

Yet another day, yet another weights bench successfully bent out of shape by the sheer force of the dragon using it. The gym staff had long since stopped trying to put an end to it, especially since the durg's presence served as a surprisingly effective marketing tool all things considered, but everyone *had* to wince when they heard the familiar sound of the metal bending out of shape with a creaking wail before snapping with a loud, reverberating crack, follow by two thuds as the halves fell on the ground. What was more impressive is that this happened *twice*: once for the weights, another for the bench itself, usually leaving the dragon joking about how lucky he was that he hadn't popped yet when he was always so close to jagged pieces of metal. No one knew how he could be so cheerful about it when it was, as far as anyone knew, a genuine concern; given his... *unique* anatomy, shouldn't popping be an actual danger that he should be worried about? And yet, despite this, the durg carried on acting as if it was perfectly fine, natural and, dare they say it, absolutely mundane for him to break the gym equipment out of sheer muscle mass, when doing so should be completely impossible for him. He was a creature of odd extremes, and no one really knew what to think of them outside of what they could get at face value: unendingly cheerful, unfailingly polite and helpful, and possessed of more stamina than even the greatest of endurance runners when he barely did any cardio. Honestly, how exactly someone who did nothing but chisel their bodybuilder's physique managed to outlast people who regularly ran marathons was anyone's guess, and the dragon himself wasn't telling.

As usual, Bruce concluded his day at the gym by waving at everyone and then ducking into the showers for five minutes. As usual, everyone in the building was all-but forced to listen as the loudest, oddly arousing squeaking and creaking came echoing from below ground as the dragon cleaned up after a hard day's work. As usual, the clothes he wore on the way out somehow managed to accentuate his figure even more than the simple shorts he kept on when actually working out, and, as usual, his poor car's suspension groaned loudly in complaint when he squeezed his way inside and drove off. It usually took everyone left in the gym a good five minutes before the residual mental image of the durg left their mind's eye, then another ten or so before it stopped being burnt into the inside of their eyelids; even then, rumours were still usually rampant regarding just what Bruce was, how he lived and how exactly he came to be. Being possessed of his uniquely non-organic biology was interesting enough, but he never seemed to do anything other than hit the gym all day, refusing to speak about his source of income (if any) and yet always ready to lend out some money whenever anyone asked. He was incredibly tight-lipped about his hobbies and life away from the exercise equipment, yet was the first one to listen when anyone else wanted to share. All of this combined to help people along some truly bizarre speculative paths, with the oddest of beliefs circulating as if they were gospel: from the "common knowledge" that he lived somewhere surrounded by a harem of equally-rubbery lovers, to the "simple conclusion" that he had to be some weirdly genius-like investment banker, and even the "obvious fact" that he probably had some sort of alter-ego that he used whenever he wanted to hit the town and party so hard that whole buildings came down. To a certain degree, Bruce himself allowed these rumours to persist by not actively fighting

them; better that his friends at the gym come up with absurd plots about his life than they know that the reality of it was significantly more mundane and uninteresting. Well, for him at least; he was certain his view of what constituted “normality” wasn’t exactly aligned with everyone else’s.

About half an hour after he left the gym, Bruce was entering the suburbs, and about ten minutes after *that*, he reached the “high-class” area of town where all the nice buildings were located. Most of those were owned by people that didn’t actually live there at all; the structures were left abandoned until the people with the keys decided they wanted to spend a couple of days somewhere where it wasn’t miserable and rainy, making it the perfect spot for him and his hubby to make their life together. No one to bother them, no one to ask questions, and given that their home was fully subsidized on account of both of their bodies being what they were, no need to worry about where the money was coming from, especially given the amount of cash they received on account of Tony’s... productivity. Goodness, Bruce never failed to blush when he thought about it, especially when he parked the car just inside the manor and had his well-trained ears tune in to the labyrinthine system of pipes servicing their house just beneath his feet, pumping out what had to be the seventh or eighth load of the day. It was hard to tell at times, given how often his partner had to get rid of his excess seed, but it was never less than ten every twenty-four hours or so; made for a killing as soon as they found a buyer for it, even if they had to offer a bulk discount after a certain point.

The house itself was *enormous*, but not necessarily in terms of having far too many rooms than would even be necessary; in fact, the interior was little more than a regular couple’s apartment that just happened to have two floors, with the top one being used for the bedroom, a storage closet and a bathroom, and the bottom containing their living room and kitchen, with a small-ish rec room in the basement. The issue, of course, was that Tony wasn’t the smallest of individuals, and as a result the house itself had to be made with him in mind; thus, even though it wasn’t anything special in terms of *what* was inside of it, the whole structure was still about five or six times larger than even the biggest of estates that surrounded it, towering over all of them in a way that seemed almost comical, if one didn’t know that the person living inside needed every single inch. It made for an impressive lead-up every time Bruce had to walk towards it from the outlying garage, and every time, without fail, he perked his ears to listen to whatever Tony happened to be doing so he could surprise them with how “perceptive” it was; the poor guy really didn’t understand that his attempts at being quiet so as to not upset the neighbors were still loud enough that, even at a hundred or so yards away from the front door, the musclebound dragon could still perfectly tell that his hubby was humping away at a wall-mounted drain in an attempt at emptying out his nuts for, again, who knew what time it was that day. The excitable little thing was even “murmuring” (read: openly screaming) for Bruce’s name, using a great number of words that he wasn’t nearly brave enough to employ when the two of them were

actually together, and which left the durg feeling so hot that he was quite happy no one was around to see how tight those pants of his were getting.

