

Try as he might, Spikes couldn't get his paws or grabbers to shrink back down to what their old size was; it made for a slightly confusing sight when his room-flooding balls and ceiling-scraping cock somehow found their way back to what they were earlier that morning, and yet the ends of his limbs were sized up to meet the demands of a body he no longer had. Getting any clothes on proved to be a task-and-a-half when he could very easily rip his shirts in two by just tugging at them slightly more than normal, to say nothing of even attempting to put on a single leg of his pants. "Frustrating" was one way to describe it, even if the Rena could think of a few dozen ways he could employ his new size in some fun ways.

Cleaning his room up was... a priority. Not a priority that he'd have to work on himself, but a priority nonetheless; at least he still had the contact information for a company that specialized in cleaning up hyper messes from the last few times he needed their services, and though he wasn't looking forward to paying a substantial amount to drain out the flooding, he couldn't just let it settle. The last time, he took more than a couple of hours before calling the cleaners, and spent *months* and a small fortune scraping the encrusted cum off the walls.

One of the company's stipulations for providing their services was that the "affected area" be left entirely to them, which to Spikes was just absolutely perfect; he had no intention of sticking around watching the white slowly go down a set of metal pipes, and after such a massive release he was feeling dehydrated *and* starving. Carefully selecting the number on his phone, and taking far longer than he should thanks to each finger being larger than the screen, he requested the "emergency clothes pack" option as soon as the automated system allowed; it wouldn't be more than an extra-stretchy set of shorts and maybe an old shirt they had lying around, but it was better than having to go completely naked from the waist down because he couldn't fit any of his feet into his own pants.

The truck stopped outside his front door not ten minutes later, with a small team of technicians carrying their own weight in pumps and drains up the stairs to the Rena's apartment. Spikes met a very annoyed-looking foreman when he opened the door, along with a formal letter of complaint from the company's owner meant to let him know they were getting tired of the constant flooding, threatening to call the proper authorities unless he could find a way to control himself. Spikes didn't particularly care; he had about three of those communiqués stored somewhere in his now-"water"logged drawers and they hadn't done anything to him yet. Why would they, when he was a constant source of income for them?

Spikes was given a hosedown at the hands of three of the techies, just barely holding his ground under the assault of the pressurised jets of water. At the very least it cleaned him up quite nicely, every last drop of his own fluids now either splattered against a wall or joining in with the rest of it oozing on the floor from his bedroom. As predicted, he was informed that the draining

itself would take at least three hours, and was given a set of shorts with a massive bulge pocket attached to the bottom, just wide enough that he could snugly fit his oversized paws through them and hold the waistband up with an extra-large belt. Not exactly the most modest of clothing, but he was used to turning heads whenever he went out, and today would be no different; Spikes intended to head to a restaurant and treat himself, hoping it would get his mind off of the events of the day. Wouldn't fix his paws being three times their normal size, but it would probably distract him from it.

Maybe.

His favourite place was just around the corner down the road, which thankfully reduced the likelihood of anyone putting two and two together and deciding to ask him if he had anything to do with the curtain of cum dripping onto the sidewalk from three floors above. A slight blush crossed the Rena's cheeks once he saw his own handiwork, not realizing it had been *that* severe; a few tentative growers were collecting it as well, maybe hoping they could partake in some of the size that led to that level of output. Spikes had half a mind to tell them to stop, seeing as it *would* have the desired effect, but something inside of him made him think twice about it; just the thought that his biggest release yet would create even more hypers like him was too good to pass up, and the knowledge that random passers-by would degrade themselves by literally scraping his cum into a jar was... surprisingly arousing. It shouldn't be, but he really couldn't bring himself to do anything but watch and feel his bulge pocket grow tighter by the second.

Turning around before anything bad happened, Spikes focused on finding his favourite spot near the window after squeezing through the door, waving at his favourite waiter and asking for his favourite item on the menu; the aroma wafting from the kitchen and hitting him square in the lungs when he walked into the restaurant was more than enough to make him completely forget about that morning. His concerns could be put on hold; for now, he had delicious food to enjoy, and the company of some of the friendliest wait staff in the city.

What the Rena missed, while making himself comfortable stuffing his bulge underneath the table, was a sharply-dressed lynx walking by the window outside, who shamelessly performed a double-take when he saw Spikes sit down, then stood there staring at him for a good ten seconds before hurrying into the restaurant themselves. Rather than sit by the Rena's table, however, they rushed to the other side of the room, sitting down just far enough away that Spikes wouldn't really notice them, but close enough to get a clear view through the spaces between the chairs.

