

I couldn't comprehend what I was seeing. In just a few minutes I had gone from having a complete normal...albeit highly abnormal...cock to having a hulking beast in its place. I won't lie, it was hot as fuck, but to try and say anything in the moment was impossible. I stared slack jawed as Chris started laughing with an excited arrogance.

"I guess I'm the cat that got your tongue, huh?" he joked while flexing. "I was really surprised at it myself, but it seems like those guys have something for just about every kink there is."

There wasn't much I could argue against that. Jason did seem to have a wild assortment of bits and bobs that continued to surprise me. I slowly reached out a hand and placed it on his back, my fingers digging into the silicone muscle. The moment I did, we both shuddered as a surge of arousal shot down into my crotch, up my spine and then back down into my cock...which was Chris himself.

"Oh fuck...I'm sensitive..." he moaned.

He then began exploring his body; his thick, meaty hands rolling over the rubbery hide of my cock. His muscles. His whole being. Waves of euphoria pulsed with even the gentlest touch, lighting flares all across my brain. I could feel every touch, every flex of his body as if it were my own. It felt so good. Chris was enjoying it too. He was giggling and groaning every time one part of his body collided with another. I was practically paralyzed in place as I fought back the building tension in my cock. It didn't help that I could still feel Chris' legs stuck inside my ball sack, his thick thighs wrapped around my nuts and squeezing them pleasurably.

This was probably one of the worst things you could possibly have: a dick with a literal mind of its own. One that was capable of working itself up into a frenzy against your will. One controlled by its own perverted thoughts and desires. And with Chris being said mind, I knew things were only going to get freakier.

I reached out my hands and gripped his arms, locking them in place so that he couldn't keep stroking himself off. I was already panting heavily, desperately nearing the edge. He just smirked at me over his trap.

"What's the matter, big guy? Feeling pent up?"

"Give me some time to adjust, man..." I gasped, releasing his arms.

"Dude...this is too hot..." Chris quickly ran his hands up and down over his chest and abs. "I can't get enough of how good it feels being your dick! I feel like my whole body is on the brink of orgasm!"

"Yeah...you are..." I growled. "I seethed as an errant pulse of arousal flared up, my body doing its best to control the raging hormones. "Any more of this and I'm about to blow..."

Chris chuckled apologetically, "Sorry. I guess I'm just too excited. You're right. We should get even bigger before we really get into the action. Wanna do the honors?"

I was not sure exactly how long I was going to be able to last, but dawdling would only see me finishing too early. I knew what Chris was referencing and I thumped my way over to the box, my huge roo feet cracking the tiles with how much weight they were forced to carry. I stooped over and snatched up the wad of latex that Chris had used the night before, taking it into my fingers and spreading it out wide.

Slipping into the latex was a journey. Not only did I have to contend with huge, bulky muscles colliding with each other and restricting my movements enough to make thing awkward to maneuver, I had Chris' weight on my hips to balance. I was thankful that Chris had come prepared and went with the huge roo feet and tail. They were perfect for balancing out the heavy front weight.

I leaned back on my tail, using it as a tripod while I lifted one foot up and slipped the stretched latex up over it, pulling it on like a pair of pants. I could feel it resisting me a bit, but it stretched without much effort, molding itself around my toes and sole before I planted it on the ground and started to slip my other foot in. From there I was able to tug it up my legs, stretching the latex wide enough to get around the sequoia-sized thighs and the long muscular tail.

As I started to slide it up my waist, Chris leaned back against my chest so that our heads were roughly next to each other. He helped stretch and tug the latex wide to get around our bodies, encasing ourselves in the shiny black material. Once the latex snapped sharply around our necks, Chris pushed himself out away from me once again. The latex stretched forward, a large, gaping chasm stretching out between my chest and Chris' back. I followed Chris' lead as he reached back around his shoulders and started to wrap the excess material against his back.

The latex bowed to our whims and soon we were both full coated in the latex, our - well my - body glistened in the light, every muscle perfectly accentuated in the black surface. My cock throbbed at the sight of Chris' wide, imposing back shrouded in the inky blackness, meaning me a cheeky look and a flex of his towering biceps.

"Don't get too riled up," he reminded me, "we gotta get these babies pumped up!"

He was right of course. Big was the name of the game tonight. I fished out the inflation device from the box and affixed it to my chest. It beeped a few times as it attached itself to the latex and prepared for its task. I quickly pressed the button and activated it right away, the sound of air rushing into my chest was met with the sound of creaking latex as muscle grew all around me.

"Oh yeah...here we go..." Chris groaned as he felt his muscles starting to bulge.

I watched his back as it flexed and stretched wider and thicker, slowly growing closer and closer to my face. I pushed the device again to speed up the process. I had already seen it done slowly and now I wanted to get things over with. I wanted immensity here and now. The device did as it was commanded and more air flowed into my body. I could feel the air pressure increasing inside of the suit, almost massaging my muscles as it grew tighter and tighter.

I could feel everything expanding in all directions. My traps rose up higher and higher behind my head while my shoulders stretched out wider. I could feel the tiles sliding under my paws as they thickened and widened. The coolness of the new tiles felt good on my steamy toes and my claws clicked against them as I wiggled them in pleasure.

My arms fought against my pecs as they inflated into each other, pushing and crowding each other as they vied for dominance for the limited space between them. I growled in joy, my voice turning into a deep rolling thunder as my neck thickened before being swallowed up by my traps and pecs.

“Fuck this feels so good,” Chris’ deeper voice spoke up as he relished in the growth. His voice rumbled down through his torso, stimulating us both.

I kept watching his back expand, his head disappearing behind the mountains of his traps. His delts were firm, round mounds next to them and I was surprised to find out that what I was seeing was only one of the three heads that made up the muscle proper. His lats flared out to his sides, pushing his arms up and away to an almost 90 degree angle. He was looking the spitting image of how he looked last night, only those arms of his were now much thicker and fuller. His triceps swelled out the back of his arms, building up into individual mounds around the horseshoe-shaped path up around his elbow.

The timer beeped not too long after it started, the both of us teeming with muscle the likes no man had seen before. My pecs were scant inches from colliding with Chris’ back, the both of us thicker than the average man was wide. It was nothing that we had not seen before, but when you have a man as big as that hanging from your groin, it was most certainly novel.

“So what do you think?” Chris’ voice rumbled even deeper than it did moments ago. He flexed his biceps proudly, the peaks surging into the air past his fists.

“You look fucking hot,” I replied simply.

“Heh...tell me something new,” Chris smirked.

I shrugged, “You were hot last night and you’re hot now. What else is there to say?”

Chris twisted himself around to face me. I was surprised at how flexible he was, managing to almost do a full 180 so that our chests were nearly touching, “How about ‘Let’s make it bigger?’”