

Fausto, the bull boy.

(Story Commission by Isaac Konos.)

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Theron could hardly wait to step into his home and shed that expensive, stifling suit. Even though the feline was driving a super sports car worth over eight million dollars, there was no advantage to be gained when the perpetually congested highways and avenues of LA prevented him from exceeding the speed limit equivalent to what one might manage in a school zone.

Despite being a highly successful CEO of a major pharmaceutical company, Theron T. Thatcher, president of the board with majority voting power, was the type never satisfied and firmly adhered to a philosophy that other beings mattered only insofar as they served his short, medium, and long-term interests. A tiger of modest height and slight build for his species, Theron was often mistaken for a domestic cat rather than a tiger; perhaps this fueled his need for affirmation through his wealth. The white tiger with black stripes, though short and wiry—making him easy to overlook in a crowd—could always be found wearing expensive, elegant clothes that drew attention with their blend of casual luxury and refinement.

But that didn't mean the feline CEO was easy to deal with. Those in his orbit had to be prepared to show total submission to the "boss"; any contradiction to his plans was not tolerated. Despite his somewhat abrasive personality, much of his success stemmed from his extreme pragmatism and determination; when Theron set his mind to solving a problem, he attacked it with such destructive efficiency that it was resolved as quickly and effectively as possible. A brutal approach, but one that had brought him tremendous success in business.

On this particular day, LA was gripped by an intense heatwave. The harsh summer made no class distinctions, striking everyone equally. As Theron parked his car in the front driveway of his mansion atop the high hills of LA, amidst the other luxurious homes of an imposing gated community, he still had the chance to encounter the installation team he'd hired for a small renovation of his indoor garden. The white tiger was constantly seeking ways to diversify his personal financial portfolio, whether through new expensive cars, assets, real estate, or costly art pieces; the black-striped feline was always on the hunt for the next item he could buy, bring to his mansion, and then never look at again.

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This time, however, Theron had outdone himself. At an astronomical cost, perhaps even greater than the expense of shipping it to LA and installing it in his home, Theron had just acquired an idol statue. A massive ten-meter-high statue made of pure brass now stood on the ground floor of his mansion, installed in the covered section of the indoor garden within the neoclassical architecture, where small aqueducts encircled it just

before the water from those same aqueducts was channeled to the finishing edges of a majestic infinity pool also located on the ground floor, though in the exterior rear section of the mansion.

The statue was imposing, undoubtedly worth every gram of its brass weight. It depicted an anthro bull boy, crafted in solid brass; it must have weighed as much as a real person would if they stood at that equivalent ten-meter height. Even for the double-height-ceilinged mansion that the white tiger had built, the statue's gleaming upper body extended up to the second floor, allowing Theron's potential guests the chance to always pass around that imposing statue—which seemed more like a deification of the male body—whenever they needed to access the main staircase leading to the central indoor garden before reaching the other amenities and rooms on the first floor. A statue in the form of a bull, male and completely nude. Without any clothing to cover its beautiful forms, the giant bull boy now loomed as an imposing adornment that enhanced the luxurious interior decor of Theron's mansion. Every line and curve of that bull boy's body seemed hand-carved by the gods, as if the statue were too realistic to be true, or to be merely a statue. And thanks to the fact that perhaps the only thing greater than Theron's ego was his libido, the statue's endowed pair of genitals and glorious pair of hips, like two full moons of pure brass, were certainly no accident.

The beauty, especially the masculine and virile beauty of the statue, was striking and nearly impossible to ignore. Even the staff responsible for keeping that enormous mansion—boasting 21 rooms, 14 suites, and a garage for over 10 vehicles—up and running found themselves spacing out during their short breaks whenever they were near the statue or in areas of the mansion offering a view of it. The beauty and detail of that imposing figure caught the eye, and as the days passed, one could say that Theron himself grew increasingly fascinated and somewhat obsessed with his new acquisition. There were nights when the white-furred tiger forwent sleeping in his master suite, choosing instead to spend the night in admiration and masturbation before the imposing statue of a young bull twink whose forms exalted the male body beyond imagination. An obsessive, strange behavior on Theron's part, but one that no one—certainly not his staff—could point out to the boss without risking severe reprimands for daring to contradict him.

