**Norm’s Ball**

It was the end of summer, and the first day of a new term at Cliffswell College. A warm breeze blew through the main stone courtyard of the place, making the yellow leaves rustle on the trees that framed the main red brick pathway through it. In the blue sky high above hung a fat yellow sun, one that radiated a humid but forgiving heat down onto the multitude of students that were slowly but surely heading toward the college’s wide open double doors. Complaints could be heard, sour faces could be witnessed, and there was a great sense of apathy in the air, thick enough to smother.

If one were to stand on the outskirts of the courtyard and peer in to that tree-shadowed path, then you would witness all of the usual cliques. The jocks pumping their fists into the air, whooping loudly as they caused chaos amongst the ranks. The nerds shyly keeping themselves away from everyone else with all of their reading materials and study supplies nestled close to their chests. The cheerleaders and their wannabes in all of their bright makeup, the goths and the posers beneath their dark clouds, the…

… well, you get the point. They were all there. And then there were the outcasts. Those that either didn’t fit in those groups or simply didn’t *want* to. Those that were standing at the sidelines, either by themselves or with one or two other renegades. Look closely at *those* groups and you would’ve witnessed something very strange. A voluptuous tiger and a short bespectacled mouse. A prey and a pair coupling, and, a cat and a mouse at that. Natural born enemies, and yet… they were the best of friends.

Not that they had much in common. Savannah - the tiger - was a heavily overweight feline, and while her well-stacked bust and fat ass were the envy of many girls, her rotund belly, plump thighs and thick ankles were a major source of mockery. This wasn’t helped by the fact that she was a natural-born predator. She was ‘supposed’ to be a sleek and agile huntress - a skinny thing covered in just enough muscle so that she couldn’t be called a *rake* - and yet, at 6’1” and weighing just shy of 250 pounds, she was anything *but* that.

Alice, on the other hand… well, she was a short mouse, one whose gray fur was far too thick and fluffy to be able to pick out her precise build. She wasn’t fat, but… she wasn’t skinny either. *Soft* and *fluffy* might’ve been the best way to describe her. But Alice wasn’t bullied for her appearance. Actually, at 5’4” and weighing in at 140 pounds, she was, at least in the world’s opinion, the ‘perfect weight and size for a prey creature’. What damned Alice to social obscurity was her brains. She was so clever that she made even the nerds feel uncomfortable.

So, then, the only thing that the two of them had in common was that they didn’t fit in anywhere else. In any other world, under any other set of circumstances, the two might not have met at all. But in this world, they had, somehow. It had been late in the library one night last year. Savannah had been struggling to study, and Alice had been studying far too much. Given that they were both taking the same test the next day, it had made sense for the two of them to help each other out. In that moment, Alice had taught Savannah how to focus up - and Savannah had taught Alice how to relax.

The two went on to earn themselves both a perfect score on the test the very next day. Ever since that moment, the two of them had stuck together like glue.

“Damn,” huffed Savannah as she slowly plodded toward Cliffview’s main doors, “it’s so fucking hot.” Sweating even in the mild heat, she reached up to the collar of her straining white blouse and yanked it open just a touch more, making her heavy breasts bounce.

Despite the mouse’s thick grey fur, Alice wasn’t feeling the heat nearly as much as her feline friend. Less weight and less overall surface area was on her side. Still, though, it was probably best to act as if she was feeling hot, so… she reached down and ruffled at the black skirt that she was wearing, carelessly mussing up some of it’s pleating. “Chin up,” she said to the tiger. “We’re almost there now. It’ll be a lot cooler inside, what with the air conditioning.”

“Almost there my ass,” Savannah snorted as she quickly ran her finger through her sweat-lined and very visible crevice of a cleavage. “You seen the crowd in front of us? It’ll take like ten minutes for all of these assholes to get through that door.”

Alice peered at the back of the crowd of students in front of her. Unlike Savannah, she was too short to see over all of their shoulders, so… she couldn’t quite witness just how *packed* it was. Briefly, she thought of asking the tiger to heft her up onto her shoulders so that she could see and precisely calculate just how long it might take for them to get inside, or, if there were any crafty shortcuts, but… the mouse threw that high-concept idea out in favor of something simpler. “I have some ice cold water in my bag,” she began to offer…

… but before Alice could explain that she had invented something that she liked to call an *‘improved thermos*’*,* she was interrupted by a loud yell from the front of the pack. “Holy fuck,” one of the jocks screamed. “Davis, you seeing this? That’s a fucking limo, dude!”

Alice and Savannah turned their heads sharply. True enough, in the parking lot just outside of the courtyard a few meters to their right, a long black limousine was pulling up. A vehicle that had been made extremely shiny via buffering and polishing to perfection. A vehicle that had an expensive gold trim around it’s windows and wheel arches. A vehicle that screamed ‘*hey, I’m one of the richest fucks on the planet!*’

The entire crowd came to a halt as everyone stopped and turned their heads to look toward that stretch of a car. Not only was it long, but it was also tall. Taller than a regular limousine, but not quite as tall as a van. Almost as if whoever was within required extra headroom.

“Who the fuck is comin’ to school in a ride like *that*?” one of the jocks screamed back in reply - presumably Davis. “Shit. Just *looking* at that thing is making me wanna cum!”

“Oh my god, fucking *gross*,” complained the loud and bitchy voice of a stuck-up sounding cheerleader. “Don’t you know who’s in there?”

The limousine gently pulled to a stop in the center of the parking lot. The halted crowd rose up onto the tips of their toes, lifting ears to hear and tails to balance.

“Of course I fucking don’t!” Davis laughed back. “Why, do you?”

“Yeah, dumbass, I do! Haven’t you read the papers? *Listened to the radio?* ***Watched the news?*** That’s the Horseman Family car!”

The crowd broke out into a loud furor.

“Huh?” Savannah said. “What’s a Horseman?”

Nobody replied. Not even Alice. Like everyone else, the mouse was staring over at that limousine. The only difference was that she wasn’t *screaming* like everyone else.

Savannah grunted and grabbed Alice by the shoulders and tugged her off of the main path just a couple of feet, taking them both beneath the shade of a tree. Confused but also intrigued, the tigress looked down toward her rodent of a companion with arched brows and tilted ears. “*What* is going on?” she asked.

Alice - who still had her head desperately tilted toward the distant limo - struggled slightly against her friend’s grip. At least, before the tiger’s question game. Shocked, Alice snapped her head around and stared at her friend. Eyes were wide beneath her glasses with shock. “*What?*”

“Please, for fuck sake,” the tiger whined. “Don’t make me ask for a third time.”

“I just… you really…”

The limo’s suspension suddenly gave a great *groan* as something moved within.

“No!” Savannah said while giving her friend a shake. “I wouldn’t be asking you if I didn’t know!”

Alice looked down at the hands upon her shoulders. She realized very quickly that she wasn’t going to get out of her friend’s grasp and back in proper sight of the limo unless she started to give out some answers, so… “Okay,” the mouse said quickly. “The Horseman family. They’re one of the richest families in the world. They have their hooves in everything, but, um… their biggest empire are their food brands. Like, if you’ve ever ate any kind of instant food, then-”

“Okay, okay,” Savannah said. “I don’t care about… all that. Just tell me why the limousine is here.”

Alice swallowed. Behind her, the driver’s car door opened. A female wolf of a chauffeur stepped out in a hurry. Well-dressed and wide-assed, she scurried down the length of the car toward the passenger doors. “Okay, well. There were some rumors over the summer. Their son - uh, he’s called Norm, the… heir of their entire empire - he’s supposed to be studying here. Or… one of three other places, but…”

The tiger’s face fell into disappointment. “So, what?” Savannah snorted. “He’s just some stuck up rich kid?”

