

Who was going to stop them, after all? Who in the whole team had the courage and presence of mind to forcefully open the lock on the entrance, walk all the way to where the two lovers were making good use of all that empty space, and order them to stand down and pour some cold water on themselves? No one, that's who, no one was dumb enough to even try such a thing, leaving Baha and Sorana to thoroughly enjoy one another's presence, basking in mutual adoration for the first *real* time ever since they met; with no concerns over the structural integrity of the station to cloud their minds, and a truly *colossal* bed left there for them to use, it didn't take too long before the bear pushed her boytoy onto the mattress and, with a snap of her fingers, had the compression layers keeping him down removed. Not all of them, mind, but just enough that she could easily climb onto a pair of nuts that were very easily bigger than she herself was, her entire front pressed against a cock that didn't have any right being that titanic and appetizing; as it rose to break the twelve foot line, Sorana briefly considered letting it go further, a notion that made her knees feel weak even though she wasn't using them. She imagined, in her mind's eye, what a fully unleashed Baha would look like: unthinkably huge, so much that he could plug the cannon underneath them and still have more to offer, so powerful that a cumshot could break physics in half and crack a ball of gas as if it was made entirely out of solid material. She pictured it, and for each moment she held that image in her mind, more drool poured out from her mouth, helped along by her face being stuffed against that cock to begin with, giving her plenty of opportunities to breathe it in, to slobber all over the damned thing, to quietly beg for more even as her mind struggled to keep her powers in check. The compressor gear itself had been reduced to a relatively thin, adjustable cockring around the base of Baha's shaft; at any given point, it could be told to expand to cover him up completely, in order to then shrink him back down, but for the time being, what both of them wanted was to see that colossal package *swell*, to watch as the horse's nuts bloated with seed and his cock twitched and throbbed its way upwards and outwards, until the bear was left clinging to it, her arms wrapped around its circumference even as her motor control was slowly drained out of her body at the same rate as her force of will. Despite thinking of herself as the dominant half of the relationship, a claim that held some merit whenever the two interacted in less lewd a manner, such certainties vanished the moment she was face-to-face with that monster of a shaft; if keeping herself in check was already difficult at the best of times, what with her *knowing* what lurked beneath the surface, being shown the prize that she strived for at all times broke Sorana completely, leaving behind only a mumbling, spluttering mess who could barely put one coherent word in front of another. Then again, Baha wasn't any better; rather than take the opportunity to assert himself and take command of which direction things were going, he was too busy having his cock stroked by an overeager bear who didn't seem to know her own strength, leaving him thoroughly unable to do anything other than beg for her to go faster, in between neighing and clenching every muscle in his substantially-sized body in preparation for a release that he knew shouldn't come... or should it, really? Were they not somewhere that was designed to withstand his levels of productivity? There were *redundant* systems in place precisely to make sure that, should one fail, there would be plenty more layers of defense to protect the rest of the station from a cum flood, so if there

was any place in the universe where Baha could be safe in his decision to cut loose, it had to be there, in that gloriously oversized warehouse that he would call a home for the next few months. It was with a smile on his face that this realization hit him, even if it only lasted for a moment before being replaced by a grimace and then something resembling a broken grin; keeping hold of one emotion when Sorana was eagerly bouncing on his nuts and rubbing her whole body against his cock was... difficult. As for Sorana herself, she didn't wait for any foreplay before going down on that member as hard as she could, knowing as she did that, should she want seconds, the horse's refractory period would make sure she got them in short notice. Besides, at sizes like those, what would even count as foreplay? When dealing with a dick so big that it was literally larger than she herself was, wasting time tending to it gently felt like a waste; a cock that big deserved to get serviced as soon and as frequently as possible, even if it meant having