

When the brochure spoke of “getting in touch” with “local culture”, neither Shrapnel nor Elizabeth ever considered the possibility that they might need to call off their flight home on account of becoming local royalty. It was only supposed to be a short vacation, no more than a week, yet from the moment that they were first welcomed into the village to them being practically shoved into the largest home they had, and presented with literal thrones to sit upon, were a measly couple of hours. Granted, the two of them *were* rather conspicuous when it came to their looks, but they’d never gotten that sort of reception elsewhere, leaving them without a means for reference when the locals began to talk about fertility rites and “blessed breeders”, among other, even less wholesome things. Then again, given what they *did* look like, it was hardly surprising that at least *one* group of people would have that reaction: Shrapnel himself might be able to “pass” as relatively normal, at least for a hyper, what with his endowments being mostly relegated to having a set of quad-nuts and a cock both big enough to take up most of the space between his legs, but *Elizabeth?* The serval was blessed enough by the genetic lottery that, frankly, it was a wonder more people *didn’t* stare at her as they tried to make sense of what they were seeing, especially during those days where the feline was fuller than usual thanks to either forgetting to milk herself, or “forgetting” to milk herself. At first glance, Liz might actually appear to be perfectly normal to onlookers, at least if one gave her nothing but a single look, but stare further and the subtle differences revealed themselves to be anything but: that *enormous* pair of tits she was carrying would turn out to be *three* rows, not a single one, stacked on top of one another and large enough to cover everything from just above her knees all the way up to her eyes. The oddly-shaped bulge where most people would assume her nipples were would *actually* be revealed as doorknocker piercings, one per bud, serving both as an aesthetic fashion statement *and* as a way of controlling her milk flow. Down below, her flared hips leading to an ass big enough to cover an entire couch would match perfectly with a set of thighs so fat that one could lose a whole hand in there, and to cap it all off, what appeared to be a rather large, weighty *something* directly between her immense legs. Very few knew what that bulge was, even fewer knew that its size was highly variable; either because of some bovine DNA mixed into her or just a trick of genetics, Elizabeth had been born with a set of *udders*, ones that filled up with all the un milked run-off her six tits produced. At their absolute smallest, they were still about as large as a basketball, and as much as the couple had tried to find a cap, neither Elizabeth nor Shrapnel were any close to finding out just *how* big they could get; as long as the serval kept making milk and *not* letting it out via the top, her udders would keep swelling, refusing to spill even a single drop... coincidentally giving Shrapnel plenty of reasons *not* to milk his better half, especially considering that Liz herself found the experience of dragging her udders along the ground to be nothing short of transcendent. All in all, a terrifically overengorged and oversized body that somehow managed to go by unnoticed for most of the time; hypers were enough of a common sight that most people didn’t bother to look at her on the street for long enough to realize just *how* well-endowed she was, and as far as Liz cared, that was exactly the way she preferred it to be. Her body was hers and Shrapnel’s only, after all, and the last thing she needed was some creep trying to make a pass at her because they were horny for boobs and milk. There