Theron strode into the garden room after dismissing the installation crew with a curt, "Good work, now scram. I need my space." He stood before the statue, hands on hips, his voice low and commanding as he muttered to himself, "Worth every penny. Look at you, big guy—pure perfection in brass."

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As days turned into weeks, the white tiger's fascination with that magnificent statue did not wane. Quite the contrary, even at work—where his naturally competitive and focused mind kept Theron in a state where nothing else mattered but efficiently resolving the pharmaceutical industry challenges he faced—his thoughts now drifted to the beautiful forms of that imposing statue of a naked man he had placed in one of the main rooms of his home. Thus, that very day, upon arriving from work, the white feline,

who could scarcely be called a tiger, decided to put his mind's obstinacy to use, this time not to serve market demands but to fulfill his carnal desires and his wish that the statue before him were real. His longing to control and command a powerful, glorious young bull boy, whose curves best classified him as a femboy, screamed louder within Theron's soul. It was almost as if the tiger were being manipulated, influenced by some force—or perhaps, more accurately, by an invisible presence.

That same day, upon arriving home, Theron, barely removing his expensive suit and still in his work attire, ordered all the staff on duty at the mansion that day to take the evening off and return for the morning shift without fail. Perhaps it was an act driven by shame—shame at being caught openly idolizing a lifeless brass statue—or maybe it was for some other half-crazed reason, as the tiger's mind hadn't been functioning quite right in the days since the giant bull boy statue arrived at his home. As night fell, just before dinner time, Theron knelt, throwing himself at the feet of that colossal, inanimate bull boy and began to offer a prayer to the titanic bull—a prayer that quickly escalated into idolatry, even a ritual. Bulls, globally recognized as symbols of fortune and fertility, both represented here by the statue's pure, noble brass composition and its enviably endowed pair of testicles and penis. Theron somehow believed that by worshiping this bull, this statue, he could somehow gain greater fortune in his already successful career as an executive. After all, why settle for being merely among the world's top 10% richest when he could join the 5%, or even the 1% wealthiest on the planet! Have his face plastered across nearly every tabloid and magazine worldwide! Theron's voice was low and resolute as he murmured to the statue, "You're gonna make me the king of this game, big guy. Bigger than ever." His staff, dismissed earlier, weren't there to overhear, but if they had been, they'd have stayed silent—obedient as ever.

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Thus, Theron knelt before the hooves of what might become his new god, bringing his hands to his face as the white tiger began his exercise in idolatry; the feline became so lost in his thoughts, so consumed by his desire to make that irrational fantasy he struggled to rationalize come true, that Theron didn't even notice the transformation the immense brass statue was undergoing right before his eyes! Little by little, second by second, the brass gave way to flesh and fur! The solid, monolithic appearance of the statue gained living contours with each passing moment, as the small feline kneeling before the mighty hooves of that bull boy exerted himself in his mental exercise, the giant bull statue with its imposing ten-meter height transformed until a powerful, thunderous roar, followed by a slight tremor of the ground and its surroundings, finally snapped the small feline Theron out of his almost meditative trance, opening his eyes and slowly looking up, only to be startled and left gaping at what he saw.

Right there, standing before his eyes—no longer so still—Theron was face to face with a giant, powerful, and completely naked bull boy! Not a bull boy made of brass, no longer a statue, but a living creature of flesh and bone. Nearly ten times his size, that giant bull seemed to be stretching and yawning, as if awakening from a centuries-long slumber. Still kneeling before the pair of white hooves of a titanic bull—hooves that

could easily crush his body with a single misstep—Theron had a monolithic and imposing view of the entire lower body of that giant being. The eyes of the now micro-sized feline traced the beautiful curves of the calves, knees, and thighs of the titanic bull, who continued to stretch and flex without even glancing down; until finally, the small Theron's gaze settled on the imposing form of the penis and pair of balls of that giant. A penis that, even when flaccid, was capable of filling any observer's eyes, now fully erect between the pair of legs of the giant bull, was literally impossible not to notice, not to admire the virile and masculine power of that giant male bull.