so much precum splattered on top of her that the thought of her fur being permanently stained occurred to the ursine more than once. It was a deluge, a waterfall of the stuff pouring out from Baha's tip, which even after just a few seconds of stimulation was bubbling like a cauldron; even still, it was naught but a fraction of what he was truly capable of, an entrée for the main course really, and one that Sorana was eager to get rid of in order to make way for the full release. Holding back and exercising any degree of self-control were both ideas that just never came to her, something that she might've done in the past, but was entirely uncalled-for in that particular situation. No, she just had to keep bouncing, keep licking, keep moaning, keep growling, until the cock she was hugging reached a critical limit beyond which it couldn't go any further: covered in bulging veins, slick with pre, audibly pulsating with every heartbeat and ready to blow, at least if the two titanic cum factories attached to the bottom of it were any indication. If nothing else, Sorana's one regret was that she was no longer big enough to actually *take* that beast into her; otherwise, she would've climbed that pole and shoved herself on it quicker than Baha could even realize it was happening, happily impaling herself and getting ready to be stuffed by enough cum to knock her up several times over if she so allowed it. Alas, the horse was just *too* big, and while the bear could quite easily shrink him down so he still fit, she didn't want to; it was far better, far more enjoyable for her to let him be that way, for the pillar of cockmeat she was holding onto to turn into a veritably geyser of cum once it finally blew. Not only would it leave her covered from head to toe in her lover's spunk, not only would it do the same for every surface around the two... but it also maximized pleasure for Baha himself, which was half the point of the two engaging in such debauchery to begin with. Sure, it was going to require the bed as a sacrifice, as it most certainly didn't have the strength to withstand what was coming next, but that was an acceptable loss as far as either of the two lovers were concerned; they could always get another one. For those on the outside of the warehouse, however, the sudden and sharp uptick in volume was the only sign they needed to get the hell out of dodge, mostly on instinct; though they *knew*, intellectually, that the structure had been built to specification so it could withstand the sort of punishment the two lovers were about to dole out, after having so many close calls before, no one wanted to take the chances. Plus, with the team evacuating to the reinforced control room, it was a perfect opportunity to check if what the Board had told them

was actually true, that the station *was* capable of withstanding the amount of cum that Baha could pour out without the whole thing clogging up. If it all went according to plan, then they'd have nothing to worry about, and if it *didn't*, well... it'd be a loss, certainly, but at least the command center they were in had enough supplies to last them until rescue came knocking at their door, hopefully after draining the facility of any residual contaminants. Thankfully, that time around the mining team had functioning cameras, which to be fair, didn't exactly help with their apprehension; they got to watch as the fuck session went on for several hours, as the drains were activated and then pushed to the limit, and as the numbers on the plumbing sensors went up, triggered a venting, went down, then climbed back to restart the cycle. After a certain point, it became less titillating and far more fascinating, as the *stamina* involved in keeping it going was such that most of those still watching, those who hadn't left the room after realizing it was safe to do so, were mostly doing so to crib ideas out of what they were seeing for when time came to deploy the cannon properly. This, above all things, was what worried the mining team, as they knew for a fact that no matter how hard they tried, they couldn't crack gas in half; they could certainly try to *disperse* it, but breaking a gaseous substance in the same way one would a solid one was... presumably possible under some theoretical iteration of physics, but certainly not in the one that they were operating in, not unless their company had some kind of mega-sized freeze ray they could use to turn the gas giant into a giant ice ball before shattering it into pieces. Lacking any avenues to exploit, however, left the crew with few excuses not to try *something* at least; while they fully intended to stretch out their stay at the facility for as long as they physically could, owing to the luxurious accommodations and all, they still needed some sort of ace in the hole for whenever the