was enough of that at home, at the end of the day; the two of them hadn't purchased those doorknockers for no reason after all, given the effect they had on Elizabeth's body. It was a game they played together, where Shrapnel would lock them into place with a unique code and Liz would then see how far she could go before begging for release, as the piercings were designed not just to keep her teats from leaking, but to prevent her tits from swelling as a result of milky build-up. Usually, the serval would have her busts *bloat* magnificently over the course of the day, to the point where, if she went a whole afternoon without milking herself, each tit could easily become as big as her empty boobstack was; this was *with* a significant amount of the cream running off into her udders, making it clear just *how* productive she truly was. With the doorknockers' unique compression field turned on, however, her tits refused to budge even a single inch, leading to a pressure build-up that often bordered on the downright unreasonable... and to permanent size gains whenever she *did* get some release; her tits hadn't always been that big, after all. Still, for that particular trip, neither of them had even begun to think about doing anything of the sort; that kind of fun was for whenever they had a day off to enjoy themselves in the privacy of their own home, not out and about in the middle of the countryside in a country whose language they barely spoke. For them to be treated the way they were left them so thoroughly perplexed that, for a short while, neither of them knew how to react beyond letting the crowd sweep them up and carry them to where they were "meant" to be, and before long, they were being informed of a great number of things that none of them understood. The village only had a few people who could speak the couple's language, and even then most of the concepts being relayed seemed to be so intrinsic to that particular culture that they lacked an adequate translation; the younger folk who were doing the job of passing messages along were clearly struggling to put to words what, to them, were perfectly self-evident truths, leading to such wonderful statements as "she will need to be bigger" and "her body will become life", neither of which inspired any sort of confidence. That Liz would get bigger was obvious, *anyone* looking at her would know that; it didn't take a genius to realize that she was far more than capable of bloating after hearing just a few seconds of all the sloshing coming from her tits. It took until an older woman, a fox with stark-grey fur, showed up for things to take a turn. The rest of the crowd gathered around the two lovers parted, making way for what was obviously some sort of matriarch to pass through; a few even bowed their heads, choosing not to make eye contact, while others performed odd hand gestures, not quite unlike the sign of the cross. Perhaps this was the village elder, or the village *healer*, something of the sort; fact of the matter was that she was carrying in her hands a bowl, filled with what looked to be steaming hot soup, a perfectly blended one with just the barest hint of what might once have been aromatic herbs still floating on its surface. It smelled deliciously enough that both Shrapnel and Elizabeth immediately began salivating, and when the older woman offered it to the latter, the serval didn't hesitate to take it and immediately begin gulping it down, not even bothering with asking for a spoon. The moment the actual liquid touched her lips, however, it was all over. Shrapnel, looking at her from the side, had the perfect view of the changes wrought to Elizabeth's body in that one instant, as all it took was for her to welcome the soup into her for her tits to start grumbling

menacingly, as if their productivity had just been kicked into high gear. He could only assume that whatever was *in* that concoction, it was designed to help make the serval bigger, as everyone around them had been saying for a while; near-panicking, he rushed for his pocket, hoping to get to his phone in time to activate the doorknockers on Elizabeth's nips. He might not be capable of stopping the growth itself, but he could certainly do his best to make it so uncomfortable that Liz would know when to stop, if only because not doing so would leave her howling in agony; not the best of things to do to his beloved, but it was either that or succumb to some weird ritual designed to turn her into some kind of fertility idol for a backwater village in the middle of bumfuck nowhere. With everyone else's eyes fixated on the serval, Shrapnel somehow managed to pull up his phone, unlock it, and then activate the compression field on the nipple piercings all before Liz took her first gulp; perhaps it had been a deliberate ploy on the universe's part, to make him feel as if he'd accomplished something, because all it took was that one gulp to ruin everything. With the doorknockers active, Liz's tits should *not* grow, period; they hadn't so far, even when they were supposed to be several times larger, so the wolf had no reason to believe this would change in the near future. Yet, when the serval filled her cheeks with part of the bowl's contents, when she swallowed a mouthful of soup, Shrapnel got to watch as the small bulge made its way down her neck, towards her collarbone, then vanish into the middle of her torso, soon to be deposited into her stomach... just as all of her tits promptly *bloated* outwards by a good foot or so, tearing open large gashes in her shirt and slorshing so loudly that it was *impossible* for the serval not to have heard them. Despite this, she seemed thoroughly unfazed by the change; in fact, she took a second gulp, and just as the bulge disappeared below her throat, so too did her breasts once again fill up, defying all sense of logic and convention as they gained *two* feet each that time around, completely destroying whatever was left of her upper body attire and slamming *heavily* against the ground in front of her. Another gulp, and the topmost row smashed against the ceiling, opening two large holes even as Liz's fully-exposed nipples bulged out hard enough that they each became about as big as Shrapnel's entire body, the doorknockers stretched to near capacity; yet another gulp, and suddenly most of the room they were in had become serval tit, pushing the wolf to the side as a moan escaped from Elizabeth's moan, prompting her to stop drinking... right before she took one look at the remaining growth-inducing substance and dumped all of it onto her, a good portion ending up splashing on her shoulders as she tried her best not to drown in soup. A moment later, the whole house ceased to be, as the feline's six tits *exploded* from within, the piercings holding back the milky tide breaking into tiny pieces, unleashing a *deluge* of cream upon the village; the growth continued for a few seconds more, almost as if a pressure valve had been opened, until finally slowing to a crawl, leaving Elizabeth sitting down at the base of a titstack that became taller than a two-story house, and certainly wider than one as well. It glorshed so heavily with its milky currents that all Elizabeth could think of was how *full* and *stuffed* she was... followed rapidly by the realization that yet another part of her was also swelling as a result. With a pair of tits that large, it was of course inevitable that the amount of milk produced would eventually tip over and run down into the serval's udders; with a pair of tits *that* large, it just so happened that "eventually" meant "a

