

## The Real Apex

### Part 2

Apex Church was aptly named for its clientele. The gym had been converted into a place of worship. The members would go in, but never come out, enthralled by the power that drew them in. Working out and worshiping had become their entire lives. Their thoughts bubbling out of their mouths as they worked to sate their God's hunger for more.

"Got to get bigger for my Lord."

"Gotta get pumped, Master would like that."

"Got to work out, he deserves it."

Thralls, broken by their God's influence. The worship and praise were a constant hum in the drox's veins. Their thoughts were a drip that sang through his body and messaged and groped him in their absence. The constant clank and clatter of weights and intense workouts were drowned out by these thoughts. Their prayers were a growing cacophony of praise and adulation; a swelling storm that was brewing inside the drox's core. It flowed through him, his body tensing, expanding ever so slightly. It wasn't recognizable to the naked eye, but Green could see it plain as day. Over time, it showed great results.

It had been a couple weeks since Green had made Apex his temple. At first, he reached a comfortable eighteen feet tall, and he was just as wide. Though now, he was creeping into the twenty-foot range. Rippling muscle in perfect proportions. Bulging, yet smooth and defined. He didn't have

striations rolling down his muscles as their size alone was enough to show his superiority as a man. He was making sure the name Apex was fitting. Green wouldn't have it any other way.

Only he still felt small in his current form.

The world record for the largest man on this speck of dust they called a planet was forty feet tall. The record was held by a sperm whale who had a harem of whores all working to keep his nuts drained and children plentiful. An alpha amongst alphas.

"How pathetic," Green mused as a trio of bodybuilders tirelessly sucked his four and a half foot dong. That massive spire of black meat throbbed and oozed pre constantly. Green was never soft, his virility keeping him in a perpetual half-hard state, only needing the thought of himself or to look in a mirror to become rock hard again.

"To be confined to such a pathetic size," Green was using a tablet like one would use a smartphone. It was still woefully small in his massive disk of a paw, but he wasn't going to let that be an issue. "Forty feet is sad. Just because you're the biggest, doesn't mean you're even close to my equal."

"He's nothing compared to you," one of his worshipers moaned into his nuts.

"You're the only one who deserves to be considered big," another said, their lips popping off his cock head.

"You're the one true God," the third huffed as he stroked and drooled over that shaft.

Green cocked a brow and looked over his tablet and down at the three slobbering on his knob.

"I don't keep you around so you can flap your dick holsters," Green said matter of factly before spitting on one of them. He didn't pay attention to which one it hit, but he could hear the little shit cumming as he brought his tablet back up to his face.

“Clean that shit up,” Green commanded. His voice was even and factual, never angry. Just deep and brassy as he ordered his worshipers. He felt multiple tongues go to lap over his cock, cleaning it of that lesser seed.

Green murred in satisfaction as he scrolled through the tablet, absorbing knowledge at an inhumane pace. His aura seeping out of the cracks of the church and bleeding out into the streets. People didn't know why they felt drawn to Apex; it just felt like a gravitational pull. Day by day that aura grew. With little direction besides that pull, it encompassed the entire block in a haze of want.

Not many went in, but the few that did, were assaulted by the smell of sweat, musk, and sex. Though, above it all, was a very distinct aroma that would lead them further in. It was musk, it was a strong body odor, but it wasn't...disgusting? Sure, it should be gross, right? Those are smells that shouldn't turn you on. At least that's what this otter thought when padding in.

There was no receptionist, the lights were inviting and warm, and the lobby was clean...except for the aftermath of someone's romp having destroyed the front desk. The otter was as big as you'd expect an otter to get. He was just under six feet and was packed and toned. He wore a simple tank and athletic shorts, exposing his swimmer's build.

“Hello?” the otter asked at the front desk.

Immediately the otter felt like he was being watched. It was like a specter or unseen force was bearing down on him. He turned his head to stare at the wall. It was like there were two high-beams focused on him, burning his skin with their gaze. He could feel that presence...in his mind, there were two purple orbs glaring at him with waning interest. That gaze was so intense, so potent, that he could hardly think, and yet it slipped off him.

*Come*, a deep voice rumbled in his mind.