company came knocking at the door. The last thing anyone needed was for the deadline to be reached without any sort of progress, even if it was the most token one possible; at least then the foremen could attempt to negotiate an extension, presumably by appealing to the difficulty of the task at hand. Thus it was that, after a couple of weeks where they allowed Baha and Sorana to acclimatize to their new life together, they asked the horse to take the lift down to the firing chamber, right when the bear had been whisked away to a quick, entirely unnecessary medical check-up just to make sure she didn't interfere. At the very least, the automated system placed the equine in his proper place in record time, saving everyone a lot of hassle as the harness was strapped in place and a complementary plate of sandwiches was placed beside Baha's seat as he got comfortable; below him, the floor began collapsing into two large domes, meant to hold the planet cracker's two cumtanks once they were unleashed from the compressor field, and out in front, the myriad of cockrings arrayed in the firing barrel were starting up and going through their safety checks, all with the single push of a button in the control room a safe distance away. It was, in all respects, the easiest job in the world, so much so that most of the team didn't even need to be there... which only made it clearer how much the company was expecting them to succeed, a thought that no one really wanted to pay too much consideration to, lest they undergo constant panic attacks. For the time being, the most important thing was to keep watching as the system prepared itself, a couple of the older members of the crew staring dumbfounded at technology that they'd never expected to see in their lifetime; to

the foremen, however, every second was nerve-wracking, as they had come to expect the absolute worst at any given time. With Baha being the way he was, there was always a non-zero chance of him undergoing some sort of growth-related process that would clog the system up in some way, or not releasing, or releasing too much, or a variety of different things that could go wrong if they looked away for even a split second. It was therefore important for them to keep staring at the monitor, scouring it for any signs of *anything* going even remotely off the rails; when nothing did, that just made their paranoia soar to greater heights, forcing one of the lower-ranked engineers to force their way to the control panel and instruct the system to initiate phase two: removing the compression gear. This was the most dangerous portion of the whole process, as it had to be executed in the *precise* order needed to ensure a safe, continuous release of the stored mass, slowly building up until all of Baha's compressed size was released back into realspace; thankfully, the automated systems were more than capable of handling the more mechanical aspects of it... leaving the psychological ones to Baha himself. It was an unstated assumption that the horse would just have to learn to deal with his own size if they wanted their assignment to end in a remotely positive note, but no one really thought to ask him if he felt up to the task, much less test his ability to resist the sight of his own body growing like that. With the sort of things him and Sorana got up to, one could be forgiven for believing he'd be capable of maintaining *some* level of control over himself without the bear around, but as soon as the compressor field was turned down to ninety-percent efficiency and some of Baha's mass spilled forth onto the universe at large, it became evident that the team wouldn't be able to rely on the equine's sense of self-control, if it existed at all in his lust-addled mind. Ten percent of his full dimensions unleashed and already his cheeks were red and burning, already the monitoring systems were warning the crew that the horse's body temperature was climbing to dangerously high levels; they could always just inject him with some tranquilizer, but given the odds of that jeopardizing the release itself, it was decided to... push the line a bit more. Baha's underwear was once again reduced to the small cockring around his base, while still maintaining most of the compression field active; this was done so that his shaft could be moved into the cannon's barrel itself, even if it was still *far* too small to fit into any of the titanic circular restraints that had been prepared for him. Similarly, his nuts were barely even dipping into the two domes prepared for them, making it clear that he still had a way's to go before he could be considered "fire-ready"; alas, even at this stage, the poor guy was already struggling to maintain a hold over his sanity, something that wasn't made any easier when the compression field was reduced yet again, and again, one