few seconds”, giving Elizabeth precious little time to hold herself together before her entire body warmed up considerably as a consequence of her milk reservoir down below bloating at a never-before-seen pace. She barely even managed to get a good glance at Shrapnel before he was dragged away by the locals, as not only was he in dire need of preparations as well, but keeping him so close to Liz was a genuine hazard to the both of them. As such, while a second bowl of soup was prepared for the serval, the wolf was dragged over to an empty section of the village, where he was placed upon an egregiously oversized pillow... and then immediately surrounded by eager helpers whose apparent role was to rip off his pants and underwear. Granted, this wasn’t exactly surprising, given what had just happened; if Shrapnel had retained the ability to think critically, he would’ve found it perfectly reasonable for the follow-up to Liz’s growth to be something similar happening to himself, thus needing his clothes to be out of the way. Either that or he was about to be on the receiving end of a heaping load of worship; either-or, really, with both possibilities being equally fine as far as the wolf’s shocked brain could figure. It took a great deal of willpower for Shrapnel to pull himself back from the brink and into a state where he could actually think properly, and by then, it was already too late to do anything about anything: his arms and legs were tied down, his torso was held by heavens knew how many grabby hands, even his head seemed unwilling to obey his commands as it was forced to stare down, at where his sheath and balls had been exposed to the world. He half-expected a line of folks ready to service him to have formed already, and to a certain extent was legitimately confused as to why one hadn’t, until of course he saw someone heading towards him with a bowl in hand. No old crone that time around; rather, a long procession of celebrants around his age or slightly older, all of them dressed in garish colours and dancing around who he could only assume was a ceremonial cupbearer (for a given meaning of “cup”), holding yet more of the transformative substance that the wolf refused to believe was just soup. Whether or not he found it to be true, however, was entirely irrelevant once the wooden container was pushed onto his lips; try as he might, not only could he not resist the manhandling of dozens of people all eager to turn him into a mega-breeder, but he couldn’t deny himself either. Much as Shrapnel would love to deny it, the whole process of being abducted and then seeing what happened with Elizabeth had awoken something *primordial* within him, a raging beast that demanded he go with the flow, if only because it promised to give him the best breeding of his entire life. What if he was meant to receive as much of a blessing as Liz did, ending up with a package so big that he could literally flood his hometown just by cumming once? What if he wasn’t meant to waste it, and instead the two lovers were destined to rut one another until the sun rose the next morning, there in the middle of absolute nowhere at the behest of a village of supplicants who saw them as fertility gods? It made *sense*, at least narratively and in a self-contained manner, even if it was downright ludicrous when compared to the rest of his life... but it wasn’t as if he had another choice, now was it? He couldn’t move, nor did he want to, and the sight of the bowl so close to him, as well as the sort of promises it held, led to a great many confusing feels roiling around inside his head, resulting in him taking the default option: opening his mouth and just drinking the soup, convincing himself that he was just doing it to “get things over with”. Much like with the serval,

