

Not once did she consider the possibility that maybe they were just waiting for Shrapnel to be ready, seeing as it was time for the two of them to actually do something together; in fact, the wolf had completely slipped from her mind, so busy was she basking in the glory of her own magnificence: in between her tits still bloating and her udders slowly taking over the immense depression in the ground dug out exclusively for them, how *could* she think about Shrapnel, and his overstuffed quad-nuts, his plump and inviting sheath, a cock so large that it routinely wrapped her body around itself before turning her into a living condom, the sheer quantities of spunk produced by that gorgeous man, easily enough to drown her several times over... how could she think of this, and *not* want it, *not* desire it? How could she think of *any* of this and not immediately demand that she be allowed to see her beloved, that he be brought to her, that she might thoroughly enjoy his company, both wholesomely and *not* at all? She couldn't, was the whole point, and the villagers knew this; while it pained them to play tricks with their fertility goddess, the rites were clear when they called for a certain amount of denial, serving to spike their libido up to just a high enough point that she would lose any and all means of self-control, being then reduced to a creature of pure instinct. Only then would the serval's fate be fully realized, transforming her into the broodmother of legend, all for the low-low cost of simply not doing anything when the giantess-to-be screamed at them to bring her the canine being prepared elsewhere in the village. It still took plenty of willpower not to break, especially since imagination ran wild and everyone present knew full well what was going to happen once the two lovers were allowed to be together again; drool ran freely as the many villagers ran the various possible scenarios through their heads, firmly convinced that regardless of what took place, it would be so earth-shattering and powerful that the very village itself would be reduced to nothing, that they might live on their newest gods forever and ever more. Such were the legends, and with the serval and wolf there, surely they had to be true... but there was only one way to know. It took a significant amount of effort to bring Shrapnel over, as while both him and Elizabeth were both equally immobilized, the cat could at least be contained by sheer virtue of having her milky run-off be channelled away towards the crop fields, since those wouldn't be needed soon enough; for the canid, however, it was far more a question of resisting the allure of his very body, of turning a blind eye to the sight, smell and sound of a breeding deity whose package had, by that point, become something too *much* for anyone to truly ignore: four nuts, each the size of a two-story house, a sheath big enough that it could probably fit a long-haul truck in there and have enough room to spare, and a cock of such size that it could *crush* that truck a few more of similar dimensions. Gallons upon gallons of pre, dozens of them in fact, being output at every single second, a prelude to the proper release which was sure to come, and topping all of it, an insensate Shrapnel, who could no longer think properly and had to resort to mindlessly shouting Elizabeth's name in the hopes that someone, *anyone* would understand him and bring the two of them close enough for nature to take its course. It would've been difficult to move this beast of a breeder at the best of times, making it borderline nightmarish when the people involved had to constantly rotate and take breaks just to stop themselves from falling prey to the musk, the textures, the knowledge that all they had to do was grab onto that cock to

experience bliss everlasting. A few had already fallen, lacking the presence of mind to keep their hands to themselves until the moment they no longer needed to, and those were... not there. Their bodies might be, but their minds certainly weren't, lost and adrift in a sea of endless pleasure from which they'd never return. It was doubtful whether they'd be able to get back onto Shrapnel once the wolf's lovemaking eventually knocked them off, but ultimately, that wasn't a concern that anyone really had; if they didn't, that just meant they weren't worthy of their gods' blessings, and were thus being punished by having been shown Heaven, only to then have it be denied. The rest would just have to make up for them, and thus, slowly but surely, they carried Shrapnel across the village to where Elizabeth was waiting for (and demanding) him; there was a brief moment of levity where the locals had to explain to her that they *had* already brought the wolf over, it being the case that she just couldn't see him thanks to her tits being in the way. This caused Liz to gag on her words for a couple of seconds as she tried to find some other way to be annoyed at her servants, only to then succumb to the realization that her milktanks had, indeed, become so colossal that she couldn't see anything in front of her... and, to some degree, to her side either. It took the crowd bringing the wolf around her immense body for the serval to be able to see what had been done to him, at which point she had to stifle a whole series of moans when the sight of her beloved being as enormous as he was awoke far, *far* too many things inside of her. The two had always been big, that much was a given, but they'd been so in a way that made *sense* to them within the context of their hyper anatomy; their proportions might've been exaggerated, but so were those of other hypers around the world, making it normal for the wolf to be able to stretch her out as much as he did, not to mention the ridiculous amount of mass deposited onto her curves as a result of being used as a cum dumpster so often. What they were *then*, however, after the locals had their way with them, was something that made absolutely no sense to them, even when they took their fortunate genetics into consideration: from the way that Elizabeth's milky production was so absurdly overclocked that she should've died from dehydration minutes ago, to just *how much pre* was coming out of a cock far too large for Shrapnel to have enough blood to service, their bodies were literally impossible... and yet, there they were. Maybe the whole thing was an elaborate hallucination, brought about by the soup having mushrooms in it or something similar; it was entirely possible that the two of them had been drugged, and were actually lying naked in a ditch somewhere after being robbed blind. In fact, that alternative felt more likely to Elizabeth than the reality of the situation, as the idea that she could even become that big was far too much for her to accept; Shrapnel, meanwhile, had no real conscious thoughts with which to question his current position, having long-since lost himself to the sensory overload coursing through his mind and body. Elizabeth might be used to having her body swell to absurd proportions, but *he* wasn't, leaving the poor thing at the mercy of a hormone storm that he'd never had the misfortune of experiencing; he could just barely make Liz out, seeing little more than a milky titstack and an ass big enough to *maybe* take his tip, with most of what remained of his functional brain being entirely focused on *breeding* her as soon as he could. There was no motivation to it, no reasoning beyond the act itself; much like the locals expected him to, Shrapnel had nothing in his mind but the need to stick his cock