step at a time releasing increasingly large percentages of his hidden body weight, at a rate calculated to apparently be as excruciatingly pleasurable as possible. Baha knew that wasn't the case, in some remote corner of his mind, but as the rest of his brain was assaulted with wave after wave of serotonin from all the constant growth, it was hard for him to think of what he was doing as a *job*; he wasn't growing into a cannon's barrel so his productivity could be harnessed to crack a gas giant in half (somehow), he was slowly outgrowing a kilometer-long mega-rifle that used his own cum as ammunition... at least, in *his* head. In reality, his cock eventually fit snugly into the barrel prepared for it, growing right into the rings designed both to hold it in

place and stimulate it in just the right way to maximize the energy unleashed during climax; while Baha didn't fill even half of the length of the structure, he still managed to occupy a decent chunk of it, along with the two hemispheres holding the olympic-pool-sized nuts he was sporting. To say that he was no longer in control would be an understatement, as the only reason he wasn't thrusting into the cannon barrel were the restraints placed on the rest of his body keeping him tightly strapped to the chair he was on... and a couple of mechanical arms holding him down to prevent him from putting any of his ideas to practice. He was well and truly *stuck*, and the only way out of there was to give the machine assembly what it wanted: his climax. It was still going to take a while; with additional size came additional needs, and with his cock and balls being so much larger than himself, Baha required *quite* a bit of pleasuring before he came anywhere close to an edge. Sorana was particularly helpful in this regard, as at least *she* knew which buttons to press for maximum effect; a pity that she was still inside the doctor's office, though by the time the final preparations were done and the horse's cock was firmly in place, the large bear could bear it no longer. She knew, deep down, that the only reason she'd been called aside was to make room for her boytoy to be transported elsewhere; the only reason she "bought" into the ruse was because she knew no one would be able to stop her if she decided to walk out. So once the automated system announced that the firing platform was in position, an announcement that rang across the *entire* station, much to the consternation of those in the control room, Sorana wasn't about to keep her ass glued to an uncomfortable chair while her lover was out there in desperate need of assistance. She knew what he was going through, knew that he was being tended to by cold, unfeeling mechanical graspers and cockrings, and who knew what else that the company threw onto him; what Baha *needed* was the warm touch of a tender lover, someone who knew exactly what it was they wanted and *how* they wanted it... and, perhaps, just a little bit something more, a little bit extra to throw onto the pile and provide the energy needed to keep the horse going, perhaps even beyond their regular limits. After all, they were set up to destroy something in a manner that couldn't happen, on a time scale that couldn't be accomplished, by a company who couldn't care less about how impossible the task was, so clearly, the horse needed all the help he could get! This was the main driving force behind every one of Sorana's decisions going forward, starting with her walking out of the doctor's office mid-sentence, to thundering down the access hallway and then up the maintenance shafts towards Baha's housing facility, to breaking down the door to the warehouse itself and then nearly ripping the elevator control panel off the wall when she called the damned thing. All of this with a smile on her face, of course; as far as the bear cared, she wasn't so much carving a path of destruction as she was getting to her precious little horse boy as quickly as she could, with everything else being the result of her just no longer caring about pulling her punches. If they were going to crack a gas giant in half, they were going to need to put in some serious effort, and that meant no more fucking around, no more half-measures, and certainly no more holding back her full powers for the sake of everyone else's safety; from a purely objective standpoint, whatever came out of Baha was going to be ejected into space anyway, so clearly no one had to worry about whether or not it was at the intensity level they expected or several orders

of magnitude above it. And as far as Sorana cared, if she could force the latter to happen, she *would*; it was the least she could do for her lover after so many wonderful days, so many wonderful experiences, and so many wonderful *fillings*. It was only fair that she paid back in the same coin.