the wolf's body reacted almost instantly to the very first gulp, and much like the cat, so too did the canid undergo a very localized transformation, one that could only serve a singular purpose. One gulp, and already his sheath fattened and his nuts gurgled louder than ever before as they bloated a good foot in every direction, another gulp, and suddenly his cockholster was wider than his actual shaft was even at full mast; the worst part was that he *felt it* that time around, felt the pressure and the heat, the sense of overwhelming dread when the thought that he was about to burst crossed his mind again and again. He could only imagine what it was like for Elizabeth, yet at the same time, Shrapnel couldn't deny that just as quickly as his mind came up with catastrophic predictions about how his body was going to break down entirely, so too did they all melt away a moment later; he might feel as if he was about to pop, but just a second would pass and it turned into mindless pleasure as the pressure turned into mass, his form seemingly adapting by expanding outwards to meet demands. He was being pumped full, but rather than his frame remaining the same as ever before, it changed whenever it needed to in order to keep him on edge, hence why each gulp just made him larger and larger still; the warmer he got, the more of the delicious soup he guzzled down, the more his body had to deal with, and as a result, the bigger it had to become so it wouldn't collapse entirely. Soon enough his sheath *would* have been grazing the ground even from his sitting position, if not for his quad-nuts being in the way; that sack of his was something else entirely, an absolutely colossal throne of cum-stuffed nutflesh that everyone around him had to climb onto in order to keep the wolf restrained and unable to fight back. Not that he would, especially after it being made clear to him just *how many* people were actually catering to his transformation into a breeding god; Shrapnel had expected about a dozen or so, but the sheer amount of feet stepping on him was... something else. Doubly so considering they were on his *balls*, which *should* have been painful if not for the fact that his cumtanks were stuffed to the nines and thus so taut that he could probably bounce a rock off of them; even worse, *more* people seemed to be climbing onto them, those ones not even bothering to get close, as they were presumably only there to worship his glorious form. And that... that spoke to him. On a deep, almost spiritual level, the idea that people would literally throw themselves upon his body just to heap praise upon it spoke to him, to the point where he had to close his eyes and bite his lower lip just to try and keep focus; this didn't really help, what with the sensations flooding into his pleasure centers being *far* too powerful to give him so much as a moment's respite, but it *did* give the wolf plenty of perspective on just how far he was willing to go in the pursuit of pleasure, because it didn't take much longer before he was actively *begging* to be made bigger. Only then did he realize that the soup bowl had been taken away from him, and seeing how quickly it was given back as soon as he pleaded for it, Shrapnel could only assume that it had been a deliberate ploy on the villagers' end: deprive him of that which he loved most so he could mewl for it, leaving him entirely at their mercy. He didn't mind though; as long as they kept making him bigger, Shrapnel really didn't give a rat's ass as to whatever else happened, even when a handful of supplicants began trying to climb *into* his sheath. It was irrelevant, because soon enough his cock was going to emerge from that thing and presumably level half the village's buildings before reaching its fully turgid state, at least judging from how *enormous* the

plump sheath had become on its own. Hell, it was already leaking as well; the tip of the wolf's shaft hadn't even poked out from out of its holster and yet gallons of pre flowed freely onto the ground, prompting a handful of the faithful to try their luck at seeing what it did to them... in a variety of ways.

Meanwhile, halfway across the village, the rest of the locals had just gotten finished dragging Elizabeth somewhere with more room for her to grow, but, most importantly, right next to a large hole they dug where they could have her udders grow into. It was an inelegant solution, to be absolutely fair, but at the same time it wasn't as if they had any better ones; with the serval's tits being what they were, it was a miracle they even managed to get her that far to begin with, rather than being forced to stop midway there due to her milk reservoir growing too fat. Even then, the udders that were deposited into the large open space, haphazardly squeezed between Liz's legs, were *significantly* bigger than anything the cat had ever experienced before, and only growing bigger with each second that passed. Despite the *immense* amounts of cream firing from each of her teats, there was only so much that each breast could output, with the rest either being absorbed back into her udders down below... or serving to bloat her busts up even further. It was incredible how easily they still grew, even at the size they were at; in fact, they might actually have been growing *faster* than they usually did, no doubt courtesy of the soup-like concoction that Elizabeth was served, the same one she *begged* for more of only to be told she needed to wait for the "right time". Unlike Shrapnel, the serval had absolutely no compunctions about succumbing to her horny side; quite the contrary, as she was often the root cause of the two of them going completely overboard with whatever they tried to spice up their sex life, such as the myriad of stuffings which had left her with an exaggeratedly overendowed body. For her, the greatest travesty was not that she had her tits transformed into house-sized milk tanks, but that they hadn't gone *further*; that she'd been given something like that soup, only to then be denied seconds, was nothing short of insulting, especially if the locals were being honest about seeing her as a "fertility mother" or whatever it was they kept babbling on about. Surely, if they were *serious*, then they wouldn't deny her the opportunity to grow even bigger... at least, not unless they were planning something that would serve as an adequate replacement. This was the one thought that kept Elizabeth going throughout the process of her being dragged over and having her udders positioned properly, the notion that all of that would be worth it because, at the end, she would be gifted *something* that would make it all worth it; that the villagers surrounded her after the fact, and all seemed unable (or unwilling) to do anything but stare, however, did not inspire any amount of confidence. Maybe they were all waiting for an elder to show up again, or maybe they were all useless critters who didn't know how to treat a goddess properly; at that point, it hardly seemed to matter.