

It wasn't the most regular of requests, but then again, Andy wasn't exactly used to things being simple; he just didn't expect *those* two to be the ones to ask him to do this.

As far as he was aware, Daisy and Dave had a perfectly functional and extremely fulfilling sex life, at least if all the stories he heard about them fucking so hard the neighbors heard and then had to call the police, who promptly chose *not* to interfere after hearing the noises themselves, were even remotely true. Whenever himself and Rebecca got together with them, they seemed nothing if not perfectly happy and satisfied, which is precisely why, when Daisy called him and asked if he could help them with a "personal, private matter", the fox was more worried than anything else; never in his wildest dreams could he have imagined that this friends would be asking him for help in *that* particular area of their relationship.

"I understand if it's too much to ask," Daisy concluded her little speech, "I understand if it's... weird, or if you'd rather not do it for some reason, but we've... w-well, we've heard the stories, and people talk, so we thought that maybe you'd be willing to give us a hand...?"

Andy couldn't help but smile at how embarrassed and sheepish that cow looked and sounded, especially when right beside her, Dave was looking down at him as he would stare down a particular poorly cooked meal. The bull was making no secret of the fact that he didn't think of the fox as an adequate replacement for whatever idea he had in mind, but then again, he *had* agreed to do this along with his wife, so it wasn't as if he wasn't entirely receptive to the idea to begin with.

"It's not weird at all!" Andy responded, "I was just surprised that you two would need hel-"

"We don't need *help*," Dave butted in, "we're more than capable of making the neighbors go without sleeping if we want to, but we can't exactly get *this* done without help. I just didn't expect Daisy's first pick to be someone who couldn't even lift my arm if I dropped it on him hard enough."

The cow looked aside at her partner with a stare that would make even the strongest of bulls shrivel, but only made this one scoff, roll his eyes and stare at the wall to avoid an argument. It was clear that the large man had been expecting someone *at least* as big as him, if not outright bigger, for the purposes of playing into their infidelity fantasy; that his better half had picked someone as seemingly-scrawny and utterly underwhelming as a fox that looked incredibly out of place in their upsized house was nothing if not embarrassing for him, as it made him wonder just what kind of ideas Daisy had about his virility and potency. Surely, he thought to himself, she couldn't think so little of him that she thought someone like *Andy* would be able to play into the cuckolding angle in any acceptable way?

Unbeknownst to the bull, the fox had plenty more tricks up his sleeve than it would initially appear; in fact, it wouldn't be the first time he accidentally barrelled through a wall or crumbled the roof whenever he and Rebecca got together with nothing to do for several hours other than go at one another like a pair of very horny rabbits in mating season, and it just so happened that he knew which strings to pull in order to keep things quiet. Even then, just like Daisy said, word got out and "people talked", so it wasn't altogether unusual for Andy's unique "services" to be requested by couples who wanted something special to spice up their sex life, or single individuals who really just felt like experimenting with size differences. Both the fox and his lovely vixen had plenty of fun whenever threesomes or foursomes were on the menu, which is precisely why him being asked to come in alone for some infidelity play was so unusual that it left him unable to process it properly for a long while.

Now that he knew that he was safe though, there was really no time like the present to get down to business and show the happy couple just what he was capable of. Andy wasn't one for theatrics or grand displays, and instead much preferred to skip directly to the point in order to give his would-be customers as best an experience as he could... but that day felt like a different day. He wasn't dealing with two people who were very much onboard with the idea of bringing in a third (and-or a fourth), nor did he have a single person whom he could give his undivided attention; his was a unique situation, staring down a couple who *did* want someone *like* him to be there, but just so happened to disagree on whether or not Andy would fit the role of a good "bull" like they had envisioned in their more private hours, fantasizing about a hypothetical giant of a man who would be able to dwarf even Dave, despite him being so tall that he occasionally managed to scrape his horns against the ceiling despite it being elevated to fit both him and Daisy. Andy figured this might be the case, hence why his friend was so reticent to accept him as an adequate replacement for his own idea of what a perfectly cuckolding would be, but he knew he could provide; he just had to *show off* a bit.