“Not quite-”

The tall and curvaceous chauffeur slid the passenger door open, revealing the inside of the car. The shadowy outline of a large horse was visible within. A very large horse. It was little wonder that the suspension had been groaning. That the car itself was so big.

Savannah released her grip on Alice’s shoulders. “Holy shit,” she murmured breathlessly. The horse wasn’t out of the car yet, but… he didn’t *have* to be. The tiger could see that bulky outline with her sharp feline eyes very well. A large head. Broad arms. A fat gut that was *jiggling* as the huge black horse pulled himself out of his seat.

A broad and black hand grabbed the upper side of the car door. A groan came from within. Bowed over with his head down, the huge black stallion began to force his way out of the car, making the long black chassis of it shake and bob much like the large belly that he was holding with one of his hands.

Alice rushed forward to the front of the crowd. So did Savannah. The shouting, the screaming, the excitement - it had all been snuffed to silence. One that was respectful, but… also, laced with shock.

Why? Because the horse was almost ten feet tall. Specifically, he was 9’8” and 550 pounds of pure black stallion. By the world’s standards, this wasn’t even close to conventionally large. The tallest anthro in the crowd was 6’8”, and that was considered freakishly lofty. Nobody had ever seen *anyone* that tall before, not even close.

Nor had they seen anybody so *wide*. His large gut - wrapped in a tailored plaid shirt where all of the buttons were *straining* because of it - looked like an inflated cannonball beneath his hand. Arms were thick and muscular, looking like they belonged more to a bull than a horse. His legs were wide and long and attached to powerful hooves that could’ve stomped cracks upon any surface with little effort. All he had done was step out of the car and he exuded power.

Savannah - right behind Alice - reached down and placed a shaky hand upon her friend’s shoulder. Just like everyone else in the crowd, she was lost for words. Heart was hammering and her mouth was dry and her loins, well… the opposite. “Why is he so…”

“His parents,” Alice whimpered excitedly. “They, well, like I said, they have their hands in a lot of industries. And one of those industries is, um… the anthro growth project.”

“I’ve… I’ve heard of that before, yeah,” Savannah said with a swallow. She couldn’t take her eyes off of the horse’s stomach. Gods, how she wanted to reach out and rub it for herself and see just how *hefty* it was. “Project to try and make people giant, right?”

“Mhm. Like, hundreds of feet tall giant. It’s based off of a growth chemical. Intertwines with the DNA and…” Alice bit her lip. As much as she loved the scientific nitty gritty of just about *anything*, she knew that her friend would rather be spared it. “Ah, well, anyway. It doesn’t work for a lot of people. But they gave Norm some of it, and…”

… the mouse trailed off. There was no need to go on. The chemical had clearly worked *splendidly*. “They say he could be fifty feet tall by the end of the year,” the mouse went on. “A thousand feet by the end of the decade.”

Norm took a step away from the car. Everyone felt a gentle quake beneath their feet. Smiling at everyone, he casually raised one of his enormous hands and began to make his way toward the double doors without bothering to introduce himself.

“Alice,” Savannah said.

Alice squeaked. “Yes?”

“Him,” the tiger murmured. “I want that fucking giant of a man to be my boyfriend.”

Alice bit her bottom lip. Her first instinct was to tell Savannah to get a grip. That they were just a couple of uncool outcasts that had *no* chance of ever getting close to a horse as **big** as Norm.

But then the mouse turned her head and looked up at Savannah’s face. Toward her eyes. There, she saw a fire that she had seen the tigress wear *only* when she was truly determined to make one of her crazy dreams into a reality. An undeniable and unquenchable inferno that would only simmer when she had gotten *exactly* what she wanted. “You… you know that’s going to be…”

“Hard, yes. Every fuckin’ bitch in the school is going to want a piece of him. But… look, you’re really clever, so… you can help me get in there first. Right?”

Alice chewed on her bottom lip. Could she? No matter how smart she was, some things were just out of her reach… and, given that Norm was almost twice her height, he was *quite* out of her reach.

Still, though. Her friend’s expression. That fire. That desire. That *need*.

Alice laid one of her hands on top of Savannah’s and gave it a reassuring squeeze. “I’ll do my best.”

**\* \* \***

Gentle music played by a live band filled the air in Statesview Manor’s grand dining hall. The warm wooden area lit by several chandeliers was huge - almost a thousand feet long and an upwards of forty feet tall - but, then again, it had to pretty massive, considering the equine that the party was for.

At the head of a long and mighty main dining table sat a long and mighty black stallion. Broad black-furred arms were set over the table as his fifteen-foot long form hunched over the table uncomfortably. Annoyingly, the equine had to keep reaching down and adjusting his overbloated cannonball of a gurglingly hungry gut so that it didn’t rub and ride against the table’s irritatingly wide edge. Had to keep shuffling his legs around underneath the table, accidentally knocking guests with his hoofs. Had to keep reaching down to the crotch of his custom-tailored pants to adjust the cock that bloated them out since his damn length kept twitching and throbbing because…

… at the table - at *his* massive table - were two scores of beautiful women. Two scores of beautiful women that had massive tits and plump asses and bodies that were just fuckin’ *perfect*.

Or… almost perfect. There was a girl on his mind. A girl who was, in his opinion, ***truly*** perfect. Not only was she gorgeous and plump and *soft,* she had the perfect personality. Bitchy enough to *push* against him and get on his nerves in the perfect way… and loving enough to feed him slices of pizza while she worked his cock between her huge and soft tits. Plus, he’d had sex with her so many times that her pussy had been stretched to be the perfect fit for his cock and his cock alone. He’d flooded her womb with gallon upon gallon of his seed countless times, making her not quite as big as him, but… comparable.

For that reason, the horse was distracted. Yes, the women at the table that were all talking fiercely about how much they wanted to *pamper* him were enough to make his cock bloat beneath the table. They were enough to make him horny and even *more* hungry for the feast that was soon to come. But they weren’t enough to clear his mind entirely of his beau.

But his parents had forbidden him from talking to this perfect woman. They hadn’t invited her to this débutante ball to sit with him at this table. They had let the two of them have their fun together for a while, but, the second that they wanted to expand their growth-related schemes they had thrown her out into the trash. And they expected Norm to do the same, but…

… the black stallion wasn’t sure if he could. Ever since his adolescence, ever since he’d lost his virginity, most women had been little more than tight tunnels purpose-designed to squeeze his pent-up load out of him. But Savannah… Savannah had been different. Different enough that…

“Something wrong, Mr. Horseman?” said a beautiful and buxom brown bear of a young woman sat just to his right. Her large blue eyes gave a few adorable blinks as she tilted her head *all* the way up in order to look him in the eyes. “You look very… distracted,” she pointed out while tugging at the shoulder straps of her well-filled blue silk dress.

Norm slowly turned his huge head toward the woman addressing him. Like everyone else at the table, she was absolutely gorgeous. Bright blue eyes, a cute smile, a thick and healthy frame. Under normal circumstances he’d be probably be losing himself to his usual urges, but… “Just hungry, that’s all,” the horse lied while giving the ursine a pleasant smile.

“Oh, yes. Still, try not to be impatient with the staff here,” the bear said while tilting her head down to observe the horse’s great gurgling gut. “They’re, ah… not used to serving someone *quite* your size.”

Norm’s smirk grew a little. Now that he was looking at the bear proper, he began to recognize her. The two had never met face to face, but… he was pretty sure that she was called Katherine. Her parents owned one of the biggest banks in the world. “It’s Katherine, right?” the horse asked.

Katherine gave a firm nod of her head. “Mhm. Heiress to the Grand Gold Exchange. But you can just call me Kathy, Mr. Horseman.”

