

## Growing Hunger

### March 2024 Flavor of the Month: Falerno

*Rrrrip!*

“Fucking hell,” Demonte groaned as his suit tore. “I just got this damned thing.”

The large orca had just settled into his place on the subway after a long day at work. His ass took up two seats, his head bumped against the ceiling, and his knees practically pulled up to his chest with how he was hunched. People gawked as the shoulder seams of his coat had split, the angry shoulder muscles finding some relief as the stitches continued to pop. Demonte growled, but then took a deep breath to let it out slowly, the large intake of air causing more seams to pop.

“Whatever, it’s okay,” the orca gripped his sleeves and tore them off one at a time. He had trouble peeling them off his corded biceps; the thick slabs of ocean mammal meat were black as ink and split at their peak by a powerful vein. The orca continued to try and find his center as he folded the torn sleeves and shoved them into the pockets of his coat to use as additional fabric for his next tailoring.

“It’ll be okay,” he kept saying to himself. “It’s just the suit, you can afford another.”

Demonte looked cool and collect, but his fists were clenched, his black claws digging into his white palms. The orca was so tired of his growth. He was always a large guy. Even when he was ten he was almost six feet tall. He was always destined to be a giant, but the world just wasn’t built for people like him.

He distinctly remembered the first time he smacked his head on a doorway. He was twelve, in sixth grade and already taller than most. He was on the cusp of puberty and a skinny little thing.

Then his balls dropped.

Puberty didn't hit Demonte like a truck, it hit him like a convoy strapped to a train and launched from a spacecraft. Every night he had growing pains, every day he was a living garbage disposal consuming any and all food he could get his hands on, and he packed on size so effortlessly he started a diet to slow his growth. He was giving off whale noises, but it was his rumbling stomach. The guy was always in a state of hunger, and yet he continued to grow.

All the specialists and pediatricians at the time simply said there was nothing wrong with him. He was just...well...bigger. Normally gigantism causes serious health issues, but the only issue he was facing was neck pain from looking down and slouching all the time so he could see the world shrinking around him. The behemoth seemed to even out around ten feet, but once he changed his diet and actually filled his gullet for once, he noticed his clothes were getting tighter. His body was primed to get larger, but he needed to starve himself to keep from getting out of control.

Demonte decided he needed to keep to his diet for as long as his body kept up this raging growth spurt, but it was a losing battle. At some point a guy has to eat, and Demonte wasn't about to starve himself to death for the sake of being smaller. He continued to be very conservative with his food and to keep a diet of lean veggies. He quickly found out that meat was a strong trigger for growth, his spurts all but slowing to a glacier pace once he cut meat out.

Even with all this, he still grew. It was like for every inch of size he denied his body with his diet, it fought for another with his next meal. Over the years the big guy had gone from ten feet to fifteen, a monster of a man for even his own species.

The Orca's stop came and he left, needing to maneuver himself sideways through the door, his pecks relaxed for the sole purpose of being able to exit the subway. As soon as he did, the hull of the

shuttle jostled in relief. It was a little embarrassing to be honest. Demonte had to basically crawl out of the subway, his body constantly stooping down until he made it to the surface. There he would tower over the other people walking. He needed to watch his step so as to not crush any stray toes.

Demonte was the first to the stoplight, he gripped the top of the traffic light pole and used his shin to smack the button. Not that he really needed to wait for traffic. He could stop a car if he wanted to. A vehicle moving twenty five miles an hour could push him over, but the car would be totaled, not to mention the passenger. So he played by the rules as best he could with his size.

The light changed and he started walking. He crossed the street in basically three strides, his massive legs weaving between people and his deep voice excusing himself between groups. The concrete would shake with every step and he needed to be sure he wasn't knocking anyone over. Why would he ever need to work out when simply not crushing anyone was a full yoga session in itself. Between squatting down beneath signs, lunging forward, and contorting his body to tip toe into specific unoccupied spaces was more than enough to keep his muscles well exercised. He actually tried to avoid it when he could for the extra exertion would have him pack on the pounds like a professional body builder on a kit of illegal juice.

"Hey there Demonte!" A powerful voice shouted.