Of course, this didn't mean that he'd slow down compared to his usual fare. He still hopped onto the bed, surprising Daisy who was probably expecting some sort of planning before the three of them got going, maybe even asking Dave to leave the room so he could "catch" them in the act; instead, what she received was a very handsy fox who, despite his eagerness to get started, nevertheless was *quite* good with how he used his fingers, especially considering just how much bigger she was compared to him. She felt like asking where he learned how to knead her tits like that considering that Rebecca was so much smaller, but felt like it'd be too rude to do so... well, that, plus the fact that Andy's fingers were expertly playing with her nipples after he moved his hands up under her shirt and she didn't really feel like talking so much as moaning quietly and letting out a few unconscious moos, the sensations coursing through her stuffed udders being powerful enough to elicit a reaction that usually took Dave quite a bit more effort to coax out of her. It was part of the fox's plan, really; from what he knew of their sex life, he could only guess they usually got to rough parts a lot quicker than they did the more careful and

deliberate ones, so if he spent some time tenderly caressing and really priming that cow before taking any further steps, then he could *really* get under the bull's skin. He even made sure to stare at him with a sideways glance whenever he could, mouthing the words "*Wish you could do this, huh?*" the moment he got Daisy to start openly mooing without even trying to hide it, all with nothing more than his index, thumb and a pair of swollen teats.

Surprisingly, this only made the bull roll his eyes even harder, though he did get up and start pacing around the bedroom in front of them, arms crossed and looking down at what Andy was doing to his wife. He couldn't tell what the fox was whispering in her ears, but he could only assume it was nothing good when Daisy opened her eyes and looked up at him, eyes fixated on her husband, trying to say something and yet unable to get the words out before a moan or moo got in the way. Andy, meanwhile, was happily nibbling on her neck and moving his hands in ways that would ensure his new lover would never be able to get the words he instructed her to say out; it was an exercise in futility, because even if she managed to beat out the arousal and force herself to utter them, all the fox had to do was squeeze those nips a bit harder for her willpower to break and her back to arch outwards even more. It gave him plenty of opportunities to pull her shirt above her head, to unhook her bra using his teeth and then allowing it to fall off, giving Dave a perfect view of his wife's chest-obscuring udders being expertly toyed with and milked by a pair of hands that clearly knew what they were doing, leaving the cow an incoherent mess that, bless her heart, still tried to do what Andy asked her to do.

The fox, meanwhile, kept giving Dave a few looks, hoping to coax him into saying or doing something stupid. It was clear from the bull's expression that his doubts were beginning to crack, but even still he refused to budge; he kept pacing, kept mumbling to himself, occasionally allowing his voice to rise just enough for him to criticize Andy's pace, tell him that he was "doing it wrong" or offering some advice on how he should bulk up before thinking he could compete with the likes of him. Comment after disparaging comment on how the vulpine would never be able to match the bull's own strength and stamina, not when he stopped with the "baby stuff" and got down to the real fucking, the real bed-wrecking action that often made their neighbors rue the day they chose to live anywhere near those two horndogs. Andy said nothing; he knew full well that if he shot back at Dave then he'd just be playing into their hands and giving the large bull exactly what they wanted: a reaction. It was much better to just keep doing what he was doing, bringing Daisy closer and closer to orgasm with each of his motions, her legs already rubbing up against one another and ready to *gush* once the ministrations on her tits got strong enough; for Andy, the biggest victory at that point would be helping the cow climax without using anything other than his fingers, a clear display that if there was anyone in the room that knew what they were doing in terms of pleasing a woman, it was *him* and not Dave. He knew this, and he knew that the bull knew it too; hence why their biting commentary and occasional snarling were getting ever more vitriolic the closer he felt his wife was getting to

going over the edge without that “runt” even so much as dropping his trousers. It was utterly humiliating, *just like it should be*.

And he didn't know how to deal with that.

As much as stamina was something that both bovines had in ample stores, there was only so much that the poor cow could take before her body collapsed inwards from the stimulation. It didn't take an hour-long rutting session or a bed snapped in half; merely the application of the correct amount of force in the right place, at the right time, in just the right way to make sure that their defenses crumbled and their mental fortitude was turned to dust, leaving Daisy wide open for any kind of finishing blow to leave her dazed and lust-addled enough to smack headlong into a brick wall and orgasm without anything between her legs. And, seeing as she *was* a cow, those tits of hers were already quite sensitive even without any added bonuses, and given how she hadn't emptied them at all that day, not only were they quite a bit larger than usual, but so receptive to any kind of tactile stimulation that they were probably more of a weak point than her nethers. It didn't help that Andy refused to let her play with herself either; every time she moved a hand closer to her nethers, the fox would slap it away and give her a small grunt, letting her know she was *not* to do that unless he allowed it, forcing her to make do by rubbing those fat thighs of hers together and gritting her teeth with her eyes closed, no longer even capable of mooing. She felt it approaching, looming over her and ready to descend upon her frail self with the force of a thousand ocean currents, and after a few more minutes of Andy's expert handling, there she had it.

