

If anyone had told him that the two of them would've been sitting there after what they just did, Dazza would've blushed incredibly hard and tried his best to pretend like he hadn't been made to feel intensely aroused by the thought alone. And to think it all started innocently enough a few weeks prior: the two of them had been hanging out playing video games like they normally did, when Spikes called for a bathroom break and went upstairs, leaving his friend to notice that he *really* felt like going as well. It was so innocuous that he didn't think too hard about it; he just got up and went up the stairs as well, finding the bathroom door unlocked and just open enough that he got a glimpse of what was waiting for him inside.

While normally he wouldn't have been one to pry, he figured that he and the draolf were close enough that he could probably burst in there and make an off-colour joke about dick sizes and he'd still get a laugh. What he wasn't expecting was to take a sneak peek through the crack in the door to see his friend in his... full majesty. He couldn't have expected Spikes to have been *that* big, especially not after spending so much time with him that the subject inevitably came up and the two had a laugh at how disproportionate their packages were considering the rest of their bodies; one would expect their sculpted physiques to come along with some rather nice endowments, but the two of them could occasionally commiserate on how average they were in that department... at least until Dazza got a good look at the draolf when he actually had his shorts off. To say that he was big would be an understatement, because those nuts were large enough that drag along the ground and his shaft, fully turgid from what he could see, was long and wide to the point where Spikes had to stand a good four or five feet from the bathtub in order to empty out, and quite literally so; that thick spool of spunk pouring out from his tip like some kind of insanely overproductive climax seemed almost comical, if not for how well it hit every last one of the devil's buttons and left his knees shaking just from the sight. He hurried back downstairs that day, trying his best to hide just how bright the blush on his face was, and doing such a terrible job of it that Spikes immediately picked up on something being wrong and refused to let go until he had an answer.

What followed was an awkward hour or so where the draolf had to carefully explain the hows and whys of him hiding his true size. It wasn't something he did because he *wanted* to, he assured Dazza; if he could afford to get away with it, he'd absolutely be dragging himself along at his full for all to proudly see! It was just... inconvenient. It's all fun and games to speculate on how great it'd be to have a cock that massive, right up until the point one has to buy underwear that fits and the drainage capacity of one's bathtub becomes a critical deciding factor when furnishing a bathroom. It made long-term trips an absolute pain in the ass as well, since, while outside the comfort of his home routine, Spikes could never know for certain if he'd have enough time to scurry off to the nearest bathroom, take his compressor shorts off, and then make short work of whatever was available to hold his load for the prior few hours. It was nothing short of a logistical nightmare, hence why he chose not to involve Dazza in it despite knowing his personal proclivities; well, that, and he felt like it'd be an awkward thing to ask of him when

their relationship was built almost entirely out of bro'ing around and taking the piss out of most things rather than anything more intimate.

To his credit, the Tasmanian devil did try his best to hide his obvious arousal, attempting to sound like, though he was clearly shocked at the revelations, he fully understood why Spikes had chosen not to share that part of his life with him. He failed, but he tried; his pitiful attempts at coming up with excuses and justifications for why his eyes kept darting downwards to where he knew that several-foot-long rod was hiding fell so short that there was an obvious joke to be made there, but thankfully for the young man Spikes was more than understanding of the situation he'd just put him in; it was for that reason that he offered Dazza a choice: if so he wanted to, the two of them could just put everything behind them, pretend like the previous hour hadn't happened and move on with their lives.

This was precisely why Dazza immediately agreed to help in any way he could, right after a *very* steamy night between the two that they agreed was entirely a one-off affair before they went back to their regularly scheduled programming. And indeed, even though they had taken what was, by all means, an incredibly large leap in their "friendship", their actual interactions didn't change much: they'd watch television, they'd play games together, they'd call for some pizza that they could then deface and utterly desecrate with unholy combinations of sauces; it's just that now they added draining and emptying to that list, and tried their best to act as if it was a perfectly normal thing that they just happened to need to do, as opposed to the lust-fueled exercise in self-restraint that it truly was.

