

Luckily, the transformative effects of Shrapnel's spunk were more far-reaching than merely providing for more mass. They still would; Frost's six breasts were still filling, and at a rapid enough rate that she would likely end up immobilized if she weren't already throwing herself at the wolf with such intensity as to forgo moving at all. But there was more than that; if his lover couldn't take him, then she had to be *made* to take him, and with so much of his precum already covering her, Shrapnel hardly had to try.

If he had to describe it, he would say the snow leopard was *glazed*. From head to toe, her whole body glistened with his juices, dripping harder than sweat ever could, practically drowning her with how much gusto she employed in licking herself clean; a task that could never be completed, not when each of Shrapnel's heartbeats caused gallons of his pre to gush out, splattering over every surface in range, and many more outside of it.

And with every inch of coating came a new form of Frost. She didn't recognise it at first, didn't even notice what was happening to her, but her very body was being altered to better accomplish the task she had set herself upon. She didn't know it yet, but were Shrapnel to force his way inside of her, he would find her to be increasingly pliable, increasingly stretchy, far more able to take larger and larger sizes without so much as whimpering.

To her, however, the only thing that mattered was slathering herself further. There was no room in her mind for any thoughts that were not those related to covering herself in cum, hence why her current predicament was such a source of frustration for her; she was cum drunk, but she wasn't an idiot, and knew perfectly well that what she had on herself was just a taste of the real deal. It was pre, not proper spunk, and she *needed* the proper stuff; had she not been a good girl? Had she not serviced that giant rod well enough?

She *deserved* it. And if it wasn't being given to her, then clearly she had to try harder to force it out of the wolf; if he thought he could hold out on her, then he had another thing coming, doubly so once she managed to wrap her legs around his shaft and force herself off the ground! It wasn't easy, not when the weight on her chest had grown to the point where just moving was painfully sluggish, but she got there; like a sloth hanging from a tree branch, she had that shaft all for herself... even if her body constituted a puny fraction of the rod's full size.

At least it let her be near the base, where all the slick precum was dripping towards. It still wasn't cum, but it was better than nothing, and having *some* grip on *some* part of that member meant that she could work towards getting closer to the prize: the tip, where all of Shrapnel's juices bubbled out of like some immense cauldron, where she should be going so she could spear herself onto it and worry about everything else never again.

Frost wasn't thinking about how impossible it *should* be for her to do what she wanted to do; in her mind, she'd earned it, and that was the only important factor. Nevermind her natural stretchiness, or how the cock she was currently climbing was multiple times the size of her entire body, she *wanted* it, Shrapnel was going to *give it* to her, and there would be no discussion on the matter, not if the wolf knew what was good for him.

Of course, for all the rationalisations that went through the snow leopard's mind, none of this would really matter in the end. She was no longer in control of herself, her instincts were; she could align with them, could act like she was the one calling the shots, could make believe that her body was moving on *her* conscious instructions, but the fact was, none of this was true. Even were she to make the decision not to continue climbing that pillar of cockmeat, her body would keep doing it regardless, because it was out of her hands now. The tip of Shrapnel's shaft was a magnet, and she was a hunk of iron, helplessly attracted to it.

She *felt* as heavy as iron as well. Most of it could be justified by her literally hanging down from the wolf's member, but the longer the climb carried on, the more obvious it became that her breasts were slowing her down, and tremendously slow: they had progressed past the point where they were the size of her head each, having come closer to *twice* that size since she last checked, and showed no signs of stopping. Full, plump, desperate for a good, long cock to be stuffed in the middle of them, they were the sort of bust that Shrapnel would just *love* to have pleasuring his tip.

Shrapnel, who was doing very little besides sitting down and watching, split between a constant pained groan and a face-splitting grin as he watched his mate slowly crawl up the length of his shaft. It was an absurd spectacle: not only was he so big that he took up the whole changing room, but now he had someone clinging onto his dick and doing their best to get to the very end, even when the damned thing was still thickening.

Lacking any room to go further forward, clearly his cock had to widen in order to compensate. It wouldn't last for long; eventually, the frontal march would resume and he'd break through either the foundations or the ceiling above him, but until he did so, he had nowhere else to go but outward. Poor Frost would eventually come to a point where, even with both of her arms hugging him, she wasn't able to touch the tips of her fingers... and it still only got worse, leaving her holding on for dear life until eventually she was flattened against the ground.