Everyone in the houses next to theirs heard Daisy when she finally climaxed, the noises being loud enough that even Dave was taken aback by it, leaving the fox as the only person present who both heard it happen and didn't react to it in any way; what he had just done was barely even step one, so why should he rest on his laurels? That right there was evidence that he knew how to treat Daisy better than her husband did, that he was perfectly capable of achieving in a handful of minutes and with two hands what took the bull over an hour and his whole body to accomplish, what with his brutish attempts at hammering through both of their bodies' stamina reserves instead of giving his beloved cow the sort of tender, careful attention that she needed. And this was exactly the message Andy gave the bull when he brought his head down to one of Daisy's leaking nips, took several deep gulps, and then pulled his head back with a contented sigh as he smacked his lips and *finally* allowed the cow to fall backwards onto the bed, exhausted and gasping for breath.

With that taken care of, it was simple enough for Andy to hop off from the bed and walk towards the bull, giving them the biggest, widest, smuggest grin that he could muster, all while extending his hand as if asking for a handshake. The intent was to obfuscate his true intention with such an unwelcome and unexpected display of cordiality that Dave's brain would

short-circuit trying to understand it and simply resort to the automatic response whenever someone wanted to shake their hand; and indeed, though their face contorted into something resembling a grimace, the bulls' body seemed to move on its own as he reached for Andy's hand, holding it so tightly in his own that it *should* have been painful... for the fox. Instead, the moment the larger male closed his fingers around the smaller one's, he felt his entire body suddenly drained of all energy, as if he'd just been through a marathon without stopping or slowing down and had finally halted at the finish line. He felt weak, unable to stand, shaking all over as the fox's smile took up more and more of his field of view, even through his increasingly-blurry and shaky vision.

It wasn't until he blinked enough of the sweat away that Dave fully understood what was going on, and even then he refused to believe it until he was properly eye-level with the fox in front of him... for about a second or so before he was somehow *below* it; not that this was the whole truth of course, because it wasn't just the bull shrinking, but Andy *growing* in his stead as well, and the poor little man's mind was too shaken to really understand that his immense bulk was actually being stolen by the very run that he had just been calling inadequate and inexperienced not ten minutes prior. He *wouldn't* even understand it until some time later, what with his mind being assaulted by something that felt a lot like pain, but didn't pierce through him as badly as regular agony would; it was like despair in physical form, a constant reminder that he was insufficient, unworthy, and unable to do anything about that no matter how much he tried. It was weakness and fragility all wrapped up together in a way that the bull, being used to being a big, burly lover and the largest male in any given room, simply lacked the ability to really understand or have a frame of reference for. Within a few moments, he was on the ground, on his knees, and barely able to even breathe properly, with someone patting the top of his head and chuckling quietly to themselves: *the fox*.

"I have to say, I didn't expect you to fall for it," Andy mused, obviously happy with himself over how everything had turned out, "but I thank you for your graceful donation nonetheless. I'm sure Daisy will *love* to feel what it's like to have all this bulk be used *properly*, for once."

The words were so hateful that Dave couldn't help but at least try and fight back against them. How *dare* that bastard tell him that he didn't know how to please his own wife?! Just because he did some dumb trick with her tits when they were at their most sensitive, suddenly he thought he could get away with anything?! Well, the vulpine had another thing coming, because Dave was going to get back up on his feet and give him a piece of mind... or would, if trying to do so hadn't made the bull become very acutely aware of just how much damage had been done to his body. He still refused to believe that what he saw during his brief breakdown his real; there was no way that anyone's size had truly changed, it being far more likely that Andy merely injected something into him or did some weird kind of grip to affect his heartbeat, *anything* to help rationalize away the reality of the situation. But as soon as the former giant tried to fight

back against the very man who had left him as a pitiful shadow of his former self, that's when everything began to sink in, and despair overtook the rage that the bull was feeling.

"Look at you, so pitiful and pathetic," Andy kept on speaking, seemingly perfectly aware of just what his quarry was thinking at that exact moment, "do you honestly think you can do anything about this? Do you think you can *fight back*? Please, by all means, go ahead!" - the fox laughed, a mirthless sound that served only to make the bull know for certain just how screwed he was - "But I think we both know just who the runt is now."