The orca was pulled from his game of extreme contortion by the sound of someone on their second story balcony.

"Oh, hey there Rees," Demonte stopped in his tracks to look up at the large panther who was grilling. "How's it going?"

"You know big guy," the black panther chuckled, his blue eyes glittering as he shot the giant orca a diamond dazzling smirk. "Just whealin' and dealin' like the rest of the rats out racin'."

“Yeah...” Demonte didn’t quite catch what the panther was saying. His nose was sniffing the air and he could taste the stake on that grill from the way the fat sizzled and popped. The big guy swallowed back his drool.

“You there big guy?” Rees purred.

“Wha-” Demonte blinked his big green eyes and he finally looked up at Rees. The man was wearing a silky robe, his thick and powerful body the envy of all. He was a stacked man by anyone’s standards. He was about seven feet tall and covered in a nice dirty bulk that fit the man well. Despite his extra pounds, his muscles contorted his healthy fat into soft and rounded mounds of power. The robe he wore was untied and exposing his powerful chest and gut. His athletic shorts were practically painted on, his bulge shimmering in the athleisure-ware.

“Yeah...I’m here...” Demonte blushed and gulped back his drool, but this time it was a different kind of hunger. “Sorry, was...just a long day at work.

“Really? You want to lean in and we can talk about it? I’ll even give you one of my famous ribeyes.”

“Oh...” Demonte’s stomach grumbled. “I really shouldn’t.”

“You sure?” Rees smirked flipping the stakes over, their sizzling fry popping in the air as he did so. “Made an extra big one just for you big guy.”

*Fuck*, Demonte bit his bottom lip.

“My diet doesn’t really let me eat meat.” Demonte tried to reason.

“You a vegetarian?” Rees cocked a brow knowingly.

“You sly cat, you know I love meat,” Demonte sighed.

“I know, big guy. Why do you think I’m out here in practically nothing making your favorite thing in the world?”

“You’re...you’re what?” Demonte blinked before his blush bloomed across his face.

“You’re...doing all this for me?”

“You got that right big guy,” Rees purred. “I marinated these stakes just for you, and I’d be very offended if you didn’t at least have a taste.”

Demonte’s knees shook, his powerful muscles and his size making it audible. Rees was the hottest guy Demonte knew. The guy was a professional chef in a past life, and he knew just how to draw the big orca in.

“I guess...one little bite can’t be all that bad,” Demonte pondered before sighing. “Well, since you went to all this trouble, I guess I should.”

“Yeah, lean on in big guy,” Rees chuckled motioning him forward. “The dent on the railing is still there from the last time you came by for a stay.”

Demonte saw the dent in the iron railing where he had rested his head last time he spent some time talking to the panther.

“Yeah, sorry about that,” Demonte scratched his head.

“Don’t be,” Rees smiled. “Big guys like you can’t help it. Besides, this world needs to be more accommodating to us guys above six foot two...well, especially guys like you.”

Demonte grinned, lifting his arms up and resting them on the brick overhang while resting his head on the wrought iron railing. The dent he left before felt...small. His jaw pushed down on the edges of it. He was as gentle as he could be, but he still heard a groan of protest from that iron.

"Sorry," Demonte said again. "I think I bent it more."

"Don't worry about it big guy. I use it as a leg rest when I'm out here reading. If it's a little lower I'm not going to complain. How do you like your steak? I'm almost done with the first sear."

Demonte's stomach rumbled, his abs flexing as though ready to chew that meaty meal.

"I like it bloody," he smiled.

"My man!" Rees smiled, his fangs gleaming as he looked over his stakes. He pulled them off and slapped them onto a large metal tray. "These are for you big guy."

"I...I should only have one little bite." Demonte looked down and away. Then he felt the powerful paw of that panther come to his cheek. He couldn't force Demonte to do anything, but the big orca let him.

"Listen here Demonte," the panther purred. "I made this meal especially for you. Now, I want you to enjoy this. I know you don't eat meat too often, so I wanted to make it as memorable and satisfying as it could possibly be. Now, open your mouth and close your eyes. I've got something nice and big for a growing guy like you."