Several times a day, at least five but never more than seven, Spikes needed help to empty out; he produced cum at a vastly faster rate than most males of his kind (or, well kinds, given his hybrid status), which coupled with his already-enormous size meant that the poor guy required quite a bit of assistance whenever he felt his shorts grow tight. Dazza thus became quite acquainted with the process, as well as the sight of his friend (and nothing more than a friend, of course) lowering his compressor clothes and having a perfectly regular bulge suddenly explode outwards into something resembling a pillar of hardened, vein-covered meat big enough to hold up the whole roof by itself, to say nothing of the two hyperactive cum factories keeping it so well-fed that barely half a second went by between it being freed and the wall in front of it being given a thick new coat of paint. With a brand new pair of hands to help him though, Spikes actually managed to get through his draining sessions a lot faster than usual, freeing up time for him to fill up doing... whatever he felt like, really; the issue of how exactly the draolf managed to keep his lifestyle without apparently working was made moot once he sheepishly admitted that he was involved in so many clinical trials thanks to his unique biology that he had more money than he knew what to do with.

Things couldn't keep going like that forever though, and both of them knew this. Their relationship, or rather, the one they insisted they still had, was nothing short of farcical after the first time that Dazza actually went ahead and made good on his promise to help his "bro" empty out into the tub. The two became closer, far more intimate, a lot more comfortable with discussing sexual matters in a way that was actually somewhat serious as opposed to jokey and off-beat; Dazza himself even went so far as to openly compliment Spikes on his productivity once, and after the draolf responded by genuinely thanking him and making a comment on how he felt that way himself, these sorts of comments became standard fare between the two of them. It served to boost Spikes' confidence to levels never before seen; now that he finally had someone who both knew what he was like and was perfectly fine dealing with it without having a paycheck being given to them over it, it almost felt as if his unique condition was... normal. Acceptable. And, after a while, *desirable*.

Didn't take too long before the draolf's brain made the right connections and began to turn his self-perception around, not when he had such a lovely and subservient little thing like Dazza around to constantly remind him of how amazing his body was and how much his cock and nuts were worth of worship. It made him feel not just more comfortable with his own form, but *powerful* in it, far more than he ever had been... and with this came a whole new set of changes that neither of the two "friends" could have been ready for.

It started off innocently enough, so much so that neither of them really noticed, but even something as tiny and seemingly inconsequential as half an inch every other day eventually added up to give the draolf the sort of figure that would only ever be possible via some *serious* steroid abuse, so much so that Dazza actually grilled him over it just to be sure Spikes wasn't doing something stupid. But no, it was all natural; even when the draolf slowly became large enough to no longer fit in doorways and have to shuffle around carefully so as to not bump against the ceiling, even when his body became so muscular and well-toned that he had to exercise caution not to snap things in half just from holding them, *even* when the size difference between himself and Dazza became so obvious that the latter could easily rest on a single one of the former's pecs and still have room to wriggle around on... it was all natural.

By that point, Spikes had been walking around the house completely naked for quite some time already, and not just because his shorts no longer fit him properly after his package grew along with the rest of him, though that was probably the main reason; it was one thing to be just over six feet tall and have the physique of a bodybuilder, another thing entirely to be taller than one of his house's stories and about half as wide as the living room was, leaving him with a cock that went from one side of it to another and a pair of cum factories that, even at their smallest, were enough for him to use as an impromptu beanbag, leading to plenty of flooding at any given point of the day. No, there was also a psychological component to it: why *should* he hide himself when he and Dazza were so close to one another as "friends" that they had nothing to hide?

Honestly, if the devil had a package of that size too, Spikes would've been offended if they weren't showing it, and Dazza was more than happy to constantly tend to that colossal shaft that his bro sported, to the point where it took up so much of his day that he practically *lived* with the draolf after a while. And of course, it couldn't just keep going as a perfectly innocent affair for too much longer; things had to give, someone had to budge, and given the disparity between the two, was any surprise that the smaller one broke first?

It didn't even take that much effort on the draolf's part; all he really had to do was sit there, command his friend to help him empty out, and the usual process of having the devil climb onto his cock began just like it always had for the past several weeks... except this one time, rather than simply grinding himself all over it, Dazza had the brilliant idea of placing his head directly in front of that colossal pressure hose, ready to receive a face full of the draolf's seed the moment it began pumping out properly! And from then on, there wasn't a lot more that could be done to salvage whatever remained of the devil's former life.