It wasn't heard, it was implied. This presence wanted him to present himself, and he didn't realize he was walking until he hit the wall. The otter shuddered, the wall was cold, but that command was so warm. The otter was panting, his shorts tented, his claws digging into the wall as his spine tingled and his tail twitched. It took everything in him not to try and drill a glory hole into the wall right then and there, but the otter snapped out of his lusty haze just long enough to realize the wall wasn't what he wanted, but rather what was around it. He could feel those eyes roll, looking down on him with disdain at his idiocy.

It made him even harder.

He slid his body against the wall, not wanting to be further from that presence than he needed to. There were several claw marks against the wall, as though he weren't the first to do this. He slipped past an archway into a locker room. The doors had been ripped off their hinges...or knocked down? It didn't matter. All were welcome to prostrate themselves before their new master and lord.

The otter padded forward, his body feeling warm, sweat glistening on his brow and lip. He started to disrobe, his body fully naked as he came into a spa. It looked like it used to be for massages and reserved for members, but now, the tables and mats had been put on the floor beneath a behemoth of a creature. The otter moaned, his dick blasting as he took in the image of his desires.

He was bi, but no pussy, ass, tits, or hourglass figure could compare to the perfection lounging before him. Green sat there, just as before, his head propped up on his fist, his elbow digging into a massage table where a rhino was pinned. The giant drox didn't seem to notice, or at least pay him any mind as he scrolled on his tablet. Between his manspread legs were three massive bodybuilders...or at least they may have been if not compared to the paragon of man before him. The three looked like three little twinkles fighting over a boner.

“H-H-Hello...” the otter stammered out.

“Come forward,” Green commanded. The otter walked forward and fell to his knees without being prompted. Green smiled, he could feel how his aura oppressed this shrimp. The weight of his presence was too much for him. He couldn’t even begin to worship him correctly.

“I-I-I’m...I mean...my name is...”

“Your name isn’t important,” Green stated. And just like that, the otter forgot his name. He didn’t need it, he would never need it. It wasn’t important to Green, so it wasn’t worth holding onto.

“What do you offer me, tinny?” Green set his tablet down and looked at the otter with a tired look, but a cocky grin slowly spread across his muzzle. “You’re too weak to stand in my presence. These three work tirelessly to be strong enough to stand and serve. Tell me, what good are you if you can’t even lick my toes?”

The otter was already shooting blanks, his dick a sperm-soaked mess. All his masculinity was shot out of his dick, the cock shrinking away as it was fully offered to the Big Green. Green rumbled as he felt his dick thicken a little, a drop in the bucket with such a tiny little pecker.

“Even your dick is worthless,” Green chuckled and sneered. “I’ll put it to better use.”

The otter’s dick vanished, his nethers nothing but a button the size of a pencil eraser and a deflated sack.

“Why am I here?” the otter asked.

“Here? As in on your knees in this room, or here as in the *grand here*: the purpose of life?”

“B-B-Both?” the otter managed to get out.

“The answer is the same for both. To worship me,” Green flexed his arm, the otter managing to shoot a little cum bubble. The otter felt the weight of the world get heavier as his muscles shrank, his body becoming weaker. He was still a very attractive man, but he was worthless to Green as he was.

“But...what do you do for us? My God...please...what do you grant us through our devotion?”

“Grant you?” Green scoffed. “I don’t care what you get out of it. Fairly sure you don’t get jack-shit! You’re just some worm that wriggled his way into my throne room. Now, come over here.”

The otter obeyed. He crawled like the insect he was to Green’s foot, kissing it as he crept closer, looking up at his god with glittering, tear-filled eyes. Green gripped the otter by his scruff and lifted him up to get a good look at him, the drox’s violet eyes burrowing deep into that otter’s soul.

A deep rumble made the room shake. It was Green’s gut.

“I honestly don’t need another doormat,” Green licked his lips. “And I’m hungry.”

“I can buy you food...” the otter muttered, his eyes glazed over in pleasure.

“I don’t need dead meat, you stupid fuck flesh,” Green opened his muzzle, drool glistening between his teeth as he opened it wide and slowly started to lower the otter into his mouth feet first.

Hot breath rolled from that muzzle and curled over the otter’s toes. The otter knew what was happening, but for some reason, he didn’t care. As soon as his toes hit that tongue, he felt a shudder go up his leg. It was like sliding your feet into a warm bath, pleasure tingled up his soles as his feet were forced together as Green slipped them into his mouth, then down into his throat. The otter wiggled his toes, the sensation subtle but noticeable to the Big Green as he lowered more and more of that morsel into his hungry gullet.