"I...sure..." Demonte's green eyes glittered as he looked up into that Panther's ocean ones. The older man simply smirked, grabbed the metal tray and came over. He skewered it with a large grilling fork and lifted the thick slab of beef up, blood dripping from it as steam wafted up above.

"Close your eyes, and open your mouth," Rees purred, even his purr was like sexy thunder.

Demonte obeyed. He closed his eyes and waited.

“Good, now take a nice deep breath through your nose. We eat with our eyes first, but we taste with our nose before that.”

Demonte decided to play along. He felt like one of those cartoon characters being pulled along by the wafting finger of something freshly baked. Demonte took a slow sniff through his nose, his chest relaxing and his stomach rumbling. The smell of pepper, rosemary, and butter filled his nose. He felt drool well up on his tongue.

Rees looked at that giant open mouth, his bright pink maw and long tongue exposed. The faintest view of that gullet in the back sent shivers down his spine.

“Good, now chew it slowly,” Rees ordered, cupping Demonte’s chin, a little trickle of drool having found its way there.

“Sorry...I couldn’t help but drool-”

“No talking big guy,” Rees purred and brought the dripping steak to that mouth and slowly moved it in like a lover sharing a bite of their meal. “Now close.”

It took everything in Demonte not to bite down on the fork and eat that too. His tongue was greeted by a heat and dripping juices. His muzzle filled with the flavor of that steak. His tongue danced around it, flopping that meat around in his muzzle from one side to the other. He obeyed the panther’s words and chewed it slowly, tantalizingly slow. He sank down into that beef, the juices welling up between his teeth. Bursts of flavor, a mix of rosemary and oregano, salts and seasonings washed over his tongue and swam between his teeth. He moaned with his mouth closed, the smell of that food wafted through his nose as that beef shredded into pieces with the slightest chew. It was soft yet firm, it was juicy and perfectly seared. The drool dribbling down his chin was tainted pink with the blood of his

meal as he tried to gulp it back, but kept chewing that meat to get every ounce of enjoyment he could from that slab of protein.

The world seemed to stand still. Nothing mattered except what was going on in his muzzle as he savored every part of that sweet and savory meat. Goosebumps ran over Demonte's flesh, his tinny hairs standing on end as his gut grumbled and roared for its first taste of meat in over five years. He chewed and grinded that meat to paste, sapping every flavor and bit of enjoyment until it was cool in his muzzle and he couldn't help but swallow it back. He opened his maw and breathed out with a sigh. The only thing in his mind at that moment was how beautiful that tasted and how it lingered on his tongue, the garlic and onion that was used mixed with the faintest hints of wine with the charcoal smoke was too much. Tears welled up in his eyes, knowing he wouldn't get another hit like that in a long, long time. Maybe never again.

"Do you want another bite?" Rees purred.

Demonte's eyes fluttered open and saw the big black panther ready with another slab of meat. A warm and inviting smile on his muzzle. As the orca came out of his revelry the sounds of the city came flooding back. He suddenly realized there was a car alarm going off behind him. He hadn't noticed it, but his long tail with its fin had swished out and smacked a Jeep that was blaring in its protest of the intrusion, the front windshield a shattered mess.

Despite all that though, the only thing he really noticed was Rees, his tempter offering him another bite. His stomach rumbled in its approval and immediate demand for more.

"Isn't that one yours?" Demonte asked, his eyes trained on the meat like some starving dog.

"With how much you enjoyed your first bite, it would be a sin to deny you another." Rees had the second stake ready to go.



"I really shouldn't..." Demonte said around that meat as he opened his mouth. He hungered for it too much, and before he knew it he was closing his lips around that thick slab of meat. The orca was thrown back into that ecstasy again as he chewed slowly, savoring every bit of that meat as he sank his teeth into it. Grinding and mashing it as he slurped on the juices and the flavor.

"Holy-mmm-Holy fuck," Demonte's lips smacked as he savored the flavor for as long as he could. He refused to swallow until all the heat was gone from that meat and he did a nice slow gulp.

"Rees...that was so fucking good," Demonte moaned as he opened his eyes. "Why...why is the world shorter?"