Dazza used to have an existence that didn't revolve around tending to every one of the draolf's needs, used to live a life where he had a job, friends and even a loving husband who was more than understanding about his decision to spend time with "bro" where they bonded over the dumbest of hobbies that the couple just didn't happen to personally share. He used to, but not anymore; he had lost track of how long it had been since he last saw his hubby, how many days had passed since he had last even seen the light of the sun from anywhere that wasn't behind a window; as far as he could really think, Spikes was his whole world now, that immense, colossal, bulky hunk whose cock and balls took up so much room that he could personally wrap his arms around the shaft and not even reach the halfway point of it, smearing himself with pre as he did so. It was everything he could've ever dreamed of or wanted, and now that he finally had a taste of that seed, after so much time spent helping it down the drain, he would never be able to turn back around.

It still took a while before he convinced the draolf to do what he wanted to do, mostly because the two of them still had this odd relationship where they attempted to keep up the charade that everything they were doing was purely because of their "friendship" and not at all because they both mutually indulged in one another's kinks and fantasies so hard that the draolf was now house-sized and could probably bend steel between his pecs just by shrugging. Thus, when Dazza began to make comments about possibly, *maybe* getting a more intimate "taste" of what the draolf produced, the hybrid's first reaction was to instinctively say no and try and steer the conversation away to better, less confusing grounds, such as asking his bro to help him drain out for the fifteenth time that morning, which the smaller male happily agreed to. The devil was playing the long game; he knew that all it took was patience for Spikes to eventually agree to what he was asking for, if for no other reason than the fact that every day that passed, the draolf became ever more at peace with his status as a true *breeder*, understanding that it wasn't so much

a choice that he was making, but his true nature shining through what had once been a curtain of self-deception. And as much as Spikes himself liked to deny this and spend most of his day pretending like everything was fine, there came a point where even he couldn't ignore the fact that he literally couldn't even move without breaking through to the second floor, or have his hand pick something up without his arm (bicep especially) creaking so loudly with its bulging muscle mass that it made his room-filling nuts bloat with extra seed from the arousal alone.

It was still a slow enough process that the house broke before the draolf did, even if by just a matter of seconds. There did eventually come a time when Spikes just couldn't fit anymore, a time that followed a long couple of weeks where he had to be very careful not to move a single muscle if he wanted to avoid smashing through a wall or breaking his home in half and Dazza's ministrations where the only thing keeping him from thoroughly exploding, even then at times not being enough to alleviate the pressure; nights were spent without sleeping as Spikes fought against his own arousal, made worse by the fact that his new and improved body didn't even seem to need sleep at all in order to stave off exhaustion, leaving him in a state where he very much *wanted* to collapse, but couldn't. By the end, his poor house just couldn't take it any longer, and when Dazza went so far as to deliberately stuff his face into Spike's cocktip when he thought the hybrid was ready to blow, what actually burst was the structure keeping him contained, with splinters and plaster flying in every direction as the hybrid's home was pulverized upon his ascension, revealing to the world just how ungodly *massive* he had become, and how much that breeding tool of his somehow ended up being even bigger! Now free from the confines of his prisons, both physical and mental, there wasn't anything that could stop Spikes from embracing this new side of him, and from there it was a simple jump towards simply *erasing* the old him, leaving only the new Spikes, the *breeder* Spikes in its place. There would be no more grimacing, no more fighting against his own instincts; just a smug, self-assured grin and two hand firmly on that massive shaft of his, quickly followed by him getting up from the ground and anchoring his powerful paws on the ground, where he could get the leverage he needed for what to be done.

How fortunate that Dazza's husband just so happened to be close by when this happened, in his by-then daily attempt at getting his partner back from the monstrous hybrid flooding the neighborhood without even realizing it. He'd been sitting in his car, desperately trying to hold back his anger and despair, when he both heard, saw and *felt* the house explode, quickly followed by the sight of an absolutely colossal Spikes making good use of that new cock of his by finally, at long last, giving Dazza exactly what he wanted. The betrayed husband was forced to watch as, despite the size differences involved, Spikes somehow managed to get his cock into the smaller male, stretching him out hard enough to blank his mind out completely, right before firing enough of his spunk into them that, were it not for that same shaft immediately backing away to let all the cum flow, Dazza would've turned into a small-scale cum blimp. Distressingly, however, this wasn't the most noteworthy thing about the whole exchange; no, Spikes' *cum* was.