He couldn't help it. If the snep was a slave to her own arousal, then Shrapnel had no more control over his size than he did over his ability to breathe. It just *happened*, and now he had to deal with the consequences, both physical and... not so much. The one thing in his mind, the one prominent desire that he couldn't get rid of, was an incessant need to *fuck* Frost. Now, the

obvious problem was that there was no room; even if he wanted to shove himself fully inside of her, he had no space left in which to do so.

So he had to grow bigger. He had to force his nuts to bloat so they'd take out the wall behind him; on doing so, he would open the way to the gym proper by way of the stairwell, and, most importantly, give himself some much-needing space in which to maneuver himself. He'd need to pull back, dragging the full length of his cock along the front of Frost's body, giving her a taste of his musk, of the raw texture of his leathery shaft, leaving her wild and crazy; he'd need to then push forward, finding the one angle in which he could make good use of what his precum had done to the snow leopard.

Frost, in the meantime, was stuck on the ground. All wind knocked out of her lungs, all she could do was wait for something to happen; all around her, the creaking of skin, the groaning of flesh, the rhythmic thumping of Shrapnel's heartbeat. His warmth, spreading through and across her, the coating of precum on the floor growing higher and higher, promising to literally bury her unless something was done about it. And herself, wanting nothing more than to remain there for the rest of her days.

When she felt that gargantuan pillar move, it was at once the worst and best thing that could've happened to her. If, on the one hand, she was being deprived of her everything, her all, the one thing in the world that made sense... on the other, she was having a room-sized cock literally get dragged across her front, forcing her to feel as its near-full length abused the living hell out of her sensory nerves, leaving her pleasure centres entirely backed up with so much information that they were literally unable to process it all; she was lucky she didn't black out on the spot!

She did *cum* on the spot, there was at least that. Unsurprising, given... well, what had just happened; Shrapnel should be happy that his ministrations had such an effect on her, as Frost wasn't one to give in so easily. Not that he seemed to care too much about anything, nor did he seem to even be aware of what was happening; at sizes like those, Frost could only assume the wolf became a force of nature more than a person, an assumption that would be quickly revealed as true when the last foot or so of cock slid off of her, and promptly slammed back into her nethers.

The snow leopard had maybe a second or two to appreciate the short respite between *not* having a colossal dick on top of her, and having the same colossal dick *inside* of her. One or two seconds where she could take a deep breath, absorb the musky scent in the air, promptly lose whatever was left of her good sense and sanity, and then *welcome* the oversized insertion poking at her lower lips.

There were no screams of pain, no begging for Shrapnel to stop. Frost was unaware that she was about to take that monster of a cock without so much as a single cramp, but she didn't care anymore; let her be split in half, that would be a fitting end for herself, being turned into a cocksleeve for Shrapnel, a condom to be used and abused to his heart's content, a cum dumpster in the making, a cum *blimp* if need be! Thoughts of what came after were not for her; what mattered was the present.

Which was why, when the tip of the wolf's member pushed into her, and her body reacted by simply letting it in, Frost had a moment of such utmost confusion that it nearly circled back to bringing her to reality again. She blinked, her eyesight focusing, her mind clearing, the fog of confusion over her eyes turning into a thin mist, as she came to realise that she *wasn't* being stretched out to her breaking point and beyond; indeed, looking down, she could clearly see the outline of Shrapnel's manhood bulging out her body around it, but it was a body that she could still control, feel, and had no pain over.

It was surreal. She was being turned into a living cockwarmer for a shaft over a dozen times bigger than her, and yet, rather than tearing and agony and screaming and burning, blinding pain, she felt... well, not nothing; what she had there was a curious mixture of rapturous ecstasy and a pleasure unlike any that could theoretically be felt by anyone, but nothing along the lines of what she *thought* would happen. The cock kept coming, kept stretching her out, kept rearranging her insides, and yet, all that Frost could think of was how much *more* of it she wanted.

It was an affront to biology, reason, and common sense, but it was happening, and it was happening to *her*. Shrapnel was stretching *her* out, turning *her* into *his* cum sleeve, his living fucktoy, his chosen mate. He had picked *her*, and now *she* was being given the rewards to reap... which, as it turned out, mostly involved having her body turned into a malleable sleeve to be worn around the wolf's gargantuan shaft.

