

At no point did it occur to her that her body wasn't normal, that she wasn't supposed to be that big or that her physical form wasn't designed to bloat that much; all the vixen could think of was the need to be bred... and the mounting pressure that came with her body growing as much as it did. She was going to need to leave her apartment block, even if it meant tearing through chunks of it, barely even thinking about why or *how* she was still mobile; it was only after Samantha broke through the façade, tearing down an immense block of concrete that smashed into piece and showered the road outside in debris, that her lust-addled brain even begun to take stock of the situation. If she were to look at herself from a distance, it would effectively be a conglomeration of circles: she had her tits, yes, a bust that collectively made up an entire bedroom, leaking such copious quantities of milk each second that the storm drains next to her clogged up near instantly. Her tits were clearly growing as well, or perhaps more accurately *filling*, as their dairy production rates kept increasing with each moment the vix wasn't being pumped full of babies she could feed using all that lactic cream; even with her nipples bulging out and engorging at the same rate, there was only so much fluid that could be vented, and by her measure, it wouldn't take more for *each* of her tits to individually be as big as her bust was at that exact moment. These were saved from scraping along the ground by virtue of her ovaries having blown up to become about as big as the milk factories that were resting on them, their matter *dense* as their ability to produce eggs was both turned on *and* kicked into overdrive, prompting Samantha's body to constantly dump more and more mass into those things in an effort to make her as fertile as possible. Finally, behind her, the reason why she could even move to begin with, and the one thing keeping her slightly balanced and capable of standing up, even with that much weight slung out in front of her: an ass so wide that it was now *bigger* than a bus, hips that defied the concept of "motherly" and went straight to adding "brood" to the word, and a set of thighs so fat that each step Samantha took was one that made them jiggle and quake like gelatin for minutes on end, stacking with itself so that they refused to ever settle down. All in all, a body that shouldn't be, born purely from years of "good luck", followed by a spectacularly poor decision to hold herself back during mating season; she defied convention, broke all the rules that even other hypers had to abide by, and perhaps best of all, was entirely unaware of any of this. With her mind in the state that it was, Samantha understood very little of what was going on with her, only that she felt horny, she wanted to be filled with a cock, and needed to have cum pumped into her in amounts at least as absurd as the quantity of milk she was producing. Anything less would be unacceptable, but luckily she didn't have to worry too much about it; it *was* mating season, after all, and there being no shortage of vulpines around, it was only a matter of time before she found someone to satisfy her urges. And if she didn't find any *one* person big and virile enough... well, there was a whole city out there, presumably she could make do with quantity rather than quality. Thus, the vixen began moving, at least as much as she could in the state that she was in; every step came with a loud, bassy impact, her weight cracking the pavement whenever she put one foot in front of the other, along with the slorshing of the two milkers that made it impossible for Samantha to see where she was going. Countless gallons of cream poured onto the street, only a fraction of what the vixen was producing; every moment she