Even though the otter had no dick left, he had never felt so much pleasure. It was like his entire legs were encased in a warm slippery vice. Pulling him down further, every piece he gave in would only go deeper and never come back out, further being enveloped in that warmth. The idea of being encased in this perfect body for all eternity made him shudder. Green's throat bulged as those legs slipped down into him, then that sweet tight ass was given a sweet tongue bath. The flavor of every man who had ever fucked him was on that ass, the flavor of men who were now be in Green's sights. Every one of those men he had ever been with suddenly felt a pull...an urge to walk...run...drive...fly...get to some place they were being drawn to.

Green drooled as he saw them all, all their pathetic forms and bodies. This little faggot had no standards, just letting anyone raw him into the ground. This little cum rag had served his purpose. He wasn't needed anymore. Not in the world Green was building.

Green gulped him down, the otter's ass sliding into that throat as that tail was pinned up against its back. Green let go, letting gravity slide him down. The pressure was amazing, filling up his throat and then being released deep inside his gut. He could feel the exact moment those feet slipped into his stomach. Green curled his tongue around the chest of that otter, pulling him in further, the delectable tightness in his throat growing tighter as the otter's chest started to sink beyond his teeth.

"Oh fuck...use me...please..."

Green couldn't say anything, so he just swallowed, a dark grin playing on his muzzle as he gulped down further and further. Those shoulders spread his throat deliciously, the pressure making it difficult to breathe, but he managed.

The last thing the otter saw as his head slipped past those lips was the Big Green's nose, then teeth and the roof of that mouth. The light started to fade as he felt himself touch down below, only for the rest of his body to start to curl up as he slipped further into Green.

Green swallowed, loud and deep as that tail slithered down into his throat. That body writhed inside of him, the otter's body tingling in pleasure at being wrapped around such a godly form. It was dark, warm and humid. He felt like he was being cradled in the softest of downs while also lapped and slathered with drool. It was warm...very, very warm.

Green gave a deep satisfied murr, the sound making the meal in his stomach vibrate. He put a paw over the lump distending his abdominals. He gave a soft moan as he rubbed it, his dick twitching and making it difficult not to just flex and crush the otter into chum.

"That's right, you little morsel," Green rubbed over his stomach, the bulge getting rounder, the hands and tail marks growing weaker. "Give in, submit to me. Give everything you are, you worthless sack of shit. I can feel you dissolving, giving up your pathetic life for me. That's right, die for me. Die for a god that fucking hates you. A God who doesn't believe in fairness. The only thing that's fair, is what I say is fair. Oh fuck yeah..."

Green rumbled. His toes flexing, his dick twitching and splattering pre over his three worshipers. He couldn't hold it back anymore as his dick tip lunged forward, it gripped the tongue that was teasing his piss slit and wouldn't let go. The bodybuilder tiger currently trying to suck that tip purred, sending shockwaves down Green's fuck spire. The tiger pursed his lips and pushed forward, that cock head accepting him and slurping him down.

"Fuck yeah," Green flexed his dick and it lunged forward, engulfing the tiger's wide, sculpted shoulders and gulping him further down. Pre squelched up around that dick head as it lubed the way for



its meal. Green's tongue lulled out of his muzzle as he panted. The pleasure was rapidly intensifying. It took everything inside him not to crunch his abs and destroy the weak flutters of that otter inside him.

"That's right cock sucker," Green rumbled. "Give in. Surrender yourself to me. Give up your life. Nothing is more important than my pleasure, oh FUCK!"

Green's cock head lunged forward again, the flesh of his dick pulled taught over the bulging muscles. Each ripple, striation, bulge and claw were another layer of pleasure on that feeding. Shocking waves rolled up inside of Green, feeding him power, surging through him as that tiger submitted and offered his size even as he was being sucked down further, making it easier for that dick to slurp him down. Each wave caused Green to flex, his abs becoming more defined as he tried to resist crushing the otter for as long as he could, but as more and more of his cum pipe bulged to near translucence, each gulp of that cock was sending him into a frenzy.

He wanted more...MORE!