Theron scarcely dared to look beyond the upper body of the gigantic bull, not only because he was positioned too close and right in the space between the two hooves of the titanic bull boy, but because, for perhaps the first time in a long while, the tiger CEO felt powerless in the presence of someone he deemed more imposing than himself. Not that Theron could be blamed for this; one might imagine anyone would feel pathetic if face to face with the naked body of a beautiful, slender young man whose penis alone was larger than they were. And to top off the total mental distraction the small tiger felt, the giant bull's penis even pulsed with arousal above his head, as small drops of a white, transparent liquid began to emerge from the very tip of that bull's cock. Pre-cum!

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It didn't take long; the bull, now brought back to life, adjusted his posture. Without even taking a proper step forward, merely lifting one of his glorious hooves and moving it a few meters ahead—perhaps unaware that his worshiper, responsible for reviving him, was right below, gazing up in awe. From Theron's perspective, the ground trembled, and the air around him shifted slightly before the imposing musculature of that being began to move. With a delicate yet swift motion, the twink bull, exuding an air of femininity, shifted his hoof a few meters forward and rested his colossal weight back onto it with a muffled THUD that shook the floor beneath Theron's knees. And finally, after doing so, the giant used his voice for the first time.

“YAMNNN!!!! MY GOD, HOW MANY YEARS HAS IT BEEN? DID THAT CORNELIUS DIE ALREADY?” the giant said, simultaneously continuing to move his upper limbs as if reveling in the sheer act of being able to move his body freely. Theron, still positioned below, now found himself even more directly under the titanic bull's body, with more of his vision obstructed by the thighs, inner thighs, and groin of the titan dominating the scene above his head.

“AH! FAUSTO! IT TOOK A WHILE, BUT IT SEEMS YOU'RE BACK IN THE LAND OF THE LIVING~” the bull commented again, though it was as if he were speaking to no one in particular, until finally Fausto, deeming he had warmed up his dormant limbs enough, began to slowly cast his gaze around his new surroundings. Right away, he noticed, “THIS ISN'T OLD VANDERBILL'S MANSION, IS IT? Hmm... I WONDER WHERE HE COULD BE... DID I MESS UP BIG TIME AND STILL MANAGE TO GET HIM TO WAKE ME EVEN WITHOUT...” And as the giant bull spoke to himself, his voice a blend of subtlety and gentleness yet bearing a deep, masculine tone due to his enormous size, Fausto gradually lowered his gaze

further and further until his clear, deep, penetrating blue eyes settled on the minuscule form of a white “house cat” sprawled at his feet, looking somewhat terrified.

“OHH! LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE~ YOU’RE NOT CORNELIUS VANDERBILL,” the giant said, now staring directly at the tiny micro feline lying in the space between his two hooves. With all the calm and gentleness in the world, the young-looking, effeminate bull knelt down right over Theron’s small body. This simple act brought that glorious pair of balls and erect penis so close to the ground and Theron’s face that the small CEO could now breathe in the musky male odor of Fausto emanating directly from his gigantic endowment, swinging freely in the space between his two thighs and above Theron’s face.

“MY NAME’S FAUSTO, AND YOU MUST BE MY NEW OWNER, I GUESS~ CAN I ASK HOW MY DEAL WENT ON YOUR END WITH MY OLD OWNER? I’M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU TALKED CORNELIUS INTO LETTING ME GO~” Fausto’s voice boomed, a playful lilt threading through it as he tilted his massive head, peering down at the tiny tiger with a mix of curiosity and amusement.

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Theron, at first, didn’t utter a single word; the small white feline was still utterly perplexed by the situation unfolding before his eyes. Not to mention it was a sensation, conversing with another naked man face-to-face with his testicles, so large it felt as if Theron were addressing the bull’s balls rather than the being himself. “HELLO? DOES THE LITTLE HOUSE CAT KNOW HOW TO TALK, OR AM I, LIKE, TOO CLOSE FOR YOU? I’D MOVE A BIT TO THE SIDE, BUT I DON’T WANNA WRECK EVERYTHING AROUND HERE~” And now, by saying the magic words, Fausto managed to provoke a direct reaction from the minuscule feline positioned just below his body. Theron, in turn, immediately shouted, fur standing on end, “I’m not a house cat! I’m a white tiger!”