spent not being fucked was one where she just bloated harder, presumably her body's way of trying to attract attention from whatever male happened to be around. It was enough to eventually cause a degree of unbalance that even Sam couldn't deal with; in between her ovaries having bloated so much that they were scraping against the ground and her tits putting so much pressure on them that she felt like every moment of her life was pure, paradoxically ecstatic agony, there came a point where the vixen had to give up. As before, control was no longer in her hands, so if her legs said that they couldn't go any further, she had no recourse other than let her muscles go limp and tip forward, leaning against so much of her own flesh that her arms began to automatically rub at it in an attempt at achieving some measure of release. Soon enough, her feet would be getting pushed off the ground, and she hadn't even had a single drop of cum unloaded in her; it was purely the size of her egg-makers and breasts that were rapidly turning them into something of a bed-slash-throne upon which Samantha had no option but to lie on, as the rest of her body became outsized by her assets, leaving her immobilized and unable to do anything about it. In many ways, this was perhaps the best thing that could've happened to her: no movement meant she could preserve her energy and then immediately spend it on moaning as loudly as possible, *screaming* really for anyone, literally anyone to come rut and breed her. Being stuck there meant that any would-be suitor didn't need to worry about anything other than climbing the hills of soft pudge in order to stick their cock where it was most wanted, presenting Samantha as the perfect target for the attention of any vulpine in heat. Most of all, however, her being belly-down left her in the best possible position for when her womb was filled and the kits began growing, preparing her for months and months of her being stranded on a baby bump so utterly colossal that it would dwarf everything around her. So many years she spent trying to avoid this fate, not realizing that she was only delaying the inevitable, and perhaps worst of all, making it *worse* when it finally came to pass... or, perhaps, this had been her body's plan all along, avoiding any pregnancies until such a time as Samantha formulated the thought of deliberately avoiding them, at which point it sprung the surprise on her. Perhaps she was always meant to be a mindless, mewling broodmother whose sole motivation was to have a massive shaft inside of her nethers, pumping her full of seed at every moment of every day; the idea was certainly entertaining enough that it left the vixen *gushing* when it first popped up, and the more she considered it, the more she allowed that concept to take her over, the warmer and more comfortable she felt in this new role of hers. It sounded right, it felt right, and above all, it *was* right; so many years she spent trying to run away from her responsibilities, from her true role as a living baby factory, that it was only appropriate for the universe to remind her in such extreme a fashion. Of course she ended up bloating that hard, how else was she supposed to make up for so much lost time? Maybe if she had bothered to get knocked up before, if she made use of her heat and mating seasons to actually *try* to be bred, rather than just offloading all her libido and being done with it, then maybe her physical form wouldn't have had to be warped so drastically just to get her to pay attention to her true calling; she didn't belong in an office, filing paperwork into cabinets and acting like that meant anything, she was a *breeding machine*, a vixen whose sole use was to be used as a cum dumpster, to fill up and then bloat out even more, to be made

gravid and then to *stay* gravid for as long as she could. Hers was a body designed from the ground up to make others want to mindlessly rut it, and wouldn't she know it, she had her first customer already: a young twenty-something fox, who hadn't so much parked his car as he did drive it over the sidewalk and against a light pole before haphazardly scrambling off the driver's seat, ripping their shirt off and quite literally snapping their belt in half rather than take the time to undo it properly; by the time he had reached her, he was fully naked, and while Sam couldn't see the size of what he was packing, she could certainly *feel it* rubbing against her overgrown ovaries as the vulping climbed onto them towards her plump, juicy ass (and the prize that lay beneath)... as well as the growth that it too went through. Whether it be something that her newest lover could always do or a result of her own body's hormone storm somehow infecting other people, the vixen didn't know; all she could think by then was how *massive* that shaft was, or at least how it felt, and how much bigger it seemed to be getting with every inch that its owner climbed. It was enough to get her loins to start flooding again, and this time, it didn't stop there; with the rest of her having become so absurdly well-endowed in preparation for a good breeding, it was downright criminal that the one spot that *should* have received the biggest boost had gone without one entirely... at least, until the moment when Samantha thought about it. Once again, it was impossible for her to *see*, but when her lower lips began to plump up, her pussy swelling outwards as it became girthier and meatier by the second, holding onto whatever semblance of a mind she still had didn't so much become an impossibility as much as it did an absurdity; this was her final transformation, the last change that heralded her complete surrender to her baser instincts, and as soon as she felt her asscheeks being pushed apart by her cunt, as soon as she felt the stinging touch of the wind on her mound, telling her that it was big enough to emerge from underneath her wide load of a rear, that's when Samantha knew she was ready to give up. In a good way, of course; it was so easy at that point to take all the things she thought she knew for granted, like her job, her home, her friends, her very life really, and just throw it all away, replacing it with this one, singular thing: breeding. It felt simple, and in fact it really was; all that was needed of her was the willingness to throw away any semblance of a future that didn't involve her getting fucked every hour of every day, which as far as Sam was concerned, wasn't even a question. She was *born* to be bred, her body the perfect receptacle for whatever fuck-hungry male wanted something to rut for hours on end; if she had to throw everything else away just to experience that, then vixen would happily do so, especially if it meant being gifted with hung hunks like that one. The poor fox was so obviously struggling with the size of his cock by the time he reached his lover's nethers that he almost tipped over backwards when he tried hefting it up the first time; it took a few tries before he managed to do so without losing balance, but as soon as he did... well, foreplay wasn't really an option there. Not anymore at least, not with the amount of pheromones flying through the air, not when the broodmother the mindless breeder had climbed onto had become so immense that their form already *looked* like it was filled to the nines when it was yet to receive a single load; one could only *imagine* what Samantha would turn out to be once she was actually pumped full of virile seed, a thought and mental image that seemingly infected not just her own head, but that of those around her. Even

