

That was the last box. It had taken the better part of a whole morning to move everything from his old dorm and into Liz's place, but at least it was done before lunchtime, leaving just enough time for the two of them to have one of their typically meandering discussions over where to eat before inevitably deciding on the same joint they always went to: a small pizza place that carried very little interest from the local student population, and yet made some of the most delicious dishes that Elizabeth and Shrapnel had ever tasted in their lives. Plus, it was one of the few places they could go to that wouldn't have a throng of onlookers all trying to get a good look at the serval, so there was that.

Not that she minded, but typically neither of the two particularly enjoyed having their lunch interrupted by someone passing by and falling head over heels for Elizabeth's tits in such a way that they just *had* to talk about it; it was absolutely hilarious in any other occasion, but sometimes the two of them just wanted some place quiet and private where they could enjoy themselves without the threat of some random jackwad deciding they needed to try and get their hands on those things. Then again, the dog couldn't really blame them; as much as his and Elizabeth's relationship was built on far more than just physical attraction, he couldn't deny that having a girlfriend with a bust big enough to cover her entire torso and still manage to get a good foot and a half of backboob on either side of her was anything other than a dream come true... and neither could Elizabeth herself, who was so proud of those things that one might be forgiven for saying she was almost *too* proud, at least considering that she had eyes only for her "precious pup" and absolutely no one else. There was undeniably a part of her that *thoroughly* enjoyed the looks of utter desolation on onlookers' faces when she reminded them that they were free to look, but not touch, the realization that they were so dreadfully out of their depth when she pulled Shrapnel close to her and enthusiastically introduced him to anyone who'd listen as her mate for life and better half; most of it though, was just an extension of her naturally outgoing personality, in that she recognized she'd never be able to hide her tits from view, so why bother spending time worrying about how big they were? Well, aside from seating arrangement; having to eat at an odd sideways angle was always a chore, but at least the pizza place staff was nice enough to provide her with a couple of benches she could use to keep her breasts nice and comfy during the couple's meal.

It'd probably be the last one in a long while, as the two of them had promised to start learning how to be more self-sufficient now that they were finally living together. Granted, they were doing so in Liz's mom's place, but it wasn't as if two fresh college graduates could really afford a new house on their own, and with rent being the way that it was, they weren't about to look a gift horse in the mouth. Shrapnel wasn't exactly happy with the prospect at first, given what his girlfriend's mother was like, but after a few days of experimenting before finally making the plunge, most of his fears were assuaged. *Most* of them, because he couldn't shake the feeling that Cynthia was constantly plotting something behind his back, and part of him was always concerned with the possibility that the older serval might think he wasn't "good enough"

for her daughter. Elizabeth herself made sure to tell him he was being silly whenever he brought that concern up, but the way her mom looked at him... it left him slightly worried, especially with how *active* him and Liz had been as of late. It was one thing to enjoy themselves when there was no one else in the dorm, in the privacy of what had been Shrapnel's closest thing to home in the past several years, quite another for them to get down to business when one of their parents was within earshot; and with how *eager* the serval in particular was, the wolf doubted whether they'd be able to keep themselves to those rare moments when Cynthia left the house.

The older serval spent most of her time indoors thanks mostly to Elizabeth; or rather, the pregnancy which resulted in Liz, which had apparently "done quite a number" on Cynthia's body during and after the whole thing. When Shrapnel first met her, he could scarcely believe he was looking at *real* curves as opposed to the end result of several years of elective surgery; and yet, as both the mom and daughter were happy to tell him, *yes*, Cynthia *was* twice as big as Elizabeth in the chest and ass department, the former in particular being her size whenever she was fully drained and dry of any milk, which for some reason she had never stopped producing. Though initially reluctant to believe that the difference between empty and full could really be that large, Shrapnel was thoroughly disavowed of that notion when he showed up to their place one day and most of the living room was composed of serval boob, with Cynthia claiming that she liked to "stretch things out every once in a while", a gesture that both required serious help on his and Liz's part, and one that the wolf interpreted as being some kind of intimidation designed to let him know that he wasn't welcome in that house... or, at least, would have to learn to live with excess of a level he never once thought possible.