Predictably, opening the door made way for a variety of sounds that could only be described as what would happen if an industrial-sized suction pump was multiplied about ten times over, overclocked, allowed to run for five days straight and then asked to empty out an olympic swimming pool's worth of thick syrup in under three minutes; in other words, pretty much exactly what was happening, only with the syrup replaced entirely by copious amounts of feline spunk that constantly erupted from the endless, bottomless wellspring that was Tony (or, well, Tony's nuts at the very least). Just like every other day, the fox-tiger welcomed him with a big, warm, shaky smile, looking as if he was terribly embarrassed to be caught draining himself like he normally did several times a day, appearing as if he was one second away from apologizing for the time it took for Bruce to walk up to him and give those orbs a great big hug, causing them to instantly bloat outwards a few extra feet and the pump to beep loudly as the flow of cum was suddenly increased by about a factor of three. Tony was left flailing and begging for his squeaky mate not to do that again, as he normally did, all while his eyes practically twinkled and he unconsciously mouthed the word "more" at the end of every sentence; chuckling to himself, Bruce decided to leave them well alone as he took a second bath, this one much longer and more appropriate for the type of self-care his pseudo-skin required. It wasn't easy being a living inflatable; one day without proper maintenance and suddenly he'd be squeaking like an old, worn-out tire any time he did anything, not to mention the risk of damage he incurred if he didn't keep in tip-top shape. Honestly, the gym was far more a necessity than a luxury; who knew what might happen if he didn't maintain his body at an acceptable level of impossibly thick and muscular, even if that didn't exactly make a lot of sense all things considered? *Then* who would take care of Tony and tease them so much they kept growing endlessly?

Difficult questions to ask, hence why Bruce made it a point never to have to answer them; better if he just kept to his daily routine, even if it did keep him away from his mate for longer than he liked. Would it be that he could simply stay with them at every hour of every day and... well, the house they were in would probably not be enough, all things considered. It wasn't as if Tony had ever been small, but he also hadn't been the thirty-foot behemoth with balls so colossal that they made the rest of his body look tiny by comparison, not to mention a rod of such immense size that he had to stand at one end of the room just to get his tip into the drain on the other; or, to be more precise, had to sit on the throne of nuts he carried behind him at a weirdly awkward angle in order to accomplish this seemingly insurmountable task. And while some of it might be explained away by the fact that he was still a growing young man, there could be no mistake that a great lot of it was very much Bruce's fault; he couldn't help it though, how could he *not* give that cat every ounce of love in his body, especially in the form of marathon sexual encounters that wrecked walls and left massive holes in the ground wherever those cum factories happened to land more harshly? He might as well be asked not to breathe, it was absurd!

Once he was done, it was time to fix up dinner for the both of them. Seeing as the tiger-fox on the ground level was sadly unable to move at all until the draining cycle was complete, it fell to the durg to whip something up in the three or so hours they had until they were supposed to eat; being as big as they were though, Tony usually required *quite* a bit of nourishment, especially the fatty one that he insisted he didn't ask for because it settled right on his hips and ass, and as a result, Bruce had come to enjoy the art of cooking as a passionate hobby. So passionate, in fact, that he often lost himself for hours on end, and had to be brought back to reality by way of his partner quietly shuffling into the kitchen to ask when dinner was supposed to be ready, only to be met with several regular tables' worth of meals, laid out for his, and *only* his own amusement; Bruce, being what he was, didn't actually eat, so everything his masterful hands cooked up was wholly meant for the colossus he called a hubby! More than once, the dragon would sit on an elevated chair and just... watch him, observe Tony as they chowed down through what had to be enough food to feed several families for several days, all like it was a regular and perfectly normal thing to do. After all, having a body as productive as theirs meant that their appetite had become *ravenous* as a way of motivating the tiger-fox to eat as much as he needed to keep those cum factories of his churning out more and more spunk by the second; of course, there was also the slight "issue" that, on occasion, Bruce *might* encourage their partner to perhaps eat a bit more than they should, even beyond the excessive amounts that had left the fox-tiger quite bottom-heavy even without their package taken into consideration, because that man looked *good* with a pudgy belly. It was big, round, soft and damnably attractive, and after the stomach inside of it was finished with the heavy feeding, it all eventually settled on a pair of thighs and asscheeks that were to *die* for; honestly, the durg could just throw himself at them and get lost entirely within the sea of softness that constituted them, giving Tony what Bruce considered to be the objectively best body shape: pear-like!

That night was no different. Three hours the dragon spent in the kitchen, alternating between humming to himself and singing at full volume, occasionally asking how Tony was doing on the other side of the house, slowly filling up the dinner table with all manner of entrées, main courses, desserts and whatever else he could think of, until every inch of its surface was covered by something edible, plates included; they weren't exactly *meant* to be eaten, but when one reached the size that the tiger-fox did, physics took an extended walk for some cigarettes and never really came back, so it wouldn't be the first time the giant ended up crunching down about five pounds of cheap ceramic or plastic without even realizing it, since it would all end up settling on his fat rear end anyway. Sadly, it would appear that the hug the dragon gave their nuts when first arriving in the house had a bit of an unfortunate effect on the colossus' production rates, because he wasn't done even after those three hours were passed and he was meant to come eat something to recharge. In fact, Bruce could still hear his partner moaning softly (or as softly as he could, at least) from the other end of the house, quietly begging for his nuts to empty out properly while trying his best, though not necessarily succeeding, to not be too loud about it.

