

Now, he wasn't saying that he completely forgot that there was midterm that day, but he did completely forget that midterms were even a thing. In his defense, or at least what could pass as one, the fennec had been slightly busy with his side projects, that being a band that failed to get off the ground, joining the theater group only to be kicked out after he was found distributing pot to people without being discreet about it, and starting, then promptly dropping, at least ten different attempts at a novel. So when the first hurdle of his college life came knocking, Syl was completely blindsided, having not only failed to study for his World History course, but having failed to show up for it at all for most of its run so far; he figured that it would be easy enough to cram before the first big test, seeing as it *was* just a bunch of dates and random figures that used to be important to some distant, far-off monarchy that didn't exist anymore. What he wasn't expecting, when he walked up to his class and found everyone pouring over their notes in a last-minute attempt at getting as much information into their heads as possible, was for the subject to be so complex that it required multiple encyclopedias' worth of printed pages for a simple midterm. Then again, it *was* World History, and as far as he'd heard, his college took their courses seriously enough to be ranked as one of the best in the country, so it made *some* sense that the class would go deep into its subject matter; it just so happened that he really, *really* didn't want it to, given his complete ignorance of anything that happened after the first two or three classes. Shaking from head to toe and failing miserably at hiding it, Syl had to dodge a handful of questions from his friends, who noticed something was amiss; he didn't want to admit he'd forgotten about the test, but at the same time, the sinking pit inside his stomach wasn't the easiest to ignore. It made him feel deathly cold and feverishly hot in rapid succession, the storm of thoughts inside his head confusing enough to leave him feeling dizzy and ready to faint; he wanted to come up with an excuse, literally anything that would allow him to just not take the midterm at all, as a means of sparing himself the humiliation of turning in a completely blank test. He had no clue what he was supposed to talk about, and when the doors were opened and everyone called in, the fennec had no clue on how to evade capture by this horrific trap... so he walked in, his ears drooping behind his head, his back slumped forward as he ruined his posture so thoroughly he doubted he'd ever fix it properly again; shuffling forward, he made his way to one of the corner of the auditorium's rows of chair, perhaps thinking that he could pass by unnoticed when he began to panic in the middle of the test itself. This didn't go unnoticed, but with everyone else being too busy panicking over their own chances, none thought to ask what was wrong, leaving Syl to do little but try and contain his quivering while the midterms themselves were distributed to those present. The worst part was that he couldn't even cheat; as much as he wanted to, going into a test with literally *nothing* prepared gave him little wiggle room to ask for tips or hints from the people nearest to him, given that he had nothing to connect the dots with. Even if he tried, there were enough teachers patrolling the aisles that trying to even *look* to the side was downright suicidal, leaving Syl with no option but to try and do the test legitimately... until, that is, he actually turned it over and saw the questions themselves, at which point he had to stifle a wail of despair when the reality sunk in, and he realized that not only had not prepared in the slightest, he genuinely had no idea what *any* of those words meant. It was