Rees' eyes continued to rise as he saw the orca's chin lift off the metal railing, Demonte's muscles swelling sounding like grinding boulders.

"It's all you, *bigger* guy," Rees had a sly grin on his muzzle. "I thought it would have a drastic effect, but I had no idea that you would start growing so quickly."

"Sorry?" Demonte's voice dipped a little lower as his head continued to rise.

"Come on now Demonte," Rees crossed his arms, the thick hog in his pants throbbing. "You've been holding back for too long. I've been tempting you with meat for over a year now and this is the first time you actually took me up on the offer. You must have known what it would do."

"Of course...but it was...did you want me to grow?" Demonte had so many questions floating around in his skull, but his head smacking the brick of the balcony above Rees' made him stumble backwards. Demonte cursed as a couple bricks and some dust came raining down, his feet kicking a couple people down as he stumbled. His massive shoes popped open as his toes broke out and were able to breathe, his socks already tearing. His pants crept up his ankles and then his thighs before being

stuck against his bulging mass. His shirt pulled up to expose his midriff, his belt straining to contain his expanding ass and bulge.

“What the hell was in that steak?” Demonte huffed, his voice cracking lower.

“Nothing too special, just spiked it with a seasoned protein powder,” Rees smirked.

“You WHAT!” Demonte shouted, car alarms blaring around the block as the windows rattled down the street.

“You really so surprised, Demonte?” Rees smiled. “I’ve been jealous of you since the day we met. I couldn’t hardly look at you without wanting to vomit I was so jealous. Then I got to thinking how sweet and sexy you were. You’re the paragon of man, the type of being that we all dream of becoming. Dream of worshiping. You’ve been holding back your potential. I just wanted to give you a taste of what you could truly be. You think that steak is good, imagine the raw power of being a real giant.”

“You...” Demonte was angry, but something Rees said broke through. “You think I’m...sexy?”

“Really?” Rees chuckled. “That’s what you’re focused on?”

“It’s just...” Demonte was blushing hard. “I...um...”

“Oh, you’ve had a crush on me too, huh kid?”

“I...yeah...” Demonte’s face was beat red.

“You’re too sweet Demonte,” Rees smirked, the words a compliment, but there was some truth behind them. “Haven’t you ever been even the tiniest bit frustrated at how the world is too small for guys like us? I remember my first doorway I bruised my head on. Still dented at my parents’ old place. Aren’t you tired of being too big for this world that refuses to grow?”

“Well yeah, but...where am I going to live? What am I going to wear?” Demonte gesture to his body, his suit still snapping, a button from his vest flying out and shattering against the brick face of the wall.

“Why wear anything?” Rees smirked. “Who needs to cover up a body like that, huh?”

“But...I’m supposed to...”

“You’re supposed to what? Do what all us little guys are telling you to do? To shrink yourself down to our size? When was the last time you felt comfortable, like *really* comfortable?”

“I...” Demonte furrowed his brow, his fists clenching as he tried to find his center. “It’s going to be okay. I’ll find more clothes, I’ll find a bigger apartment or some commercial real estate I can rent, or...”

“Or you could just tear those clothes off right now,” Rees smirked. “Who’s going to stop you? Who can?”

As if to accent Rees’ point the back of Demonte’s jacket split down the center, his shirt and vest already popping stitches and tearing apart. His shirt was starting to split down the sides, revealing peeks of his oblique muscles that rolled down into his vest. The next button popping off as his pecks lunged forward, jostling on more size.

“I...I guess...no one could stop me...” Demonte felt like he was staring down that steak again. He knew it was a mistake, that it would be a problem, but why should he hold back. For who’s sake? For the sake of everyone else’s comfort? Why should he?

Demonte took his hands and gripped his shirt and vest before pulling. His muscles didn’t even strain, the fabric tearing away as easy as wrapping paper. Threads of his clothes pushed back, straining

against that muscle, only for them to reel out or snap. That one little exertion of power caused his spine to tingle as he sluffed off his upper clothes, the fabric hitting the ground like some sweaty, tailored quilt. The orca rolled his shoulders, his delts swelling and then rippling with more size and power as he cracked his neck and arched his back. The air on his body felt amazing and free like he just squeezed out of a too tight sleeping bag. He took a deep breath, the air tinged with the metallic tang of the city, but it felt like he was breathing fresh air as he realized how free his body was now, how little he was restrained.