The dragon could practically *feel* their embarrassment when he walked up to them, arms folded in front of his chest, eyebrow at the ready to be raised at a moment's notice, only to find a perfectly normal sight: Tony, sitting on his immense nuts, stroking his cock to get it to empty out into a draining pump that kept beeping about how backed up it was. Standard stuff really; wouldn't be the first time his partner had clogged the piping and ended up needing some expert assistance.

"W-why did you do that?" Tony mumbled, hoping he didn't sound too accusatory, "You know what happens you do that while I'm emptying out, it messes with the piping..."

"I'm sorry, hun, really," Bruce replied, slowly climbing up one of his hubby's legs as gently as he could, "promise I won't do it again, I swear. How's the draining coming along?"

"I dunno, there's some sort of problem with the plumbing, but I don't think it's on our end. The techies sent me a text message to get ready about some blockage because of public works in the city, so I'm guessing that somewhere out there..."

Tony trailed off, his words hanging in midair for a few seconds before their full meaning sunk in and it became clear what he meant; the mental image of a bunch of construction workers breaking into a sewage pipe, hoping to find nothing but the usual only to be blasted in the face with a tidal wave of cum was... well, it was hilarious, in the same way that someone slipping on a banana peel and landing flat on their ass was funny; Bruce had to fight to keep the giggles inside of him, and even then he had to snicker for a bit just to vent some of that steam, or else he'd break out into an hysterical fit of laughter, all while Tony sheepishly tried telling him that it *wasn't funny*, and someone might get hurt in the process! If only the giant hybrid knew just what the truth was, they'd... probably be far more worried, now that Bruce thought about it; best that he never let him know just what their spunk to people, or else they'd be constantly stuck in a neurotic breakdown.

Truth be told, there was a very good reason the HAA had housed the two of them in *that* place rather than anything more accessible, and it wasn't entirely because they needed a lot of space to move around in. Rather, it was due to a very curious, and yet *extremely* hazardous property of Tony's seed that just happened to manifest whenever anyone was exposed to it in any way, shape or form; Bruce was immune thanks to his rubbery, inorganic biology, but anyone caught in a blast of it, anyone swallowing even a speck, anyone who so much as tasted the tiniest drop or was exposed to it immediately began developing in much the same way Tony himself did. No one ever grew as large as they had, even after being fully dunked in the damned thing for a minute straight and nearly drowning in its thick, viscous goodness, but they never emerged unscathed either; short-term expose inevitably resulted in growth of the erogenous areas, regardless of what they might be for any given person, while medium- to long-term expose led to

overall height gain, *massive* growth spurts in their assets, and, oddly enough, slight modifications to their bodily structure to more resemble... a draconic creature. Perhaps it was Tony's infatuation for Bruce, or maybe they had some weird dragon gene that hadn't activated properly, but whatever the case, it was in everyone's best interest to keep the thirty-foot titan away from large population centers, lest the Authority suddenly have to deal with hundreds-to-thousands of incredibly horny, incredibly large half-dragons roaming around trying to set up orgies every five minutes; as long as the fox-tiger's seed was allowed to reach a treatment plant, its effects could be lessened and the resulting effluvia allowed to proceed to secondary refinement, where it would be bottled up, sent to a chemical facility and then further reprocessed into a very potent virility aid that made everyone involved in the operation quite rich indeed. It was confusing, and neither Bruce nor Tony really knew how exactly the latter's cum was separated from the water and sewage, but they were a living balloon dragon and a thirty-foot hybrid with nuts bigger than the rest of them, so logic and consistency weren't exactly on the forefront of their mind most of the time.

However, none of this really mattered for the task at hand, which was to empty Tony out in time for dinner. Massaging his nuts never worked, as it only resulted in them bloating harder from the stimulation, leaving only one big, massive, throbbing, vein-covered thing that they could turn their attention to, the same one Tony himself had been stroking for a while, and the one thing that Bruce could never really lift properly, despite having set it as a goal for himself months prior. The dragons slid off from the tiger-fox's body after giving his hubby a smooch on the cheek, hopping onto the ground before walking towards that enormous pillar of cockmeat whose tip was still being actively drained about fifty feet away on the other end of the room. There wasn't really a lot that Bruce could really do there; the size disparity was such that he was incapable of servicing that rod as well as he hoped he could... but, then again, it wasn't *what* he did, but *who* did it that mattered; Tony never asked for much, but just the fact that he got to watch and listen to his mate rubbing himself all over his colossal shaft, squeaking and creaking and groaning like plastic being bent out of shape each time they moved their body forwards and backwards, was nothing short of divine. How exactly Bruce managed to keep his physical form *feeling* like it was rippling and bulging with musculature when it was pretty much the opposite was anyone's guess, but it never failed to set Tony off so hard that, try as he might, he never managed to hold out for more than a couple of minutes as soon as that beautiful durg got going, and that night was no different. With his teeth gritted and his fingers sinking into his base, Tony felt a pressure crash building up inside of his cum factories, coursing through them as it seemed to collect as much seed as it could before *firing* it forwards, pushing countless gallons of the stuff through his cock at the same time, enough that he saw (and felt) it bloat outwards to deal with the sudden rush! Bruce got maybe a second's warning before that thickening bulge hit him square in the head and he was sent flying off to the side, and maybe a second after that, it slammed into the wall and promptly backblasted from the draining machine, sending gushes of spunk flying in every direction as the pumps overflowed and suffered a critical breakdown.