Green flexed his dick, the appendage flinging upwards and causing that tiger's body to slap against Green's chest. Those legs pumped and pushed, trying to make him sink further, to get sucked down deeper into that cock. The smack of that cock was too much as it caused Green to crunch his abs. He snarled and hissed as the weakling's presence was brought to an abrupt end as the otter was shattered in that gut, his body mostly being absorbed as his soul was ripped from him. That power quickly melded into his muscles, his back extending, his hands cracking and reaching farther as his feet crept along the floor. Green felt his ass press out, the feeling of the floor shrinking beneath his ass and taint made his eyes roll into the back of his head.

"Fuck yes, more. I demand more of you to please me. MORE!"

The order rippled through the gym and everyone stopped what they were doing and made their way to their master's side. This wasn't a drill, this was really happening! Their lord and master needed them. Their God!

In reality, he didn't need them. He could have drawn power from any source, but he just found them so pathetic, so worthless and pointless in their existence, that Green made a point of treating them like garbage before he consumed them.

"That's right! I just deserve this, don't I, you little fuckers, oh shit!" Green's dick started to squelch and slurp as the rest of that tiger slipped into one of his nuts. The powerful muscles of that bodybuilder rippled and ruffled his orb. The core of one of his nuts was alive with power. Heat and potential radiated from that one nut as the tiger worshiped, licked, massaged and stretched it from the inside. The more he drew it taught, the more pleasure it milked out.

"Do it! Just like that! Use every last bit of your strength pleasuring me you worthless cock fodder! Don't even try to escape! Struggle! Writhe! Suffer for my pleasure you little nut buster!"

That ball flexed, the tiger fighting back and succeeding in preventing it from crushing him, but with every bit of strain, every bit of resistance, he knew he was giving more pleasure to his God. He would endure as long as possible, for his God and master! The walls of that ball clenched again, the tiger digging in his heels and making his delts scream as he forced it to stay taught for him.

Green drooled, his toes fanning as each time his balls flexed was like having an orgasm that just kept building and building. If he thought his balls churned with pleasure before, this was a fucking blender on puree.

And that was just one nut.

“More you filthy fuckers!” Green demanded, his dick lurching forward and sucking in another one of his cock worshipers. The worshiper who was pleasuring his balls was making out with the tiger through that nut sack as the tiger fought against the ball as it churned and clamped, each time a couple ounces of muscle draining away, each flex and pulse causing him to get weaker, and still he fought against that churning nut.

The other worshiper, an ape of considerable size, was already disappearing down that dick, the cum pipe bulging, milky pre flowing around him before he was sucked down into the opposing ball. He knew what to do and splayed himself, stretching that nut sack, fighting against its need to chew him up and spit him out. Both of those nut busting bitches were built like the Atlas of legend, and much like the titan, these two were forced to carry the weight of their entire world as it threatened to relentlessly crush them. Pre and cum dripped on their face, making them slick, harder to grip, like their very prisons were spitting on them, mocking them as they clenched and gripped harder. The only relief they got was from the last slave sucking on those nuts, making out with that taught scrote as they lulled their tongue over those encased false titans.

The true titan, the true God, was there writhing in pleasure as his own balls churned and chewed. The sensation was like sucking on a jawbreaker and trying to bite into it all at the same time. His balls drooled out his cum pipe and over his shaft as they pushed down on those unrelenting morsels.

“Don’t you dare give up for a second you little fuckers! Fight against your death for my pleasure. You know you’re getting weaker with each contraction, each fucking churn of my nuts whittles more of you away. I can feel your strength fading and making my nuts stronger. More potent! Fucking Stronger! I command you to fight this battle I know neither of you can win! How does it feel to be weaker than my nuts! Tweedle Dumb and Tweedle Faggot up in here, each going to make these cum shops into cum factories! Ha!”

Green huffed, hot breath filling the air as his nuts started to shift, rolling their respective meals so they were standing straight up. The god-in-the-making showed expert control as he turned them to the exact way he wanted. It was torturously pleasurable. He almost just flexed his nuts to crush them to pieces, but he wanted to show his mastery over his own pleasure. To cow his own godhood to heel.

Green's toes twitched as he lifted up his legs, his toe rings shining. He pulled them closer together as he rested his legs on top of the two bloated, stretched nuts.

"Come on, hold you little fuckers. Even as I fucking milk you to nothing, as I churn you into nut butter, continue to worship and debase yourselves."