somewhere and roll his hips until he came, not for the sake of creating life, not for any true purpose, but merely to *do* it. The breeding was an end in and of itself, the act being sacrosanct on its own, and anything else being little more than window dressing around the one truly divine action that could possibly be performed within the confines of that village. And, seeing as he had nothing else in his head, it didn't take too long before Shrapnel tried to heave himself forward, whimpering and whining at the sudden realization that he'd become too large to move himself, requiring ample help just to angle his shaft properly... help that he had in very large quantities in the form of his crowd of supplicants. It was the final threshold to be crossed before they entered their paradise, before they could give themselves up fully to the "worship"; all the locals had to do was ensure that their breeding god had his rod pointed directly where it needed to be, and as soon as the wolf began to move of his own accord, then they could throw themselves onto him, to enjoy the ride for as long as it lasted. To his credit, Shrapnel was exceptionally good at picking up on what he was supposed to do, though given how often him and Elizabeth spent *hours* fucking one another senseless, that much wasn't altogether surprising; that he could keep himself in one piece for long enough when under the effects of the villagers' growth substance and collective worship, however, that he managed to hold onto enough of himself that he actually *consciously chose* to shove himself inside of the serval rather than rely entirely on instinct, was nothing short of miraculous... especially since this tiny little smidgeon of his conscious self was obliterated the moment his tip made first contact, subsumed entirely into the bestial side of Shrapnel, who was let out of its cage the *instant* it realized no one was guarding it anymore. It was almost impressive how the wolf managed to completely ignore the fact that he shouldn't have been capable of moving as quickly as he did, or how he reached the ground in but a second after his cock's tip reached Elizabeth's nethers, only to then move forward as if there wasn't a serval in the way; almost, as it was little more than a repeat of what the two did when no one else was watching back home, merely scaled up and with an audience. An audience that, at that point, had decided that it was time to start *climbing*, eschewing any semblance of reason or decency as they began the arduous work of finding a spot on Shrapnel or Elizabeth's body that they could cling onto and hug for the rest of their natural lives, there to feel as their gods rutted for all of eternity... or so they assumed, at least. Neither the wolf nor serval were in any position to care, being too taken by their own baser desires to even consider the fact that other people existed, let alone whatever they might be doing to them; they had one another, and frankly, that was all that mattered to them, all that *could* matter when it came down to it. Let the locals indulge in their meaningless rituals and customs, Liz and Shrapnel had more important things to do... like one another. With bodies like theirs, worrying about getting down to business in full view of everyone stopped being a concern, and with bodies like theirs, the ability to think at all was robbed from them the moment the wolf first bottomed out completely. It was only then that the full consequences of having had their bodies augmented by the local cuisine became known, and even then not even in a manner that either lover fully understood; they would, in time, but before then they would simply contribute to it, unknowingly triggering a complete and total shift in how Elizabeth functioned. Under normal circumstances, the serval's reproductive system was