Norm nodded his head. “And you can just call me Norm, Kathy. But, ah, let me tell you something. I’m *definitely* not impatient. You know I’m getting *really* hungry when I start eating the furniture.”

Kathy made an unsure little giggle, as if she wasn’t sure if the horse was actually making a joke or not. He was big enough to eat the furniture, after all. Hell, he was big enough that he could’ve chowed down most of the *building* without issue. “Oh?” she asked. “Has that… really happened before?”

“Oh, yeah, I’m being serious,” the horse said. Proud of himself and his statement, he placed a hand upon his stomach and gave it a firm rub. “Happened a few times. Delivery in the city can get be *so* fucking slow sometimes.”

Kathy looked down at the long table that she and forty so other people were sat at. A great slab of polished oak that went from end to end of a fifty-foot long dining hall. And, despite it’s grand size, it was barely big enough for a horse of Norm’s stature. The bear had little issue believing that it could quite literally disappear down his gullet on a whim. “Well,” said Kathy with a swallow. “I have some snacks in my bag, if you think those will-”

The kitchen doors slammed open. Dozens of kitchen staff rushed out, all of them wielding trolleys packed with covered tray after covered tray of some of the finest food on the planet. Soon they were being dropped into the center carefully, their bell-shaped cloches tugged off to reveal rack upon rack of ribs, endless bowls of pasta, reams of dressed salad, artisan burgers, and…

… well, the list went on. Every food type had been covered and then covered again, creating a banquet fit for a horse.

A banquet that Norm *truly* craved. The horse always craved food - no matter what it was, meat, vegetable, or **table**, he just loved cramming as much into his stomach as possible - but something about this ensemble was really setting him off. Was it the sight of it? The smell of it? The fact that he was desperate for a distraction? He wasn’t sure, but… fuck it. Débutante ball or no, he was going to eat this feast like a *godsdamn pig*.

Norm’s enormous gut growled fiercely in a churn that made the entire table vibrate. Suddenly *utterly* starving, he wasted no time in grabbing the first piece of food that he saw. This feast, after all, was for *him*. Thick tongue slobbered over lips as the equine’s large and greedy hand flung itself out to scoop up four whole battered turkey legs.

“Katherine,” chortled a snooty poodle just across the table from the very *shocked* looking bear. “Have you seen how ***big***this boy is? There’s no way that your… aha, *snacks* would’ve satisfied him.” Rolling her eyes, the dog leaned back in her seat. Much like the woman that she was speaking to - and, indeed, everyone at the table - the woman was full-figured and wearing silk finery. Unlike her ursine companion, however, she was a great deal leaner - and a little shorter at 5’7”. In this particular high society, canines on the whole tended to pride themselves on having a slimmer figure.

Teeth tore perfectly cooked meat from the bone. As hot juices splattered across the horse’s maw and coated his tastebuds, a very familiar feeling came over him. Just one that he wasn’t used to feeling in public. It was the same feeling that he got when his parents were pumping him full of growth serum. It was the same feeling that he got whenever he busted a nut *deep* in Savannah. It was the feeling of **growth**, and of the *need* for it.

Yes. Norm needed more. His parents had forced this shitty ball upon him - and he wasn’t going to take it. He was going to show every single one of these bitches that there was only *one* woman good enough for him to wed.

Katherine cringed ever so slightly, both because of the remark *and* because of what she was now in the shadow of. She didn’t go for the food, but, then again, neither was anyone else. With the way that the horse was eating right now… nobody really wanted to get in his way. “No reason to be rude, Francesca,” the bear sighed.

“I’m not being rude,” the poodle scoffed in a voice that was high-pitched and annoying. “I’m just-”

The poodle was interrupted by a big greasy horse mitt grabbing her by the back of her neck and her shoulders. Before she could so much as *woof* in surprise, she was whisked off of her chair and shoved under the table.

Norm threw turkey bones down onto his plate and swallowed loudly as he spread his legs and forcibly guided Francesca’s panting muzzle right between his legs. As her lips came in to kiss at the flared tip of what was currently *bulging* out the front of his pants, he reached out toward the tray for another set of turkey legs. “Why don’t we put that mouth of yours to better use?” he suggested huskily as he lifted his hips to grind cloth-covered cock against poodle face. “Besides. You could definitely do with some plumping up.”

Fabric *ripped* around the horse’s hips as he experienced a sudden surge of growth. His reinforced chair *groaned* loudly beneath his weight and stomach *rumbled* even louder to shake the table as he expanded a half-foot in height and width. Buttons popped off of his shirt and exposed the middle of his torso as his pants ripped to shreds from him entirely.

Which meant that Francesca suddenly had the full naked heft of an fat equine tip against her lips and face. The flared head alone was enough to blanket the front of her face and more, forcing her to inhale a strong musk that was both bitter and enticing. In many ways, it was intimidating. Scary. Something that she wanted to run away from. A shaft that looked big enough to rip her in two. Balls that were big enough to produce *liters* of seed that would forever ‘ruin’ her figure. But, at the same time…

… Francesca needed it. After all, the horse’s cock wasn’t even fully erect yet. She had to make this monster *grow*. Much like Norm’s huge maw high above her, the poodle opened her mouth and began to loudly slurp upon the tip, bathing it with long strokes of her tongue as she worked up the courage to try and wrap her jaw around it.

“Much better,” grunted Norm around a mouthful of turkey as he threw yet another bone down toward his plate. His chair once again gave a baleful groan as he leaned back into it, spreading his legs to better accommodate the poodle that was currently tongue bathing his length. Then, lifting greasy fingers up to his mouth to suck clean, he turned his head toward the ursine at his right. “You. What’s your name again?”

“A-ah… Kathy, Norm- I mean, Mr. Horseman,” the bear replied quickly.

“Mmm. Yeah, it’s nice when you call me that, actually,” the horse admitted as he slurped loudly at his fingers. Nowhere near done with his consumption, he reached out to grab what was a five foot long tray of lasagna. Without care, he dragged it across the table, knocking a few other dishes to the floor in the process that he didn’t care about - things that were low-calorie like *salad* or, god forbid, ***fish***. “Kathy,” he said as he dropped the huge tray right in front of him. “You want to feed me, right?”

Kathy looked at the lasagna - then toward Norm - and then, back at the lasagna. Her buxom body gave a quiver as she quickly nodded her head. “Yes, Mr. Horseman,” she said, completely starstruck by the growing boy. “Of course!”

“Wonderful. You work on getting this lasagne into my gut while I figure out how to get my cock all the way down this poodle’s throat,” Norm grunted as he hitched his hips forward in a forceful smear. Grinning, he grabbed at the side of Francesca’s head with one of his large hands, and then…

… the horse looked up toward the rest of the table. The other fifty-or-so ladies present at the débutante ball - plus the kitchen staff that hadn’t moved in their shock since setting the food down - looked to be a mixture of shocked, disgusted, or, in most cases, utterly intrigued.

Norm cocked his thumb toward the dining room’s main door. Utterly invigorated by the spiked food that was flowing through his every massive vein, he flashed a huge grin at every beautiful face that was taking him and him alone in. “Things are about to get real messy in here. I feel like I’m gonna outgrow this fucking *dining* room tonight,” he roared as he gestured above his head at the ceiling that was still a good thirty feet away from his head. “So, my suggestion right now is to clear out if you aren’t interested in seeing that. And I won’t give you the chance again, because…”

… a hungry table-shuddering *growl* from the horse’s barely-stuffed gut as he began to work his tip into his bitch’s tight and wet little maw. “I’m about to lose control.”

**\* \* \***

“Alice, you’re a godsdamn genius!”

