

Not that he'd know any of this; Drash only woke up several hours later, having blacked out and slept through the rest of the day and the whole night on top, opening his eyes to see the sun shining on them... and far too directly as well. He could hear some concerned murmuring from somewhere nearby, and though it took him a significant amount of time to tune back to reality properly, once he did, he wished he were still asleep; everything that had happened the day before, seemingly so distant and dream-like, came crashing back once he saw that he was, in fact, still riding on top of eight gargantuan cumtanks, with four equally colossal cocks jutting out from an overstretched slit, the two masses taking up more or less all the space around him. It took him a bit to remember this "space" used to be a laboratory with several thousand dollars' worth of equipment, one that he'd have to explain the loss of to his mom and sister when they came back home... a home that, judging from the way the whole structure was groaning and creaking, was probably in a right state as well. Little did Drash even know that nearly the entirety of his house had been coated in a thick layer of white, courtesy of his hours-long sequence of orgasms that not only left the whole place a wreck, but did a number on the outside as well; his neighbors woke up to find that the street outside their own homes had been flooded, though not exactly by water. Calling the fire department didn't really solve anything, seeing as the root cause of it, that being the quad of dicks poking from out of the ruined remnants of Drash's family home, wasn't exactly in their power to do anything about; the most anyone could really "do" was stand around and hope that something changed, only to be confronted with little more than gallons of cum pouring out from four oversized holes with an intensity that very much betrayed how productive the drake had become. Yet, he wasn't stuck there, even if Drash himself thought he was for the first few minutes of his waking day; while his brain had yet to process it properly, it hadn't *merely* been his breeding apparatus who received an upgrade; his body, too, had been seriously altered over the course of those long hours, not only growing to match the size of its package, but developing enough musculature that Drash actually *stood up* after finding he could reach the floor with his two feet. By his estimates, he was significantly taller than before, enough perhaps that his head would've bumped into the ceiling were he to have stood in the lab before it was destroyed... and this gave him just enough leeway to pick himself up and move, his mind focusing on getting back to campus as soon as possible. He didn't know why he felt like he should be *there* of all places, but something in his mind told him there was a good chance he'd meet Sheyla there, and if that was the case, then where else should he be? Where else should he go if not to the one spot where he could breed his perfect dragoness, so the two of them might make good use of their new bodies? Surely, if his own form had been improved to such a degree, then Drash could only *imagine* what Sheyla might look like after the viral agent was done with her, not to mention the extra additions as a result of his breeding her; really, it'd be a crime if he *didn't* immediately head off to campus, even if he'd have to walk there... which only meant he needed to get it done as soon as possible. Unthinking, unflinching, Drash got up. It was surprisingly easy, even if he did end up breaking part of the ceiling in the process, with the amount of rubble created by his dragging his balls around leading him to think the house was about to collapse behind him. Given his current state, however, he found it prudent to try and

find *something* to help him survive the way over to his destination; he could *feel* how close he was to bursting, so anything at all to help stave off the inevitable climax would be appreciated. Sadly, the laboratory was nothing more than a pile of debris by that point, with the only surviving furnishings being a couple of ceiling-mounted cabinets, ones that Drash just so happened to be lucky enough to find fully stocked! He counted his blessings as he went through the inventory, throwing away most of what he found until he stumbled upon something that ought to do the trick: a bottle of hormone suppressants, conspicuously kept all the way in the back where no one would see them. Once again though, Drash was too horny to care; rather, he uncapped the bottle and downed all of its contents, nearly coughing them back up after choking on a few. Still, he got them into his system, which meant he *should* have some time to drag himself over to campus without his entire body exploding in every direction; how little did he know that he was already well on his way there, with what his draconic form having been augmented and enhanced to the point where he looked far more bestial than he had the day before. Every spiky protuberance had been sharpened, every ridge accentuated, his muzzle turned longer and more feral, while a couple of nubs on his back had begun to sprout into a pair of wings, all without Drash being able to tell; he was stuck inside a room that was much too small for what sort of transformation was happening within, and only after the drake pushed his way to the exterior