Again, not the first time this had happened, but *goodness* if the output wasn't always ridiculous to watch. From somewhere on the ground, still disoriented from having been sent flying off by what he could only assume was a literal tidal wave's worth of cum, Bruce marvelled at just how easily his mate utterly overflowed from pumps that, just a couple of months prior, had been *too big* for him, as if the world had given him a challenge and, without even trying, he succeeded so hard that everyone in the sports committee had to look at one another and wonder what sort of monster they had unleashed. Or something of the sort, it was difficult coming up with adequate analogies when he was being splashed with errant ropes of spunk from fifty feet away, all while his mind immediately began wondering how they were supposed to clean up after what was looking to be a rather sizeable flood; really, just a few seconds were all that was needed for the backed-up fluids to start seeping close to where the two of them were, and the rest of the house was just... right there. Why hadn't they installed proper flood control? Why weren't there any drains on the ground?!

"We're gonna have to call them, you know?" - Bruce turned to face his partner, who was slightly too out of it to really understand anything being told to him - "But... ah, nevermind, I'll talk to you in a bit. You just focus on getting all that cum out of your system, eh big guy~?"

The giant kitten nodded, more so out of instinct than anything else, his hands hard at work stroking his cock in order to coax out as much of his spunk as possible. There wasn't much he *could* but sit there and hope to whatever he god he prayed to that it would be over soon enough, especially since he had to get started with the preparations to move upstairs; even something as simple as going to bed was a multi-hour affair requiring ceiling-mounted rails, about half a mile of fluid-resistant tarp and enough squishing and bending that even the dragon's malleable body sometimes wasn't enough, all so that, in the end, the tiger-fox could safely go to sleep without having to worry about waking up surrounded by a small lake of cum. It wouldn't be the first time that happened; on occasion, even the pumps used to keep him drained during the course of the night backed up and stopped working properly, or maybe the durg rolled around in his sleep and decided to turn his partner's hyper-productive nuts into his personal body pillows. Whatever the case, this always ended with their bedroom being flooded to such a degree that, if not for the tiger-fox's cum being of a higher viscosity than maple syrup, Bruce would've been able to swim around in it; they could only be thankful that every door in their house was hermetically sealable and fully capable of isolating the room it serviced in order to prevent any unfortunate spillage, otherwise these incidents would've destroyed the ground level several times over already.

Regardless, the best thing that Bruce could do at this point was try and establish some sense of normalcy, or at least whatever counted as such for the two of them. With his mate too busy trying to empty out, and the growing covering of spunk on the other side of the living room quickly approaching them and heading closer and closer to the front door, the best thing that the

dragon could do at that point was get the food he prepared for the fox-tiger and try and feed them while they were still reeling from their climax. If he took too long, they might just chain it into the next one, and then who knew what might happen; the last time that Tony was allowed to just move from one orgasm to the next, the house needed serious renovations and their accountants nearly fainted after having to justify the expenses. Moving the table over was out of the question though; the last thing Bruce wanted to do was wash cum stains out of the furniture, and he was already going to have to do that for most of the living room's upholstery at the rate things were going. He could still hear the pumps failing to deal with the flow, beeping loudly enough that their speakers were very clearly straining to handle the noise as well, truly a spectacle of excess that *someone* was going to have to deal with, whoever that may be; as soon as the two of them were done carrying Tony upstairs, Bruce was going to have to a very long conversation with their handler.

Carrying as much of the dinner as he could on him, finding it funny how his pecs were large enough that he could balance a few plates on each one, the durg carefully made his way from the kitchen to where his mate awaited him, already a bit more conscious of his surroundings and actively trying to wind down, the bursts of spunks firing from his tip having reduced from powerful enough to crack the plaster on the wall to simply several dozen times stronger than even most male hypens. 'Twas life for the two of them, that such a state was considered almost normal post-climax, enough that Tony actually managed to turn his head and acknowledge that Bruce was trying to do, even if he couldn't do anything to help; if he took his hands off his cock, there was a very good chance it'd start swelling again!

"No need to move, I'll... I'll find a way up," Bruce spoke up before his partner could say anything, "just try not to move too much, my hands are a bit full and I might fall onto your nuts if you're not careful."

Tony responded by letting out a short, almost imperceptible whimper, though whether this was because of the rubbery dragon hopping onto his leg, the idea of being stuffed full once again if something happened to his cum factories, or perhaps even the *desire* to see those things explode outwards with renewed productivity was anyone's guess. If Bruce had to take a shot at it, he'd probably point at the last two; as much as his mate insisted that he was a responsible little kitty who didn't like causing trouble for anyone, there burned inside of him an almost uncontrollable lust for growth and expansion, one that was only stoked harder and harder the bigger he got over time. Tony did his best to keep it under wraps, but Bruce knew better, hence why he constantly tried so hard to get that aspect of his mate to come out during their more intimate moments.