It wasn't merely thick and syrupy in consistency, delivered in such vast loads that it would make it impossible even the biggest of storm drains to handle, but it was... large. Far larger than it should be, large enough that, when Dazza's husband forced himself to look, he could see it wriggling around inside of the draolf's balls, each one of his swimmers perfectly visible as they struggled against the lack of room inside those cumtanks, pressing so heavily against their surface from within that they looked ready to burst. And indeed, as the load was still dumped into and onto the tasmanian devil held high in the air next to the hybrid's tip, he was being assaulted by sperm that were each individually big enough to have to force their way into the tinier male like a cock of their own, bloating him out and giving him a belly stuffed with wrigglers that, by all accounts, *should* look grotesque, and yet awakened so many things inside the poor guy in the car that part of him wished it could've been him there rather than his partner. As for Dazza, he really couldn't think anything like that, mostly because his mind was so battered that he couldn't really think at all; all he saw was his belly stuffed with cum in front of him, to the point where the only thing he thought to do after Spikes gently placed him on the ground was to rub it away and feel as those colossal swimmers inside of him slowly dissolved away inside of his body, far faster than they really should.

Whatever process had given Spikes those wrigglers inside of him had also clearly booster his virility to such absurd levels that he could apparently impregnate anyone he so desired rather than just those that had the equipment for it, because that bulge on Dazza's belly certainly wasn't the sperm that had made its way into him, nor was it residual cum that had yet to ooze out. Somehow, against all semblance of logic, his body had developed some sort of womb, or at least an organ close enough to it that it could serve the same purpose, and already a clutch of young was developing inside of him, weighing down heavily as they grew to compensate for the accelerated rhythm. He was *pregnant*, and despite how impossible this should be, the only thing in his mind was wondering when he'd deliver so he could through the process again, as it had been the most heavenly experience he had gone through in his entire life. Finally left without any energy to fight back against his own exhaustion, Dazza fall backwards, his arms and legs rubbing up against a gravid belly that slowly swelled outwards as the brood within multiplied using Spikes' genetic material, leaving Spikes himself to do something about the other millions of individual swimmers he still had inside of him.

He couldn't simply stop now, not right after he was given evidence how just how strong and virile he was, not after accepting his fate as a breeder that could take anyone and everyone and turn them into baby makers, *regardless* of whether or not they could even do it to begin with. With a body as colossal as his, a pair of nuts so inflated and stuffed with hyper-sized sperm that he could feel each individual one pushing against one another in their endless dance, even as more were produced and pressurized into those things, and a cock big enough that it was both hard to walk *and* avoid keeping both of his hands on it constantly, there was no reason why he

shouldn't share this bounty with the rest of the world... especially even the smallest of spurts erupting from his tip were still powerful enough to eject a couple of his wrigglers and have them crash down on the ground, already big enough to leave dents in cars whenever they landed on one's roof. Dazza's husband was one such unfortunate vehicle owner, though by that point he didn't really have it in him to feel anything other than aroused, and thus felt the best thing he could do was just walk out and towards that giant, hoping to be the next one picked for a good breeding.

Him and several others as well. Like moths to a flame, dozens of other tiny ones emerged from their homes to see what all the ruckus was about, only to be confronted with the sight of an absolute titan of musculature stomping his way towards them carrying a shaft so massive that, frankly, it was *almost* unsurprising that the individual sperm it was jettisoning from its tip should be equally as oversized. All of them succumbed to the sight near-instantly, attracted as if supernaturally to a body that promised them everything, to a physical avatar of perfection that would allow them to fulfill their true purpose in the world: as the broodmothers and broodfathers to a breeder god who was just now experiencing his true ascension.

As for the draolf, it was good to be in the headspace that he was at that time. No worries, no concerns, no having to second-guess himself about such petty, ridiculous things as sleep or food or water; just the endless of exercise of breeding and stuffing eager tiny ones who wanted to feel what it was like to be filled by his little wrigglers until they could no longer move, one after the other as he impregnated his way through his new congregation, his first of many future worshippers. Soon, the whole world would be under his thrall.

And from there... who really knew?