

It was just a matter of time... and one that neither Shrapnel nor Elizabeth were keen on stretching for much longer. As soon as they figured out the trick with rocking their balance back and forth until it was dangerously compromised, it was just a question of learning how to do it efficiently enough to tip themselves over completely; for the time being, the techies still managed to hold them back, even if they didn't want to, as they still had to contend with the people signing their paychecks and the considerable military presence right outside the dimensional bubble. They might introduce deliberate mistakes into the process, but they *did* still stop the wolf and serval from making contact with one another whenever they could, even if just half-heartedly; this, however, was subject to degradation as time progressed, as the number of people affected by the aura of arousal increased to critical levels, to the point really where most of them weren't even leaving their little pocket dimension at all, preferring to stay next to their gods for as long as they possibly could. One wondered what might be happening outside the bubble, in the vast open world that was most likely terrified of the mere possibility of the couple erupting from their prison, blissfully unaware that this had become a *certainty* long before they were even aware it could even happen at all; in the middle of it all, Shrapnel and Elizabeth continued to try and push themselves against one another, figuring that if nothing else, they could at least have a good time smushing one another, just like they did before. It wasn't long before they slammed against each other, with the team of technicians around them having completely given up even pretending to try; the shockwave was powerful enough to be felt outside the dimensional compression field, strong enough that the metallic anchors holding the machinery in place cracked in multiple spaces as the compressor arrays were worked into overdrive in a final, last-ditch attempt at stopping the giants from breaking free from their cell. Ultimately however, this was a pointless effort; brave, sure, if one were feeling like humanizing a bunch of cogs, gears and contained black holes, but pointless nonetheless, as any amount of volume the assembled machines could hold back, either Shrapnel or Liz could easily outgrow three times over without even so much as realizing what they were doing. It had become second nature to them, so much so that by the time they opened their eyes after what felt like an eternity, when they finally saw what they looked like, it was as if they had woken up from a dream; they had completely forgotten about the early days, the ones just after they were put in their gilded cage, where they were still lucid enough to talk to one another, even the other occasions where their rational selves emerged from amidst the ocean of horny energy that had long-since swallowed them. The two were blank slates, and for but a moment, they were thoroughly impressed and *surprised* at how big they were, enough that they didn't know what to do with it... for about ten seconds or so, right before their instincts kicked in and the growth began in earnest. How exactly Shrapnel managed to even get off his throne of cum-stuffed nutflesh would be a riddle for the ages, seeing as there would be no one left that could ponder on such a question without their mind immediately breaking in half from the thought alone, but the fact of the matter was, he *did* get up, and somehow succeeded in putting himself exactly where he was best needed for the job he had to do; similarly, Elizabeth's body had completed a full one-eighty, going from being flattened under the weight of her tits to lying on top of them like a gigantic, city-sized bed, one