The mouse had been planning on studying all night. There she was in her tiny little dorm room, big enough to contain a desk, a wardrobe, a bed, and not much else. After sending Savannah off with a few hot tips for her first ‘date’ with Norm Horseman, she had expected to not see her friend for a day or two - either because she was too busy fucking or too busy being miserable because of the rejection. But, no more than six hours after the tiger had ran off in pursuit of giant horse cock, here she was, presumably to tell her some good news.

Alice set her pen down on her desk and turned her swivel chair around 180 degrees to face the feline who had just barged her way into her dorm room. The… extremely satisfied and sweaty and *shaky* looking feline. The voluptuous tiger was wearing a red dress, and… it looked like it had been pulled off her body several times over. “Um,” the mouse said. “Why don’t you take a seat on the bed, and…”

The tigress glanced at the doorway that she was leaning against. Then, nodding her head, she entered Alice’s door room proper, closing the door behind her. After straightening out her disheveled red dress just a little, she hesitated in front of her friend’s small bed. “Uhh…”

Alice stared at her hesitant friend. Now that the door was closed and her friend was in the room, there was… a smell in the air. Virile and masculine and potent enough to make her nostrils tingle. Yup. That was definitely stallion cum. The mouse supposed that Savannah had called her a genius for a reason, but… she still could barely believe her nose. Had the tiger and Norm *really* had sex? “Something wrong?” the mouse asked nervously.

“It’s just, uh… I’m not wearing my panties, and…”

*Splish. Splash.* The sound of two heavy drops of fluid hitting Alice’s linoleum floor. The mouse’s eyes darted down. She saw a pearly white puddle. Then, her eyes went back up. Though the feline’s dressed was tugged over her sex, it was pretty clear *where* she was leaking from… and *what*.

“… and he came a lot, so I’m still leaking his load, and…”

Alice resisted the urge to bury her face in her hands. Aroused because of the situation, and embarrassed *because* she was aroused, she settled for gritting her teeth. “It’s fine,” the mouse squeaked. “Just sit down anyways, I’ll… I’ll run the laundry tonight.” Or maybe she wouldn’t. How many times had she jilled herself off while thinking about Norm? It might be nice to do it while being surrounded by his scent for a night or two. Or a month. Or the rest of the year.

Savannah sat down on the end of the bed. The mouse’s tiny mattress *groaned* beneath her weight.

“Did you get bigger?” Alice asked out of the blue.

Savannah looked down at her shaking body. She turned her hands around and looked at her palms. She frowned for a few seconds and peered, almost as if she was staring at an optical illusion… and then, clearly unsure, she shook her head. “I dunno,” she murmured. “Why?”

“Just, uh, the bed didn’t used to… cry like that when you sat on it before, that’s all,” Alice pointed out meekly.

The tiger looked back down at her hands.

“You look a little bigger,” Alice said after a quiet moment. “At first I thought it was just, um, your afterglow, but…”

Savannah dropped her hands back down into her lap and wrinkled her nose. “Thought the same thing myself,” she said as she pressed her fingers down into the plump furry expanse of her thighs. “But now that I sit here and look at myself… feel myself… I dunno. Maybe I have grown a couple of inches or so.”

Alice licked her lips. “I’d say three. Maybe four. Just in height,” she said. She took a glance at Savannah’s heaving bust. Her utterly disordered dress didn’t help, but… the mouse was *pretty* sure that her tits didn’t spill out of it *quite* as badly as they weren’t right now. If she looked close enough, then she could see outer edge of her nipples. Well-swollen areolas that looked as if they’d been pulled at and bit and…

… right, Alice was about to point out a thing. “It, uh, looks like you might’ve gone up a cup size or two as well,” she said while giving a weak gesture with her paws toward her friend’s chest.

Savannah looked down at her chest and grasped the underside of her tits with both paws. The tiger gave her boobs a firm squeeze and a shake, checking the weight of them. As they jiggled around between her dress - and came free of the fabric even more. “Shit,” the feline murmured. “Fuck, they’re heavy. It’s like…”

*Rip.* The dress gave up on the impossible. Red fabric tore asunder as the tiger’s bare breasts tumbled out into full view. Literal handfuls of flesh bounced freely as fat nipples that had *definitely* been bit at and pulled at by stallion teeth and fingers alike bobbed up and down in the air. Savannah - shocked by her wardrobe malfunction - grabbed at her tits and squeezed them hard in an attempt to control them, and then…

… *gush*. More white fluid squirted onto Alice’s floor - and onto the mouse’s ankles. This time, though, it wasn’t horse cum mixed with a scant amount of tiger cream. It was breast milk. Thick, creamy, sweet…

Savannah released her tits in a hurry and stared at Alice.

Alice glanced at those jiggling and milky hills that had literally just lactated. Then, wide-eyed, she too looked up to stare Savannah in her eyes. “Did you just…”

Savannah - without looking down - flicked a bead of milk from her nipple and onto her fingertip. Raspy tongue emerged from maw to lick her pad clean. As the sweet taste fell upon her buds, she gave her head a quick nod. “Uh-huh,” she said. “Definitely milk.”

“Are you… are you *pregnant*?” the mouse squeaked as she nervously wrapped her arms around her own bust, squeezing fluffy pillows against her body.

Savannah snorted out a loud laugh. Smirking and chuckling, she grabbed ahold of the shoulder straps of her ruined dress and gave it a sharp tug, tearing it away from her body in a casual sweep. Completely naked, she spread her plump thighs across the bed and exposed her still swollen puss, showing off just how much white was oozing out of her and into her friend’s mattress. So much *cum*. A leaking faucet was not an appropriate metaphor - it was like the faucet had been ripped clean from the wall and the pipe had been left to gush. “Well,” the tiger said as she reached down to her sticky crotch and pulled her lips apart to better expose just how much she was *gaping* after having her hole pummeled by the biggest cock on the planet. “He did dump about a gallon or more of the stuff in me, so…”

“A… a fucking gallon?! A gallon of *cum*?” Alice exclaimed. Her friend was completely naked. The mouse could *see* how well-fucked and *satisfied* her friend’s swollen folds were and how much cum was oozing out of her. “How did he…”

Savannah giggled and delicately ran a few fingers over her swollen lips, shuddering on the bed afterward due to how sensitive she still was. “Alice, c’mon. You’ve seen the size of him. His cock and balls aren’t any different to the rest of him. Fat huge insatiable things, just like wrecking balls… and a cock bigger than a fuckin’ baseball bat. Though…” The cat raised cum-smeared fingers up to her lips to muffle a giggle. “He *did* say that I wrung every drop out of him. That nobody had left him *quite* so satisfied before. And he said that he wants to see me again tomorrow.”

“Tomorrow?” Alice asked. Her heart was racing now. Inwardly, she felt quite jealous, but… she was doing her best not to show it. “When?”

“First thing in the morning, right before class. He said that he wants me to be his morning rut. Wants to start the day off right by emptying his balls completely, or… something like that, I dunno. It was hard to listen to what he was saying while I was still cumming my brains out,” Savannah murmured.

“First woman? So you’re not like… an exclusive couple?”

Savannah chuckled and shook her head. “Girl, my body wouldn’t be able to *handle* exclusivity with that stallion. I’m just his main girl. That’s all.”

Alice bit her lip and assessed her own envy. The fact that Savannah was seemingly comfortable with polyamory surprised her. If she had Norm, then she wasn’t sure that she would be able to handle sharing him. “Aren’t you going to get jealous?”

“*Fuck no*,” Savannah giggled. “I don’t care, long as he keeps me up to date with who he’s been laying. And, y’know. Lets me watch from time to time, maybe. Might be fun to watch some bitch go cross-eyed while they get their wombs stuffed to the brim with a gallon of fuckin’ horse cum.”