Upon hearing this, and taking note of the tiny voice that his massive form could easily crush with a single step, Fausto rose back to his full height, towering imposingly over the room once more, and said, “AH!!! HE SPEAKS~ I WAS STARTING TO GET A TEENY BIT WORRIED ABOUT YOU, THERON~ SO, COULD YOU BE A SWEETIE AND TELL ME WHAT’S UP?~”

Theron, for his part, felt as if he could breathe more freely, almost relieved; it was as though the small feline now had more space since he no longer had another man’s pair of balls swinging right above and in front of his face. Not to mention he could even breathe purer air—literally. Not that Theron hadn’t appreciated the earlier aroma, but still, he responded slowly, almost as if organizing his thoughts.

“You mean Cornelius Vanderbilt, the magnate responsible for building the first transcontinental railway and expanding American exploration westward, while creating the greatest railroad monopoly the world has ever seen?... Is that the Cornelius you’re

talking about?” Theron’s voice carried a steady, inquisitive edge, his mind racing to connect the dots as he stared up at the colossal bull.

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The bull finally seemed to fill with relief and hope, perhaps believing he wasn’t dealing with a complete fool. After all, anyone not living in a cave knew who Vanderbilt was—arguably the most prominent man of his century. “YESSS! THAT’S THE ONE! TELL ME, WHERE IS HE NOW? DID HE FINISH HIS PLANS TO BUILD A RAILROAD STRETCHING FROM EAST TO WEST? ~”

In a very direct manner, Theron looked up, catching the glimmer of hope in the titanic bull boy’s blue eyes, and replied with flat precision. “Dead. Vanderbilt’s dead, and it’s been a little over a century since he passed—over a century and a few decades, to be exact, I think... and if my memory serves, yes, he did complete what became the northern axis of the first transcontinental railroad, held a national monopoly, but then his companies were broken up, sold off, and reassembled under a new corporation known as Union Pacific...” As he concluded his brief rundown, Theron watched the light of hope slowly dim and die in the eyes of the giant femboy bull towering before him.

“OH WELL, THAT’S A SHAME. HE WAS QUITE THE HOTTIE FOR HIS TIME, AMBITIOUS AND PRAGMATIC—KIND OF REMINDS ME OF YOU, THERON~” the giant bull said, now looking down, punctuating his thunderous sentence with a playful wink at the tiny feline sprawled at his feet, who, for all intents and purposes, seemed to be his new owner. Theron, beginning to think with a bit more clarity, immediately blurted out his first question: “Wait! How do you know my name?!”

“IT’S THE DUTY OF EVERY IDOL TO KNOW THE NAMES OF THEIR WORSHIPPERS, THERON. I MIGHT BE A LITTLE RUSTY, THOUGH—THE LAST TIME I WAS ALLOWED TO TAKE THIS FORM WAS WHEN CORNELIUS WAS STILL ALIVE. IN FACT, HE WAS THE LAST PERSON I INTERACTED WITH IN THE PAST 140 YEARS~”

Theron grew slightly perplexed at the giant femboy’s assertion hovering above him. For over 140 years, this bull had been trapped in the form of a massive brass statue?! It was surreal! The next logical question that sprang to his mind was, “How old are you?!” Immediately, the titanic femboy scrunched up his facial expressions, though still maintaining his air of gentleness and subtlety as he said with his imposing, booming voice, “NOT NOT,” shaking his head from side to side before continuing. “ASKING SOMEONE’S AGE RIGHT AT YOUR FIRST MEET-CUTE IS SO NOT COOL, THERON. YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW BETTER THAN THAT~”

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And as he concluded that sentence, the giant bull casually leaned his body back, taking advantage of the double-height ceilings of Theron’s mansion—where each floor was

roughly half his height—he tilted himself in such a way as to rest his colossal pair of buttocks gently onto the second floor, crushing everything beneath the shadow of his glorious, wide rear.