almost like reading a text in a different language, in that he recognized that they *were* questions, but trying to make sense of them was downright impossible, seeing as he had no frame of reference for any of them. In between names whose language he couldn't recognize, events that he'd never heard of, and requests for "discussion" on topics he didn't even know existed, what exactly was he supposed to do? Make stuff up as he went along and hope for the best? Take the very first question, which asked him to expound on the link between early the Etruscan civilization and the rise of the city of Rome, as well as the cultural impact thereof; he knew what *Rome* was, which wasn't exactly that much of an accomplishment, but whoever those "Etruscan" fellows were, he had zero clue, and neither did he have an inkling as to when Rome was supposed to have been founded. It went to BCE times, that much he was reasonably sure of, but beyond that, Syl could only make uneducated guesses... so, he did. It came naturally to him, the idea to just bullshit his way through; he was going to fail the test anyway, so he might as well give it a try with what little he *did* have. Besides, he was exceedingly good at making stuff up, or at least he was told this was the case in the few times he ever showed his worldbuilding notes to other people, so surely he could finagle *some* sort of answer that superficially *looked* as if he knew what he was saying. Obviously, the lecturer wasn't only going to skim through the responses, but maybe, just maybe, if he was lucky enough, he'd catch the man on the tail end of the grading phase and pass by with just enough not to fail the class. So, obviously, this "Etruscan" civilization were a group of fertility worshippers who lived in the "immediate geographic surroundings" of Rome, a civilization that predated the rise of the much more well-known city (or at least he assumed from the way the question was phrased) and would have a "substantial impact" on "early cultural trends" that would later be "co-opted by mainstream Roman sources" as a means of legitimizing the dominance of *their* people over others. It made some sense to him, but of course, he had to provide examples; it wouldn't do for him to just say something without elucidating on it, so he went ahead and provided some minor, completely made-up fertility rites that were known to be associated with these Etruscans, ones that would not only be absorbed by Roman culture, but made into a fundamental aspect of their own religious practices as well. It was, after all, what he remembered seeing in the very few documentaries he happened to catch on the subject growing up... wasn't it? Somehow, it was surprisingly difficult to recall specific details on what the Romans actually *believed* in, which made sense considering that, just as Syl was making stuff up on the spot, so too was history being rewritten to better fit with the constructed narrative the fennec was coming up with. Like a butterfly flapping its wings, this one, singular change to reality over two thousand years prior had a ripple effect of such unimaginable impact that, as soon as Syl lifted his head up to check if anyone was watching, what he saw wasn't the same room as before... or rather, the room *itself* was identical, but the people inside of it were significantly larger than before. Their proportions had been altered, their curves augmented, their breedability, if that was even a thing, heightened to a level unseen by modern civilization prior to Syl screwing with the timeline. The fennec himself was affected by this, given the colossal pair of nuts he had underneath him and the cock that kept getting in the way of the deployable table he had the midterm on; of course, none of this

was out of the ordinary, having always been the case, so Syl kept on writing, hoping to create enough obfuscation that he could safely move onto the next question and create some more nonsense. Now it was about the Greeks, and something about a post-Alexandrian split between a bunch of people whose titles Syl could barely even *read* properly, let alone think to pronounce; he did vaguely recall that Alexander's empire broke apart after the poor bastard died, but little more than that, and even then this came mostly from video games or other assorted media rather than any academic knowledge. Thus, when asked about the power struggle, he immediately defaulted to talking about schisms on the view each individual general had on a variety of sex-related points of doctrine, because if he was going to make stuff up, he might as well go with what his society was most focused on; at least then he'd have *some* chance at getting the lie through. At no point did he think about *why* he was suddenly so accepting of sexuality that he would go so far as to splurge out about his personal fantasies on a midterm of all places; after all, it was just how things went, just how they had been for as long as he could remember, so surely his lecturer wouldn't mind. In fact, judging by the amount of hypers in the room, a fresh perspective on the subject might just be exactly what that World History class needed, even if he spent most of the "answer" pontificating on the glory of larger sizes and how the biggest divide between the various inheritors of Alexander's empire revolved around breast milk production. None of it made *any* sense whatsoever, but that hardly mattered when reality itself took one look at it, nodded along, and figured it must be good enough, before retroactively altering itself such that whatever Syl wrote actually corresponded to historical record. Granted, the changes needed to make this happen were so extensive that the world during the fennec's time would, by necessity, need to be radically altered as a result; and of course, given that what had happened did, indeed, actually happen, Syl himself was none the wiser for what his random scribbles had accomplished. For him, it was only natural that a fundamental aspect of their civilization was one's ability to produce milk, with those higher up on the productivity ladder being placed far above others in the social hierarchy; "milkmaids", the fennec called them, not quite thinking about how exclusionary that term was, not quite thinking on how that would affect just about everyone including himself. He'd always had breasts, at the end of the day, always had been one of the most productive members of his family, which was saying something given what sort of lineage he had behind him; it wasn't every day that someone was born with the correct genetic sequence such that, on fully awakening by the end of puberty, the end result would be a fennec of such immense fertility and virility that not only were they dragging a pair of nuts the collective size of a beanbag underneath him, but a bust large enough to put *that* to shame. In fact, he wasn't even using the small table anymore; how could he, when his tits were in the way? Not that this was the most concerning aspect, of course, as that particular honour went to the two milking pumps he had to carry around with him wherever he went; if he didn't make sure to empty himself out at every moment of every day, he could be certain that his size would bloat to such an extreme that no one around him would be able to stop the inevitable downward spiral. It had only happened once, and the sole reason why it wasn't still ongoing was thanks to the timely intervention of a group of paramedics armed with syringe guns and tranquilizers; Syl didn't