Alice squeaked and looked down at her lap. What her friend said created a *very* strong mental image in her mind. One that made her wonder if *she* would ever get herself stretched out by Norm’s growing dick.

“Something wrong with you now?” Savannah asked bluntly.

“N-no, sorry,” Alice whimpered quickly. “Was just thinking, that’s all. I guess… offering food really was the quickest way to his heart, then?”

“Mhm,” Savannah said with a proud nod of her head. “You were totally right. Like you said, all of that growth serum that his parents are pumping into him *really* whacks out his appetite. I challenged him to eat twelve pepperoni pizzas. Said if he could clear them in under thirty minutes then I’d show him my tits.”

Alice nodded weakly. “And… did he?”

“Of course he fucking did,” Savannah laughed. “He had them down in his neck in five minutes flat. Then, with his mouth all covered in pizza grease, he lent over the table and he said…” The tiger squirmed on the bed hotly. “He said, uh, ‘I ate them in less than ten. Does that mean that I get to see your cunt?’ So of course I did. Stripped down naked and straddled the desk, smeared my wet needy pussy on it, showed myself off to him, and…”

“And?” Alice asked with bated breath.

“He looked me up and down. Gave me a huge smile. And he said, hmm… twelve pizzas isn’t good enough for a girl like you. I’m gonna need at *least* another thirty in my gut before I can give *you* the rutting that you deserve,” the tiger sighed. “So he grabbed his phone and made the order. By the time the pizza girl arrived, he was balls deep inside of me. Mid-rut, he just looked at her and said, ‘yeah, leave ‘em on the desk’. Gave her a $300 tip too, so… doubt she was complaining. If anything, she looked kinda used to it.”

Alice giggled. She was still envious - *very* envious, actually - but living through Savannah’s tale vicariously was easing it a little. Plus, imagining herself as that pizza girl was amusing. “Wonder how many, uh, pizza orders she’s made to his place over the years?”

“Hopefully enough to get creampied herself,” Savannah murmured. She folded her arms beneath her bust and pushed upward with her forearms. Little rivulets of milk began to drip from her nipples. “Bitch had to carry like, thirty pizza boxes up a dozen flight of stairs. That shit has to do something to your back.”

“So does taking the world’s biggest horse cock, I bet,” Alice pointed out.

“Oh, fuck yeah. I feel like I’m in *pieces* right now. Just, y’know. In a good way.”

Alice nodded and smiled. “I bet,” she said. “This is the happiest I’ve ever seen you, I think.”

“Yeah,” Savannah said. “Yeah, I’m pretty damn happy.”

Alice still felt the envy curdling inside of her. She imagined that the feeling would never really go away. After all, she knew about Norm Horseman long before Savannah had even set eyes on him. She had been following his growth journey since the very beginning. She had bought every magazine that had featured a centerfold of him. Owned the range of DVDs that documented his growth journey. But…

… Savannah was happy. *Really* happy. And Alice wasn’t about to spoil that with her own envy. Especially when the mouse might be able to get a piece of the horse herself, long as she played her cards right. Infact, she was tempted to ask *right* now if she could come along to their morning ‘date’ just to watch the two of them in a full and passionate rut…

… but the mouse wasn’t feeling quite *that* bold. Instead, she was simply going to enjoy asking some forward questions. For tonight, at least. “So,” the mouse said inquisitively while rubbing her hands together with a horny eagerness. “Tell me *everything* that you want to do to him.”

**\* \* \***

Savannah and Alice had promised each other multiple times that they wouldn’t head out into the main dining hall where they might be spotted. That, after spiking the salt in the kitchen, they’d simply sneak out and hide and wait for the inevitable news report that Statesview Manor - historic city building - had crumbled into pieces.

But in the end, Savannah hadn’t been able to resist. So neither had Alice, because… well, the tiger had a way of being forceful when she wanted to be. Especially when it came to matters involving Norm. So…

“It’ll be fine,” Savannah assured in a hiss to her nervous rodent companion as she dragged her toward the dining hall whilst the whole building gently shook around them.

Alice, however, couldn’t take that remark seriously. Especially not when she could feel the ground rumbling beneath her feet. Especially when she could hear loud screams of pleasure and even louder dominant *roars.* “Ah, n-no offense, but I know exactly what that serum will do to him,” she squeaked.

“Exactly. So don’t you wanna see it happening live?” Savannah asked as they drew closer to the dining hall.

“Yes,” Alice sighed reluctantly. “But also, I don’t feel like having the roof come down around my head!”

“We’ll be out *way* before that happens,” Savannah purred. “In and out so fast that he won’t even see us.”

Alice couldn’t help but roll her eyes. Wouldn’t see them? With how well Savannah was filling out that outfit? The mouse could see her ass jiggling through the fabric of her well-stretched black maid skirt with her step that she took! And that was without taking into account what her bust must have been doing. “Savannah, no offense, but you’re *huge,”* she said as she looked up at the woman who was currently encapsulating the mouse’s entire *arm* within her paw.

“Yeah, so? He’s way bigger. Especially right now,” the tiger almost moaned. “Fuck, I can even hear him just *breathing*!”

The mouse couldn’t protest any further. Because…

… Savannah dragged them into the dining hall. In the process, she nearly tripped them both over the near-unconscious form of a cum-bloated poodle. Thick white horse seed leaked from her maw and her puss. Fucked from both ends and full in both womb and stomach, she looked as if she were full of Norm’s foals already as she laid there cradling her bloated stomach.

“Holy shit,” Alice squeaked as she staggered away from the poodle. “Is that Francesca Ricci? Actress? She’s been in like, a dozen movies-”

The tiger did not reply… and Alice didn’t go on. Why? Because both of them noticed the *real* A-Lister in the room… and the carnage around him.

The room was a mess. The dining room table - a huge thing carved out by some ancient family decades ago - had been turned over, tossed to the floor, and turned into little more than splinters. The feast that had been fit for a hundred people - or, one horse - had either been devoured outright, or, in the case of healthier items like salads, simply scattered across marble.

But the mess of the former feast was little compared to the mess that was being created by the ongoing orgy. A inches deep ‘puddle’ of cum large enough to cover just about every inch of the marbled floor. A bevy of well-fucked women and women who wanted to be well-fucked either moaning in bliss or screaming for more. Some held plates of food above their head, some were rubbing at a huge gut that filled half of the room, some were yelling a chant of ‘*bigger, bigger, bigger*’, and *all* of them were desperate to be noticed.

And in the center of it all, a horse. A horse who had grown a *lot*. A twenty-foot tall black stallion of a horse who currently had his mitts wrapped around two women who he was currently pumping up and down the sides of his cock by hand, rubbing their spasming pussies down hard into his length. In his open maw was a woman who he was suckling upon like a piece of candy, his tongue between her legs and underneath her tits, sampling both the gush of her cunt and the spray of her milk.

But even with all of that going on, the huge horse immediately saw his beau. How could he not? The tigress had been on his mind *all* night. None of these women could compare to her, after all.

The horse opened his maw in shock and spat the saliva-covered woman down into the wreckage in shock. Still fervently maintaining his grip upon the two women around his cock, he pumped his hips fervently and sent yet another splatter of cum across the dining room floor in his surprise. “S-Savannah?”

Despite the fact that the tigress had insisted that she wouldn’t be seen, she… didn’t look all that bothered for having been caught. Despite the fact that she was staring at a true titan of an equine, she didn’t cower or attempt to flee - but, then again, said titan *was* her boyfriend - and, even if he wasn’t, he was fucking hot. Cheerily, she waved a hand at him and then blew a kiss up toward his distant face before starting to step forward, leaving Alice behind. “Yup,” she said as she eagerly walked through a huge puddle of horse cum for what must’ve been the hundredth time in her life, “who else do you think did this to you?”