“Holy shit...” Rees smirked looking up at his growing friend. The big guy’s pecks were starting to come into view of the balcony and it was getting harder and harder to see the orca’s face as he rose to eighteen feet.

“Oh my god that felt good,” Demonte sighed, his voice deeper than before as he bore his chest, the thick pecs flexing out over his shredded abdominals, his Adonis belt sexier than any happy trail. He rested his hands at his hips, his tail swishing behind him into traffic.

“Yeah, feels good to let go, doesn’t it,” Rees smirked. “The last time I let loose and spent a day not caring about how big I was, I got some complaints, but who can hear them from all the way up from where we stand, huh?”

“Fuck, this feels good,” Demonte smiled, but his comfort was quickly cut down as he felt the synch of his belt. “Fuck this,” Demonte gripped his belt intending to undo it, but instead just pulled. The belt snapped and became useless. It was pointless with how tight those slacks were clinging to the massive man’s legs. Those powerful thighs swelled and flexed with raging strength, his calves splitting the hems of his pants already.

“And what if we took it a step further?” Rees smiled as the sizzle of more steak hit the grill.

Demonte's eyes shot open, his pupils shrinking as he smelled that meat. His stomach roared like gator warning people to stay away.

"Uh, Sir?" A couple little foxes spoke up at Demonte. "Could you...move just a little bit? You're kind of blocking traffic."

Demonte's eyes softened as he looked down, his massive three foot long feet taking up over half of the sidewalk, his tattered shoes trying to stay on his feet, but failing as the laces broke through the leather.

"Oh..." Demonte's first thought was to move, but then a thought came to him. "Ya know what, no. Go around," Demonte felt mean and rude at what he said, but the way that the fox's ears folded back and the way the fear filled his eyes made Demonte feel...

*Gooooood.*

A sly grin spread across the orca's face, his vicious grin taking shape. His dad was a shark so his teeth were sharp and vicious. He tried to hide them most of the time, but it felt so good to throw his weight around for once.

"We'll...just go around the block," the fox squeaked and took himself and the crowd down a different street.

"You do that," Demonte smirked, the power he felt in that moment caused more stitches to pop on his pants, his cock throbbing and filling out his bulge more.

"Ready for another bloody one?" Rees shouted, his own cock throbbing in his shorts at the display of casual dominance his big orca obsession just put on.

Again, Demonte's pupils shrank as he focused on the meat, his teeth gleamed as drool trickled between them. A dark grin rolled across his muzzle as he lunged forward, his jaws snapping on that fork and breaking it. He didn't care, his stomach roared with a ravenous hunger he couldn't contain. He chewed, his jaw flexing as he drank down the juices of that thick piece of meat.

"Fuck," Demonte groaned as he felt life coming back to his body. "It's so fucking good," he groaned around his food. He didn't realize how malnourished his body was, how weak and starving he had been.

He was fifteen feet tall before and built like a brick house. How would adjusting his diet change him? Demonte looked up at the sky, letting the juices of that beef roll back over his tongue. Tears streamed down his face as he felt a pain in his body he didn't know was there ebb and be replaced with a vitality he didn't know he was missing. He gripped the balcony with his hands, his claws digging into the concrete as he continued to expand, his claws digging deeper as his fingers grew. The veins on his muscles pulsed and throbbed as they injected his body with the much needed protein he had denied it for so long.

The orca's Adam's apple bulged as he gulped his meaty bite down. He opened his maw, his tongue lapping his chops as his stomach rumbled with its meal. He hunched down and growled, his eyes trained on the Panther.

"More..." his voice rumbled. Reese's fur stood on end. He had never been more terrified and turned on in his life.

"There isn't any left, but" Reese lifted his hands up defensively. "I do know about a food festival going on downtown."

“Where,” Demonte’s gut rumbled, already his veins felt the meal fueling him waning, his body hooked on the feeling, his vision tinted red.