He wasn't *small*, by any objective means. In fact, if he were to measure himself, Dave would probably still end up at just under six feet of height, more than enough to still end up taller than most people he knew, but it was still nothing compared to the towering hunk that he *knew* that he was, nothing compared to the body he spent years sculpting and taking exceedingly good care of. He looked down at himself, inspecting his arms and letting loose a loud yelp once he saw just how much his shirt hung off of his frame, both thanks to how much height had been robbed from him, and how much *musculature* as well; rather than a powerful, toned and ripped physique, what he was looking at were a pair of limp noodles attached to a torso that looked more fat and flabby than anything else, along with two legs that looked pitifully unable to hold up even his new undersized frame. He couldn't understand what was happening, at least not until he looked up and tried to get a good look at Andy... and at that point, everything made a dreadful amount of sense.

"That's right, *gaze* upon your god, *runt*," the newly formed giant boomed and thundered, "gaze upon him and *despair*, because you aren't getting any of this back. And you know what, I think your wife is going to *love* having someone who knows what he's doing fuck her like the animal she is, wouldn't you say so?"

The fox wasn't just so much taller than he had been that he was almost scraping his head against the ceiling, but his body had also buffed up so much that Dave suddenly felt even more inadequate than he did already, enough that he probably would've felt the same even if he *hadn't* just had his size drained until he turned into a limp pipsqueak. Andy's entire body was bulging with brand new muscles, veins dotting its surface on occasion and *especially* after he decided to start flexing in order to show off how powerful his new physique was. It flew in the face of physics as the bull knew them; even assuming a one-to-one ratio, the fox had ended up far, *far* larger than he should have considering that he didn't completely consume the bull until they were left as a speck of dust, leaving said bull to wonder just what kind of sizes they would end up with whenever they were done with him... because Andy clearly wasn't satisfied yet. They were looking down at their newest victim, licking their lips and outright salivating as they grabbed Dave's wrist and effortlessly pulled him up into the air, leaving him hanging at eye-level so the two could stare at one another and cement this new dynamic they had created for

themselves; or, well, the one that Andy had unilaterally imposed upon them. It wasn't supposed to be permanent, obviously, it was all part of the infidelity play; the fox would steal the bull's size, run off to fuck his wife, and then when all was said and done, he'd return Dave to the state that he used to be and they could carry on with their life. That was the plan anyway.

The reality of it was... slightly more complicated. Without Rebecca there to temper his enthusiasm and greed, there wasn't a lot that Andy could rely on to keep him in check besides his own sense of self-control, and while he had gotten exceedingly good at holding himself back from doing anything particularly stupid, there were still occasions in which he... slipped. Situations, punctual and one-off, where his ability to control his urges faltered and he allowed his inner, more primal self to shine through and take over, even when he knew that doing so would only lead down to disaster for everyone involved. Walls had been torn down and whole houses destroyed because of this, requiring quite a bit of hush money being thrown around in order to keep things under wrap, but Andy just couldn't help himself; the bull's bulk was just as delicious to absorb and consume as it was to gaze upon and feel, and after such a delectable repast, the vulpine's mind was far away from any thoughts of holding back or pacing himself. He wanted *more*, he wanted the *full* course, and he wanted it *immediately*, damn the consequences.

"God, it's been so long..." Andy mumbled, more to himself than anything, his size ensuring that even this noise was loud enough to be slightly painful to Dave's now-vulnerable senses, "The last time I was allowed to do this, three houses ended up broke into pieces and I had to be sedated just to keep me from going on a rampage. And you know what the best part about that is, *Dave?*"

The fox giant pulled his prey closer to him, that the diminutive little thing could hear him just perfectly when he spoke again.

"I'm *glad* I didn't tell anyone that I was coming here~"

There was no need for gloating anymore, at least not of the verbal variety; all that was required of Andy was that he kept looking straight at the bull, the same one who had *just* been berating him, and that would be enough to let them know just how utterly helpless they truly were. No need to show off how good his hands were, no need for words or pointless comments, just the silent certainty that there was *nothing* that Dave could do that would help him fight back against an absolute giant of a fox who, right in front of his eyes, began growing larger. The smaller male's initial assumptions were right, that titan *was* breaking conservation of mass, because there was no way he could be getting so much extra bulk out of him when he had already been reduced to this tiny little wimp of a man who could barely even stand; yet, despite the lack of any proper nutrition, Andy continued to bulge outwards, his head smacking heavily against the ceiling as his torso expanded in every direction, leaving him with a pair of pecs

powerful enough that he could probably bend steel in between them, his shoulders and arms framing them perfectly and his trunk-thick legs holding up that toned body to absolute perfection. He was utterly *colossal*, far larger than Dave had ever been, and that wasn't even touching on his package; how exactly Daisy was supposed to handle that torso-length beast or the amount of spunk kept away in those knee-length nuts was anyone's guess but her husband's, because the diminutive bovine, now small enough to fit on the palm of a single one of Andy's paws, was barely able to think properly, let alone reason anything out at all. He was gently placed on the ground, propped up against the wardrobe so he could watch as that absolute monster of a fox got back on the bed, picked Daisy up with a single hand, and quietly asked her to hold onto the bedstand with both hands while kneeling on top of the mattress. It was obvious from that position just what he was intending to do, and some respect was owed to the cow for actually agreeing to it without any hesitation despite her eyes bulging out at seeing just how *colossal* that cock of his was; with shaking legs and a quivering voice, she held onto the wooden frame, bit her tongue in anticipation... and promptly let out a long, drawn-out moo once she felt Andy's fingers dig into her butt, not even needing his tip to press against anything.