that Shrapnel could use as flooring for himself without setting off *too* many growth spurts in the process. All of this, of course, before either of them broke free from their personal compressor fields; they had dozens upon dozens of layers forced onto them, mostly via machinery working through the dimensional bubble around them rather than clothes (seeing as finding any that would fit was effectively impossible by that point), which *obviously* meant that if they wanted to set themselves free, all they had to do was *rut* and nature would take care of the rest. It was a simple plan, one without any chance for failure, for who would be stupid enough to try and stop them? They might as well try and block out the sun for how pathetically insignificant their efforts would be, damned and condemned to oblivion for ever thinking about denying the world the life-giving radiance of... who, exactly? Was it the sun? Was it Shrapnel, and his colossal pillars of cockmeat flooding large sections of the planet? Was it Elizabeth, and the promise of everlasting, endless life? Out of those three, only one actually exuded light in enough quantities in order to sustain the planet, but normal people didn't have to worry about the sun barrelling over their home, at least not for so long that it didn't really matter; when it came to the serval and wolf, however, the risk was absolutely there, and given how the two wasted no time in resuming their interrupted coitus, it was a risk that was quick to become an inevitability. It was as if nothing had actually happened in between them being stopped and that exact same moment, like the days and weeks, potentially months (or even years, it was hard to tell) had simply *not taken place*, and they were back in their rampage, just... bigger. Quite a bit bigger. So much bigger, in fact, that when the moaning began in earnest, triggering the wolf's overall growth once more, the poor guy's head slammed into the dimensional wall holding them at a "reasonable" size; it was *supposed* to be a good three miles up in the air, more than enough for him to never even find out it existed, but all it took was a single sound to escape from Liz's throat for Shrapnel's entire form to react like it was magnified in some divine image editing program. What was worse, the barrier wasn't *physical* so much as it was merely a distortion of reality, so rather than just feeling a slight ache for a few seconds, Shrapnel had to contend with his vision of the world being seriously distorted as his head battled with the compressor arrays for dominance, leaving him unable to do anything at all thanks to the time it took for any signal to reach the rest of his body. And that... that was unacceptable. For Shrapnel, his captors could do basically anything and he wouldn't even *begin* to care; why should he, when he knew from the start that him and Liz would end up as they were right there and then if they just sat there and did nothing? But there was *one thing* that they could do, one thing he would *not* tolerate now that he woke up properly: they were keeping him from making love to his mate. Granted, perhaps "making love" was too soft a term for the sort of animalistic, bestial breeding that was to ensue, but it was the one Shrapnel ran with, and it was the one that rang truest in his head when he began thrashing about, determined to overwhelm the compression field and release the two of them into the world at large, where they would never again have to worry about holding back. Thankfully, it was significantly easier to break through limits than it had been last time; seeing as the machines responsible for keeping them shrunk were also the ones used to keep the dimensional bubble up at all times, attacking one side of the equation automatically struck at the second one: slam against the dimensional

walls and the machinery wouldn't have time to readjust properly, unleashing more of their bodies in the process, which led to the same compressor arrays having to try and shrink them back down while ignoring the bubble, and so on and so forth in an endlessly descending spiral of madness that would end in the most cataclysmic, apocalyptic release that the world had ever seen. It was at once sexual climax and the culmination of their life's work, both physical and mental fulfillment stretched to its absolute limit and rendered unto them in its most beautiful, primal form; if the two of them could experience that moment, that instant where their bodies were *fully* unleashed upon the unsuspecting Earth on the other side of the distortions, for all of eternity, they would. Just to rub it in further, they would deliberately go out of their way to make sure everyone *else* got to experience it as well, because frankly, it just wasn't the same without them knowing that they were once again inviting thousands, hundreds of thousands, *millions* of individual souls to surrender themselves and join in their ever-growing congregation. In all fairness, it was most likely going to be harder for the little ones to climb onto their bodies now that they were so massive, but both of the budding deities figured that their worshippers would find a way; they somehow finagled one before, and now that the whole world knew about them, surely there would be no issues with marshalling resources on a scale never before seen. After all, were they, the heavenly couple, not offering the planet a chance at escaping their boring, mundane lives, to throw themselves at their own forms that they may live forever in everlasting bliss? That was probably true, though neither Liz nor Shrapnel were aware of it in any conscious manner; they were too busy fucking one another, or, more specifically, Elizabeth had her hands full grabbing handfuls of her breastflesh while *screaming* for Shrapnel's name, while the wolf had once again resumed his frantic, energetic jackhammering, knowing that he had a lot of time to make up for thanks to the two's unfortunate imprisonment. There was only so much he could do, so fast he could piston into that still somehow tight slit...s? There were several of them, from what he could gather, enough that he could actually use several of his own multiple cocks without having to worry about running out of space; hell, the more he kept looking, the more he found, until the amount of holes he was filling compared to the amount of space he was pushing into let him know that there were probably some spatial distortions of their own at play there. Yet more evidence, then, that they were gods, that they were capable of altering reality to better suit their own will and desires! Clearly, if the universe didn't want the two of them to rule over it, then it wouldn't have given them the power to splurge and grow all over everything, so it only made sense that they would begin violating laws of reality without *needing* to resort to high-end theoretical physics. By simply *being*, by merely *existing*, they warped causality and existence itself to better suit their needs, to the point that, when Shrapnel realized this was what was happening, he couldn't even see the ground anymore; for miles on end, as far as he could see, it was nothing but serval tit, covering every square inch of available land, a series of rolling hills, hundreds upon hundreds of them, presenting themselves as a true repast for his eyes, a visual feast! He could look at it for hours on end and still not grow tired, days really and he would yet demand more... but he didn't need to. He could *make* more, he could *make* Liz grow! All he had to do was keep thrusting, keep filling her up... so he did.