did he successfully begin registering that plenty of things were definitely *off* about him. Not only was he taller, being able to loom over the few people that were still assembled in front of his home, but his body was definitely stronger as well, looking like he'd been hitting the gym religiously for months; his claws, too, felt more powerful, with each step he took carving out a large hole in the ground, almost causing rumbling to break out... though it was hard to tell whether it was because of his strength, or because he was carrying around a quad of cocks and eight nuts all big enough that the whole thing probably weighed more than his house did. No matter; he had better things to worry about, hence why he pointed himself in the general direction of his campus and started walking. He wasn't going to stop just because there were other houses in the way; there was plenty of room in between them that he could just plot through their front- and backyards, because he absolutely wasn't using the streets, not at that time of day. There was a good chance he might accidentally get run over, and then he'd have to worry about a car having been wrecked on his account! No, much better if he just ruined some shrubbery and trees, especially since no one could really blame him for it; what was he supposed to do, with a body like his? Especially since it was only getting bigger; he could feel his nuts growing with every step, his cocks lengthening and thickening whenever he moved... but above all, Drash could sense his body undergoing some sort of alteration, even if he had no idea just how radical it was. Still stuck in something of a haze after barely waking up, trudging along on his way to campus without truly registering most of what was happening around him, Drash failed to notice that his perspective was coming back down to where it used to be, but not without his additional height going somewhere else. Perhaps his body had realized that he couldn't keep going like that for much longer, or maybe the viral agent, having been designed for presumably feral animals, resolved to undergo one further mutation in order to bring Drash in

line with what was expected of him as a species repopulator. The transformation itself was seamless, so much so that Drash himself easily missed it even when his entire skeletal structure was being reshaped... though one could easily make the argument that he was perfectly aware of it, yet chose to act as if it wasn't happening thanks to the *overload* of serotonin his brain was flooded with. It was inevitable, really; his form had already been primed over the course of his long sleep, and now that he was awake, the drake was merely going through the next few steps, getting him ready for whenever the final dose was provided. He found himself slouching forward, unable to stand up as straight as before; thankfully, he had plenty of knots that he could rest on, letting him mostly ignore this and just chalk it up as him needing the extra stimulation. His arms, too, had begun to shift and change, reconfiguring themselves so that, much later on, they could adopt the form they were destined to have once the proper breeding began; he would've liked to have said something about it as well, even if it was just mumbling to himself how he was so virile and powerful, but for whatever reason found it hard to speak words. Maybe he was just tired, or his brain was so overwhelmed by everything that had happened that it couldn't come up with proper speech, but all he could do was grumble a couple of monosyllabic expressions, like "big" or "more", all while the pressure within his dicks and nuts rose once again after he let his thoughts get the better of him. Every movement became more uncoordinated, as if his body had suddenly lost the ability to control its own motor functions; it felt more like he was stumbling forward rather than walking, like his bodily configuration simply wasn't adequate for the sort of massive weights he was carrying. Past a certain point, Drash was effectively permanently bent over his numerous knots, thanking his lucky stars that, at the very least, he had plenty of package to hug now that he couldn't keep his back straight for whatever reason. This, of course, only led to him being further exposed to the smells and *sounds* of his hyperactive cum factories, the rumbling and creaking and *stretching* as his body continued to pick up on size and mass; Drash knew that by the time he reached campus, whenever that was, he'd be too big to properly move, at least without some assistance... but, at the same time, he couldn't bring himself to care, not when he was certain he'd find Sheyla there. Then he *wouldn't* have to move; the two of them would have one another and that was all they needed, so even if they ended up stuck in one spot with Drash stuck inside the dragoness, that was just the best-case scenario as far as he was concerned. Hence, his desperate need to get to school as quickly as he could, even if this meant some serious property damage on the way there. Oddly enough, few people around him seemed to care about all the destruction; indeed, several dragonesses had dropped whatever they were doing to run after Drash (or walk after him; the poor guy wasn't exactly moving that quickly), trying desperately to be the first one to receive of his bounty. They would never get it... at least, not directly. The drake wasn't about to turn around and waste time breeding anyone else when he had Sheyla (presumably) waiting for him at campus, so he just kept walking; this didn't mean he wasn't still leaking copious amounts of his seed for whoever was nearby to trip and land on, nor that said seed wasn't still so hyper-potent that mere exposure to it was enough to trigger spontaneous pregnancies in anyone capable of developing one. The trail of would-be broodmothers need only follow in his footsteps, for eventually the simple