Her voice broke when it did.

There was no way that thing would ever fit, but Andy was going to try and do it anyway; Daisy had plenty of experience handling Dave for hours on end, so clearly her body should be used to the kind of high-energy bucking that she was about to be on the receiving end of, it was *merely* a question of smoothing his entrance just enough that he could shove his entire cock inside of the cow without her begging for him to stop too much. Surprisingly, not a single word came out of her once he actually began pushing inwards; a lot of groaning and moaning, sure, but not one complaint or even slight indication that she might want him to go slower; if anything, one of her hands moving to squeeze her tits was proof positive that she was somehow *enjoying* having her insides practically split open by a shaft big enough to leave a bulge in her belly without even being fully inside of her... giving Andy plenty of motivation to give that cow his all and not hold back, leading to him shoving himself forwards and practically bottoming out inside that gorgeous woman without hesitation nor warning, causing her to scream out for just a second before her throat crackled into silence, the fingers holding onto the wooden frame literally ripped a whole chunk of it off, and the ones groping her breasts squeezing so heavily that both of her udders erupted with milk, staining the sheets to the point where droplets were already oozing onto the floor.

Despite knowing he had the initiative, Andy stopped while hilted, having noticed that Daisy was trying to tell him something. Given that the whole point of the exercise was to *pleasure* her, he figured it'd be best to try and listen; perhaps she was begging him to slow down, maybe even shrink to a more manageable size, as it wouldn't be the first time that had happened. The poor thing was shaking all over as she tried to get her word out, but it would take at least a full

minute, as well as her somehow managing to roll herself around so that she'd be facing her lover, before her lips opened wide and a single thing came out of them, spoken with such unbridled lust that Andy could practically feel himself growing thicker just by listening to it.

“Harder~”

That sealed it. If there was still anything left in Andy that told him to hold back, that *one word* had been enough to completely destroy it, the final barrier keeping that cow away from having her whole world turned inside-out and upside-down by a lover that would ruin her so thoroughly that she'd never be able to look at Dave ever again, a rutting so tremendously powerful that the infidelity play would eventually turn into a *reality* for her. Andy no longer cared about what he was doing, no longer considered that he might be crossing a line; for him, the only important thing was *fucking* that cow until she was properly broken in, until the bed had snapped in half and ran with milk and cum, all in front of a diminished, pathetically drained “bull” who no longer lived up to his own species' name. And indeed, that's exactly what Dave was forced to watch, too weak to walk away, too weak-minded to *look* away, staring ahead at the spectacle of debauchery and excess that was seeing his wife's body bulging out with a cock big enough to practically rearrange her insides each time it went fully into her, all while she begged for Andy to go faster and deeper.

Hours they spent like this, hours where the cow somehow managed to hold her climax at bay for as long as she could, until she could do so no longer. The bed was ruined, the carpeting was flooded, and Dave had to hold onto the wardrobe to keep from being swept away by all the juices flowing around him, and the fox giant had yet to cum properly. And when he did, well... luckily for Daisy, her body was well-lubricated and used to dealing with large sizes already, because the first blast alone was enough to leave her looking gravid at full term and ready to deliver, and if not for the fact that Andy moved back to let most of his spunk flow out, goodness knows how utterly massive she would've ended up becoming, far larger than should be possible, yet always so eager to scream out for more.

Silence fell after the minutes-long climax, during which the only sounds anyone could hear were the labored breathing of the fox and his cow, and the quiet whimpering of the former bull in the corner of the room. Against all odds, it wasn't Andy who took the first step post-orgasm, but *Daisy*; she outstretched her arms, using the last remaining bit of strength left in them to hold her hands together over Andy's neck, pulling him close for a big, sloppy kiss, leaving a thin strand of drool between their lips when he pulled back.

“I could call up some friends,” Daisy crooned, “some gym boys that Dave likes to hang out with. Big, strong, perfect for you... and we can go for round two if you'd like~”