The horse’s body shuddered as another growth spurt wracked through his body *just* at the confirmation that he was actually speaking to his beloved beau, adding another **foot** to his body. The women between his hands gave a squeal as their cunts were stimulated by his length suddenly bloating against them all the more.

Another splatter of cum shot from the tip of Norm’s cock with all the force of a fire hose. It hit Savannah square in the chest, splattering across her breasts and belly and coating her from head to toe in sead. Any regular woman would’ve been knocked to their knees by the blast at the very least, but…

… Savannah was no regular woman. She was an almost nine-foot tall amazonian of a tigress. And, in her boyfriend’s presence, she could feel herself growing even more. “Don’t look so surprised,” she teased as she stepped into her boyfriend’s shadow. “If *anyone* was gonna make you this fuckin’ **big**, then…”

“… it was gonna be you,” the horse grunted in amusement. “Of course. Makes complete fucking sense.”

Savannah pulled her cum-drenched clothes off of herself like they were saggy tissue paper - or, perhaps, *wrapping* paper, given the utter gift of a body that she had - before she set her hand on her hip and cockily tilted her head as if to say *duh*.

Norm released his hands - and the girls - from his length. Still orgasming, they fell to the ground, twitching. And Norm - with his own fingers twitching and writhing in excitement - narrowed his eyes at the woman beneath him.

Then, without so much as a huff in warning, he grabbed Savannah in his hand easily and brought her up to his titanic face.

With Norm’s entire palm and fingers easily closed around the breadth of her body - and his face alone big enough to completely fill her vision - Savannah suddenly felt *much* less powerful than she had before. As his hot breath blew over her body, scented with a hundred different types of food, she began to squirm, realizing that his cavernous maw could open at any moment to take her within and swallow her whole.

“You mean to say,” the horse huffed against the tiger’s entire body, “that *you* were the one who ruined this débutante ball?”

Struggling against fingers, Savannah nodded her head slowly. The full weight of her consequences came crashing into her. Had she driven her boyfriend mad? Was no horse made to be this *big*? It didn’t help matters at all that her sex was throbbing harder. Terrified the tighter might’ve been, but she was also aroused.

Norm leaned in a little closer. His huge nostrils opened in what seemed like an angry huff, blowing a firm smack of air into wriggling Savannah’s head and shoulders. “You mean to say,” he growled, “that *you* were the one who ruined my parents plan? Their precious… schedule?”

“Yes, but-”

“*You* were the one who wasted all of their time and money by making me grow off of the damn charts?” Norm loudly and easily interrupted.

Savannah hung her head. She was desperately attempting to come up with some kind of excuse - or an apology - or, perhaps, both - *because* she really felt like she was in trouble now. But just as some pathetic words began to come to mouth, the horse swiftly interrupted her again.

Norm leaned in a pressed a huge *kiss* against her entire body, suddenly smothering her form with his lips rather than his hand. As hot breath and warm saliva coated her form, the tiger thought for a moment that she was going to be gobbled up whole…

… but it quickly became clear that the press was affectionate. Those lips were pressing against her in a sweet slobber. One that she gave herself into immediately. A loud moan came out of her mouth as the horse’s broad tongue swept from his mouth, brushing over her thighs and digging between them.

Then, with a loud *smack* of his lips, he withdrew his tongue after taking a brief taste of his favorite lover’s folds. “Well,” he chortled gratefully against the sensitive body that he still held close to his mouth, “if anyone was gonna make me this **big**, it was gonna be you, babe.”

Savannah - wet in more ways than one and now well-held by Norm’s strong fingers as if she were sat in a throne - gave a nervous giggle and reclined as best as she could against nearby palm. “You’re, ah,” she said with a little more confidence, “not mad with me, right?”

“What? Nah, of course not, I was just screwing around with you,” the horse said as his tongue scraped across his lips as he fought back temptation to go in for another lick between the tiger’s legs. “Fuck my parents schedule. It was always just holding me back anyway, like you always said.”

The words were music to Savannah’s ears. But something inside of her still stopped her from completely believing it. Something had always been stopping the horse from… letting go and *growing* like crazy before. “Seriously? You were always tellin’ me you didn’t wanna get so big so fast before. Take it a foot at a month, or… whatever.”

“Yeah, fucking seriously. I was just… well, feels weird to admit in front of so many people, but I guess most of them are covered in my cum now, so,” he chuckled as he briefly glanced around the wrecked dining hall. “Uh, was always a little afraid of getting this big before. Didn’t know what it felt like. But, heh, it turns out that it feels amazing.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, babe,” the horse growled in what could only be complete confidence. “Being this big feels great. And, you know what?”

Savannah sagged a little more against the horse’s fingers, spreading her plump saliva-soaked thighs and showing off properly just how wet and swollen and juicy her sex had become as a result of their conversation and Norm’s manhandling. Her body was tingling madly. Just by being in contact with him, she was growing too. Infact… they both were. At a slow and gradual pace, expanding just a little with every beat of their heart. Not that they noticed. They were too focused on each other right now. “What, Norm?” the tiger asked coyly.

“I wanna get even ***bigger****.* So fuckin’ ***big*** that I can wreck this entire building - fuck, *any* building that I want - with a thrust of my hips or a stomp of my hoof,” the horse said hungrily. “And since you started this, you’re obviously gonna help me.”

“Of course I am,” Savannah said as if wasn’t even a *question*. “Gonna get you **big** enough to *own* this town, you fuckin’ monster of a horse.”

“Great. Let’s get started.”

The horse - who had been crouched this entire time - dropped down onto his knees. His huge cock, still erect and completely bloated, *slammed* down onto the two women that he had previously been *smearing* into his length, trapping them both underneath it’s hot and squishy weight.

Though it wasn’t just *those* two that suddenly felt the full brunt of the horse’s cock. It was big enough to fill the half of the room that the horse himself wasn’t filling by now. The woman that he had been previously sucking on like a living jawbreaker *squished* beneath his tip, along with the cumdump of a poodle. A bunch of other ball-goers - some of whom had been slurping the horse’s potent seed from the floor - were trapped beneath the very base of his shaft. There were even about four or five ladies squished underneath several tons of testicle, their smothered bodies pleasantly writhing in desperation against his overfull sack. Though…

… there was one other woman trapped underneath that dick. One other woman who *wasn’t* a party-goer. And that was Alice. The mouse had managed to stay out of the blast radius up until this point. But she hadn’t been able to run out of the way of the horse’s immense length as it had come toppling down upon her. She had ended up underneath the very center of Norm’s flared head. Right in front of his urethra.

But they didn’t matter. Especially not the party-goers, and, perhaps, even Alice. They weren’t real people anymore. They were simple here to be rode and fucked and splattered in copious amounts of his seed. His parents were fools to think that any one of these women was fit for a horse as mighty as him. They were nothing more than cocktoys. The only real person at - the only *real* woman - was the amazon of a tiger that was filling out his palm.

Hips thrust as Norm stroked his cock *down* into the floor, making centuries-old marble crack and splinter beneath his weight. Though the equine didn’t feel that. What *he* felt was his shaft riding across a bed of multiple hot pussies that were twitching and spasming in blissful orgasm against him, stimulated to the point of return by nothing more than a simple stroke of his mighty length. He felt juices splatter up against the underside of his shaft, coating him in that precious lust and heat that made his body *grow*.