The lynx kept a close eye on his quarry throughout the process of him ordering his food and then patiently waiting for the bread to arrive, taking in the unexpected changes to the Renamon's body and noting them down on a small booklet they carried in their pocket. Spikes wasn't what

the lynx was expecting, but there could be no mistaking him for anyone else; that colour scheme with *that* much of a package between his legs? Hardly anyone else fit that description, none of them remotely near where the scanner in their pocket was pointing at.

Meanwhile, the blissfully unaware Rena was striking up a pleasant conversation with the cute bun asking him what he wanted to drink, who seemed to have a knack for figuring out when their customer had “done a bad” and needed to stay out of the house for a while. It was more awkward than embarrassing, and the both of them shared a slightly red tinge to their faces throughout the conversation, but they kept it going for as long as they could justify it. All the while, the lynx kept a close eye on them both, eagerly awaiting the first opportunity they had to put their plan into motion. Or... well, it wasn't really a plan as much as it was a little bit of self-indulgent fun, but they *thought* about doing it, so it qualified!

Or so they kept telling themselves.

With the waiter leaving to get refreshments, now was the time. Grabbing a digital device from their pocket, the lynx pointed it at the Rena and had to contain an overjoyed squeal when it gave them a positive signal; Spikes *was* the one they were looking for! They could barely contain themselves, scrambling for the card they were holding inside their wallet. Swiping it on the device, the monitor lit up with a 3D rendering of the Rena's body, already updated to reflect the unexpected changes to his extremities. Fiddling with the options until they could bug the system out in just the right way, the lynx shot a few hurried glances towards the kitchen; scowling, they noticed the waiter returning... but then realized it needn't be the end of it.

Oh, the idea was just delicious; the lynx waited until the bun was back at the table, leaning in just enough that they wouldn't be able to see the bulge underneath it. Acting quickly, they pressed a claw to the device's monitor and gently moved a slider to the right; a quarter of an inch at best, just enough to have any effect at all... and just enough for Spikes to feel something was happening between his legs. Something that *shouldn't* be happening right after he finished draining himself and shrinking back to his old size. He did his best to hide his immediate reaction when the top of his bulge suddenly hit the bottom of the table, trying to pass it off as just him accidentally bumping his leg against it. Unfortunately for the both of them, the bun was all-too aware of what kind of body the Rena had, and immediately picked up on the bald-faced lie, his eyes looking down at Spike's groin with a mixture of apprehension and worry.

The lynx couldn't hear their frantic mumbling, but would most likely be licking his lips in thorough enjoyment if they could; Spikes was trying to convince the waiter that it was just a “perfectly normal after-effect” that always happened after particularly large growth spurts, and would fade in no time at all. The bun wasn't convinced in the slightest, given how his customer

looked to be more panicked than he was, but nonetheless took the excuse and ran with it, happy to throw responsibility for the incoming flood somewhere else not on his shoulders. Turning around as fast as he could, the younger man left the Rena alone to stare under the table, eyes going wide at the sight of his cock and balls having suddenly gained about a foot in every direction. It wasn't just that he'd knocked the table up, he was *holding* it up off the ground, with its weight making itself well and truly known as it pressed down on his package. He couldn't even move without causing the whole thing to topple over, being precariously placed onto a shifting mass as it was, and thus resolved to sit there and perform some breathing exercises, hoping it was just a matter of calming himself down.

The Rena's lustful watcher, meanwhile, was observing the whole ordeal with the widest, goofiest smile on their face; the whole thing had turned out quite a lot better than they had expected, with them now having the perfect place to enact stage two of their plan: further embarrassment.

It was easy enough to time their actions to the Rena's breaths, only needing to time a couple of inhales before the lynx could match their slider movements to the heaving of Spike's chest; the poor guy suddenly found that, contrary to what he would've expected, his attempts at calming himself down just made the table rise even higher off the ground, until he was staring at the very top of his bulge being at eye-level with him! The shorts were ripping at the seams, unable to contain all of the burgeoning mass underneath, with his nuts in particular spilling out from every hole and drawing the attention of everyone else in the (thankfully sparsely-populated) restaurant. As for the table, it quickly found itself flipped over, everything on it spilling onto the seat in front of him, just before it too was being buried by an advancing wall of Rena cock. Spikes *would* be panicking, if not for the lynx messing with the arousal sliders and ending up turning them into a panting, sweating mess that just barely resisted the need to cry out for daddy to come milk them.