other women, despite the fact that they could do very little to contribute, were suddenly beset by wants and desires that were utterly alien to them, ones that left them despairing as they could do little to scratch that itch besides throw themselves at the still-growing vixen taking up an increasingly large amount of space on the road. Sam had long-since spilled over from the sidewalk, with one half of her body squished up against the apartment blocks beside her and the other half making up an improvised biological roadblock, making it impossible for vehicles to navigate the street properly; this was, of course, assuming their drivers wanted to do so anyway, as opposed to the much more delectable reality that was them abandoning their cars to join in on the fun. The first fox hadn't just been a fluke, nor had they been the one person insane enough to disregard their personal safety for the sake of a quick fuck; plenty others left their vehicles in the middle of the road, several not even bothering to turn the engines off, just so they could rush out and desperately find *some* part of the giant vixen that they could pleasure themselves with, even if the one spot they truly wanted was already taken. Maybe, they all thought to themselves, once the first lover was done and over with, they could compete with one another for the prize spot, then just keep going until everyone had their turn and that glorious mother-to-be was left so positively stuffed that the thought of ever walking again would be downright laughable. Surely, they assumed, even with their bodies being driven by heat, and apparently enhanced with close proximity to Samantha, there'd be a limit beyond which they'd have to rest and recuperate, even if this hypothetical cap was pushed far further up than where it used to be; no one questioned how their biologies were being altered on the fly, not even when every male around the vix started to see most of their body mass focused entirely on their cock and balls, nor when the women began to go down the same path as Sam did, tits, ass and ovaries swelling uncontrollably... and the least said about those blessed with both sides of the aisle, the better, for those were already trying to come up with ways to handle themselves in some kind of perpetual motion setup. Any other day of the year and this might've been impossible, but now that Samantha had come into the picture, this was no longer a certainty; her body being what it was, maybe proximity to it *would* allow those folks to impregnate themselves, thus leading to an ever-worsening cycle of fertility and virility that required no outside intervention. Even better as well, since everyone else's attention was focused entirely on the vixen, to the point where large sections of her body was quickly left covered in would-be suitors and horned-up hangers-on who just wanted, nay, *needed* to rub themselves against *some* part of the growing giantess, whose minds had been so thoroughly broken by exposure that all they could think about was the mere notion that maybe, in the future, they'd get to be the ones to stick their cock in her and fulfill her purpose as a baby factory. The first fox, for his part, had already reached their limit long before the exodus began, but held onto dear life in the hopes of squeezing out as much time as he possibly could; it wasn't *just* about the breeding, it was about stuffing his face into an asscheek while hands did the same, his legs and feet rubbed against impossibly colossal ovaries and his cock was milked by a pussy so massive that it defied explanation. Past a certain point, it was just instinct keeping him going, and once that happened, it didn't take long before the floodgates opened; with the male's nuts having ballooned to the size of overstuffed beanbags, there was