“You’re insane!?! You’re going to destroy all my stuff!” the black-striped white tiger exclaimed, agitated, as he dashed toward the staircase, circling behind the now-living giant colossus statue and stepping onto the second floor just in time to see his beautiful hand-carved hardwood grand piano completely smashed and shattered under the weight of the colossal pair of balls belonging to that femboy bull giant.

Instead of being paralyzed by fear—though Theron was indeed far more than startled—he ran toward the wreckage of his piano, dangerously nearing the scrotum of a man whose single testicle could easily pin and half-crush the small white feline under its weight. Yet such was the egocentric importance the wealthy tiger placed on his material possessions that he disregarded his own safety in the presence of a giant femboy.

Theron, now face-to-face with the immense bull boy’s pair of balls, paused for a moment before the round, plump, and colossal buttocks of a man who, it seemed, was not only giant but also immortal. A fleeting thought crossed Theron’s mind that he might be dealing with something far beyond the supernatural—perhaps some sort of entity—but these were swiftly swept away by the seductive beauty of that giant, naked body on display before the tiger. And to make clear thinking even harder for the small tiger, Fausto slowly turned his neck back, peering over his shoulder at the tiny feline now positioned exactly behind his rear, and said in his sweet, thunderous voice:

“LIKING WHAT YOU SEE?~ YOU KNOW I COULD GIVE YOU A WAY CLOSER VIEW~”

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Fausto concluded his sentence with a mischievous laugh that rattled the bulletproof glass windows of Theron’s neoclassical mansion, a small reminder of the power and magnitude inherent in every detail of that gigantic bull’s body. And even before that, before Fausto had uttered that sentence, the tiny micro tiger had already been graced with the sight of the sleek, elegant, and sexy body of the towering femboy moving in such a way as to allow the bull to look at Theron positioned behind him. It was a somewhat intimidating sensation, knowing that the faint tremors Theron felt beneath his feet and the subtle rumble in the air were merely consequences of the bull’s musculature shifting minimally, the slightest movement necessary just to glance backward.

“You bull-headed idiot! Get that butt off my piano! Keep this up, and you’ll wreck the whole house!” the minuscule tiger said, pointing a finger upward at the giant young man, his voice laced with an attempt at confidence—though it was rather challenging to sound confident when you’re so small that your height doesn’t even reach the level of one of the gigantic bull’s testicles, which, by the way, were resting right in front of Theron at that very moment, close enough for the tiny tiger to breathe in the virile, masculine musk of Fausto. Fausto, for his part, couldn’t let such insolence go unpunished; if there was one thing this femboy, power bottom, giant, and immortal had learned over the centuries, it was how to put little men of power in their place.

“OHH~ YES, MASTER~ FORGIVE MY LACK OF CARE AND RECKLESSNESS WITH YOUR STUFF~” Fausto replied with a clearly sarcastic tone, but before Theron even had a chance to rationalize that the titan sitting in front of him was actually being sarcastic and had no real intention of complying with his demands, the small white tiger felt the ground around him tremble, the air itself quivering as Fausto’s colossal, firm, and well-defined rear rose before his eyes. Debris from both the piano and the marble balcony fell from his buttocks as the wrinkled pair of balls belonging to the young-looking bull lifted along with his hips. All of this unfolded right before the eyes of the tiny black-striped white tiger as, slowly, Theron found himself increasingly enveloped by the shadow cast by the giant pair of buttocks of that massive young herbivore. With a simple, mere, and casual movement of leaning back, Fausto positioned his hips and private parts directly above the small white tiger’s head and observed.

Theron was literally slack-jawed; the stunning view of being almost positioned right in the space between the two inner thighs of a giant femboy bull, whose scrotum swung freely so close to his head that Theron could simply reach out to touch the bull’s lucky balls, was overwhelming. The heat emanating from between that bull’s legs, combined with the strong, virile male scent, was almost hypnotic. It was hard to believe that just minutes ago, this gigantic youth had been nothing more than an inanimate brass statue. Theron could even see droplets of sweat and a slight layer of perspiration forming among the wrinkled folds of skin covering the bull’s massive sack, now almost poised to sit right on top of the feline CEO. And then, suddenly, the world around the white-furred feline shook again with the bull’s shrill voice saying, “YOU KNOW, THERON, THIS IS, LIKE, SO SELFISH OF YOU~ I SPENT THE LAST 100 YEARS STANDING UP, SUPPORTING ALL MY WEIGHT ON MY HOOVES—IT’S SO NOT FAIR THAT YOU’D MAKE ME STAND UP AGAIN NOW THAT I CAN FINALLY MOVE~”