What else was there to do? What else *could* he do besides what he'd been doing all that time? After a certain point, it became something of an obligation, a thing that *had* to happen as per the very laws of nature itself; it was no longer a case of him wanting to breed Liz, or Elizabeth wanting to be bred, or the two of them *desiring* to express their love for one another in the most debauched way possible, but rather a fact, an universal constant that would take place regardless of what anyone thought about it. Perhaps the best part about it all was that, for the two lovers, even this was entirely meaningless; let the rest of the world wonder about what things were destined to happen or how their new gods fit into the grand scheme of things, for as far as Shrapnel and Elizabeth were concerned, their one *purpose* was to rut, endlessly, until the stars went out... and not from age either. As the wolf continued to mercilessly pound away at the serval's many slits, as both of their bodies continued to bloat and swell in measures too great to be quantified, some part of them had to marvel at the sheer excess of it all, at how they had started from a relatively understated position (barring the size of Liz's tits, obviously, but that hardly meant much in a world of hypers anyway) and ended up big enough to flatten entire metropolitan landscapes without even realizing it. Though it took weeks, or maybe months for them to break through the dimensional bubble keeping them safely away from the rest of the world, once it was popped, then nothing would stand in their way; hell, nothing *could* stand in their way, seeing as their expansion was so vast, so quick, that the compression waves being unleashed in every direction effectively had to reshape the world in order for it to act as if Liz and Shrapnel's bodies had always been at their full size. This meant the complete and utter destruction of not just their home city, not just the suburbs they used to live in, but *hundreds upon hundreds* of miles of space around it, so much of it that the two were once again perfectly visible from low orbit... and still growing. They had, after all, merely released their true size upon an unsuspecting planet, and now that they had as much room as they could possibly want or need, it was time to fill it up; neither of them were concerned about the practicality of literally occupying every last cubic inch of volume available to them, because as far as they could even *think*, if it was empty, then it had to be filled with *something*, be it milk-stuffed breastflesh, gravid belly, hyperactive and oversized ovaries, or, if they were feeling particularly frisky, a few more cocks or balls in order to hasten the breeding even more. Shrapnel's one saving grace was that his potency was compact and easily carried around, at least compared to Elizabeth's form, which had to unfurl and take up vast amounts of space just to be able to function properly; it felt as if, with each of the wolf's thrust, another couple of dozen of breast rows were added onto the serval's form, her torso stretching further to compensate, the load dumped into her causing her belly to balloon outwards even harder just as her ass and thighs thickened in preparation for a birth that would never come to be. Her body was maternal, the very concept of it, built to specification for the purest sake of *breeding*; of course, while others might be expected to go through cycles where they carried this life to term and only then got filled again, Elizabeth's body had a different view of things altogether: it wasn't *going* to stop filling, it wasn't *going* to stop creating and incubating new life, and it certainly wasn't going to give birth to anything at all. Maternity, to her, had been corrupted into yet another vehicle through which to experience