plenty of cum to go around, and though a veritable waterfall of the stuff flowed out from Samantha's body, staining the ground and once more clogging the storm drains, this barely accounted for a *fraction* of the total amount dumped into her. In a second, her belly bloated to accommodate for all the spunk she was being gifted, and in a second, her egg makers, once so vast that they could've been mistaken *for* her belly, *vanished* entirely, as the cum gut Sam sported inflated again, and again, and once again evermore for every single rope of cum that her first lover so generously granted her, until she was so far up compared to everyone else that the vixen couldn't even *see* anyone at all! All around her was herself, her womb, every inch of it filled with seed, stretched to capacity and beyond several times over, until most of her form was cum by sheer weight percentage, more and more as her lover made sure to empty out completely; it was a marvel, really, that his body even kept going for so long, doubly so considering that, after he was spent, he returned to normal. Perhaps it was because he was no longer needed, at least for the time being, but rather than simply dumping the contents of his cumtanks into Samantha, the lucky vulpine quite literally drained back to his old size, eventually falling off when the vice-like grip that the vixen's cunt had on his dick was no longer enough to keep the by-then pathetically tiny shaft from sliding out... and, quite fortuitously, making room for someone else to fill the role of breeder if they were quick enough to get there. Thus began a second race, where the nearest males scrambled to be the ones to reach their destination before anyone else did, one made slightly difficult by their junk burgeoning in size and capacity the closer they got; by the time someone did manage to climb the mountain and get in position, they were even *bigger* than the first fox had been, and they weren't even a fox themselves! Rather, the second breeder turned out to be a bull, a bulky brick house of a man nearing seven feet in height and looking like he'd been hitting the gym every day for the past several years, yet somehow still managing to appear so insignificant next to a cock and a pair of nuts that made him look downright puny. All of it, of course, to better serve their new broodmother and communal cum dumpster; that much was the single, overriding motivation leading all those present, the one thing they *knew* for certain had to happen, and the only reason why even those who didn't get to Samantha's pussy in time still clung onto her swelling body. It was the hope that maybe they'd be next, and all they had to do was both pay attention and have the willpower needed to press onwards even after it became clear that they should be immobile from all the weight between their legs. For, after all, *someone* had to keep filling the vixen up, even after the first batch; sure, her body might have reacted to being stuffed with cum so much that it turned into a large swimming pool in the shape of a vixen's belly by immediately releasing *thousands upon thousands* of eggs, each of which was all-but guaranteed to be fertilized, but that was hardly enough. Sure, the two colossal ovaries might literally be bathed in a small sea of spunk that triggered further production and even greater impregnation rates. Sure, each second that passed guaranteed that dozens of new lives were ready to be gestated in a womb that would only grow bigger to accommodate it all... but that was just the beginning. Samantha was, still, small enough that she could fit into a single street and still leave some space on the opposite sidewalk, which was just *not* good enough as far as anyone cared; Sam herself wanted to be bigger, her

would-be lovers wanted to *see* her getting bigger, and with everyone's inhibitions and self-control shattered into pieces, it was all they could do to avoid cumming their brains out unless it would lead to an even greater filling. That this lead to most assembled breeders quickly becoming too heavy to move, as their balls backed up with such copious quantities of baby batter that their density approached critically unsustainable levels, did not escape anyone's attention; the difference being that, what once would've been a warning sign to call the authorities so they could fix an impending, looming disaster had now become the *norm*, and in fact the outright *required* state of being. If those lucky few wanted to be part of the exclusive club of males who got to breed the broodmother Samantha had turned into, it was their job to hold it in and prove that they could withhold all of their precious seed, that they could avoid wasting even a single drop *just* so they could give it all to the vixen... a vixen that only grew more uncontrolled and mindless with each thrust she felt, and every droplet of cum that was pressurized into her. It didn't take long for her body to be visible from across the entire city; her tits alone, rather than stabilizing after she finally gave in to her desires, instead redoubled their productivity, presumably to feed all the young ones inside of her, leaving the vix with a pair of milkers that were each bigger than an entire football stadium, each produced enough milk that it began to coalesce into clouds above the landscape, and each continued to bloat at such a rapid rate that it was a wonder Sam could even stretch her skin out that much. Her ass and hips just kept *fattening* as well, not so much giving her a motherly figure as they did break the concept entirely, though that much was to be expected; through it all, her mound still managed to peek out, offering a gigantic, meaty target for whoever was brave and determined enough to make the climb. Yet none of these even *began* to get close to the absolute colossus of a monster that her belly had become; or rather, the *womb*, which just so happened to stretch out so much that the vixen's ovaries became visible again, two immense bulges sticking out from opposite sides of the multiple-city-block-wide, rotund baby factory that Samantha was lying on top of. Every heartbeat added entire feet of width to it, a rate that only went up the more cum was pumped into her and the more efficient her body became at processing it; the number of young must've skyrocketed into the millions within minutes, and with everyone there being so lust-addled that they could barely remember their names, they all inevitably stopped caring about counting numbers. It didn't matter, so long as said numbers kept going *up*; so long as the vixen was being stuffed, being made to be bred harder, being turned into an even more fertile broodmother, that was all that truly mattered. So long as she was there, screaming for more, her body slowly buried underneath its own curves, that was all that truly mattered. And so long as the rest of them could carry on, keep on fucking that gorgeous giantess for as long as they could, that was all that truly mattered.

Perhaps, Samantha thought in her last moment of lucidity, she could make it to next mating season.

And then start all over again.