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And even before finishing that final sentence, as the giant bull was still speaking, Theron noticed the world around him growing darker; the ground trembled once more, this time with a bit more intensity. Until finally, when the small tiger decided to look up again, away from the ruined remains of his expensive piano, he was struck full-on by the folds of skin from that wrinkled, gigantic, glorious bull’s scrotum settling right atop his body! The weight was monstrous, forcing the feline CEO to fall onto his back, and before Theron could even turn to try crawling out from under the shadow of the giant femboy’s hips, the small white tiger already felt the colossal weight of Fausto’s masculinity pressing down against him. The bull’s scrotum was so immense that just one of Fausto’s balls was more than enough to completely envelop Theron’s body. Total darkness, heat, and the strong, virile scent of that bull became his new reality as the small tiger tried, at least, to move one of his arms—but with no luck.

As the weight of that titanic bull settled and spread almost uniformly over the small feline’s body, Theron’s heart began to race, contemplating the imminent risk of potentially being crushed under the pair of testicles of a gigantic, effeminate male—and a herbivore at that, making it all the more humiliating in the eyes of the once-powerful,

now not-so-powerful tiger. Fortunately, however, before Theron could feel any of his bones breaking, the colossal weight that had settled atop him stabilized, leaving the white tiger to contend only with the intense heat, smell, and elevated humidity, all natural factors one might expect when trapped amidst another man's groin. Especially one nearly ten times his size.

“UHH~ IF I'D KNOWN YOU'D MAKE SUCH A SOFT AND COZY CUSHION FOR MY BALLS, I'D HAVE PUT YOU UNDER THEM WAY SOONER~” Fausto's voice rumbled with a teasing lilt, the sound reverberating through Theron's pinned form.

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The giant bull said this, and though his voice sounded completely muffled to little Theron now, the micro feline could still hear it clearly thanks to the reverberation through his body. But this was only the beginning of his troubles, for soon afterward, the hot, sweaty world sitting atop Theron shifted; Fausto was adjusting his posture to get more comfortable in his new seated position, inadvertently imposing a harsh and painful “massage” on the small body of his new owner. It didn't take long for Theron to realize something more was happening as he began to feel intense, rhythmic vibrations coming from above, the turning point being when the small Theron could hear, albeit muffled and distant, soft sighs from the titanic bull seated upon him.

“Fausto!!! What are you doing!?” Though the white tiger already knew exactly what the young-looking bull was up to, Fausto insisted on confirming his new master's suspicions by replying, “I SPENT THE LAST 140 YEARS STUCK AS A BRASS STATUE, DUH, I'M SO PENT UP. YOU SILLY TIGER~” And immediately after hearing that, Theron felt his world tremble, but this time he also felt two colossal fingers—almost as big as his entire body—fishing the little tiger out from under the massive, oppressively musky, heavy pair of the bull's colossal balls.

For a brief moment, Theron was allowed to breathe fresh air, only to find himself pressed face-first once again against a part of the gigantic, all-powerful femboy bull's body. This time, however, things were a bit different. Not only was the heat more intense, the smell far stronger, but there was also a pulsing sensation emanating directly from the body part the small tiger was being pressed against. It didn't take long for Fausto to start using the same hand holding the tiny micro to rub him up and down—first with light, gentle movements that gradually increased in intensity and force—all accompanied by the small, yet not-so-small, moans of pleasure the giant bull boy was letting out, leading Theron to the logical conclusion that Fausto was masturbating, and Theron was being rubbed along the colossal length of his phallus.