utter pleasure, a tool to be repurposed for her own ends, without much concern for what it was actually supposed to do, or how things were “meant” to happen. Every new life fostered within her womb made her tits fill up, her ass swell, her thigh thicken, her ovaries grow larger and more productive... and she had long-since lost count of the amount of young she was carrying, that she *would* be carrying for as long as it was physically possible. Hers was such a perfect body that no actual seed was required; just as long as she remained active and well-fed by her own milk, then the eggs she produced would become fertilized on their own, turning the serval into a closed system that defied the laws of reality while stubbornly refusing to stop existing. The universe would probably collapse around her at some point, but really, what was the point in worrying? Eventually, her full womb would have more mass than the rest of the cosmos combined, prompting existence itself to rush towards her, impregnating her further in the process; thus she had decreed, and thus it would happen. This was, of course, assuming she remained as she was, with no further help from her partner, her loving mate, who was obviously more than happy to throw in some additional fuel onto the raging fire; it was almost comical how much his cum sped the process up, especially once it had already reached an exponential grade that could hardly be quantified by modern mathematics. If Elizabeth’s fertility was already the stuff of nightmares, active to the point that everything around her was perpetually bathed in temperatures too high to really allow life anymore, then she might as well be barren compared to how her body reacted to the *very first* of Shrapnel’s many releases... and this only got worse with each one. Each successive load, every rope of cum fired into her, multiplied by her multiple slits and Shrapnel’s equally-numerous rods, each and every one left her so much more productive that her previous self’s numbers might as well be completely disregarded, an explosively unstable process that no living being would ever be capable of *understanding*, let alone surviving. But, of course, they weren’t just any other person, they were gods! Elizabeth was the goddess and Shrapnel her consort, and together, the two of them were destined for greatness; they were fated to fill the cosmos with their bodies, their life-giving milk, their impregnating seed, their *everything*, until they were all that was, all that would be, and all that *could* be. They would continue to grow, and bloat, and swell, and magnify, and improve, and whatever else was required to let them dominate the very fabric of existence itself, until there was nothing left for them but one another... and then they would keep going. The boundaries of reality would be broken, popped like a balloon even, purely so Elizabeth could have more room in which to grow into, more empty space where her belly, her colossal, impossibly gargantuan, by that point continent-sized gravid belly, could expand into and occupy. This was the sole motivation left in either of the young couple’s minds, with everything else having been thrown away and ground underneath their unrelenting advance; perhaps in the distant future, when they were more settled into their new positions as deities, they would come back to and start experimenting with different positions, much like how Shrapnel had when he speared straight through Elizabeth prior to their containment. But now, after who knew how much time spent in containment, there was nothing in their mind but the incessant need to *breed*, to catch up to so many lost hours, minutes, *seconds* in which they could’ve been occupied making Liz even bigger, even more laden with babies, that she might moan and beg for