proximity to the enormous quantities of cum being poured out of Drash's quad-cocks would give them exactly what they wanted; very few of them would make it past a couple hundred yards before they fell down, their bellies swelling with eggs, their bodies thickening and bloating much like Sheyla's had, in preparation for a clutch that would put any other to shame. And Drash himself had to do nothing for this to happen; all that was required of him was to keep walking and focus forward, with the universe doing the rest. Wherever he went, he left behind him a large collection of swelling dragonesses whose gravid forms became bigger and wider the closer they came to the drake himself, a process that was itself further amplified over time; after all, Drash was still growing bigger, growing more potent, growing more virile, to the point where the lucky ones who got close to him when he was nearest to the campus were left almost instantaneously bigger than Sheyla had been the day prior, albeit far less capable of moving around thanks to arousal overload. This was only made worse when Drash actually came into campus, at which point he was utterly surrounded by a crowd of admirers who saw in him the solution to all their breeding problems; wouldn't take long before he had literally dozens of dragonesses-turned-egg factories all around him, unable to walk as their forms swelled and filled with dozens upon dozens of burgeoning ovals all begging to be laid to make room for new ones. As for Sheyla, her experience over the night was at once similar, yet oh-so deliciously unique from Drash's. She still went through the process of filling up her residence, albeit far more destructively than the drake; while her lover had an actual house to fill up and cover with cum, she had a relatively small dorm that didn't exactly provide a lot of space for her to cover in tits, ass and belly. She was lucky the one she'd been assigned didn't have anyone else in it, turning what was *supposed* to be a shared space into a more spacious than average accommodation, but Sheyla still had to contend with much less growing room than Drash did. As a result, the destruction caused by her own burgeoning form was far greater than what had happened with the laboratory: not only did she wake up to find the kitchen counter completely wrecked, but the entire kitchen area itself (small as it may be) had been reduced to a pile of rubble, one that had collapsed into the adjacent rooms and left her sitting in the middle of a disaster area that just barely avoided collapsing after the load-bearing walls were knocked out. It was her body alone that kept the ceiling from caving in, courtesy of it having become so colossal that Sheyla found it difficult to move at all; from her position, deep underneath her own curves, she couldn't see the vast pile of eggs that was shoved off to one side, all five hundred or so of them, nor the multiple pairs of breasts that lined her front *or* the gargantuan belly that, even when fully empty, was still large enough that it would graze the ground while she was standing, courtesy of the dozen or so hyper-sized wombs inside of it. This was to say nothing of her rump, which had become a couch-slash-bed for her to sit or lie upon, along with a pair of thighs so deliciously oversized that it was a wonder her hands didn't automatically sink into them whenever Sheyla wasn't holding them back. To her, of course, this was nothing but another close approximation of her true shape and size as the world's most fertile broodmother; if anything, all she'd undergone was a couple of steps closer to her dream goals, nothing else... which itself meant she needed to get up and start getting back to Drash, since clearly he was the only one who could help her along the road

to further bloating and breeding. Getting up, however, was easier said than done; even in the best of circumstances, Sheyla was still moving a far larger body than she was used to, made significantly harder by how she was stuck inside a house far too small to allow any real freedom of movement. It was motivation, at least, to get her to go outside as quickly as possible, but as she wriggled and writhed, trying to extricate herself from the bind she'd grown into, the urge to just break through the nearest wall and *roll* into the outdoors began to grow as well, Sheyla's frustration causing significantly more damage to her surroundings than she initially expected. It wasn't her fault though; no, it was the *architect's* fault for not anticipating someone like her, and the *university's* fault for not housing her somewhere that could actually cater to her needs, instead slapping her inside a dorm far too tiny to handle her swelling, ready-to-get-gravid body. How was she supposed to get a roof over her head when next she was swollen with eggs? She was already that