Any normal man would have been easily crushed. These two though, in the devotion to their God and their own strength, pushed through. Green felt his legs be lifted until the tiger gave in, falling to one knee, the leg above them crashing down on them, but they still managed to hold their own. Even with the walls closing in and their strength slowly fading, they refused to give up.

Their God wanted a leg rest, and they would provide or die trying.

"Oh, they'll fucking die," Green mused to himself. "Crushed under the need of my fucking nuts. Broken by the weight of my calves. Nothing but nut butter and size for me to soak up and spend."

The ape fell down to one knee as well, that thick leg causing him to groan as he was pushed lower. The third and final worshiper moaned as they felt their strain while worshipping from the outside. They desired to join them, but that cock head didn't call to him.

"You worthless piece of fuck trash. Crawl up here and make out with my asshole. I'll show you right where a fucking shit stain like you belongs."

The worshiper was a wolf, the runt of the three worshipers, but he would have to do. He crawled under that nut sack, his tail brushing against it as he found his way to those massive glutes. He obeyed without question as he followed his nose into the musky crevice between those two solid boulders of man. He pressed his face between them, his nose finding that hole. It was already twitching like mad as Green reveled in the pleasure of his little nut-busters' struggle. So when the wolf leaned in and licked it, a long flat lick with his tongue up onto that muscled taint, Green had no control over how it yawned and opened up to feast on that wolf. The drox's toes fanned, twitching in unbearable sensations of euphoria, his legs flexed as he pushed down on his sack with them, the two men collapsing instantly under the minimal exertion. The movement pulled his sack closer to himself, dragging the wolf forward with it as that asshole gripped around him.

The drox applied pressure, the slightest amount of exertion with those legs and those two bodybuilders folded like a house of cards causing Green's heels to grace the floor. Green groaned as his nuts finally gripped those little fuckers, forcing them to collapse and beg for forgiveness.

"I didn't expect much from you little shits, but you can't even hold up against my fucking nuts! You're pathetic. You aren't worthy of my attention, let alone your fucking lives."

Green flexed his nuts, the veins around them glowing violet as their detainees' strength was sapped from them. Their muscles deflated, their bulging size shrinking, their bones cracking and caving in as they were slowly crushed. Purple energy surged through Green's veins, up through his nut sack and onto his chest. Those balls churned audibly as whatever wasn't taken started to slosh and gurgle deep inside that sack. Green's ass was stretched wonderfully as that wolf continued to get sucked into him. Green felt a deep fullness as that wolf sank deeper, the wolf's feet slipping past his pucker.

He couldn't hold it back anymore as he flexed. He clenched his ass, his nuts visibly chewing their meal as his dick leapt and tensed. Green's body shuddered, expanding, flexing and expanding. It swelled,

his body growing wider, taller, wider, taller. His feet cracked and flexed as they grew, the toe rings magically fitting back to size. The ground physically shook with the pulsing shockwaves of Green's growth. He flexed his arms, his biceps sucking up the bodies of those morsels with ease.

"More! More God Damn It! MORE!" Green snarled, his voice a booming command that caused the other worshipers to come running. They were already on their way, but now they felt like they might die if they didn't get there fast enough.

In reality, they were racing to their deaths.

"That's right, you nameless fuckers. Worship your god! Worship the god that fucking hates you. That knows how pathetic you are! You're nothing but stepping stones that I spit on! Not even worthy of my piss! Now come get your reward!"

The walls of the office were broken down as the gym worshipers came running. Green's entire body was buzzing with pleasure. Every lick and rub was like they were stroking his dick. They were stroking something far more important: his ego.

The entire room became a one-man orgy, the object of the gym rats' worship was on full display. They couldn't help it. They were broken under the weight of all that man. Green huffed, his breath making the room hot and humid as dozens of "men" came running in.

They fought for space on that body. Despite there being more, so much more, than before, there were simply too many hands. Each of Green's feet were maned by three worshipers. Two drooling and sucking on those toes while the other massaged the sole and kissed his heel. His calves were supported by a man each, not wanting to let their God's feet touch the ground. Other worshipers were rubbing those calves, massaging what wasn't being held up and kissing that shin. Thick thighs that were propped up on Green's swollen nuts were being kissed and straddled by other worshipers to message

them with their legs. A duo of smaller worshipers were sixty-nineing on his abdominals, his obliques being groped as they prostrated themselves for their God's amusement. Each pec had two people on them, working them over, tweaking, flicking his nipples. His arms were no exception. Tongues bathed him, licking his sweat from their peaks, duos of fags huffing those hairy pits and lapping at the heady fur.