“How about this. You take me with you and I’ll guide you there-”

Demonte didn’t need to hear anymore. A dark and hungry grin spread across his muzzle as his hands came forward and gripped Rees and pulled him from his apartment, lifting him up and plopping him on his shoulders like a toddler.

“Show me,” Demonte’s voice rumbled, the vibrations rolling up into Rees and causing his dick to throb and ooze, his shorts getting darker where his dick head was pressed against.

“Take this street and turn on Monroe Avenue,” Rees cut himself off as Demonte started walking, his shoes falling in tatters and leaving him in nothing but his slacks that were tearing at the seams. Luckily the dorsal fin on Demonte’s back helped support the black panther.

“Out of my way!” Demonte bellowed, his foot claws tearing up concrete and his soles cracking the pavement as he rumbled his way down the sidewalk. Cars crashed and civilians screamed as they parted for him. The Orca was picking up speed, his foot falls making a constant beating thrum. He extended his hand, his claws sank into the face of a building and sheered the brick from it as he gripped onto the corner like a lamppost to turn him down the next street.

“Where now?” Demonte demanded.

“Just a straight shot to the park.” Rees managed to get out.

Demonte kept running, jumping over people and cars alike. He didn’t care if people got hurt, or property got damaged. All he cared was where the amazing smell of meat was coming from.

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It was a fine day for a food truck festival. Plenty of people showed up to taste all the best foods the city's populous had to offer. A massive melting pot of all the cultures and their flavors, each one taking inspiration from one another and improving their own recipes. Anyone who walked by the park was tempted to enter by the wafting smell of specialties from around the world. Any pork, poultry, lamb or beef one could think of was being served one way or another.

Every food stand had its own flair and specialty, but none was more prevalent than Frank's Falafel. The tall stripped hyena was a man who many revered as one of the best in the food truck business. No one crossed the guy and everyone kissed his ring when it came to the best spots in town to set up shop. This whole event was put together by the hyena to showcase his favorite partners and to make peace with some of his competitors.

"Yo! We got three more orders of euros! Where's my lamb!" The hyena named Frank shouted as he flipped and seared the sliced peppers on his griddle, half lit cigarette in the corner of his muzzle. At least he had the decency to keep a hair net on, but when he wore nothing but a wife beater and a pair of ratty jeans, there was little else holding the health bar up to code. Then again, if Frank caught anyone fucking with his food, he'd chop their hands off and put them on the menu.

"Be there in one minute!" one of the hyena's employees shouted from the grill outback.

"Hurry! We got mouths to feed and money to make! It's the dinner rush! Why the hell wasn't that shit done twenty minutes ago?!"

"Because we sold all the food we prepped for today so I got to making more," the employee shouted back.

"Fuck yeah we did!" Frank chuckled as he continued to flip the peppers and onions.

"Holy shit!"



“What? You still only got one minute on that lamb!?” Frank shouted, but he got no response.

“Yo! Marry! Where’s my fucking lamb!”

Frank was about to head out back when the entire truck jostled.

“The fuck is going on!” Frank screamed as he heard people shouting outside. He was suddenly knocked off balance and fell to the floor, the contents of his range flying around in the food truck. Then the whole thing lifted off the ground and tilted, the entire truck going up on its back end, the door to the cabin left open to help air out the hot box. Frank managed to grab onto one of the railings before he went flying backwards.

“The fuck is goin’ on!” Frank screamed, his cigarette flying from his muzzle and down out the door. What Frank saw made him nearly shit his pants.

A massive maw. Food and supplies rained down out of the truck and into that open muzzle. It didn’t matter if it was food, cooked, frozen, or even just condiments. Everything came tumbling out of the food truck to be snatched up into that hungry maw. A deep rumbling from deep in that gut could be heard. Frank screamed, holding onto the railing for his life, but then the entire truck jostled, the cabin shaking as claws raked over the hull, growing longer and thicker with every passing second. That maw grew wider and filled with more food and supplies as Frank was shaken and jostled about, his fingers cracking before he let go and fell.

He smacked on the back of the truck, his head hanging out as it was shook a few more times, that tongue and muzzle just a few feet away. Just as he was about to slip, the entire thing came crashing back down on its side.