It certainly didn't help that Elizabeth herself was *not* coy when it came to discussing the topic, very openly talking about how it would be like in some "purely hypothetical" future whenever the two of them decided to have children together. Women in her family had a tendency to react "explosively" to pregnancies, or so she was wont to tell him, and the younger serval had no qualms whatsoever about openly groping herself, even in public, as she whispered across the table to her mate all the things that would doubtlessly happen whenever he put a baby in her. The size, the production, the sloshing and rumbling, the quaking and weight, *everything* served to leave Shrapnel sweating like an open faucet; this was made worse by it being quite a hot day, and Liz having decided to wear what was effectively little more than a bikini above the waist, one that revealed a significant portion of her areolae thanks to how pitifully undersized it was. The sight of her bulging nips just *there*, growing even thicker and bigger the more they were played with, left the wolf in such a state that the only thing stopping him from jumping Elizabeth right there and then *was* the fact that they were still at a restaurant... but it did make him eat a lot faster just so he could make good on those signals she was giving him, and the two of them had to exercise a lot of willpower not to just immediately start fucking in the car when they pulled up in the driveway some ten minutes later. Liz had *not* given up telling her boyfriend all the different ways her body would react to being "bred", a word that she insisted on using

even when it became obvious that it was having one hell of an effect on her better half's mind, and neither did she stop playing with her own tits all the way to the front door and up the stairs to her bedroom; Shrapnel could swear those things had gotten *bigger* somehow, though he dared not think what that might mean for the future. No, all that mattered was throwing her onto her bed, ripping the bikini off, and immediately gripping nipples with his hands; good *heavens*, they were so massive he could use them as handles.

Wouldn't take long before he felt Liz's legs lock behind his back, her arms being draped over his neck in order to pull him into a tight embrace; whenever the serval did that, whenever she pulled him into a hug and had her tits completely bury him, that was when he lost control. He couldn't help himself, not with that sort of stimulation, and with his pants having been removed the second he closed the door behind them, and the last vestiges of his shirt being ripped off by some very eager claws, even if neither of them knew who they truly belonged to, it was but a moment before he immediately began bucking his hips. No protection was needed, or indeed wanted, for Shrapnel had been on the receiving end of a months-long priming, and now that they finally had a place of their own, it felt as if something... *clicked*. Like the final line of defense on a siege he wasn't even aware was going on had finally collapsed, all it took was Elizabeth going to great detail about what would happen to her body for his willpower to give up the ghost, and his instincts to take over in its stead. Maybe it was seeing how Cynthia looked like and picturing Liz like that, maybe even bigger still, or perhaps it was simply the fact that they were starting a brand new chapter of their life and now they could *afford* to get a bit wilder (they really couldn't; neither of them had jobs yet), but whatever the case may be, the wolf wasn't going to hold back anymore. Within *seconds* his knot had already begun to bulge out, his pistoning became stronger still, and the poor thing was grunting so badly that he could barely even breathe properly by the time he heard Liz shout for him to knot her, for him to push in as deep as he could before painting her insides white. It was the first time that they were having sex without protection, and judging from the way they were both acting, it might very well be the last one as soon as they regained their senses and rethought their approach going forward.

Or, alternatively, Shrapnel could indeed end up so desperately horny that he did the unthinkable, and *slammed* his knot repeatedly against Elizabeth's slit, preparing her for the final jackhammering, the moment where he pierced through her natural elasticity and forced his knot straight into her slit, drawing an almost ear-piercing moan out of the serval which mixed in perfectly two sounds the wolf never expected to hear coming from anywhere near him: the gurgling of his nuts as they clenched to deliver their load, and the *churning* of milk emanating from those tits he was buried in. It all happened so quickly that his already battered mind couldn't possibly keep track of it, and by the time he noticed what was happening, it was already too late: his nuts had somehow inflated to about twice their regular size before finally clenching to deliver a brand new load directly into Liz's womb, and the moment the serval felt those thick ropes flood her insides was the moment she screamed something about her tits, and Shrapnel's

attention finally picked up on what was happening. With a quick glance, he saw that what he was feeling on his back wasn't sweat, it was *milk*, cream pouring out from both of the serval's nips in such ample quantities that it immediately betrayed just how much of it was kept within her milktanks... well, that, and the fact that they were both clearly bigger than they were before and *visibly* swelling even larger! All it took were a few more moments before Shrapnel's entire body was consumed by the bloating cleavage, and from there, things became murky and difficult to piece together. The wolf vaguely recalled the idea of warmth, of comfort, of being somewhere that he didn't want to leave, of groaning and moaning and sloshing of fluids, but it was all a jumble that his mind refused to put together in any coherent form; it took until some indeterminate amount of time later before he snapped back to reality, and by that point, he was surrounded by darkness. Darkness and *softness*.