Green was in nirvana, his body a constant buzz of pleasure. And to think, he hadn't even busted his nut yet. Though, it wasn't about busting for Green. It was about the power he so effortlessly exerted over the feeble tinnies around him. He couldn't control the influence, it just happened. The only thing he could do is temporarily remind them of their old lives. He loved how they squirmed when he would snap them back into reality right before his nuts would swallow them whole.

Green felt the presence of a bodybuilder who couldn't reach him due to the crowd. Green smiled and gripped the worshiper. He was a large bobcat, a true paragon of manliness.

Not for long.

"Couldn't reach me, could you, you little fucktard, huh?" Green chuckled as his powerful grip held the bobcat aloft. He was cumming, his dick splattering cum down on the other worshipers who greedily licked it up. No inferior seed would tarnish their god for long. Green accepted the offering, the small bit of power like a drop in the bucket.

"You're no use to me if you can't worship. So you're no longer needed in this world, or this life." Green gave a cocky smirk and gripped harder. Violet arches of energy ripped from that body, his muscles and size rapidly deflating as Green's veins glowed with the strength and life of that worthless faggot.

"Yesssss..." Green hissed as his body soaked up that size, his pecs bouncing a bit larger, the cleavage between his pecs and abs growing deeper. His nuts churned and lift his legs up higher, ruining some of the work from his worshipers down below, and even pushing some of them further away. The

foot fags got a nice show as they watched those toes crack and expand, their mouths pried open a bit further as they tried to suckle on those digits.

Green gripped harder, his fist having to close more and more to hold onto that weakening body. Very abruptly that sapping ended. The emaciated bobcat didn't even have the strength to hold his head up as he slumped over the fingers that held him. His body devoid of all strength and power. An entire career, an entire lifetime of work on his body was reduced to nothing.

If the bobcat had a dick, it would have busted all over that palm.

Green didn't need to say anything. They all knew the punishment for being weak and small. Green opened his maw and lowered the morsel into his mouth. Green's tongue lulled over that body and pulled him down. He tasted like salt, sweat, and musk. The remanence of his last workout disappearing against that tongue as he was effortlessly sucked down. The bulge in Green's throat wasn't as prominent as the last meal as it did slide down into his gut, his stomach giving a satisfied rumble as he was deposited into his final resting place.

The bobcat slipped down into that stomach, its oppressive walls gripping him and forcing him into a slop of warmth. There, he found the bones of the previous worshipper and the reality of what was happening hit him all at once. He was forsaken, a worthless piece of trash for a god that doesn't give a shit about him. He worshiped for nothing and was given nothing. His sacrifices were for a God that didn't care, and actually took pleasure in his humiliation.

Yet...he couldn't help it. He leaned in and kissed the wall of that stomach, using what little energy he had left to struggle and fight because he knew his god would take pleasure in it. He could hear the moans and groans of pleasure outside that fleshy prison, feel the hands and bodies of other people



just on the outside. With his pathetic body, he realized that this was where he was meant to be. This was his place...this was...

Green gave a warm smile as he felt the pleasure and despair in his stomach as it churned and gurgled. He could feel the exact moment his mortal coil was severed, his soul being released from his earthly bones, only to bounce around his gut and watch horrified as his corporeal form disintegrated in a shower of violet sparks.

“Where do you think you’re going?” Green chuckled, flexing his abs and forcing that soul deeper into his body. “My pleasure is more important than your paradise, you fucking dipshit. Now, message my taint from the inside while it sucks what little bit of your essence still exists.

The soul obeyed, its movements just another layer of pleasure for Green. It was quickly forgotten and taken for granted. There would be more when this one was gone. Green didn’t concern himself with every soul he consumed or lashed to his body for growth and pleasure.

Green moaned as his dick was worshiped. Four people were working over his iron-hard shaft like it was the source of all life. A font of pre constantly dribbled from his mushroom head, the ooze making it easier and easier for those below to rub their muscles against it, their bodies getting smaller with each stroke and that dick growing larger with each pulse. Green could, in fact, make life with his dick if he wanted to, but he got far more pleasure taking it.

