

Not that they were going to go insane on the very first opportunity they had. While it would certainly be an experience and a half, the fact of the matter was that, the moment the two of them cut loose and let their arousal do all of the talking for them, there wouldn't be a single thing in the world that could stop them, barring the military being sent in with large-scale compressor gear tied to a dozen helicopters per each mile of tit or cock. A corollary to this was, then, that if they went all out... then they'd be robbing themselves of the opportunity to experience one another's presence in the way that it was intended; like skipping the entrées, ignoring all the sides and going straight for the roast in the middle of the tables, it might be *delicious*, but it was a fundamentally incomplete experience that would leave both lovers feeling *well*, but not as deranged and unhinged with pleasure as they *could* be if they took things slowly and allowed them to escalate naturally. Thus, when they reached a large enough area of the park that Liz could sit down and enjoy not having to walk with those colossal weights strapped to her chest weighing her down, the happy couple didn't just throw themselves into the maw of mindless mutual exploration, nor did they throw caution to the wind and begin doing things which would cause their compressor gear to fall short of its intended function within a few short seconds; rather, they just... sat down, next to one another, and did absolutely nothing. Granted, it was difficult to remain still in a comfortable position in the same way they used to; being side-by-side just wasn't possible now that the serval's bust had grown to become such a gargantuan wall of soft, furred flesh, and while Shrapnel was entirely convinced that being buried underneath a single breast would be the most divine experience he'd ever gone through, even he had to admit that it was probably a bad idea to do so, at least for the time being. That said, none of this precluded the wolf sitting with his back to one of Elizabeth's mounds, his legs splayed out in front of him to give himself some room for all of that sheath and nuttage that had been *begging* for some respite after such a long walk had them drag along rough pavement; plus, this way the two of them were still close enough that, if Shrapnel were to let his head turn to the side and Liz did the same, they could still press their lips together and let instinct take over, which was precisely what ended up happening after just a few moments. Nothing more than that though; the two lovers remained firmly aware that if they tried to go beyond this, then it'd turn into an avalanche, getting stronger and stronger before finally crashing into everything around them and leaving the whole city covered in a blanket of white, albeit not exactly a very solid one; that would be for later, for *after* they were done gently caressing one another and trying to get the other to understand just what they were thinking without the use of any words. It was significantly easier than it might look like, though mostly because their mental processes were a lot simpler than they used to be; there was very little concern for what the public might think, what with Liz's size having reached such a point that any kind of titillation that her mate felt whenever she played with herself just felt... trivial. Of course it was indecent, both of their bodies were indecent, that's was the whole *point*; the excess of it all, the sheer degree of "too much" that both of them encapsulated reached a point where quite literally nothing they could physically, feasibly do would ever qualify as scandalous anymore, because that's what it already was by default. So what if everyone saw the way that Elizabeth played with her tits, those things

were so big even while compressed that they could probably flatten an entire city block if the serval put her back to it! Similarly, Shrapnel no longer cared enough to keep his hands from idly stroking his... well, not cock, but certainly the large amounts of soft, plump sheath that he had packed away in a pair of oversized shorts; plunging his hands into it, he found that it had become warm, *warmer* in fact than it should be, and though he was aware that the actual monster hidden within that cavernous opening would never be able to do anything other than gently poke out without first turning the compressor on, he could still fantasize about what it would look like if allowed to rise to full mast. It'd be a middle finger to physics, and almost literally so given how it would appear as a gigantic, vertical pillar... for about five seconds, before it was plunged somewhere where it could do more good than out in the open, a thought that the wolf worked extra hard to eliminate from his mind, lest he end up breaking the dimensional barriers keeping him contained well ahead of schedule. Then again, could anyone truly blame him? If Shrapnel stopped to consider the situation that he was in, what with him sitting down with his back to a breast that was larger than an apartment block and weighed so many tons that it was downright miraculous that Liz could even *move* at all, let alone walk from place to place, then he might just lose whatever control he still had over himself; the only reason he still managed to function was through a sort of placid acceptance, the understanding that this was their new normal without having any mental resources spent trying to actually *parse* through all this new information. Just as long as he *accepted* it, then it would be fine, no matter what that tiny little voice in the back of his head was telling him; the same could be said for Elizabeth, though hers was a more... unique case. The serval was significantly more aware of the danger posed by her expanding body, especially considering the gravid belly she had to contend with as well; unbeknownst to Shrapnel, the degree of compression on his mate's body was *significantly* higher than the one on his own, enough that Liz could actually afford to actively think about how big she was without it immediately triggering a cascade failure that left the entire city flattened. Of course, this didn't come without consequences; all those moments where the wolf saw and felt the serval's already-swollen midriff swell up even further before "settling" were very much being mirrored on her bust, and it just so happened that it was so massive that a couple of extra feet each time went unnoticed for long enough that the compression field took care of it... but the growth spurts were still there regardless, and she could feel as every inch was added to her body, every foot, every *yard*, every *mile*, endlessly and without any upper limit. It wasn't just that her body was incredibly receptive to her mate's seed, it wasn't just that said seed was almost ludicrously potent in terms of how virile it was, but the *pregnancy* had left Elizabeth in a state of flux that surprised even her, one that her mother outright admitted was significantly worse than her own had been. At least according to Cynthia, back before she had been carrying Elizabeth, her own body was somewhat similar to what her daughter's would become later on: extremely curvaceous, with a bust far, *far* bigger than what it technically *should* be, even bigger than Liz turned out to be before Shrapnel entered the picture. And, just like the younger serval, the older feline underwent a drastic transformation when she was knocked up, suddenly producing ridiculous quantities of milk, far more than necessary for a single child, thus leading to a bust that not only *grew*