Right then and there, however, was dinner time. Though it took the dragon quite a bit before he found a way to climb up close enough to the tiger-fox's mouth that he could just dump the



plates in it and call it day, he eventually had it mapped well enough that he was quite certain he could make the trip a second time; and after the first dozen or so full meals were well and truly packed away inside of his partner's belly, along with a contented sigh on their part and yet another whimper as he begged for more, Bruce turned around to get more. It was a simple process really, merely a long one, as normally it would be Tony who took the initiative in clearing out the banquet table, not him, and having to carry all of its contents to their destination at a measly dozen or so trays at a time was, if nothing else, *harrowing* for the poor giant, who had to contend with a prohibitive pause in between snacks that left it practically begging for more. At least it helped to serve as a distraction; Tony's hunger was such that his brain had focused entirely on sating it, allowing his shaft to soften up just enough for the fox-tiger to become mobile again, though by that point, only about half of dinner was still left; nevertheless, he waddled through the door, taking care not to splash the cum coating the floor too hard, then plopped his fat rear on the ground next to the table and did what he did best: grabbed both sides of it and then unceremoniously lifted it off the ground to tilt it upwards.

For some, this might be seen as flagrant disrespect for the sheer amount of work that went into cooking all of the food that was being almost-literally shovelled into the giant's mouth without the slightest concern for finesse. For Bruce, however, it was nothing if not a badge of honor; it wasn't every day that his mate decided to forgo even the most basic of civility and allowed gravity to push all of it into his mouth so he could swallow it all without chewing, his eyes practically bulging out for the few moments he spent pushing that colossal food bulge down his throat. They'd become apologetic and ashamed right afterwards, the fox-tiger's expression softening once he realized just what he had done, but that didn't matter; all it took was for Bruce to give any part of them a great big hug (though preferably not *those* bits) for Tony's fears to be assuaged. While this normally led to a certain few things that made a right mess of whatever room they happened to be in, they both respected the sanctity of the kitchen far too much to get busy in there; after all, if it had to be deep-cleaned, how would Bruce cook all that delicious food for next day's lunch?

With dinner thus behind them, it was time to get Tony to the first floor, and already Bruce could feel a pounding headache coming on once he began thinking about how difficult it would be. Once upon a time, back when tiger-fox wasn't the beastly colossus that he was today, far back when he had hips that were person-shaped and not so immensely wide that even their home's double doors could barely service them, Tony could've done the whole thing by himself. Sure, he still needed the rails and a lot of elbow grease, but he wasn't as helpless as he now was, stuck there and unable to really go anywhere that wasn't on the same horizontal plane as him, with even slight descents potentially snowballing into dangerously destructive tumbles. Nowadays, it took the concerted efforts of the both of them to even get the ceiling rails to do their job, and that was just step one of a multi-stage process that inevitably ended with Bruce having to mop up the stairs for what felt like the millionth time.

One of more curious features of their house was a system of metallic rails that had been installed on their ceiling back when they first moved in. They were usually employed by the HAA for hyperts of a more *breast-heavy* persuasion, mostly to allow them to move around their homes without accidentally bumping into another and breaking it into bits; the whole point of it was less to provide mobility and more to keep said mobility along preset paths so that the rest of the house's interior could be designed around it, thus minimizing damages. For Tony though, the Authority had to splurge out a bit, because for the tiger-fox it *was* about mobility, and the reason why some of their rooms had two rail lines instead of just one was precisely because, sometimes, the poor guy really needed that much support just to get back up. It was a constant source of embarrassment for him, especially when the tarps went on and he could hear the metal above him creak as it strained against his weight, but a necessity nonetheless; there was simply no other way they would ever get the giant up to the first floor without using those things.

Even still, getting the support struts ready and the cloth tarps prepared took long enough that Tony was already complaining about how stuffed he felt, and not necessarily because of the heavy dinner. Bruce redoubled his efforts in an attempt to avoid the worst of it, but once he had his mate to help lift his own sack and cock in order to get him ready, the dragon could indeed feel how the fox-tiger's package felt far harder than it really should, an indication that this might very well be one of those days where the sewer system beneath their house had its limits tested properly. With a few hurried requests for Tony to hurry up, the durg pulled on the many ropes and hefted the giant's weight, making good use of those non-muscles he spent so long working out for, and even then only succeeding in getting his mate a few inches off the ground before the ceiling began to audibly complain and the metal railing creaked ominously. As usual, the two stopped dead in their tracks, allowing everything to settle as they hoped that today wouldn't be the day the whole thing collapsed on them like they feared would happen eventually, leaving only the gurgling of the feline's cumtanks to keep them company. Tony looked at his partner with a pained expression, Bruce responded with a silent plea for them to not do anything, and thus the couple remained there for five minutes as the ominous groaning above their heads grew lighter and lighter, before eventually disappearing altogether.

From there it was an equally long and arduous journey of very slowly inching closer to the stairs, doing their best not to strain the system too much as the tarps holding up the tiger-fox's body groaned ominously, and the metallic rings where the ropes hooped around looked about ready to start tearing through cloth from the sheer weight of it all. Not a moment went by that the two of them didn't fear for the worst, but against all expectations they safely made it to their destination; seeing as the stair railing was extra-reinforced compared to the one the giant was on *and* that the ceiling was prepared precisely to help deal with those sorts of weights, the couple could afford to take things a bit quicker than usual, if only so they could get Tony into their bedroom as soon as possible, given the sorts of noises his body was making. Any second spent

not moving forward was a second wasted, and indeed the fox-tiger was already having a hard time squeezing himself past the railing on one side and the wall on the other, requiring Bruce's help to get him past the last few steps, beyond which they at least had some more some space on the upstairs landing. Given that their doors had long since stopped working as intended, the balloon durg had to unlock the sliding wall that made up one side of their bedroom and then push it off to the side, opening the way for his mate to squeeze in with... minimal hassle. It was always a reminder of how large he was that they effectively had to move the whole wall as opposed to just making a larger door, but Tony had grown accustomed to it, or at least as accustomed as he really could be; that blush on his face and the slightly increased gurgling of those nuts always betrayed just what he *really* thought about the whole thing.