The reaction was twofold, mostly on Shrapnel's side: on the one hand, he did have more room behind him into which to bloat his balls, and did this leave him far more relieved given the release in pressure; on the other, he could no longer control the size of his cock, because he had Frost at the end of it. A good trade, all things considered: gain a snep, lose the ability to consciously decide what to do next.

Much like the leopard herself had succumbed to her primal side, Shrapnel too metamorphosed into something... different. He didn't entirely lose himself; he was still in there, albeit in a radically different form. He barely recalled the last time anyone had drawn out that side of him, it having been so long ago, but he *did* vividly remember what it was *like*: the welling up of heat, the building of pressure, the roar of a beast long forgotten being freed from its cage. It

was himself, as he was *meant* to be, same self that he went to great lengths to avoid showing, for the sake of living in polite society.

But there was no politeness to be had there. He'd barged into the changing room and practically begged to stick his dick inside someone, and now this someone had not only accepted it, but gleefully thrown themselves at him as well! If ever there was any space for him to try and keep things above board, there certainly wasn't now, especially once the ceiling began to cave in.

It was inevitable. Much as his dick could grow to adapt to its surroundings, it was ultimately an uncontrollable *beast* that wanted nothing more than to *grow*; it wanted nothing more than to have blood pumped into it, to feel itself thicken and lengthen, to have the world around it be forced to adapt to *it* rather than the other way around. And now, with a tight, serviceable snow leopard wrapped around it, the member was given everything it could possibly want; *it* was in control now, not Shrapnel, hence why the people up above in the gym saw him emerge from below just a few moments after he forced himself into Frost.

First came his tip, cracking through the foundations and piercing the concrete holding up the structure above ground; it broke the tiling underneath the synthetic flooring, then the flooring itself, and before anyone knew it, most of the weights benches had been pushed aside by the emergence of *something* coming from down below. No one dared to call it what it was; to do so would be to admit that there was a gigantic dick growing to the size of the gym, and if that were true, then they'd all have to run away and act like it was actually happening.

Shrapnel, however, wasn't going to sit around waiting for people to get accustomed to the idea of him existing in that state; he had things to do, places to grow into, buildings to tear down from the inside! He had a snep to fill, to stretch and bloat as he bloated with such intensity that he couldn't hear anything other than his nuts! He couldn't just wait for people to get with the program, he needed to *vent*, and he needed to do it *now*.

Unfortunately for him, his body had other plans. He wasn't the one at the helm, and while the wolf might very well *want* to feel the sweet taste of orgasmic release, his muscle memory and lizard brain wanted nothing more than to *indulge*. In perhaps an inversion of the natural order, Shrapnel's id didn't want immediate gratification, but rather, an extension on it; while the wolf himself was painfully aware that he couldn't afford to let things go for too long, lest it become *entirely* uncontrollable, his body wanted nothing more *than* to force things to go off the rails.

By delaying climax, and deliberately pushing for it all to take as long as possible, Shrapnel's body could maximise the pleasure waves it was being buffeted by, rather than rushing to the finish line and missing out on all the beautiful excess. Plus, the longer he went without actually *cumming*, then the more he would grow! It was a(n un)fortunate side-effect of his manifestation

of the hyper gene, that the only way he could trigger a stop to his expansion was to... well, cum his brains out.

It was the response his body needed to stop doing whatever it was doing to push his boundaries outwards, and unfortunately, said body had become dangerously good at ignoring its owner's pleas. Or, perhaps, Shrapnel had merely constructed a flimsy, false version of himself that existed only to coexist with other people, one that was torn down and packed away when it was no longer needed; perhaps, *this* version of himself, the one that *wanted* to delay his climax so he could grow as big as possible, *was* the real Shrapnel, the one that rarely saw the light of day.

As the wolf grappled with these issues of self, Frost... was still stuck on a cock too big for her to truly be able to handle. She did try: wiggling around, moving her legs, flailing her arms about, those were all gestures she went through, even if they did absolutely nothing to help her situation. It felt like she *had* to do something; such a state of affairs was so out of the ordinary that it short-circuited her ability to think properly, so much so that the snep failed to see that the one thing she *should* be doing... was nothing.