Fingers enlarged around Savannah. The tiger growled in a mixture of horny lust and encouragement and flashed her big ol’ fangs toward her bigger ol’ boyfriend. “That’s right,” the tiger growled, “fuck those bitches and get even **bigger**-”

The tiger’s erotic cheer was cut off by a loud moan as the horse’s huge tongue darted out of his mouth to push between her legs once again, forcing them to part. His huge buds bore down and *pushed* hard against the tiger’s folds and clit. The horse had tasted a *lot* of food tonight - but, compared to it, Savannah’s cream was truly the sweetest. A hungry snarl overcame him as his tongue began to undulate, making buds ripple across her sensitive places, making her both scream in bliss and squirt more sweet juice down onto his expectant buds.

A growth spurt for the two lovers. Savannah grew so much that she almost tumbled out of Norm’s hand. She was so big that the horse had to adjust his grip on her, cradling her by just her back rather than her whole body. And he was so big now that his shoulders were brushing against the ceiling, that his *tip* was pushing a hole through the manor’s thick stone all. She was a fifteen foot giantess and he was a thirty-foot tall *god*. One that would soon outgrow his puny débutante ball.

Another thrust of powerful horse hips. Another set earth-shattering *cracks* as more of the marbled floor turned into a crater. Another spray of his incredibly potent growth-inducing seed that splattered all over the floor and the crowd of gushing women beneath him.

Including Alice. Still positioned right by the horse’s gaping slit, she got not only a mouthful of the stuff, but, a *stomach* of it. Moaning as madly as she was with every intimate nerve in her chest, belly, and cunt being stimulated by the stroke of horse cock, she couldn’t *help* but gulp down enough of it to make her tummy grow.

Hell. Enough to make *all* of her grow. Not just her belly, but her tits, her ass, her entire fucking *body,* all of it was expanding underneath Norm’s dick at a much more rapid rate than any of the other women - besides Savannah, at least - who had taken in his seed. The mouse didn’t know it, but, just like the tiger and horse, she was born to be a giant too.

High up above, the dining room continued to crumble around the horse like it were made of nothing but sand. Luckily, every guest that hadn’t managed to escape was sheltered from the falling ceiling due to the fact that they were pinned beneath heavy horse cock or thigh. And as for Norm himself…

… well, the great clump of stone falling onto his shoulders hit him and broke apart as if they nothing, leaving nothing more than a fine dust upon his coat. They didn’t hurt him at all - if anything, the destruction simply empowered him.

Tongue rolled around Savannah. Groaning, the horse *sucked* her into his maw. He thrusted her and his tongue against the roof of his mouth to press the shape of her large belly and fat breasts against his tongue. The very tip continued to push between her thighs to rub ferociously at her sex, seeking to both stimulate and taste. As if in reward, his mouth began to fill with the tiger’s sweet milk as her breast’s pushed up and nipples squirted against the roof of his maw.

In satisfaction, his maw closed around the woman, blotting her world in darkness with his gums and teeth. With his cheeks now bulging outward and fat with the tiger and her cream, he thrust down into the ground again, railing his dick over a gaggle of growing women…

… but this time, rather than thrusting down into the broken floor, he found his flared tip smushing against something hot. Something juicy. Something that felt like it wanted to swallow his cock whole.

Down below, not-so-little Alice had grown to the point where she was no longer covering just the horse’s gaping urethra, but… to the point where her hips were large enough to wrap around his flared head. To the point where his pre was being pumped directly into her already bloated womb. To the point where if he just thrust a little harder, then…

… *pop*. *Squirt.* A guttural groan from both horse and mouse as the equine’s enormous inches penetrated her overgrown cunt for the first time. With Savannah still held in his maw, he reached down and hooked a couple of fingers around the mouse’s furry thighs in order to spread her even more in preparation for their rut. Shoulders tensed and head swung upward, putting the end to the last of the ceiling.

Norm released a whinny. One that was loud enough to ring across the entire city.

Then, he thrust his hips down hard, burying more of his length into the tight little mouse condom beneath him. As her wet hot walls wrapped and attempted to *clench* around his length, the horse continued to grow, both inside and outside of her. It wasn’t just the dining hall that was turning to ruin now. The manor’s old foundations had been utterly shocked at this point by the horses débutante orgy, leading it all to turn to nothing but crumble. The bell tower, the grand hall, the dozens of bedrooms and bathrooms, all of it was turning to nothing more than rubble upon the ground and dust upon his coat.

Not that the horse could really notice. He was too busy pumping the mouse along his shaft, working her up and down his length like the onahole that she was while he slurped what seemed to be an endless supply of tiger milk and cunt cream down his throat. All three of them were growing, but, it was only Norm who had stuffed the near-entirety of a highly spiked feast down his throat that night. He was the one who was growing out of control - now a fifty-foot beast that cast what little was left of the manor in his shadow - and the two girls were just growing at a rate big enough to fit his purposes. Alice as his cocksleeve - and Savannah as his milk sow. Both serving to make him grow in their own unique way.

The other women? Those who were stuck to his gurgling gut, his sweaty balls, or the ringed and veiny rim of his town-destroying cock? All that fame, all that wealth, all those lives… well, they were nothing more than vague sensations wriggling across his body now. Like parasites they clung to him, holding on for dear life, rubbing to please him, or slurping up his fluids as sustenance.

A firm stroke of a well-grown mouse down cock. A slurp so hard at his beau that he nearly *sucked* her down into his great garbage disposal of a gut. A pre-orgasmic *slam* of his knees against the ground that caused whatever was left of Statesview Manor and it’s surrounding buildings to crumble down into the crater that the horse had scored into the earth. This was what all the horse’s breeding sites would look like from now on - craters formed in cities, in countries, in *planets* - and, eventually, within the universe itself.

Balls clenched tightly within their sack. Shaft rippled and pulsed within it’s hold of well-stretched and utterly creamed velveteen walls.

Then, Alice got a *true* taste of Norm’s load. If Savannah wasn’t still held within Norm’s maw, then she might’ve been proud at how well her friend managed to handle the bloat. As it was, though - and perhaps, only was as right - the horse was the only one to witness the mouse’s belly bloating out like the condom that it had become as he shot rope after rope after rope of his seed within her.

Groaning in orgasm and keeping one set of fingers around the mouse that he was still filling up, the horse curled his other hand into a fist and pounded into the rubble-stricken earth, creating yet another crater in the ruined manor grounds around him. The earth shook. The horse belted out his lust. Everyone and everything within a hundred-mile radius heard and felt the horse’s orgasm. The ridiculous débutante ball had been brought to a ridiculous end.

The horse began to pull himself to a shaky stand. Savannah was still in his maw. Alice was still stuck on his dick, fat and bloated. Party-goers were strewn across every inch of his massive body. Rightfully, he was the last person standing in what was one hell of an orgy - and he ought to have just laid down and rested.

But, in front of him, there was an entire city. And without his parents hold on him, he could truly conquer it. There was no time to rest.

**\* \* \***

“I cannot **fucking** believe this ***shit!***” Savannah roared at the top of her lungs loudly.

*Very loudly*. Loud enough to make Alice’s bookshelf and all of it’s odds and ends rattle. Loud enough to make the walls and ceiling shudder. Loud enough that everyone in the building - *and* around it - became fully aware of Savannah’s enormous presence.

Yes. Enormous. The woman had been dating Norm for several months now. Long enough that his serum-infused seed had flooded her womb many, many times over. Long enough that she had grown *three* whole feet in height and… well, who knows how many cup and dress sizes. Enough that she’d had to change her wardrobe practically every week. To put it simply - she was now half the size of the room. Large enough that her back and ass blotted out the window, large enough that Alice practically had a pair of big heaving *tits* in her face just by sharing the same space as the feline. The mattress that had been able to support her entire body was now little more than a pancake upon it’s groaning metal frame.