With the tigox safely inside the room, Bruce began sliding the wall back in place while his mate went to work undoing the many, *many* ropes holding him up to the ceiling rails. By that point, neither of them had to worry about any sudden impacts once the tarps were released; Tony's package had swollen so much from the short walk up to his room that it was practically brushing against the floor already, yet maintained a certain softness to it that made the final drop less of a dry, rumbling thud, and more as if two massive water mattresses had just been plopped on the ground, along with a very long body pillow on the other end of him. From there, things progressed as they usually did: the wall-mounted pump was turned on, Tony gingerly placed his rod inside of it as far as it could go, and the whole thing was set to work for the next twelve hours, giving both of them plenty of time to fall asleep, have a good night's rest and still have enough wiggle room after waking up to drain the fox-tiger to a manageable size, whatever that even was anymore. So, while Tony got busy with his nightly duties, Bruce took the opportunity to clean up after the mess the two of them left downstairs.

He didn't even have to walk that far before he saw it: the very large, very thick and *extremely* unwieldy-looking flood of spunk that resulted from the living room pump backing up and failing (again). It had not only taken over the entirety of the living room itself, but was now hard at work encroaching on the rest of the house as well, oozing into the hallway, pressing against the front door and already getting menacingly close to the kitchen. Sighing, the dragon ignored all of his and made his way over to the broken pump, which predictably was *still* allowing its contents to spill out, seeing as neither him nor Tony bothered to turn it off. It was like wading through thick syrup, and it only served to remind him that if he didn't start cleaning up immediately, then the whole room would be unusable for the next several days, prompting him to waste as little time as possible shoving an entire table onto the pump's opening to jam it shut before turning around and trying to get some help on the phone. While typically the HAA wasn't hot on the idea of sending cleaning technicians over every other day, they couldn't exactly refuse the service either; it wasn't anyone's fault that Tony regularly broke their equipment (much less his own), but Bruce couldn't help but notice that every time he called their central offices, he always seemed to be put on hold for just a little while longer, until he was eventually made to wait

upwards of half an hour just so he could get a random secretary to ask him what he was calling for... followed by yet another waiting period while the Authority itself ping-ponged the responsibility around for as long as they legally could. Being as aware of this as he was, this gave Bruce plenty of time to leave his phone on speaker while he prepared the heavy-duty cleaning equipment.

Industrial-grade degreasers, bleach, paint thinners and a wide selection of mops and brushes, all of it capped off with a high-pressure hose linked directly to a water main meant *exclusively* for clean-up operations. It was in situations like these that the durg thanked his lucky stars for his unique biology, because most of that gunk just slid right off of him whenever it splashed back from where he was aiming the water jet; even still, enough of it was left sticking to his body that he occasionally had to turn the hose on himself, all while trying to listen to the dial tone for whenever the HAA bothered to actually speak to him directly. It wouldn't be the first time that they took so long he managed to do most of the work himself, and given that he'd been waiting for the first person to pick up for the better part of an hour, he began wondering if he shouldn't just turn the phone off and wrap everything up himself... though, given the sounds he was hearing coming from beneath his feet, after Tony began to use the upstairs pump the way it was supposed to, made him instantly reconsider; the sheer amount of spunk being flushed down was such that the dragon began to fear that any clean-up he got to would be rendered pointless once a second flood was started upstairs.

“Hyper Awareness Authority speaking, good evening,” the phone suddenly sprang to life, “this is the Wilkinson residence speaking, yes?”

Bruce almost tripped over himself in his rush to get back to the damned thing, and indeed ended up tumbling onto his front just within reach when he forgot he had dumped a substantial amount of bleach on the ground directly in front of the front door. Grumbling under his breath, he got up and gingerly walked up to the phone itself, hoping not to give away just how cum-covered and sticky everything was with his heavy footsteps.

“Yes, hi, this is Bruce speaking, me and Tony had a bit of a uh... incident a few hours ago, and the main draining pump in the living room is backed up and spilling over. Most of the ground is kinda covered in the stuff right now, and I've been trying to get rid of the worst of it, bu-”

“Say no more, we'll be sending a team over” - well, that was certainly convenient and not at all ominous - “we've been receiving some anomalous readings from your property for the whole day, and it seems that your husband's somehow managed to produce more in the last twenty-four hours than he usually does in an entire week, so that was fun; currently we're dealing with some clogging in the city's sewage system, but we'll dispatch a group of technicians to help as soon as

we can. In the meantime, please try and keep Tony as far away from any source of stimulation as possible; it might just trigger something we're not ready to deal with yet. Is there anything else we can help you with?"

"... n-no, thank you, that'll be all," Bruce eventually replied, too stunned to say anything else, "thank you, I'll be waiting. Good night."

And with that, the scariest phone call he'd had in months came to an end. The dragon stood there, staring at the tiny device as the dial tone kept beeping to let him know he should probably turn it off; trying as hard as he could not to get cum stains all over it, he gently pressed the right button with the tip of a claw before turning to face the stairs, thinking on how best to approach the situation.

"Tony?" he called out, not knowing what to say, "Is uh... is everything alright up there?"