There was no getting around that, he was definitely inside *something*, though what exactly that might be was still up for discussion. It felt warm to the touch, yet pliable, and seemed to produce some kind of muffled noise that took Shrapnel too long to realize was actually Elizabeth's voice, moaning somewhere in the distance. He tried moving, his face becoming red-hot as he began to put together the puzzle pieces and it slowly dawned on him just where exactly he was; still, it took a significant amount of effort before he even got anywhere at all, because the serval hadn't been the only one to receive a size boost. His own cock, which he had to drag underneath him at an almost uncomfortable angle, was... enormous was a word, and certainly one that *could* apply, but he was pretty certain that thing was flaccid and yet it still managed to be longer than his legs and as thick as his torso, so he thought it'd be best not to give it too much thought, lest it show him just what its full size might be. So he kept climbing, out of the darkness and closer to where the endless moaning was coming from, pushing away the soft pudge of Liz's tits while being forced to listen to the constant sloshing of her milk, the splattering of fluids on the ground somewhere behind him, the groaning of the bed beneath them as it struggled to deal with the weight being placed on it. Only after he finally emerged from within the tight embrace of his girlfriend's cleavage did Shrapnel dare to take a long, deep breath... or would, if his head didn't immediately bang against the ceiling after he parted the breastflesh in his way, the wolf having seriously misjudged how high up he was.

Rubbing the top of his skull, he made the mistake of looking around, only to immediately feel blood rushing downwards and his cock *instantly* gaining a couple of feet in length at the sight, something he just barely got under control by closing his eyes and trying his best not to think about the mental image that had just been burned into his brain: that of Liz's room, completely covered by her tits. There was no mistaking it, she'd grown *that* much; only the very top of her closet was visible, with even the door having been completely buried underneath the avalanche of serval tit, and judging from the cracks on the walls, the impact had been something else. Shrapnel didn't see how bad the milk leakage was, but if there was something he knew he could trust his girlfriend with, it was going *way* overboard with whatever she did that created any

amount of pleasure; she was probably outputting dozens of gallons of cream by that point, and that much was something he could *not* afford to think about if he didn't want to go for round two and utterly destroy the rest of the house... but, then again, *someone* was going to have to fix that, because Liz couldn't just stay there, buried by her own breasts like that. As alluring an experience as it was, she had a life outside her bedroom, a life that she probably would want to get back to at some point, and with her being pinned down and unable to do anything about that, it thus fell on *him*, the dutiful boyfriend, to help his better half in a moment of need. That, and it gave him an excuse to dive straight back into her cleavage, which was always nice.

Taking a deep breath, Shrapnel lowered his head and threw himself right back into the warm, almost constricting embrace of Elizabeth's room-filling cleavage, doing his best to turn his body around and aim it towards where he *assumed* her nipples would be. It wasn't exactly a perilous journey, but he nonetheless felt as if every inch he moved was an inch he had to physically wrench out of the universe's firm grasp, considering the kind of weight he was dragging around himself. The wolf didn't even want to think about how *massive* his cock must be for it to be so heavy, mostly because if he did, it'd probably get even bigger, and then *he* would need saving; as much as Cynthia was nothing if not outwardly pleasant, he had his doubts that she could squeeze into her daughter's bedroom in the state that it was, and he really didn't want to have to call the local fire department just to get them dislodged from their self-made disaster zone. So he kept going, grabbing handfuls of soft boob and pushing himself through a pair of tits that were *still* bloating, if the pressure increase he felt was real and not just a result of his body growing ever more tired; Shrapnel heard moaning coming from behind him, occasionally interspaced with his own name as Elizabeth called out for her mate to come back and "stuff her" in a variety of places, words that the wolf had to tune out if he wanted to have any hope of making it to the end. It felt like hours were spent traversing what should've taken mere seconds, but in the end, he found himself banging his head against another hard surface: the wall.

