

There was very little preparation and absolutely no warning before the wolf thrust himself forward into the three holes he so desperately craved for, apart from the few seconds it took for him to aim his tri-cocks properly; it was practically instinctual at that point, enough so that he was already halfway done with it before realizing that he had even begun, like his body was *made* for the sort of extreme, hyper-sized debauchery that he was about to perpetrate. Long gone were the days where he fantasized about simply playing with Liz's bust and *maybe* getting a full-body hug by those colossal mammaries of hers, now he was fully focused on keeping two of his shafts pressing against her two nipples and the third one towering over a poor, overstretched mouth that could barely even take in a fraction of the tip, let alone the whole thing... but that wasn't going to stop him. Their bodies, his and Elizabeth's, were designed for that sort of thing, the kind of pleasure that other, lowlier mortals could only ever *dream* of, maybe ask someone to draw up whenever they felt like indulging in some fantastical daydreaming with the help of a visual element by their side; for the happy couple though, it was very much real, and more than that, it was *their* reality that they were crafting and imposing upon the world around them, damn the consequences and what anyone might think of them. The city was being destroyed, the ground itself ravaged by shockwaves whenever either of them moved in any fashion, and by the end of it, most of the urban sprawl surrounding the two would probably be coated in a half-mile-thick layer of spunk and milk, but *none* of it mattered compared to the one most important thing: bottoming out. Shrapnel could've taken his time, could've made it so that Elizabeth felt every single inch of his three cocks pushing into her body, stretching her out so much that her body should by all rights be unable to function afterwards. He could've been gentle, even, giving her the time needed to process what was happening to her *while* it was happening, such as to fully appreciate and experience the rapturous pleasure of it all like it was supposed to be appreciated... but he didn't. Whether it be because he himself was too far gone to even be capable of doing such a thing, his mind too much of a mess to even consider the notion of self-restraint, or because he deliberately *wanted* Liz to be on the receiving end of his brutish ministrations was a question that neither the serval nor the wolf himself particularly cared to ask, let alone answer; for them, the only truth that was even remotely relevant was the fact that Shrapnel had just hilted himself inside Elizabeth's breasts, the base of his cocks slamming into the colossal nipple buds as their full length penetrated *deep* into the oceans of milk within, all while the one rod directed at her mouth did... much of the same. It was difficult to explain, even more so to actually make sense of what he was seeing, but judging from the sounds coming from Elizabeth's stuffed mouth, it was clear that she was both alive and *very* eager for more, at least if the muffled, garbled words meant what Shrapnel assumed they did; the size difference between the two had finally worked against them, for the wolf was simply *too big* to be able to see the much smaller serval properly. Her tits were there, as was her belly, even her gigantic ass and thighs had become big enough to be seen rising from behind the mountains of milk-stuffed boob, but Elizabeth *herself*, her *torso* and head, were so tiny in comparison that the only thing that Shrapnel had going for him in terms of bearings was the direction his third cock was pointed in. It plunged deeply into the cleavage in front of him, squeezed from all sides by a pair of tits that