immense, but *remained* that way even after Elizabeth was born; it was something that ran in the family, at least according to her, and handily explained why it was that Liz's tits had taken so well to her having her insides painted white by Shrapnel's complete lack of care or concern for protection: she wasn't just pregnant with *one* child. This realization hit the both of them as heavily as it had the building around them before they were promptly kicked out, as did the logical endpoint for it: if Cynthia's body had become the way that it was with *one* little kitten, the possibilities were effectively limitless depending on how many young were inside Elizabeth's womb, a number that, judging by the way the compression field placed on it seemed to falter every other second, was only getting *bigger* over time. A worrying thought, considering the size of her belly had already been significantly bigger than it had any right to be; back when the on-site staff for the research facility successfully contained the trio's growthsplosion, Elizabeth's belly had already reached the ground, slung out about three feet in front of her and still growing significantly in front of everyone's eyes. It was a testament to how fertile she was that, even with the compression field active, that thing was about *twice* as big, and considering how the dimensional distortions were multiple stacked layers of ten-to-one compression fields, one could only imagine how colossal that thing must truly be. Add to that the fact that for each new life brought into being within her womb, the serval's tits overproduced to compensate, and it was very easy to do the math and come out with a few numbers that were too big to be written down with regular notation; this wasn't made any better by how she could *feel* as each pulse, each throb that caused her belly to bloat before being pushed back by the compression gear, was itself held back by the same distortions keeping her from completely flattening the city. Those "small" spurts of growth where she grew a couple of inches to each side before going back to her "regular" size? Add a zero to the end of that number and one had the truth of the matter; calculate the amount of young serval-wolf hybrids that could fit in there and multiply that by just how much her body grew for each young she was holding, and suddenly her brain was very, *very* fuzzy and her vision was swimming in front of her eyes. Elizabeth could faintly hear Shrapnel by her side, asking if she was fine, and all she could think to do was tell him that yes, she was absolutely fine, she was *more* than fine in fact; she was the happiest she'd ever been, glorious even, like she was a goddess in the making and he, her beautiful, equally magnificent consort, was the reason why this had happened. Him, Shrapnel, *he* was the one responsible for turning her into a broodmother, a baby factory, and one with tits the size of stadiums at their absolute, theoretical smallest... a benchmark that only grew bigger with every second that passed, with every moment that the two of them didn't make it grow even *faster* by actually doing something about the obvious arousal firing between the two of them. One could only imagine what Cynthia might be doing, stuck outside of her house, nursing a pregnancy of her own, albeit a growth-less one; the poor cat was desolate that her tits wouldn't be growing even larger than they had already thanks to the copious amounts of wolf cum she'd had pumped into her, but at least recognized that her daughter deserved a little something to help start her new life. Granted, the older serval would give an arm and a leg for the opportunity to utterly eclipse everything that existed, but at the same time, there was something that told her that she wasn't meant for the spotlight anymore;