her lover to be larger as well, continuing the cycle. In fact, by their reasoning, the simple fact that they'd been stopped at all was already cause for alarm, as now they had to go back to the same mental state they had already achieved before, rather than having been in constant acceleration; it was a travesty, a heresy committed upon them, but one that they were now capable of fighting back against. It became a rhythm, momentum to be gained, kept, and then improved upon; always faster, never slower, always in some way that made them breed harder, rut more intensely, fill up even more and more efficiently, until there was nothing left in their minds but raw instincts: Shrapnel rolled his hips, knowing that once he felt the base of his many cocks slam against that wall of ass in front of him, he'd be deep enough inside of Elizabeth to unleash yet another tidal wave of seed, and Liz, once she sensed the shockwave coursing through her, would become aware of yet another incoming growth spurt, even if she couldn't do much about it; each time they would grow even larger, again through cycles and repeated sequences, where the serval's now-multiple wombs took the additional seed and used it to bloat themselves with both new life and yet more egg factories, and the resulting pleasure spikes forced the big cat to externalize what she was feeling, in a supersonic shockwave moan that would, a few minutes later, reach the wolf's ears, making his body become even more massive than before, and granting him both the power and stamina required to keep going, and the cycle began anew. Such was the way of things, the *natural order* of them, and before long the whole world would be made aware of this; naturally, the shape of the planet made it impossible for Elizabeth's bed of tits to cover the entirety of it before she was jettisoned out into space, but a good chunk of one half of the globe did, at some point, exist underneath a fraction of her throne of breastflesh, prompting several million people to hold on for dear life and never let go. They welcomed their new gods, accepted the world that they promised, the eternity in bliss that the tiny masses *knew* was waiting for them if they just grabbed hold of *some* part of the colossal serval and refused to give up their dream; for the budding couple, for the two giants responsible for the utter annihilation of the planet, these might as well be ants for how insignificant they were, how meaningless their passengers ultimately happened to be in their quest for ever-larger sizes and more potent climaxes... but, of course, that just meant they didn't bother to stop anyone, leading to a sizeable amount of the world's population somehow finding their way onto Elizabeth's body, apparently fine with just leaving out in the vacuum of space. Be it because her body had become a beacon of life, or some odd physical phenomenon that took place because the serval had completely destroyed the laws of physics just to exist, no lives were snuffed from lack of oxygen or pressure differentials; in fact, no one even realized when the change even took place! Even Shrapnel, the one person whose eyes were still open, barely took notice of when the blue sky around him began to darken, when the deepening colours turned to black and the amount of air he managed to breathe in every time he inhaled was quickly reduced to nothing. And yet, he was no worse for wear; though he should've been choking, he could still keep functioning, and though his lungs found it odd that he wasn't breathing anything in anymore, they eventually found some way to live with that fact, and after a few minutes more, the wolf was no longer breathing, because frankly, he didn't need it anymore. He had, after all, everything he ever

required there, in front of him, spreading out in every direction as far as he could see: Elizabeth. She was massive, incomprehensibly so, and only getting bigger with every passing second and every load that got pumped into her, effectively creating a “floor” where there had been none before; perhaps the best aspect out of it all was that, unlike with a single, unchanging sphere, the serval’s eternally-growing nature ensured that her horizon, whatever it might be at any point, would be constantly expanding in every direction, until the sheer distances involved were such that Shrapnel, immense in his own right, couldn’t make out where those tits started to curve downwards. They were too gloriously oversized, too stuffed, too *large*, and yet, just as they had transcended the very limits of decency, they were still not the biggest part of her: her belly was.

It almost felt silly whenever the wolf tried to hold onto that thought: the notion that, despite Liz being so enormously (and numerous) stacked, that their belly was still somehow bigger than everything else. But that was the truth, and in fact, nothing but an approximation as well; throughout the experience of ascension, the balance had been tipped hard enough that Elizabeth’s gravid belly had surpassed all expectations, broken all limitations, so much so that each of her by-now *thousands of rows* of ovaries were each far, *far* larger than multiple rows of tits stacked together... and yet they still looked pathetically tiny on the fully realized, fully unleashed gut slung out far below where Shrapnel could even begin to see it. He could feel it though; it radiated a certain sense of wonderment and finality, its mass enough to tug and pull at the very universe around it until the currents of gravity were distorted and black holes formed around them purely out of condensed energy, until reality itself was torn asunder, ripped apart and then reformed in a shape that better fit the couple’s needs... which is to say, it merely ceased to be. If there was a planet in Elizabeth’s way, there wasn’t one; a star? Nothing. Nebulae? Empty space. Whole galaxies? Easily erased, until nothing existed that could ever, possibly, *potentially* serve as an obstacle to her and Shrapnel’s eternal breeding, and her own perpetual pregnancy. She would, eventually, erase the universe itself purely because it was *there*, and it being there meant that it could, at some level, create difficulties for her endless hunger for more; eventually, the very concept of anything existing beyond herself and Shrapnel would have to go as well, and from there... well, from there they’d have to see; hopefully it’d be some time before the two of them even got to that point.

For the present, however, there was but one concern, one that overpowered all others and gave the two of them a sense of purpose. The one thing they had to do, the one thing they were always destined to do, now, forevermore, and beyond:

Breed.