Frank screamed as his arm was broken, but he was just grateful he was still alive. He looked up at what kind of creature could have done that, and what he saw only made him scream again. There was

a massive orca, his body bulging with muscle, shredded to hell with his definition, his veins pulsing with power and...and getting bigger!

The orca rubbed his hand over the wall of his eight back before punching it with the side of his fist, a deep belch rumbling from his gut, a couple napkins flying from his muzzle.

“Fuck, Demonte, are you good now? You just ate an entire food truck,” some panther on the orca’s shoulders was talking to him.

“More meat,” Demonte rumbled, his teeth gleaming in the afternoon sun as drool dripped from his muzzle, a hungry grin plastered there that sent chills down Frank’s spine. Before Demonte moved on though he paused and gave a low moan as his body lurched upward, more muscle lashing onto his body as his thighs fought for space, the grass bunching up around his toes as they reeled out further. He had to be over twenty feet tall and he just kept growing.

Demonte regained his composure, if you could call it that, and growled hungrily. He took a step forward and a loud rip filled the air. The shorts holding his last piece of decency tore from his waste and his massive cock flopped forward. It was half hard and dripping pre. It swung wildly from side to side, bobbing. A thick rope of pre came flying down and slapped Frank’s face. It was that slap that told him he needed to get out of there. He scrambled out of his truck and ran, his arm flopping loosely beside him.

“What next then big guy?” Rees shouted, having to shift to the big guy’s shoulder, his heels bouncing against the orca’s peck and tweaking his nipple. Demonte rumbled lustfully as his body thrummed with power. He had never felt more alive. It felt too good to let go. He couldn’t contain himself as he smelled something he hadn’t had since he was a kid.

“Brats,” Demonte rumbled as he turned and saw people running away from the truck with the image of some guy holding a massive bulge in his lederhosen. There was some clever dirty name

scrawled across it, but Demonte couldn't have cared less. He gripped that truck and did the same as before. He squatted down, gripped the sides of the truck and knocked it back while standing back up. Waves of brats came rolling out of that truck, jars of sauerkraut, mixed condiments and buns flew from that car and filled his muzzle. He didn't bother chewing the lamb before, but this time he wanted to make sure it was all mixed together. Once he was satisfied that the truck was empty of its contents he tossed it over, the thing rolling harmlessly into a flower bed.

The big guy chewed, glass and plastic burst in his muzzle to release the hidden contents. Food, raw or cooked sloshed in his muzzle as he savored the flavor of his first brat in over a decade. He gave a satisfied gulp, the contents rolling down his throat and depositing down into his rumbling gullet.

"More..." Demonte rumbled before the food fully hit his gut. He was already stomping over to the next truck that featured Mexican food. One by one the trucks were gripped, ransacked, and tossed. With every crunch, munch, and swallow Demonte grew. He rumbled and snarled as the portions of each truck shrank, in reality he was simply getting too big. And still his gut rumbled.

Demonte was shaking the last of the contents of the final truck with one hand while holding a juice bar in the other. He brought the juice truck to his muzzle and crushed the cabin in his hand, a slurry of flavors and vitamin infusions washed down the last bits of his previous meal with a resounding gulp.

Demonte's gut started to bulge with the amount of food he had consumed, but as he grew around it, the massive wad of food became more of a pitiful snack. First thirty, then forty feet! He was quickly becoming a fifty foot behemoth when an intrusive thought shoved its way into the orca's mind.

He gripped the juice truck and threw it. The truck exploded against a building and tore through a bank, setting it ablaze.

“How you feeling now big guy?” Rees rumbled, the panther leaning into the ear of the giant of his desires, stroking his own dick. “Feeling pretty free now?”

Demonte rumbled, his shoulders heaving as he snarled around his meal. Power surged through him his head inching higher and higher by the second and yet he wasn't full. Demonte's stomach rumbled before he threw back his head and let out a massive blech that rocked the earth.

“More meat,” Demonte snarled. “Need more meat.”

“Well, there is this place over on third...”

“Meat...” Demonte's eyes landed on the crowd running away. “They are meat.”

“Those are people Demonte,” Rees furrowed his brow. “You haven't done anything yet that can't be undone. Did you really want to eat people?”