Her job there was done. There had been a point where she had to actually, actively do things, and that point was long past; back when she was still mobile, back when Shrapnel could still move from one place to another, back before she forced him onto the bench to begin with. Back then, she had a task to complete: make the wolf horny. And she did her best! She went out of her way to do things she normally wouldn't, just to make sure she could extract as much scandalous pleasure out of the liaison with Shrapnel as possible; hell, she debased herself in manners she never thought she'd lower herself to, and, if given the chance, would've done the exact same thing all over again.

Now though, she had nothing else to do. It was all done: Shrapnel's full potential was unleashed, she was speared on his dick, and now, she knew exactly what she had to do. No more squirming, no more moving, no more doing anything at all, in fact; her job now was to be there, sit still, and turn herself into an obedient little cocksleeve for Shrapnel to fill, and *nothing else*.

Well, she said little; there was nothing little about her, not with a cock that massive inside of her. She could definitely put on a brave face and say she could take more, but the fact was, even with that much inside of her, the snow leopard had no clue whether or not she could take any more at all. Every additional inch came with a wince and grimace, not through pain, but because it was entirely uncharted territory: she should've been broken before the tip went in, and now she couldn't even *see it* anymore.

Frost blinked, the full scale of it coming into focus. Her belly was in front of her, and to her side, and further out a couple of feet from her face; or rather, it would be more accurate to say that what used to be her body had been perfectly comforted to fit around a dick too large to fit into a single room, and whatever she had now was some kind of living, rubbery substitute that shouldn't stretch nearly as much as it did. It wasn't a "belly"; it was doubtful her insides were even there anymore, whether or not she had anything at all other than empty space to be filled with cum.

But even if that were the case, then wasn't this exactly what she was made for? Wasn't this what she wanted? No need to worry about pesky nuisances like eating or drinking or anything else for that matter; all she had was an incessant need to be stuffed full of spunk, and now a cock and pair of balls that could do just that! If there was nothing left inside of her but empty space waiting to be occupied by liquid volume, then that was the peak of achievement as far as Frost was concerned.

Plus, with the pillar of cockmeat inside of her only growing bigger by the second, it just meant *more room* to fill, more space to be stuffed. With every moment that went by, she could feel herself being stretched out further; no pain, no agony, just the constant reminder of a vague sense of pressure mixed with a permeating warmth that could be equated to a comfortable bath. Of course, it could be just because she was still being glazed with precum, only on the inside; the snep could only imagine what her nether must look like, oozing and drooling with gallons upon gallons of the stuff.

All while her insides were blasted with more proto-seed than anyone alive could even imagine. Yes, there had been hyper "episodes" like the one Shrapnel was starring in, but those never had anyone other than the hyper themselves; her being there was a novelty, her body being altered in that way something that no one had seen before. By the time the whole thing was over, she was likely to be dragged off to a lab for further testing... assuming it would ever be over.

It *should* have ended a while ago. People weren't meant to hold out for that long without blowing their loads, and hyperts were no exception; hell, they were *more* susceptible to stimulation than regular-sized folk, so for Shrapnel to have lasted so long was definitely abnormal. It could be that him being a personal trainer and a regular gym-goer granted him more stamina than most, but in the few moments of conscious thought that Frost still had, she couldn't help but feel that this entire growth episode had gone on for... too long.

Too long, because it meant that Shrapnel could definitely go for even longer. And if that was true, then why not keep going? If he could push himself just an extra second longer *now*, what was stopping him from just delaying the explosion again and again, until he was stuck in a limbo where he *wanted* to cum, had every ability *to* cum... but just didn't?

Meanwhile, she was stuck on his dick, unable to move, and currently being filled with so much pre that, were she to look at herself from the outside, the bulge would've been noticeable; the secondary bulge, that is, not the one formed by the rod stretching her out to several dozen times her old size. One could see the globs smashing against her insides, distending her skin further before settling further down, creating a bump just below Shrapnel's dick that grew wider and deeper with every time his balls clenched and sent another load up.

And it was still pre as well. Not a drop of that was the good stuff and she was already being turned into a living blimp, and she could *not* want for anything else. Well, apart from the *good stuff*, that is; Frost was more than happy with her current position, but even she had to admit that being given a *proper* stuffing would've been far better than just the appetizer. Then again, she could gorge on the latter before feasting on the former... and fully intended to do so.