Alice, on the other hand, hadn’t grown a single inch. Though that wasn’t for a lack of effort on Savannah’s part. Her tiger best friend was *constantly* offering her a messy threeway with Norm and herself, but… Alice was just to shy to take her up on it. What if he wasn’t good enough? What if he didn’t like her? And, when she inevitably grew after being exposed to his seed… how would she handle it?

Well. None of that mattered now, she supposed. It sounded like everything was coming crashing to an end. The tiger had shoved her door open and crammed herself into her room twenty minutes ago, and all she’d been doing since then was wailing. “Okay,” Alice said while holding her hands up and pinning her round ears *all* the way back. “Just… just please calm down and take a deep breath, you’re… you’re *really* loud.”

Savannah grabbed her wide knees with both of her mighty paws and sucked in a huge breath that practically voided the tiny dorm room of all of it’s oxygen. She held it in her large lungs for a moment, pushing her well-grown breasts out…

… and then, in an attempt to calm herself she gave a strong exhale, billowing her hot breath all over her best friend in a manner so strong that it disheveled every strand of fluff that the mouse possessed. A loud sob creaked out of her throat, but… it was much quieter than before. Through gritted teeth and watery eyes, she stared at her friend.

Alice needed to know what had gone wrong. Had Norm said something? Or, more likely, had the horse simply grown too big to handle? Thanks to Savannah’s influence - or, as she called it, ‘*filling his big fat gut and draining his big fat balls daily*’ - the horse’s growth rates over the months that they had been dating had been… astronomical to say the least. The college had ended up having to install a new door for his fifteen foot frame. The canteen had hired *three* whole teams of chefs to account for his growing appetite. And, on top of all of that, every single female teacher had grown a few inches - or even a couple feet - thanks to Norm *having* to nail each one of them on a daily basis thanks to his truly monstrous sex drive. “Tell me what happened,” the mouse said after considering for a moment.

“It’s his parents,” the tiger sniffled in reply. “His fucking parents.”

Alice blinked a couple of times. She realized that Savannah had barely spoke about Norm’s parents before, even though they were an integral part of his life. They were, after all, the whole reason that he was growing so large in the first place. The whole reason that he was so rich, so famous… really, it could all be accounted to them and their empire. “His parents?” the mouse squeaked.

“Yeah. They finally took some time out of their busy schedules to come and meet me,” Savannah murmured grimly. “They called me out for dinner. I expected it to be pleasant. That Norm was gonna be there and I was finally gonna meet his folks proper, but…”

“But?” Alice asked hesitantly.

“But it was just them at this fancy ass restaurant. Norm wasn’t there at all. They looked snooty as shit. This rich-ass fop of a stallion and his grumpy ass mare, dressed up in a million dollar suit and a million dollar dress…” The tiger clenched her fists together. “Fit to eat shit together.”

“Okay,” Alice slowly said as she attempted to process the mental image that Savannah had just put in front of her. No Norm, two people so rich that they outclassed her several times, probably plenty of attitude while they sat in a place that the tiger wasn’t used to at all… it must have been, well, disconcerting to say the least. “But what did they say to you?”

“They said that they don’t like him hanging around with someone as… as common and as *fat* as me,” the tiger said in disbelief. “Plus - they said that I’m making him *grow* way too much. That I’m… messing up their schedule. So…”

Alice thought that might be the case. Norm’s parents likely didn’t want him growing so big that he was uncontrollable. At least, not yet. Not until their… schedule was ready. “So?”

“They offered me a hundred grand to leave his life permanently.”

Alice raked her teeth over her bottom lip. A hundred grand. A ridiculous amount of money, especially for a college student who only had a slightly better bank account than a bum. “And… what did you say to that?”

“I told them to screw off,” Alice growled with a baritone that shook the room’s foundations once again. “I told them that they couldn’t give me *any* amount of money to push me away from Norm. That I loved their son. That I was going to be with him forever and make him fucking so huge that they couldn’t handle him. That I was going to-”

The tiger broke down in a series of loud sobs. Dust started to fall from the ceiling.

Alice raised her hands quickly. “Savannah, please!” the mouse squeaked loudly. “You’re… you’re gonna bring the building down!”

Savannah inhaled another huge huff of air. Her wide green eyes closed and wrinked up as she brought a large paw to smear across her striped tear-streaked face. “Sorry,” she huffed in apologetic misery. “Sorry.”

“It’s okay. It’s… it’s understandable, it’s just…” If Norm was no longer in Savannah’s life, then, they definitely wouldn’t be able to cover any kind of repair bill. But it was probably best *not* to point that one out. “Nevermind. What did they say to you then?”

“They said Norm is gonna forget about me soon enough anyway,” the tiger whimpered as quietly as she could. “That they’re gonna host this ball. A … débutante ball, I … I think they called it. They’re gonna invite all of the most beautiful and influential women in town, and they’re gonna pair him up with one of them, and they’re gonna get ‘em married and start giving *her* the growth serum, and…”

“But what about Norm?” Alice suddenly squeaked. “The guy loves you. Adores you. When you’re together, all he ever talks about is you-”

“I *know*, Alice,” Savannah groaned as she rubbed at her wet cheeks with both of her hands in exasperation. “But that doesn’t matter. I’ve been trying to message him all night but his number is disconnected. I tried going over to his place in town but it’s empty. They’ve disconnected his phone, moved him to a new place… probably even taken him out of *school*. It doesn’t matter how much he loves me, because they have *complete control* over every aspect of his life.” She pulled her paws away from her face and spread them out at her sides. “This whole school thing? They were just *letting* him do it, because the guy wanted to have a chance at a normal life before… before he got too big to see the world, you know? He wanted some hours away from his parents where he’d be able to do whatever the fuck he wanted without their say-so, but… they caught wind of me and now they’re throwing it all in the garbage. Putting him back in a cell where he can only communicate with the *rich* and the *powerful* and the fuckin’ *influential…*”

“Savannah,” Alice squeaked suddenly. “Volume.”

The tiger tucked her arms back in and pressed them down against her lap. Her huge form hunched over as she stared down at the floor. “Sorry,” the tiger whimpered.

“It’s, uh, it’s okay,” Alice said. “I know you’re upset.” A fact that *really* hurt the rodent. After all, she had been extremely happy that Savannah had been able to find someone. A connection after spending so long struggling to find one. Seeing it all come to an end was… devastating, to say the least.

But… what if it didn’t have to come to an end? What if her and Savannah could be happy forever? What if… “The ball,” the mouse suddenly said. “Where is being held? Do you know?”

“Oh, yeah,” Savannah said with a big roll of her big eyes. “Fuckin’ Statesview Manor. The fanciest building in the entire city. The one that cost the most money to make. The one that had the most, ugh, *historical influence*. They made sure to point that one out several times.”

*Statesview Manor*. It was, indeed, the most luxurious building in the entire city. A place where the likes of Alice and Savannah would never be able to go. Or at least… that must’ve been her parents thoughts. They should’ve done more research. A part of Alice’s family *worked* as staff in the manor. If she spoke to the right cousin or two, then… maybe they could get access on that day as helping hands. No, not a maybe - *definitely*. To serve a horse as big as Norm, the manor’s staff would no doubt be looking for all of the help that they could get.

And… Alice had done some research online, too. There was a very simple additive that could be used to enhance Norm’s growth tremendously. Tasteless, scentless, and granular, it would be easy to slip in any of the ingredients that would be going into the meal - like the salt or the sugar. Combine these two ideas, and…

“You’re pulling a face,” Savannah said to her friend all of a sudden. There was a hint of optimism to her tone, though… or, perhaps, a hint of hope. “A face like you’re thinking.”

“Yeah,” Alice said gently after another moment of source.. “I might have a plan.”

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