The reply took a while to come, during which the durg could *not* help but notice how the sounds of the pipes below him being strained only grew louder. Even when the tiger-fox replied, his voice sounded unnaturally strained, like he was clenching every muscle in his body while trying to speak at the same time.

"Y-Yeah, everything's fine! Just got a little backed up, but I'm dealing with it!"

Bruce shook his head, eyes wide as he repeated those words back to himself. "Dealing with it", sure; Tony dealt with his size problem the same way the durg himself dealt with his gym habits, just without the honesty. Every time this happened Bruce was convinced that if Tony was just forthright with himself about how much he actually enjoyed being that big, then this kind of flooding situation would never come to pass. It was important to be honest about oneself *to* oneself, and that kind of self-denial, even if it was blatantly artificial, could *not* be good for the guy. It almost made him want to drop the pressure-hose and go upstairs to give his mate a great big hug and let them know that it was ok if they wanted to be so enormous that they didn't fit in any house the HAA could find them, if not for the fact that doing so might trigger a growth spurt that *would* definitely render his attempts at a clean-up moot. For now, it was best if he just kept trying to get rid of all the spunk covering the floor, blasting enough water onto it to dissolve it into a more easily removable liquid, rather than the near-paste that it was. Honestly, the two of them were *lucky* they had the Authority behind them; goodness only knows how anyone else would deal with Tony's rampant productivity.

The longer he worked though, the worse it got. The drainage system beneath the house was kept constantly taxed by what had to be the biggest release yet, Tony's moans perfectly audible even from behind their bedroom's locked door. On occasion, Bruce could perfectly hear the

sounds of groaning metal as the amount of fluids being forced down the pipes was so high that it began to make short work of the welding and riveting keeping the whole thing in one piece, leaving the durg to pray that the clean-up not only showed up quickly, but brought with them some sort of tranquilizer or calming agent to help keep his mate at a more manageable level. Surely, if they detected something was wrong, they *must* have some sort of plan prepared to keep things from going completely out of control, no? At least he hoped so; the alternative was having to move, and where exactly could they go that'd be able to keep up with them?

Ignoring the sounds beneath his feet became harder and harder as time went on and the HAA didn't actually send anyone, seconds turning into minutes and minutes into one hour, then two, then dangerously close to three when he began hearing his mate moaning from the top floor, the kind of sounds that were only ever made whenever Tony was feeling particularly pent-up and the machine servicing him couldn't help him get rid of the excedent quickly enough... which shouldn't ever be the case, considering the pumps installed in their bedroom wall were supposed to be the strongest in the house, deliberately designed to withstand a whole night of keeping the giant perfectly empty without the slightest hint of clogging. And yet when Bruce stopped to hear, what he noticed left him feeling so terrified that he could only thank his lucky stars that he didn't have a spine that could chill over, because the constant churning of fluids coming from the piping system had... stopped. Normally this would be a good thing, but considering the sort of noises his partner was making, it could only mean one thing: the draining pump had actually backed up, and things were now critical.

Bruce couldn't have dropped the mop faster than he did, taking care not to slip when he bolted upstairs to check up on Tony, only to have his worst nightmares be confirmed when he saw just how much cum was pouring out from underneath the door to their bedroom. The damned thing was *sealed*, it wasn't *supposed* to leak, and yet somehow there was already a thick layer of spunk halfway to the stairs, and judging from the sloshing noises coming from the other side of the wall... it would probably be best not to actually open the door, not unless the dragon wanted to be glued to the floor by several times his body weight in seed. And yet, he couldn't abandon his better half in there, not until some indeterminate point in time where the Authority deigned to actually send someone over; if he didn't do something, Tony could very well *drown* in there, and as much as it would be a fitting end for the tiger-fox titan to end up submerged in his own spunk, Bruce was *not* having any of that. Breathing in deeply and trying hard not to think too much about what was about to happen, the dragon walked forward and unlocked the sliding wall; already he could see even more of the fluids within trying to seep out, and knew that the moment he gave that syrupy substance enough room to flood the rest of the house, he wouldn't have to pull on the wall for it to be completely opened. Indeed, all it really took was him tugging on it just hard enough to give it a foot or so of clearance before a *torrent* of cum erupted from the open space, smashing so hard against the other side of the corridor that it actually *ripped* the wallpaper off of it, along with a substantial amount of the plaster making up

the wall itself! Bruce tripped backwards as he tried to get away from the avalanche, the sliding panel forced to open even wider as the small lake of spunk on the other side of it made good use of an opportunity to vent all the pressure, utterly *ruining* all the work the durg had put towards cleaning the bottom floor.

All he could really do was stare ahead and watch as countless gallons of the stuff seeped out, more oozing and slimy than liquid after having been compressed within the confines of the couple's bedroom. Bruce could hear Tony's cries from within, calling out for his name and *begging* for the dragon to do something about the "fucking drain", the very first time that he'd *ever* heard the tiger-fox swear at all. Now fully in panic mode, Bruce grabbed the edge of the sliding wall and pulled it back fully, releasing the last few hundreds of pounds of cum still stored inside and turning the corridor into an improvised swimming pool, and he was ready to march right into the room proper when he saw just what was waiting for him in there.

Tony was *enormous*, and not just in the way that he usually was. The bedroom itself was built to specification, providing plenty of space for even someone as colossal as that fox-tiger, and even in the two's wildest moments, they never really made use of most of the room's... well, room. Now though, it was hard to tell just where the whole place had gone to; all that Bruce could see was his mate flattened against the wall where the bedstand used to be pushed towards, with pretty much everything else having been taken over by his overbloated cum factories and a cock so incomprehensibly massive that it was nothing short of a miracle that it hadn't pierced through the ceiling and made short work of the entire property yet! No wonder the drain wasn't working properly; Tony wasn't even plugged into it properly.