rumbled ever more menacingly, before emerging into a small amount of empty space... and then going right back into something warm, something that vibrated gently, something that seemed to be *squirring* around his length; little did he know that, against all odds, he *had* successfully pushed his colossus of a dick into Liz's mouth, and it just so happened that, in doing so, the serval's body had to make certain few accommodations to keep itself from collapsing under the strain... such as, mostly, turning itself into a living, breathing, furry condom to be used as a cocksleeve, and not much else. Her belly was still there, the womb safe and protected away from the direct line of impact of the wolf's still-growing rod, but the rest of her? One moment she was fine, the next she had that titanic shaft bearing down on her, pushing against her face and begging her to open her mouth to let it in, and in the next, said tip had gone straight through her, out the other end, and had lodged itself in the ground underneath her; at that moment, in a *single* moment in fact, the serval was speared from one side to another, left spitroasted on one of her lover's dicks, unable to really do anything other than helplessly flail her arms and legs about, at least until her brain kicked back in and she remembered to rub and knead her stretched-out self, it being the only way she had to pleasure the very same cock that had turned her into little more than an accoutrement for itself. It was still up in the air how exactly her mouth managed to open that widely, or how her body was still functioning when most of its insides had to be rearranged just to fit that skyscraper-sized pillar of cockmeat, but ultimately, did it even matter? She was there, so was Shrapnel, they were both alive and well, and now the wolf had to actually *do* something about him having his dick firmly stuck inside the ground after going through Elizabeth's torso and her absolutely enormous rear... or would have to do something, were it not for the secondary effects of him so carelessly bottoming out as he did. All of this, the maelstrom of confusing thoughts and the perplexity that the giant male felt at whatever happened between his third dick and Elizabeth, had all taken place in but a couple of seconds, a couple of seconds where the world seemed to pause in order to give Shrapnel some time to process what he had just done; but things wouldn't simply *stop* to let him catch up, nor would that rumbling he was feeling from each of the serval's tits grow any dimmer. In fact, as the clock's hands resumed their inexorable advance, so too did the noises get progressively louder, until Shrapnel had half a mind to bring his hands off of Liz's bust and onto his ears in order to keep his eardrums from rupturing. The quaking became stronger as well, enough to nearly send him off-balance, but it wasn't until a full ten seconds after hilding himself that the wolf realized what was actually going on... and even then, 'twas only after the compressors finally gave out, and Elizabeth's *full* size was revealed, that he understood just how much he was in over his head, because the serval didn't just have her two breasts unleashed upon the world: she had *four*. Never before had Shrapnel considered the possibility that his mate might spontaneously develop an additional pair of tits, not even in their most passionate, mindless moments where the world might as well not exist and their only motivation was the need to breed and fuck one another; growth, sure, and enough of it to put Cynthia's size to shame, hence why the two of them were even that big to begin with, but never in his wildest dreams did the wolf *dare* to assume that the serval's body might go the extra mile and vent some of that excess pressure *not* in the form of raw size and

volume, but in *quantity* instead. Frankly, it made an obscene amount of sense to him, at least in the lust-addled state that he was in, but it was still such a surprising turn of events that he couldn't help but stay there, standing still, not even realizing that his body had been pushed back a good *mile* by both the emergence of the additional bust and the unleashing of all remaining breast size, leaving behind two sets of grooves on the ground where his claws had been... not that anyone could see them, given they were now duly covered by four colossal milk factories that yet insisted on growing even more, even faster. It left Shrapnel stunned, unable to do aught but stare ahead and wonder how exactly that was supposed to work, and, most importantly, how he could make that happen again, because now that he knew it was possible, he didn't want it to *stop*; the second pair had emerged from underneath the first one in just the right angle to ensure that Liz was propelled upwards from where she was sitting, as made evident by the sudden emergence of her rear to about eye-level with Shrapnel (not to mention his third cock also moving upwards, still being stuck as it was within Liz herself), which could only mean that any further developments would add to this bed of breastflesh that the serval had been blessed with. Lacking any concrete evidence for any method in particular, however, it fell to the wolf to experiment with what might have caused it, starting with the most obvious solution: him thrusting into Liz so hard that it somehow pushed all of that mass into an extra rack. It was nonsensical, it broke the laws of physics even harder than the two of them had already, but it was either that or he had no idea what else; thus, with a great gritting of teeth, Shrapnel began the arduous task of pulling back, only then realizing just how tightly his dicks were being gripped by his lover's insides, both within her body and inside of her tits, to say nothing of the tip of his third shaft *still* being lodged in the dirt, having submerged itself in a thick, syrupy pit of cum-soaked mud with the consistency of thick soup. It was a chore and a half to move backwards enough that he could actually see *some* length of his manhoods, but as soon as he did, not a second went by before he instinctively threw himself forward again, not even thinking about the possibilities and once more surrendering himself to the immediate pursuit of pleasure; and, just like before, the moment he felt the base of his rods slam into Elizabeth's nips and mouth was the same one the rumbling began once more, the ground around him cracking as multiple trenches were opened purely through seismic power, before a loud, muffled moan miraculously overpowered the cacophony as a *third* pair of breasts emerged just underneath the second one, further pushing Shrapnel away and isolating Elizabeth herself in the middle of an ocean of boob that, by the point, the wolf could easily use as a king-sized bed... about twenty or so times over again. In fact, the only reason he could even *see* Liz at all was because her cheeks and thighs had grown far in excess to what they used to be like, signalling where the serval was, even if, by that point, most of their mass had been wrapped around Shrapnel's dick in the form of a very moan-happy cocksleeve that nonetheless only covered a small percentage of the cock's full length. Honestly, it was all a form of excess that he couldn't even begin to fathom... which was exactly why the wolf began backing up again, because with three pairs, why not go for four?