At the very least, it wasn't the ceiling. He had somehow managed to bumble his way into the far end of the room, which could only mean that the nipples were *somewhere* nearby; thankfully, now that he literally had his back against the wall, a rare case where such a thing was a genuine positive, all he had to worry about was not dragging the tip of his dick along the ground too hard until he managed to stumble onto a nipple. Unsurprisingly, it didn't take that long to find one, though what he saw was... anything but expected. Sure, with a pair of tits that size, Shrapnel knew that whatever was waiting for him was going to be immense, absolutely enormous, colossal even, but when he finally got a good look at the actual nipple bud itself and noticed that it had actually pierced *through* the wall and was actively flooding the bathroom on the other side, when he fully confirmed that the damned thing was big enough for him to wrap his entire torso around... well, suffice it to say that the breast he had his cock under was raised a good foot or so upwards from the surge of growth he himself experienced, and if not for his better sense prevailing in the end, there was a decent change he might've decided to put that shaft to good use

somewhere where it could both fit *and* make those tits even bigger. In the end though, he knew that the two of them couldn't keep going like that, not yet at least; this was Cynthia's place, not theirs, and thus the only thing he *could* do was try and loosen that nipple up just enough to help Liz drain her milk, hoping that the other tit would follow in the same direction so that the serval could at least walk again. It was nothing but hope, considering the size of those things all-but ensured that Elizabeth would never be able to move around normally ever again; her own mother was prone to swelling if she didn't milk herself as well, but she'd *never* reached any size this massive, and if this was Liz after just a single bout of unprotected sex...

Shrapnel shook the thoughts out of his head, knowing they'd just end up leaving him even hornier than he could afford to be at that time. Better that he focus his full attention on carefully massaging (read: doing his best to flail about while the boob pushed against him) the one milktank he had access to, and hope to whatever god he prayed to that it would work. It felt like each time he pushed his hands or feet into the pudge, the more it pushed back, the pressure inside of it increasing in tandem with the intensity of the fluid splashing he could hear on the other side of the wall. Already Cynthia's voice was audible somewhere in the corridor outside, letting out a yelp of surprise and calling out for her daughter in a tone that was... perhaps a bit more enthusiastic that Shrapnel would've enjoyed. He expected the older serval to be worried, and yet those were unmistakably words of encouragement being offered, at least if he hadn't gone completely mad; in a fit of desperation, he yelled out Cynthia's name and *begged* for her to "Help!" in literally any way she could, prompting the older woman to run down the stairs. This was it, he was doomed; Liz's mom had probably gone to get a camera to record this moment, and meanwhile he was getting crushed further and further against a wall that he could only hope would eventually buckle from the pressure. It was his only hope, the only way he could ever get out of that mess without turning into paste, and as he felt Elizabeth's tit push him with enough strength that he couldn't even breathe properly anymore, the sounds of milk churning filling his ears, the one thing left in his mind was one question: *why* did this feel so hot?

He couldn't even move anymore. His cock was twitching, sure, but he could feel it getting crushed under the mounting weight of a milk factory that refused to stop, same with the rest of him; breathing was almost impossible, the ceiling was beginning to buckle, the cracks in the wall steadfastly refuse to spread out quickly enough, and yet he really couldn't help but feel the most aroused he ever had in his life. It really was true what some people said, that they could die happy, because the wolf really couldn't see any way out of there without him giving up the ghost, and yet all he wanted to do was shout at Liz for her to fill up even more. Time seemed to freeze, the pressure rising continuously, but doing so at an increasingly glacial pace; was it really slowing down though, or was this his brain trying its best to stretch out its last living moments? The sloshing became louder still, the currents of milk inside those titanic mounds roiling almost *angrily* as they got ready to burst free of the room containing them... and yet this explosion never happened. It took a while, but Shrapnel realized that the growth slowing down *wasn't* his

imagination sparing him in his final moments, but something that was actually happening, and it took him even longer still before he heard the root cause of it; granted, it was a bit difficult to think about much of anything when he was being smushed into a wall by a single boob, and it was somewhat disconcerting when he looked back at the past ten or so minutes of his life and realized just how close he got to all of it just *ending*, which was precisely why the sound of a draining machine was so welcome to his ears.