That dick head yawned, one of the worshipers getting weaker, their muscles not as strong and the influence of that Godly aura starting to weigh him down. It was time. The dick gripped onto that head and started to suck him down, using his own strength to consume him and fill those nuts. The casual consumption of his worshipers was becoming far more commonplace. No one would miss one measly mortal.

Green sure as fuck wouldn't.

Green groaned, his dick getting harder and slurping down more bodies, a line of worshipers working to get onto that shaft. Starting at his expanding soles and working their way up onto those nuts and thighs. Green was content with them offering themselves to his dick, for his pleasure, for his fucking amusement. Currently, only the head of the current worshiper was outside his dick, licking his sensitive glands to make him feel more pleasure.

“My god...I...love...”

Green spat on him, his face gunked up and unable to speak as the rest of that dick yawned and sucked him in, ready for the next worthless faggot, the next meal, the next offering.

Green flexed his toes, pressing down on the fags at his feet as he lifted his arms into a double bicep pose and flexed. He reveled in the strength and power, the unbelievable wellspring of strength that was quickly building in his nuts.

The worshipers at his pits suddenly couldn't pull their tongues out of that musky cavern. They felt a tug as they were slowly drawn in, falling into the body they were worshiping. They moaned, their voices cut off as they sank into his body. The worshipers on his pecs watched as those massive muscles rumbled, churning and bouncing. They got the idea and started to move closer. It didn't take long for one to get stuck between them. Those pecs flexed hungrily as he was pulled into Green's chest, his pec bloating with the body of that sacrifice while another lined up to get eaten by the other. Body after body was absorbed. Green's legs were pushed higher and higher as the burning pleasure in his nuts grew, an actual orgy in his honor writhing in each nut. He could feel all their pleasure pulsing inside of him like a fervent prayer.

“Fuck yeah! Pump me up! Give me your worship, your fucking bodies and souls. It’ll all be put to better use. For my pleasure, for my greatness!” Green put his hands on his pecs, feeling the bodies churn and crunch as his pecs chewed them up, their essence burning inside of him. Each nipple felt electrified, buzzing with pleasure as each flex and twitch, each chew of those pecs sent bolts of pleasure through his spine.

Green’s body bloated, distended and bulky with the bodies of so many victims, so many willing victims. So much sacrifice and offerings. How could he not just greedily accept? He would take it all.

Green’s own muscles had to fight against the writing of those bodies, their pleasurable movements almost too much for the Big Green.

“So much...I can hardly...fuck...contain it! It’s all mine...I feel it overflowing...I can’t stop it! I don’t want to stop it! You’re all mine! You fucking idiots and brainless little fuckers!”

Green flexed, flexed harder than he had ever flexed before. The rest of the bodies around him started to sink into his form, his toes bulging and flexing as the worshipers sank into his flesh.

The gym was empty. The church was quiet.

The only sound was the muffled orgy of the men inside that bloated green drox.

Green couldn’t hold it anymore. He didn’t want to. Every fiber in Green flexed, compressed, chewed and gorged itself on the sacrifices inside him, all while he sat on his massive churning nuts like a perverse king.

Light didn’t surge through his veins, it shone like a sun deep inside his core.

“So much power, so much potential. It’s all mine,” Green gripped his dick, every part of his body glowed purple. His only regret was that he couldn’t fuck the glowing sun inside him, that he couldn’t

show how little he thought of those people and their sacrifice. It shone like a blazing flame, his skeleton visible through his flesh and veins as that light intensified.

Green stroked with abandon, his eyes two purple suns as all that power looked for a place to go. It found it pretty quickly.

The growth had never been so explosive before. It started with his feet, his stompers extending out before his legs pushed forward, blasting the rest of the wall down as he expanded forward. Green felt his back press up against the wall, his head smacking the ceiling as he fucked into his fists, his balls churning as lives flickered out inside them, their souls rapidly churned into more energy.

“It’s mine! All of it mine!” Green snarled, drool flying from his mouth as he stroked his cock, the iron beam of drox meat forcing his hands further apart as it swelled and grew. His pecs almost got in the way of his stroking as they expanded outward, pushing out further into massive shelves as they feasted on their offerings. Green’s spine cracked and expanded, his growth sounding like rolling thunder and scraping boulders.