it was Liz, her loving daughter, her precious daughter, who had grown up and become a woman of her own, who now took center stage as the whole world was made privy to her almost supernatural ability to outproduce anything and everything put together and multiplied by itself. A true babymaker, far more fertile than any other of her line, aided along by a devoted partner who wanted nothing more than to give her everything that she ever wanted and more, until the whole world was buried underneath her heft, drowned in her milk, and things still hadn't progressed past the initial stages; this alone was a realization that neither Shrapnel nor Elizabeth really wanted to think about, for doing so would only bring about yet more arousal and the hastening of their inevitable growthsplosion, but it was still true regardless. No matter how much they tried to avoid it, the fact of the matter was that everything that had taken place, from the younger serval and her wolf mate first breeding to that exact moment where two oversized bodies sat in the middle of a park, had been a grand total of... three, four days? It all happened so quickly that none of the people involved could really put a timeline on it, but it certainly hadn't been a week, which just made the entire thing feel even more surreal; not even seven days and already Elizabeth's womb was stuffed to bursting with countless young, countless more forming every second as she worked through what felt like thousands of gallons of virile seed still stored inside of her... and, in fact, seemed to be growing even faster than before. Shrapnel hadn't noticed it, but the rhythm of bulging out and being compressed back to a smaller size, though still active and mostly maintained by the various bits of clothing and assorted trinkets holding up the distortion field, was starting to falter in small, but distinctly discernible ways: sometimes, Elizabeth's belly would take a half-second more than usual to return to its old size, others it wouldn't shrink as much for a few cycles before finally returning to where it should be. Still others, Shrapnel could swear that it was *left* bigger than before, even by just an infinitesimal amount, which wasn't at all helped by how much Liz was rubbing it down and how heavily the serval moaned each time she felt the cycle repeating itself. It was like a heartbeat, where she felt her form swell outwards and then pull back in, again and again, and while the feline managed to hold onto what was left of her sanity whenever she moved, it was times like those, when she sat down and truly allowed her mind to wander inwards, that she began to *lose it*; the issue at hand being that, while beforehand her body was still building up to a final, grandiose explosion of size, by the point Liz sat down on the grass even her myriad of compressor layers were starting to fail, and the serval *knew* as much. She could feel them, deep in the recesses of the dimensional prison created for her body, the sense of layers being not really shattered, but *collapsed* and brought to bear against the one outside them, the concentric stacks faltering like a building undergoing demolition, where the "weight" of one compression layer was only added to the shockwave working its way up to the surface. It wouldn't take more than a couple of hours before Shrapnel's suspicions became very much observable reality, two hours that he spend rubbing and kneading a belly that grew hotter and hotter with every minute that ticked by, until Elizabeth's body felt downright feverish; the serval was left sweating, yet begging for more, practically hallucinating as the temperature wreaked havoc on both her sense of self... and self-control as well. Unbeknownst to anyone involved in the operation, it wasn't *just* the

compressors working to keep her body contained, unable to roll over the landscape at the slightest distraction; though faint, frazzled and increasingly vulnerable to outside attack, Elizabeth's sense of restraint *did* still exist, and whatever strength it still had left had been fully devoted to keeping the final barrier from breaking, and the floodgates from truly opening. It demanded that the serval's body listen to it, that it yield to its authority, and despite being so heavily outgunned and outnumbered by just about every other aspect of Liz's psyche, it somehow succeeded in winning the day and maintaining her body that it was: held in a relatively consistent size with significant help from the compressor gear. In truth, without the technology to bend space around her tits and belly, nothing would be able to save her, but conversely, without that last shred of self-control, neither would the distortions be capable of holding up against the avalanche of uncontrollable growth that would be unleashed. Thus, when the hormone storm grew in power such that Elizabeth's eyes went half-lidded, her body's temperature skyrocketed, and the only thing she could think to do was rub herself with her arms, hands, legs and feet, things could only truly get worse... and get worse *very* quickly. Those two hours passed, and after they did, Shrapnel began to see the first signs of the cascading failure, in the form of the rhythmic pulsating of the serval's belly growing *larger*: not only did it bulge outwards far more, but it always settled at a size noticeably wider than before, a process that repeated itself until the serval gained a good couple of feet in diameter, pushing her back against the ground... and halting the throbbing altogether. For a few moments, both Elizabeth and Shrapnel believed that, against all odds, it had just been a short climax, and that everything had stopped, right up until the serval's belly began to bulge outwards again... and didn't stop that time around. It wasn't a pulse, or a wave, or anything of the sort: it was a *continuous* growth, the sort that the serval had shown her mate back in the research complex when she first squeezed into his room. What they were seeing was a belly that, though still far smaller than it was in reality, was finally expanding at a constant rate, proportional to what its true expansion looked like beneath all the layers of compressors that were still in the way; as if by divine ordinance, a great rumbling groan was heard coming from the serval's breasts, a shrieking churn as the oceans of milk held within were roused into action, and those gigantic orbs' lactic production was kicked into high gear, no longer contained by the work of the equipment still desperately keeping them from erupting into their full dimensions... not that it mattered much, when both breasts were visibly gaining feet in *radius* every few seconds, further pinning Elizabeth down and leading to her gritting her teeth as the pressure finally kicked back and slammed right into her brain; at that point, the cat didn't know whether to beg for it to stop or demand that it keep going, a conundrum that she'd been dealing with for the past few days. Ultimately though, it wasn't her call; her body was not hers to control, but the universe's... and Shrapnel's, really, since he was the one primarily responsible for turning her into this colossal broodmother form. So she called for him, in the only way that her battered mind could still think of: by opening her mouth and letting loose the loudest, most prolonged moan she could muster, nearly flattening her lungs as every ounce of air was expelled from them, in her one, singular, mindless goal of grabbing the attention of someone who was quite literally right beside her. Amazingly enough, this did actually have *an* effect, just not the