mammalian in nature, in that she'd get her insides painted white and this would lead to what could charitably be described as a "regular" pregnancy, albeit one with a significantly higher number of kits. One would be hard-pressed to try and calculate just how many young she could produce even with her pre-soup body, but given the state of the two lovers, it was likely she'd end up developing a hyper-sized pregnancy on top of every other oversized part of her. Similarly, Shrapnel's seed would ensure that the feline was nice and stuffed, maximizing the odds of her actually *becoming* pregnant; the only reason the two of them hadn't gotten that far yet was a tight control of bodily cycles and the use of some absurdly stretchy and immense condoms on the wolf's part, neither of which were anywhere near the top of their list of concerns at that time. Hell, they weren't even *on* the list, much less anywhere with any kind of relevancy; just like before, neither Shrapnel nor Liz were thinking of what would happen when they gave into their base desires and actually went the full mile, only that such a thing *happened*, as the breeding had become the whole goal in and of itself. Thus, the wolf began pounding away, just barely capable of moving himself as he grew larger and more bottom-heavy with every thrust, while Elizabeth had to do her best while bereft of any conscious motor control over herself; balls on top of udders and tits stacked in a way that somehow ended up rolling onto the wolf's head, milk flying in pressurized streams that stripped paint off walls before outright collapsing them, and enough precum that even the minute, single-digit percentage quantities of it that oozed from Liz's body were still enough to cause severe flooding. Thankfully, there was no one left that could be swept away, the locals having all migrated onto either of their two new gods... two new gods who were about to be on the receiving end of a rather interesting surprise, for within the serval's body the greatest change had been gestating, the greatest alteration to the very way her fertility worked. Neither her nor her lover knew it, but the first "clump" had already formed: it was effectively indistinguishable from the ocean of cum around it, at least at first, but within a few short seconds of its creation, it had solidified into a discernible shape, a three-dimensional section of space within Elizabeth's bloated womb where Shrapnel's seed coalesced and hardened into something resembling an oval. It wouldn't even take a minute for this "clump" to fully transform in the first of what would be many, *many* eggs, triggering a series of reactions which led to all the space around it turning into additional hotspots in a self-multiplication process. Of course, the two lovers would remain blissfully unaware of this for quite a while, as Shrapnel's ministrations ensured that the serval's belly was so unbelievably stuffed with cum that it could compete with her tits for size in just a handful of thrusts, providing ample amounts of room for the egg cluster to expand in every direction before either of the two really noticed. In fact, by the end, it wouldn't even be Elizabeth who first realized something was wrong, but her precious little wolf boytoy, whose cock began thrusting into something that was very clearly solid, rather than the bottomless pit filled with spunk that had been the serval's womb up until then; of course, Shrapnel was too far gone to really think about what that mass *might* be, figuring it was some part of Liz's that he had accidentally bumped into, thus prompting him to go harder in an attempt at having her swell even more, that he not have to worry about damaging any part of her with his mindless jackhammering. As for Elizabeth herself, the eggs' weight was easily missed amidst the

countless gallons of cum that she was having pressure-hosed into her at every waking moment, so much so that her cumgut had split her cleavages in half, forcing half of her tits to either side of her... and, not-so-coincidentally, leading to such an uptick in milk production that all she could think to do was scream for someone to come empty her, lest she explode from the pressure. None would help though; the few who could were themselves too far gone to do anything about it, and even those who yet retained *some* semblance of their rational selves could no longer fight the inherent problem that was Elizabeth's *growth*. Even if they did want to make their way over to her nipples, which the vast majority simply did not care to do, the fact of the matter was that, in between having to carefully pick and choose when and how to advance, and all of the bloating and filling that went on, the locals had no chance of reaching their destination: either they'd fall off at some point, or the time it took for them to make sure they didn't *itself* ensured that they would have lost more ground than they covered. Poor Liz just didn't know *how* big she was, or else she would've realized how futile it was to ask for anyone to come milk her; the village having been flattened completely just moments after Shrapnel first entered her, all it really took was about a minute or two of egg production for the two lovers to have completely obliterated everything in a mile-wide radius: Shrapnel thanks to his nuts and cock growing whenever he so much as *thought* about using them, to say nothing of when he actually *did*, and Liz on the receiving end of a body that both swelled *itself* and was being constantly pumped fuller by a breeding machine of a wolf who cared not for mortal limitations. Add to that an egg cluster that rapidly began overtaking the rate at which Shrapnel could fill the serval's womb and it was inevitable that, at some point, even Liz would have to realize that something was definitely off about herself. It wasn't her udders, filled with enough milky run-off that a single one of their teats quickly approached the size of a whole neighborhood, and it certainly wasn't her *tits*, each so vast that downtown areas would need to be careful around them. It was somewhere inside her belly, that immense, titanic gut of hers that managed to outsize the rest of her assets put together and multiplied by themselves, that sun-blocking, everything-concealing, round, distended womb of hers, filled with so much of Shrapnel's seed that it was frankly unsurprising that her ovaries could be seen bulging out against her skin from underneath... what *was* surprising was that there were more than two of them, quite a bit more in fact, and a number that only seemed to grow along with the immense number of eggs in the cluster further down inside of that ocean of hyper-fertile cum she was being stuffed with. Perhaps it was fitting, that her egg factories themselves were being both bloated larger *and* made more numerous, that they may join in on the fun and help Elizabeth become even more productive; she was certainly not going to complain, even if she was only tangentially aware that *something* fundamentally strange was happening to her. Trapped on one side by a wall of boob and belly, and on the other by a lover who somehow managed to flatten his front to her back despite the ludicrously immense pillar of cockmeat he was using to knock her up, all Liz could really "see" was darkness on all side, warm, soft darkness that only grew darker and softer as her body continued to take up increasing amounts of space in the countryside. By that point, even Shrapnel couldn't compete anymore, even though his quad-nuts had reached a size so enormous that he could probably flatten most of

his hometown just with a single one, not to mention the cock those things were servicing, it was Elizabeth who stole the show. Elizabeth, whose form was such that it could probably be distinguished from the local geography by anyone flying over in a plane, Elizabeth, who moaned and begged and *whined* for more every time she felt herself undergoing a growth spurt. Elizabeth, who against all odds, just kept on growing even when it was clear that she should be stopping, that her body just couldn't take any more... until, of course, it did, because she had ordained it as such.

Elizabeth, who was thoroughly unsatisfied and demanding for more. Elizabeth, who looked back at Shrapnel to command him to breed her harder even as she approached the three-mile mark... on each nipple alone.

And who was he to say no?