Demonte froze, his ten foot feet sinking into the ground as he paused. For one moment, his mind was fighting against his gut. He wanted to keep going, but should he?

“I'm just saying, because I know you're such a nice guy, but” Rees stroked his cock as he leaned into Demonte's ear like the devil he was. “You really want to treat us littles as no more than play things? Snacks for your amusement? To dominate? To control us all? To oppress and fuck with the people who had made you shrink away your entire life? I would understand, but I want to be sure it's what you want.” Rees had a dark grin as he spoke into Demonte's ear.

The orca's pupils shank and his stomach rumbled. He lunged forward and grabbed a fistful of people. This was it, this was the point of no return. People were screaming in his grasp as he lifted them above his head, his maw opening and strands of saliva stringing his teeth together.

“Go on, let go, eat all that meat!” Rees shouted, his hand flying over his thick hog as he egged on his giant idol.

“Meat...” Demonte opened his jaw wider and let the fistful of people fall. Some of them missed, plummeting to the ground nearly sixty feet below. The other unlucky souls fell into his muzzle. He could feel them writhing, screaming, and begging to get out. He simply gulped, the bodies sliding down into his gut where he could feel them writhe inside him. For a moment he felt guilty. These were people...but then he remembered what Rees had told him. That they made him shrink away from his birthright of being a giant, of becoming a god!

These weren't people, these were simply specs for his amusement. Shrinking morsels that would learn to worship him, or get the fuck out of his way.

This realization triggered something deep in Demonte, his body lurching upward as he started to pack on size. The built up potential from the last decade of refusing to acknowledge his birthright came surging through.

“YEEESSSS!” Demonte roared, his voice ripping through the air as he continued to ascend, his body expanding rapidly. He nearly doubled in size in a matter of seconds, more muscle lashing onto him as he evolved and grew into a beast. The buildings around him started to shrink down, dwindling in size until he rivaled even the tallest ones. He didn't care if Rees survived the growth, this wasn't about what his crush wanted anymore. He quickly ripped past two hundred, then his growth slowed down as he crested three. He rumbled and turned to the nearest building, a massive mirror of himself showing off his size and amazing body. His shredded form was perfection, his physique unquestionable, and his stature dominating. If he were normal sized he would have a three foot cock, the massive dong slowly growing towards his own reflection.

The orca gripped his shaft and stroked, flexing one arm and beating his meat like mad.

“This is me, this is all me!” Demonte snarled, his long black shaft ending in a white mushroom head. “And I’m only just getting started! You think I’m big now? I’m going to become bigger, badder, and more powerful than any creature, than any GOD you’ve ever known!”

“Fuck! Do it Demonte!” Rees shouted. The little speck made a home in his left ear. “Fucking bust! Mark this fucking city as yours!”

“FUCK! YOU’RE ALL MINE!” Demonte’s mega cock lurched, the cum-pipe expanding with the sheer block-drowning volumes of spunk that shot forth. Demonte’s balls rose, his big black tankers flexing and spewing his load all over his reflection. The building’s floor was instantly flooded as an Olympic pool’s worth of orca spunk bombarded the floor, only for the next floor to feel the wrath of those angry nuts while the orca continued to grow through his orgasm.

“Fuck,” Demonte groaned, squeezing the last few drops of cum from his cock, the thick wads falling to crush cars and people alike. He looked up at the building, his head now cresting it’s expanse.

“Fuck, I’m just getting started.” Demonte growled, his stomach rumbling as he viewed the vulnerable city before him. “That nut made me hungry. Where can I find more meat?”

“There’s a baseball game going on at the stadium,” Rees shouted.

“Good little speck,” Demonte rumbled. “Stay right where you are and keep making yourself useful to your fucking god.”

“Yes! I live to serve! Fuck!”

“Clean your cum off me when you’re done busting, and don’t’ stop worshiping me, *spec.*”

Demonte rumbled, his massive foot stomping forward, the top of his black foot shimmering while the white sole crushed several moving cars as he made his way to the stadium in the distance.

“I could go for some ball park food.” Demonte rumbled, licking his lips.