exactly know why he was writing *that* on the paper, but it felt like he should, so he did. And as he did, so too did it become reality, altering his own life far more directly than his flailing attempts at answering a midterm had; he could remember it all as if it had just happened to him hours prior: all the embarrassment that came with suddenly developing a hyper-productive bust just before turning twenty, the massive changes to his life that came with it, not to mention the effects it had on a libido that already made carrying around a body-sized cock a challenge even at the best of times. No wonder he was given a special seat in the back of the auditorium for the test, as well as plentiful paper towels to help clean up whenever the paper itself became too soggy from all the sweat pouring out of his hyperproductive udders; how else was he supposed to get anything done if he wasn't allotted those exact perks? It made him feel even worse that he hadn't bothered to study for the midterm, which wasn't made at all better when the third essay question linked the previous two and asked him to explain how late Hellenistic civilizations influenced the culture of a rising Rome, a topic that Syl knew negative amounts about. For he "knew" plenty of things; it just so happened most of them came from video games and were probably not accurate in the slightest, deducting from an already non-existent pool of knowledge on the subject. He could come up with plenty of things, none of them even remotely true, but by that point, that hardly seemed to matter; Syl figured that, with the amount of nonsensical bullshit he'd already written down, some more of it wouldn't truly make it any worse. Hell, maybe if he got inventive enough, his lecturer would have a chuckle while they slashed through the whole thing with a red ink pen and gave him a big fat failing grade; in for a penny, in for a pound, and given how productive his tits were that day, there were plenty of those go around on both sides. So he wrote; he got comfortable, rearranged his immense, couch-sized rear so that he'd have the pillows properly supporting him, and he *wrote*. It was all complete gibberish, nothing but a horny diatribe on breast sizes, cock dimensions and "nut milk" production, the last of which nearly got a chuckle out of him as he dared to write it down; it went on extensive tangents, sometimes for multiple paragraphs, on details that weren't even relevant to the made-up narrative the fennec himself had concocted for that question, purely for the sake of indulging his creative writing tendencies. There were plenty of novel attempts behind him, so really, what was another one? Better take what was already normal for their society and then make a "what if" scenario out of it: seeing as modern furkind was so obsessed with one's sexual prowess and the ability to produce both cream and cum, what would've happened if that obsession had begun far before when Syl *assumed* it had? An interesting idea, and an even more interesting prompt for what eventually became a short story that had absolutely no relation to anything even remotely resembling reality, spinning a tale of immense sizes, of vast fields of milk makers whose sole purpose was to produce sustenance for military campaigns, of entire empires forged on the need to acquire greater and more potent quantities of milk and spunk to bring back home for the breeders to help birth a new generation of soldiers. The stuff of madness, really, the kind of self-indulgent idiocy that even Syl wouldn't be so mad as to put to writing anywhere else, but the kind that he was just in the right mood to splurge out on now that he had committed to writing the worst possible answer. And, just as before, whatever he wrote was etched into the very annals

of history itself, reality shrugging as it figured that, if the person it empowered to change reality *wanted* things to go that way, then it had no reason to say otherwise. If the fennec *wanted* civilization to progress down that path, then it would, and the two thousand plus years of ripple effects it would produce would just have to be dealt with by the poor sods in the modern day who inherited the right mess that Syl had created... and quite literally in the fennec's case, seeing as his already-altered lineage suffered further mutation with this new chapter of revisionist history he had spent far too much time writing. It only felt right for him to do such a thing, given how *vast* he had become; the auditorium alone wasn't enough to even house a single one of his colossal milktanks, let alone the gargantuan set of *six* that he sported on his chest, nor the double rods constantly spurting thousands of gallons of spunk at every waking moment. Hell, he barely even knew why he had picked that campus to begin with; it was entirely unable to deal with a being of his calibre, what with him having to remain outdoors and covered with a series of tarps to keep the elements away, to say nothing of how roughly the various milking pumps were handled. Or maybe he was just *that* much of a strain on resources; no one else seemed to be quite as gigantic as he was, after all.

Nevertheless, he wasn't done with the midterm yet. In fact, he was just over halfway through as soon as he was done with the third essay.

Only two more questions to go. Then he could return home and think about studying for the next one.