In fact, why stop at all? The way things were going, the two of them were bound to take over the whole planet as it was, without care nor consideration for anyone underneath them, or whether or not they'd even be able to survive after they reached a big enough size that they would breach through the upper atmosphere and into the cold depths of low orbit. It felt wasteful not to go all-out, since they were already doomed to fail either way... so they might as well enjoy things while they lasted, no? Besides, with Elizabeth safely on top of an ever-expanding bed of breasts, and with the additional pairs seemingly coming in whenever Shrapnel forced himself into her topmost pair, the wolf only truly needed access to the same pair of tits that had kickstarted this exponential expansion; seeing as how they were being pushed outwards along with him in order to make room for additional racks, really all that the giant had to do was hold on tight and not allow himself to be barrelled over and covered up by the avalanche of breastflesh. This was, surprisingly enough, easier than it first appeared, given that two of his cocks were very tightly sealed inside those advancing mountains of boob, with the third one still spreading through Liz herself and rising high in the sky behind her; in all honesty, the biggest concern in his mind was the possibility that his final compressor layer might finally give out, because against all odds, it was *still there*. Granted, it wasn't really doing much compared to what it used to be capable of; were Shrapnel to compare his current size to his true one, the difference in proportions was far smaller than what his compression gear achieved when it was still intact and fully functional; still, there still remained that final barrier, one that he couldn't avoid thinking of, as it felt like his body was being held in a grip by some unseen force, almost like he'd been stuffed in a plastic bag, one whose surface refused to break and tear regardless of how much force he put behind every motion. It was frustrating, above all things, to *feel* the last line of dimensional distortions still hold when he was already so close to a full ascension, and to know that, ultimately, it wasn't up to him to decide when it would finally shatter, but entirely up to the equipment and its ability to maintain itself; it would *inevitably* stop working, but that it was outside Shrapnel's control left him feeling incomplete, especially when compared to how Elizabeth had been fully revealed already, and the world was trembling underneath her colossal body. For the wolf, whose own form had become more proportionately gigantic as opposed to the serval's complete focus on her assets and belly, it was already getting difficult to truly comprehend the vast distances involved in trying to measure just *how* large his lover happened to be; from his vantage point, so high up in the clouds that his head was noticeably colder than his paws, he already had trouble seeing all of Elizabeth without needing to swivel his head around some, to say nothing of the fact that almost the entirety of the land stretching out towards the increasingly-curved horizon had been painted white and left so creamy as to have become a full coating of syrup. He could only *begin* to imagine what it must be like to witness such an event from down below, where the people watching were so unbelievably tiny in comparison that something that both Shrapnel and Elizabeth saw as an insignificant growth spurt probably qualified as locally apocalyptic, to say nothing of the larger ones, or even the emergence of brand new pairs of breasts... and *that*, that was the sort of motivation that Shrapnel needed: the knowledge and understanding that the two of them had reached a point in their ascension where