The reason for this became obvious as soon as Bruce tried to look into it, however. Took a bit of squeezing and a lot of uncomfortably tight spaces, but somewhere in between one section of a single nut and the wall where the machinery had been set, the durg found that the pump proper had backed up with the sheer amount of fluids it was having to deal with, the red warning light probably having been on for *hours* at that point without anyone doing anything about it, prompting the durg to loop back around and give Tony the most accusatory stare he could muster without having it be *too* harsh that the poor guy would feel worse about himself than he already did.

"Why didn't you call for help?!" Bruce demanded, trying his best not to wave his arms around too much, "You could've drowned!"

"I d-didn't want to interrupt you cleaning," Tony replied meekly, looking as if he was coming up with the excuse as he went along, "I thought I could handle it..."

“Tony, you... Oh, nevermind,” the dragon sighed in response, shaking his head, “Tony, you know you can’t handle this on your own, that’s why we have pumps everywhere on the walls! Honey, if you want to experiment with growth, that’s perfectly fine, but you need to warn me first!”

It was a gamble, but judging from how much the tiger-fox blushed after he said it, Bruce knew that he’d found the real reason, for once.

“I’ve been telling you this for *months* now, Tony,” he insisted, taking a few steps through the thick spunk on the ground to give his mate a few pats on the nut, “I’m all for you trying out new looks and sizes, but you can’t do it like this. You’re lucky I heard the piping get clogged, or else I wouldn’t have rushed upstairs quickly enough to help you. And then what would you have done?”

The giant didn’t look so big after these words, even if he did still take up most of the room. If anything, Tony looked like he wanted to be anywhere but there, and even covered his face with both hands as if that would do anything at all.

“Anyway, I took the liberty of calling the techies, and *no*, before you say anything “ - Bruce was quick enough to interject before Tony tried to interrupt - “you don’t get to say no to this. I know you find it uncomfortable whenever they have to take measurements, but I can’t really handle... *this* all on my own. Should’ve thought about it before you tried to bwoompf out without letting me know first, now shouldn’t you?”

“... sorry,” was the only word the fox-tiger could muster.

“Don’t be” - the dragon squeezed in further, trying to get as close as possible to his mate so he could lay a hand on his cheek... or at least any part of him that wasn’t a nut, given the state that they were already in - “It’s why I’m here. Did you think I didn’t know we’d have to go through this back when we first moved in? I’m not here just for the good parts, hun, you *know* you can count on me. So please, the next time you want to try something like this? You know you can trust me, don’t you?” - Bruce allowed his partner a few moments to slowly nod - “Wonderful. Now, as much as I’d like to stay here for the rest of the night, the HAA should be sending someone soon enough, and I’m pretty sure they’re going to be demanding some answers for why the whole house is flooded... plus, someone has to start cleaning up before all this gunk starts seeping into the carpet, so uh... sorry about that.”

“S’alright... I understand,” Tony mumbled back, “I’ll try and hold it back until they’re here.”



“God no,” Bruce chuckled, “blast away as much as you want; holding back is only gonna make it worse and the house is wrecked anyway, so no point trying to hide it anymore!”

Tony’s reaction to the quip wasn’t as effusive as the dragon might’ve hoped, but at least the big lug smiled at the attempt at humour, and indeed nodded along as their whole body relaxed, coinciding with the wet noises coming from the other side of the room growing stronger as the tiger-fox allowed his production to vent out unimpeded. As for the dragon, he now had the unenviable job of wading through the several-inch-thick layer of spunk that covered pretty much everything on the way down to the ground floor, biting his lips in an attempt not to swear when he saw that not only had his whole work been rendered pointless by the sheer amount of seed coating the ground below, but his cleaning tools had been swept away in the tide as well; worse still, the *phone* was busted, so if the Authority techies called him, then... well, they were out of luck, and better hope they remembered to bring the keys to the property.

Bruce didn’t even *try* to clean up. With the pressure hose buried and probably bent out of shape by the deluge and most of everything else either too dirty to use or simply vanished from sight, all the durg could really do was open the front door and try to physically push some of the gunk outside, giving up mere minutes later after it became obvious that he was wasting his time. Even the kitchen was flooded, the one thing that genuinely made him curse his luck out loud, even if under his breath so Tony wouldn’t hear. Without any more options left, Bruce sat down on the grass outside, looking up at the starlit sky and wondering just how long it would take before help arrived. He didn’t even know how long he’d been there in the cold when he heard the sounds of wheels coming up the driveway, his eyes blinded momentarily by several sets of headlights, followed by the frantic sounds of a few dozen workers donned in hazmat gear and wielding high-pressure water hoses attached to massive mobile tanks. A few of them tried to ask what had happened, given the sight that met them at the front, but Bruce didn’t bother; all he really had to do was point behind them and let the team work its magic, which only resulted in a great many cries of surprise when the poor bastards realized how *thick* that cum was, and how much work they had in front of them.

It would probably take until the morning before the cleaning operations were done, and seeing as his presence wasn’t apparently required given the absence of any company reps, Bruce figured he was fine to return to his lover’s side. At the very least, he had *that* going for him.

And when morning came, they could get started on properly testing Tony’s limits.