”

Before I could respond Chris pushed me off of him and stood up. I could definitely see how much he had grown now in the last few minutes, all of his muscles bulging and looking obscene. His traps were starting to rise up behind his thick bull neck and he was just about as wide as I was. The muscle-packed beast thumped his chest against mine, making me take a step back and nearly knock over the table.

“That’s right,” Chris sneered as he thumped his chest against mine again, pushing me back another step, “I’m the alpha here. You do what I say when I say it. Got it, whelp?”

He slammed into me a few more times, this time I felt the cool metal of the device on my skin and the whirring noise grew slightly louder each time.

“S-Sorry.”

Chris backed me up against a wall and stared me in the eye, his form visibly swelling much faster now. He was grinning from ear to ear with smug confidence, “C’mon, pup. Where’s that confidence that you had a moment ago? You realize I’m too much of a beast for you to fuck around with?”

I nodded vigorously, my submissive side taking control even though I knew I could easily floor him if I wanted. The only thing was that I was massively turned on by Chris’ boldness. He played the role so fluidly that I couldn’t help but be sucked into his world.

“Good. Because I’m barely even at my max yet,” he tapped the area around the device which was now rifling through digits at a faster pace than before. I gulped seeing the digit slip past 34. “That’s right. I have a *lot* more growing to do. My massive muscles are going to make yours look like toothpicks.” He growled as he flexed his arm, the bicep peaking well past the tips of his ears as it grew closer to its third and final peak, “Now I want your lips on this bicep pronto.”

I didn’t hesitate. I grabbed that bicep to Chris’ boisterous laughter and ran my tongue across its veiny peak. It was tall enough now that I barely even had to bend forward to do so. Chris did a few quick flexes to pump his bicep up to its fullest peak before turning his attention to the other arm, slowly repeating the motions, but for himself. He was enjoying everything the most right now. I could feel his cock extend between my legs as it grew more erect. It was actually starting to curve upwards now, the flesh hardening against my thigh. I could feel his head starting to press up against my asshole.

Chris took a step backwards and flexed his biceps for the both of us, “Fuck I can’t get enough of these muscles! I’m a fucking monster!” His cock agreed with him as it throbbed thicker than I had ever seen it before. Now well over two feet, his knot was starting to push out from its sheath. Chris coaxed it out further with some long strokes with his massive paws. “Fuck! Fuck! Look at this monster!” He laughed hysterically as his cock throbbed another few inches longer, “I got the biggest cock you’ll ever see!”

He wasn’t completely right on that, but I was not going to correct him. My cock was still a good half a foot longer than his - well past the three foot mark now last I measured. But I had a feeling I was going to be proven wrong on that. While his cock was nice and erect, it did not look like it was being tortured. Instead he riled it up further by flexing every muscle in his body, the hyper suit thickening his muscles even more across his legs and thighs.

“Just look at this muscular perfection,” Chris growled, “Have you ever seen such sleek, striated bulk before?” He looked down at himself and flexed himself bigger with a deep, arrogant laugh, “I doubt it!”

I stood in awe at the beast before me. Every time he flexed his muscles bulged even thicker and with so much definition I could make out each muscle group separately like on an anatomy chart. That is if the anatomy chart was over five feet wide and teeming with so much bulk it was an amazement that Chris was able to move so freely.

“Fuck I love being so big!” Chris roared as he flexed himself to what was quite possibly the most freakish mound of muscle I had ever seen. His traps were towering up by his ears now and rising higher as he

held his flex. Pecs jutted out from his chest like boulders and that's not even mentioning just how impossibly wide he was. One thigh alone was thicker than his entire waist. He stomped his massive feet apart from each other and roared once more as his body continued to swell before me.

"Look at me! Look at me, pup! Am I not the most muscular person you've ever seen?"

"You're...fucking huge..." it was all I could think to say. I was stupefied by the sheer colossus that he was becoming and the device was only just now reaching the 70 mark.

Chris burst into laughter and posed once more, "I *fee*/ fucking huge! All this pumped, rippling muscle is so fucking amazing!" He groaned as he pulled another flex, his cock spasming out almost a full foot from his euphoria. The cock ring was still doing the trick, holding back the tidal rush that desperately wanted to come out from those basketball testicles that dangled heavily between his legs. "I'm the most massive beast on the planet!"

He groaned again as his cock stretched out further, now significantly bigger than my own and I was starting to have doubts on whether or not I was actually going to be able to take that into me. I watched with desperate hope for the transformation to complete itself, watching as the device clicked past 76 and 77. Chris continued to pose every moment, reveling in the growth and making his cock nice and erect to destroy my asshole to kingdom cum. He was swelling into an impossible titan of muscle, his bulk looking more like hunks of rock than muscle at this point.

A few more minutes passed and finally there was a soft beeping emitting from Chris' chest. I no longer heard the whirring sound, only the heavy panting coming from the muscle god before me. He was an absolute monster now, easily as wide as he was tall and with muscles so thick around that I could hide behind some of them.

Chris relaxed his body and stood before me, huffing and puffing from all the excitement, his cock thumping against his chest as it now looked properly tortured and ready to explode. Whatever that cockring did, it had made that thing grotesque and thick towards the tip, the lower shaft almost half as thick around as the pulsing, throbbing, vein-ridden upper half.

"So what do you think, pup?" Chris smirked up at me. "Am I the biggest beast ever?"

I nodded.

Chris chuckled, "I thought so. It feels so good to be this big." he tensed his arms, making them bulge all over their hulking length. "I am not done just yet, though. I need you to make some final adjustments." He tapped at the device which now had a red 90 on it. "I'm at about 90 percent of my full power. I want you to decide where I put the last 10."