the most meaningless of gains was enough to completely shatter entire downtown areas, where bursts of size that the both of them failed to recognize as even having taken place were enough to drown out entire cities with the amount of cum and milk they produced. They had truly become something alike to gods, so immensely powerful that their presence alone was enough to warp the very notion of what could be considered real... at least in their heads, awash in hormones as they were. And as gods, theirs was the responsibility to do with their bodies what they wilt, and what Shrapnel wanted to do was give his lover an increasingly large number of rows of milk factories on her chest, to the point where it would have to elongate just to be able to fit them all; what he wanted was for things to become so excessive, so self-indulgent in their maddening dash towards the very limit of decency and beyond, that anyone looking at them from afar would be unable to fully take in what was happening without their minds shattering in half in the process. What he wanted was to pull back, then thrust forward again, triggering yet another planet-shaking quake as yet *more* breasts blossomed from the serval's body, and again, and once more, and onwards forevermore, only just barely holding himself back from outright jackhammer into those tits he was stuck inside thanks to still having to deal with the growth spurts that came with each new rack he was creating. With the growth going on at the same time, it felt as if he was being pushed back miles and miles with every new row of breasts that sprouted into existence, a distance that only grew larger with each addition. By the time he believed himself to be done, at least for the time being, he could barely even *see* Elizabeth anymore; her moans had left his body so titanic that the only thing he could really make out was a state-spanning series of overstuffed milktanks, *thirty* of them arranged in a staggering fifteen pairs, along with a flood that threatened to span the full breadth of the nation itself, right before contaminating two oceans at the same time. All he could see, emerging from atop this glorious formation, so massive that it, too, could be seen from high orbit, was the serval's positively *gargantuan* ass and set of thighs, jutting outwards and upwards, letting him know that his work was not yet done. For despite the fact that he had successfully covered so much of his home nation in what amounted to an endless wall of boob, that had never been the true focus; the point of them getting together like that was to *breed*, and doing so should've left Elizabeth with a far bigger *belly* than it did breasts, even taking into consideration just how productive her tits were in order to help feed the many little ones she was meant to carry. And though her womb had become something monstrously huge, big enough that it, too, was capable of covering the majority of the state they used to live in, it wasn't enough; it wouldn't *be* enough until it outsized *everything*, until it became so gloriously, magnificently titanic that even Liz's tits would look positively small next to it. It would be so stuffed, so fertile, so *filled* to the brim that, even as her body rushed to increase milk productivity with each new life being held within her, even with *thirty* such milk makers attached to her, it wouldn't be nearly enough to even begin to scratch the surface of what her belly would be like in terms of raw volume. Surely, the two of them would *have* to move into orbit, for there was no place for them on the planet anymore, not for the sort of plans they had in mind... or, at least, Shrapnel had in mind; it was hard to tell what Liz might be thinking at any point, given that her body had more or less escaped from her control. It was quite

likely that her brain had simply shut down all unnecessary processing power, and the only thing left of the old Elizabeth was their ability to feel pleasure (an accurate assessment if there ever was one), but even if that was the case, it still wouldn't mean that they couldn't carry on with this plan that Shrapnel had literally just come up with; all it meant was that he would have to pick up the slack for the both of them, something he was more than happy to do, *especially* since it gave him a reason to try something different for a change. Or, well, he *said* different, but ultimately it was just a shift in perspective and direction; after all, he had three cocks still, which meant that if he angled them correctly and pointed them all in the same direction, then surely the results should be threefold the ones he'd already seen... or something of the sort, horny math wasn't exactly his strong suit when his body was so colossal that he was having trouble breathe up in low orbit. All he could think of was the opportunity he had been afforded: the ability to pull back, climb atop Liz's many milkers (causing a continental-scale flooding in the process, and painting a significant chunk of the planet so white that satellites in orbit began to malfunction from the sheer amount of reflected light), and then *slam* both of his hands onto her ass, creating a shockwave so powerful that it very nearly created a vacuum for a mile around, such was the air displacement. There was a sound come from below, something resembling a moan; it was a noise that Shrapnel somewhat recalled, having forgotten most of what it was like during the short stint where his dick had made it impossible for the serval to really sound anything out properly, such that it didn't take long before his already titanic frame grew further still, almost as if in preparation for what was to come. He didn't even bother to wait for Elizabeth to be ready, nor did he deign to lube her up with his copious amounts of cum; he was in place, and what that meant was that he had to make good use of it while he still could, and *that* could only mean one thing: three cocks, three tips, all mashed together as best he could with both hands, all aimed directly Liz's cunt. It too had grown, enormously at that, like it had been waiting for this exact scenario to play out; it wasn't nearly big enough to take all three of his rods, but then again, by comparison, the serval's mouth was just as small as it had always been and it stretched out nicely, so the wolf could only assume the same would hold true for a part of his lover that was *designed* to take his shafts. In that moment, the small instant in between him making contact and the first inch being inserted, Shrapnel closed his eyes, trying to picture how things might look like in the future: himself and Liz, happily together, fucking and rutting and breeding until the cows came home, a permanent fixture of the night sky as they continued to grow and bloat and *fill* to their heart's content. Nothing would ever stop them, nor in fact anything *could* stop them; they were, after all, *gods*, and as gods the only thing standing in their way was their own desire to do anything. And seeing as they both wanted this to happen, that might as well not be any obstacle at all.

The moment passed, and the first inch went in, then the first yard, then mile, then a few dozen more. They kept coming as Shrapnel kept growing, bigger still as his very thrust only made Liz moan ever louder.

They had scarcely even begun.