massive when empty, who knew how colossal she'd end up when Drash actually gave her a proper filling for once? Far larger than even the dragoness would think, in fact; though she remained blissfully unaware of how fertile her current configuration was, the moment Drash blessed her with even the smallest amount of seed, she would very quickly find out that her form could indeed stretch out to several times its already immense size. With each of her wombs being several times larger than they should be, and each one being serviced by two dozen or so ovaries on either side, a *single one* would've been enough to put her nighttime pregnancy to shame; with her packing so many of them all in that immense belly of hers, the sheer ludicrous sizes she would reach would serve as a testament to her status as the ultimate broodmother, one that Sheyla herself wanted to get on with as quickly as possible. With a great amount of rumbling, the dragoness *did* eventually get up, though by then she was confronted with how her back seemed perpetually bent forward; she couldn't quite stand up properly, forced to lean onto her gut for support while dragging her feet. Complaining about it also turned out to be harder than usual; for whatever reason, Sheyla couldn't quite verbalize her discontentment the same way as before, with little coming out but growls, roars, and the occasional "fuck" uttered in a bestial tone. No matter, she was probably just tired, and all the hormones in her system were making it harder for her to function; surely, as soon as she got a good breeding in her, all of this would turn out just fine. That said, she still had to contend with the front door... which she did by just walking straight through it, no longer caring whether she left anything standing in between herself and the first good breeding of the day. It certainly woke up the rest of the dorm; a few even got close enough to *see* Sheyla as she did much of the same to the front door on the very bottom of the building, after wrecking her way down the stairs and very nearly tripping several times. The only thing saving her was her immense belly, which helpfully got stuck in multiple spots, preventing her from tumbling over completely; by the time she was outside, however, there was no such thing to help her, leading to the dragoness being left without any real goals beyond waiting for Drash to show up. After all, *he* had an obligation to breed *her*, not the other way around... but that wasn't going to fix her arousal, now was it? It was hard to deny that she felt far hornier than usual after waking up, probably as a result of all those eggs she didn't even bother to check; it left her burning up, *needing* some sort of relief, and with no drake in

sight, the only thing left for her to do was shuffle over to the campus itself, find the nearest bathroom, and promptly cover it in her own juices while waiting for Drash to come fill her properly. The way there was... certainly an experience, given that her multiple rows of milkers were spouting cream at such high intensity that anyone caught in front of her would immediately regret it; at least, she provided her own lubrication, coating the ground in such a thorough manner that dragging her belly over it wasn't nearly as painful as it would've been otherwise. After breaking through the front door to the main building, and squeezing into a corridor, really all that Sheyla had left was to once again force her way through the door to the nearest bathroom (and the wall surrounding it) before sitting down and (in her mind, at least) surreptitiously starting to pleasure herself. Of course, everyone in the damned building could either hear her, or was already aware of what she had done, but in the dragoness' mind, this was just another day; it was perfectly normal for her to spend a good hour or so handling her need for release behind an open door, and if anyone happened to walk in on her, with all the noise she was making, well that was entirely on them, not her. And if someone decided to go through the hole in the wall she made and ask what in the hell she thought she was doing, the one thing that Sheyla could think to do in response was growl and let her wings flap a couple of times... wings she'd always had, right? It wasn't as if she just sprouted those things over the course of several hours without realizing it, no, they'd always been there! It was part of her charm, really, presumably part of the reason why Drash was so attracted to her in the first place; Drash, who'd knocked her up properly when no one else had deigned to do so, Drash, who had made good on the best broodmother body around, Drash, who she vaguely remembered as once being so tiny and insignificant that she never assumed he would amount to anything at all. Went to show how wrong she could be, though Sheyla was still somewhat irritated that the drake was taking so long; she had enough time to climax multiple times before even thinking of getting up, the bathroom by then completely coated in a combination of milk and femcum. The dragoness *assumed* her lover should've been there already, which could only mean that he got caught up somewhere; presumably because his fat dick got in the way and someone else was trying to take advantage of it, which just wouldn't do. No, only *she* got to ride that thing until it plastered her insides white, no one else!