one that Elizabeth was hoping for, nor one that Shrapnel himself could've ever expected; after all, as far as he knew, the growth he'd been taken over by was entirely circumscribed to his nuts, cock and sheath, with the rest of him having thus far remained at exactly the same size as before. Not even an extra bit of muscle to help carry around all the weight, though he supposed that, with time, that would change... which made it incredibly surprising when he suddenly felt the ground shift underneath him, and Liz *shrink* before his very own eyes for a few seconds before he realized that he was the one growing, and not in the sense that he had before! Before he knew it, his body had gained a good four or five feet in height, with an equivalent increase in bulk, and a vastly, almost comically disproportional boost to the size of his package; if not for the fact that he immediately pulled himself back, then his sheath would've smothered Liz completely, and even then he had to contend with a pair of nuts that had swelled to the point where he could probably stand next to them and they'd still loom over his head and bury him and if he wasn't careful with how he walked. Not just that, but thanks to the bosot having ripped his clothes apart, Shrapnel could clearly see his cocks poking out from within that cavernous sheath of his: cocks, because for some reason he now had *two* of those. He scarcely wanted to believe it, but as the tips pushed forth and made themselves known, it was difficult to ignore the reality of it, even if the wolf tried *exceedingly* hard not to; the reason why became obvious as soon as he succumbed to what he was seeing and accepted that he had, indeed, sprouted an extra dick: he gained yet more feet in his everything when his body used this newfound acceptance as fuel for another growth spurt, triggering further arousal that required every last ounce of willpower that Shrapnel had left just to be contained. By the time he opened his eyes again, he was so far up from where Elizabeth was sitting that he could actually see the top of her tits... even if just barely. Those things were still growing so quickly that he'd need to be undergoing a constant growth spurt of his own if he wanted to keep up, and as much as that thought boosted him upwards by another ten feet or so, he couldn't afford to not do it; after all, wasn't he supposed to be Elizabeth's lover? Her mate? Why exactly was he bending down and trying to reach when *obviously* he should be directing his attention at the needy, rumbling pair of milktanks that so desperately needed a good draining? It wasn't as if he himself was going anywhere, and from where he stood, the only way to reach the two colossal, cream-spurting nipples was the best way as well: draping himself over the overstuffed tankers and let his weight pressure-hose their contents all over the city. Not exactly something he *should* be doing, nor something that Elizabeth should want to allow him to do, but really, who was going to tell them otherwise? Their no-longer-extant self-control? The local authorities, too small to be able to make a dent in their glorious bodies? The gods themselves, who had not graced that world with their presence even after it was made very obvious that they had two massive problems growing under their noses? No, there was no one there to stop them... so why should they hold back? Better to get their horny out of their system, after all, since then they could focus on more important stuff, such as breeding even harder. Did it matter that his head had just done a complete one-eighty and his priorities turned on their head? Did it matter that he was thinking along completely different lines

than before? Of course it didn't, because he wasn't; since when did he *not* want to get back to breeding that gorgeous serval to the best of his ability?