With each stroke, each movement of Fausto's hand, the heat around Theron intensified, as did the strong, virile scent of bull masculinity. It wasn't long before the small micro found himself covered head to toe in precum dripping so naturally from the tip of that giant bull's cock, coating his white body in a sticky, white liquid with a salty, bitter taste and a potent smell. Moments after Fausto's penis began to leak precum like a white fountain, leaving Theron completely drenched and smeared in it, the pulses of that

mighty ten-meter-tall bull's phallus grew more intense, as did his moans, which began to shake the very structure of the mansion around them.

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Fausto, without warning, removed his hand from his penis—the same hand that had been holding his new owner, Theron—placing the small tiger feline on the ground between his enormous legs. With a rapid and somewhat careless motion, the titanic bull knelt over the tiny micro tiger. His hooves, along with his shins, crushed countless pieces of furniture, until one of his hooves ended up punching a hole through the wall into the space of other rooms in the luxurious mansion, causing even more intense destruction. All this just so the young-looking bull boy could have the chance to point the tip of his hard, veiny cock directly at the face of his new owner, sprawled on the ground right between his two knees.

“SAY AHHHHHH!!!~~~” was all the ten-meter-tall giant bull managed to say as his final sentence blended into a powerful moan of pure bliss, his fingers pulling back the folds of his foreskin with such force that it gave Theron a privileged view of the depths of his urethra. The small micro tiger could only widen his eyes as he saw the bull boy's urethral opening stretch wide, allowing the little CEO to momentarily glimpse a veritable cascade of hot, white, viscous cum coursing through that pink tube of flesh and muscle until the first jet of warm semen shot out of the bull's penis, hitting him square in the face. After the first came a second, then another, and another, and so on, until after seven long jets of thick, hot cum, the floor of the mansion's central garden was completely painted white, Theron fully submerged in semen and, in every sense, marked by the cum of that statue—which the tiger was no longer sure whether he possessed or it possessed him.

“UHHH!! OH YEAH!!! SORRY 'BOUT THE MESS, CUTIE! BUT WHEN YOU GO OVER 100 YEARS WITHOUT JERKING OFF, THE LOAD'S HEAVY, YOU KNOW~” the gigantic bull said, looking around at the chaos he'd caused, completely wrecking and ruining one of the main rooms of Theron's house. Slowly, the titanic being stood up again, two powerful THUDs resonating on either side of the small micro tiger still on the ground, covered in a layer of hot, white, viscous cum like a freshly laid coat of steaming asphalt. But slowly, in a very strange way, Theron could feel the weight of that viscous cum on him diminishing, as if it were evaporating and drying at an unnaturally rapid pace.

Fortunately, fueled by a bit of anger, the small CEO stood up just in time to see what was really happening. The gigantic, titanic bull stood towering over him as his body gradually underwent another transformation, starting slowly with the sweat droplets on his body vanishing, along with all the cum he'd produced around him; Fausto was reverting to his true form, for he was, after all, just an idol! A brass statue. But moments before his retransformation into a statue was complete, the colossal being looked down and began to say:

“IT WAS A BLAST MEETING YOU, THERON~ AND IF I NEVER SEE YOU AGAIN, SORRY FOR USING YOUR HIGH LIBIDO TO TRICK YOU INTO

Fausto, the bull boy by Isaac Konos.

WORSHIPPING ME; I WAS REALLY PENT UP AND NEEDED SOME RELIEF”

The bull then used his final seconds to blow a little kiss toward the small micro tiger, striking a heart-shaped pose with his hands before immediately focusing on assuming a stance that wouldn't leave his arms numb for who-knows-how-many years to come. “I HOPE I GET TO SEE YOU AGAIN” And with those as his final words, the colossal bull returned to being nothing more than a giant brass statue, still ten meters tall, though now in a slightly different pose from before.

Meanwhile, Theron, still sprawled on the floor at the feet of that same statue, couldn't help but notice that the cum around him had vanished, as had everything Fausto had broken and destroyed, all restored to its proper place. Not even the security cameras captured anything from that night, the internal security system experiencing a major shutdown at the exact moment the events Theron claimed had taken place occurred.

Theron, left with no proof beyond his vivid, utterly real memories of the incident, slowly sat up before that magnificent brass statue and murmured to himself, “Should I try summoning him during one of my parties?”

The end.

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