On the streets, people felt the influence of that pull grow stronger, for blocks all eyes turned to look at the gym. Even if they couldn’t see it, they knew something was about to happen. Something historic. Something that was too important to miss.

A cloud of dust burst up as Green’s head broke through the roof of the gym. The church’s structure unable to house its God anymore as it started to crumble. Green’s body expanded, muscles pulsing and rippling. Striations formed before quickly smoothing out as more and more power and muscle lashed to that body. Green’s hair grew longer, flashing into perfect locks of viridian, his jaw squaring as his cheeks got more angled and his neck thicker. His body found ways to enhance and accentuate his perfection, his nuts a perverse throne to an emerging god.

Green stood up, and up, and up! His legs extending to accommodate his gargantuan nuts as he grew to his full height. The skyscrapers around him were perfect mirrors for him as he swelled larger, sucking the souls of those inside him to extend his ascension.

“It’s not enough! I demand more!”

Green roared, flexing hard, the people at his feet running and slamming into his legs and toes, only to instantly melt into his body. People’s panic was swallowed by the need to obey, to please, to worship!

Green stroked his dick with one hand while flexing his arm in the other, his dick splattering the ground with a tanker worth of pre with every pulse of growth. He looked in a skyscraper like it was a mirror. Like he was some bodybuilder jacking off to himself in his bedroom, only this was compounded a hundred times over.

“First, I wanted a place of worship, and I quickly outgrew those that ruled it...Fuck!” Green twitched, his dick pulsing like mad as the glow started to fade, the last of the energy creating more fuck flesh. It was so big he couldn’t reach the head. More pleasure bloomed across it as new nerves and pleasure glands were made for the growing God’s amusement.

“Then I outgrew that fucking church,” Green moaned, his balls churning as people slammed into them, pulsing up through the veins like singular sparks into his balls. With his growth, they lifted off the ground, hair tickling the underside of his balls. He couldn’t hold back much more.

“And now, the world will be my church!” Green stroked faster, his dick pulsing larger as he crept up the stories. He had to be at least six stories tall and expanding and pulsing upwards.

“And your cities will be my fucking altars!” Green roared his decree as more of the tinnies rushed out of their buildings to throw themselves at his feet. It was like a tinny rainstorm was bombarding him, each drop another bit of growth, more pleasure. He deserved it. He deserved it all!

“And you all will be my fucking slaves, worshipers, and the fucking communion that I consume in the name of my nuts, my dick, and my godly body! FUCK!”

Green’s dick unleashed a torrent of cum. It sounded like an actual dam breaking as that prostate snapped and forced that cum to blast forward. It shot so hard it smacked through his perfect reflection and went clear through to the other side of the office tower. Each shot punched holes higher and higher, his growth never stopping. If anything, the churning of his nuts forced more growth out, to suck up the life he had consumed inside of it. Each shot of cum, each rope of godly seed spilled forth and drowned countless lives, all getting stuck in that thick primordial soup.

“Enough!” Green roared, the scores of people pausing, stopping to look up at their God. He stroked the last few drops of cum out of his dick, that dick the size of a semi. The people below eye level with his ankles, those massive, musky stompers too much for the people below as they came, their offerings being soaked up and causing Green to rumble in pleasure.

He had to be at least eight stories tall. He was easily over a hundred feet, his body so wide it no longer fully fit in the mirror he had just spent his load all over.

Green looked down at a tinny news crew, so pathetic and small. His stomach growled, but he subdued his desire for growth and pointed at them.

“You, send a message to the world that their God is here.”

The news crew turned on their equipment and quickly started recording.

“From this day forward, and every day after. It is now a crime to worship any god but me. Heresy is now the highest crime. The second is weakness. Those are my two commandments. Now, worship me, become stronger for me. Do everything you can to offer me more. Kneel before my image and pray for my favor, and know you pray to a hateful god. A God that owns all you bitches. So get in line, or you’ll be fucked, just like this crew.”

Green lifted his foot, that massive sole blocking out the sky. The camera team didn’t stop recording, filming live the entire time. That foot slowly descended on the camera. The last thing the world saw before it was cut off and the crew absorbed was the one-word message on that toe ring that summed up exactly what their god expected of them.

Submit!