A simple nudge on the slider would fix that; boy, was that bun surprised when he was called a whole bunch of lewd names and asked to drain that massive shaft dry, all to the great amusement of the feline sitting across the room.

A few seconds later, the seat opposite Spikes shattered in half, completely collapsing underneath the avalanche of cum-stuffed nut that sprouted from between the Rena's legs. Some of the waiting staff urged the remaining customers to evacuate as quickly as they could, all while their biggest customer sank his enormous grabbers into their bulging sack and practically despaired at how little of it they could hold onto already; barely two minutes and he was matching his peak size during the morning growth burst, and showing no signs of stopping either! The lynx could only chuckle to themselves when they saw the slider on the monitor was

barely halfway to the end, promising a whole lot more Rena before anything was well and truly over.

But just size was a waste of time; true connoisseurs like them knew that you had to spice things up a bit before they got too stale. And what was variety if not *the* spice of life?

Drawing from their depraved imagination, it took the lynx no time at all to find the copy function on the device and apply it to the slider controlling the size of the Rena's package. With a rumble that shook the whole floor, Spikes suddenly saw his balls and cock rise up multiple feet in the air, propelled by the unexpected appearance of a second pair of cum factories that worked overtime to reach the same size his original ones were at; quite the accomplishment, as those ones were steadily growing as well! By the point both of them equalized, a good third of the dining room floor was nothing but his nutflesh, a mere foot or so from bumping into the ceiling and close enough to the lynx that they could practically *smell* it. But even that wasn't enough for the feline; they wouldn't be content until they were literally being smothered by them, and the copy function didn't have any limit to it, so...

Poor Rena was too out of it to truly appreciate what was being done to his body, but at least he could feel every ounce of pleasure magnified a thousandfold through the messed-up filters the device had installed into his mind. With his muzzle muffled by the growing mass between his legs, it was difficult for him to express how mind-shattering the experience of developing yet another pair of nuts was, but considering how the ceiling broke apart before the third set even reached half the size of the first two, it was a sure bet that Spikes was enjoying himself in there. The lynx, too, was finally getting something out of the experience, having been forced out of his seat by the tons of churning, sloshing nutflesh they had helped create. They did nothing to move; it was just so much that the cat ended up smushed against the nearest wall anyway.

The last thing they managed to do before finally losing control of their arms, the pressure of their own creation against their body too great to even allow them to move, was select the same sliders they'd been abusing and setting them to maximum... as well as the ones governing the rest of Spikes' lower body. Couldn't have him buried by his own junk; needed something more to push against what was about to happen!

The last anyone ever heard of the lynx was a muffled moan and the sound of circuitry being turned to dust, before the rest of the restaurant suffered a fate that some people would pay a decent chunk of change to go through. The street outside was already filled with bystanders who saw the evacuated customers rush to safety; they'd been busy telling anyone who'd listen about the growing beast inside, and how everyone needed to stand back as far they could go. No one really listened, even if the purple and black shadow on the other side of the windows *was*

growing dangerously larger by the second, and before long the whole crowd had a shower of broken glass and shattered bricks flying at them, coating them all in a thick layer of dust that was quickly given a great big heaping of binder to help settle. No one really had any time to react when the Rena finally blew his load, mind too exhausted to hold it back anymore; with six balls, each as large as their whole apartment was, and a cock that managed to somehow hold its own against the full size of his package, it was no wonder that a whole city block around him got a fresh coating of paint to go along with the debris, Spikes' cock erupting with a tidal wave of his seed, the rush of release only exacerbating the growth even more!

The Rena kept taking up space, prevented from suffocating under his balls purely because the lynx's final act had kept his ass and thighs at a size respectable enough to serve as a counter-balance to all the weight on his front. Spikes didn't know when it would end, or if it even *would*; all that he cared about was making sure his climax never ended, that his orgasm would last for as long as it took for those six orbs to be fully drained. That they seemed to be growing even larger despite him outputting hundreds of gallons of his cum with every load didn't register in his lust-addled mind; for Spikes, the whole experience would end only when he was empty.

Whenever that may be.