The disaster unfolding in real time was obvious to anyone watching, but unfortunately for the mining team, no one there had either the strength or willpower to put a stop to it. Sure, they could do a great many things to *try* and stop the bear from turning what was supposed to be a test run into a complete meltdown, but who was going to step up, head down to the firing chamber, and put themselves in between that woman and her boytoy? It was easier to choose to believe the system could handle it, even if they all knew it couldn't, and to sit back and let someone else handle it; besides, for the vast majority of the crew, it wasn't even *their* problem at all, but the foremen's, so clearly if *they* weren't doing anything, then it wasn't important enough for anyone else to risk their lives over it. This was precisely the sort of reaction that Sorana expected, and the one she relied upon for her quasi-plan to work; the moment anyone tried to stop her, she'd be placed into a tight spot, where she either had to assault someone and risk losing access to the facility, or fall back and not give Baha everything he ever wanted. So long as she could keep the crew in that state of indecision, then everything was perfect, giving her all the wiggle room she needed to get into the elevator, smash the *internal* control panel for good measure, and then forcefully lock it in place once it opened outside the firing chamber. Getting the door open was as simple as snapping her fingers, as was closing it back up and then welding it shut, preventing anyone from even so much as thinking about interrupting her; once that was done, that was it, Baha was hers, *exclusively* so, and while the crew in the command room could certainly *try* to shut down the machine assembly, to do so would be to create an even bigger problem than whatever Sorana intended to do. They'd started the whole thing, and now they were going to have to finish it, even as the ursine climbed onto the horse's lap and unashamedly pulled the two of them into a deep, moanful kiss, one that lasted for long enough, and created enough additional excitement for Baha, that the automated system keeping his shaft locked in place in the cannon barrel helpfully let them know that adjustments were needed to keep the cockrings from snapping from the extra pressure. Coupled with the sound of metallic groaning coming from the barrel, it was proof that Baha could do *so much more* than what he was showing himself capable of; he just needed some assistance, is all, something to help cheer him up, something to keep him fueled and ready for any challenge, and something that would bring him to the very edge of his proverbial seat just by being there available to him. It was a possibility the both of them had talked about before, yet never explored, mostly because of how dangerously explosive the ensuing growth would inevitably be, and how out of control Baha would end up as if he was ever given *that* particular treat... but it was a possibility nonetheless, and one that neither the horse nor his lover had any real reason not to take up now that they were in full control of what happened going forward. That they were technically in an orbital facility owned by Baha's employer didn't occur to them, because that wasn't important; what *was* important was Sorana ripping her top off and getting both of her nipples inside her boytoy's mouth, stuffing them as

thoroughly as possible so as to avoid any spillage. She had a moment for herself, just one, to appreciate what she was about to do; the middle finger and thumb on her right hand were at the ready, the incantation firm in her mind, as well as the consequences for what she was about to do. Magically charged milk, with someone with Baha's biology? He was sure to break the firing barrel apart just within a second, and that's assuming they were lucky with him taking to the substance slowly; one could only wonder what would happen after the equine had his fill, but therein lay the best part of it all: one *needn't* wonder, because it was right there, and it was about to happen. A snap, and Sorana felt her tits bloat a few bra sizes as their milkiness was supercharged, just before they began emptying their contents down Baha's throat with enough pressure to bulge it *and* his cheeks out at the same time; as for the horse himself, he eagerly gulped down the sweet cream, even when he could barely breathe while doing so, the muffled, gargled moaning making him sound like a man coming out of a desert and finding a cool, fresh water lake just for him. Except this one in particular would never run dry, not for as long as Sorana yet drew breath, and with Baha by her side, that line wouldn't be crossed any time soon, not even when it became clear that the horse's reaction to having that much milk pressure-hosed down his throat led to a far stronger, much more pronounced reaction than Sorana could've expected, what with both of the horse's nuts practically doubling in size in the space of a few seconds, and his shaft effectively turning the rifled barrel it was stuck inside into a smoothbore. Anyone watching from the outside would bear witness to the sight of a kilometer-long metallic structure suddenly bulging out from within, widening as much as its constituent materials' elasticity could allow as its interior was filled with more and more cockmeat with each passing second, underneath it, the two domes that were created specifically to secure the horse's cumtanks had been jettisoned into interstellar space as a result of the two orbs growing at too fast a rate for the welds to withstand. Amazingly enough, the firing chamber itself was still mostly fine, if increasingly cramped as a result of the exposed base of Baha's dick being big enough on its own to take up most of the room; soon enough though, that wouldn't be a problem, not when the bear could snap her fingers again and create a small protective bubble around herself and her lover boy, keeping them both safe from harm from whatever would want to cause it... and from the rest of Baha's body, seeing as it was a danger to itself. Off in the command room, there was no panic; the time for *that* was long past, with most of the crew being in a state of tacit acceptance, mostly exchanging what they presumed to be their last drink while under the employ of their company. Some had already fled to the escape pods, but the rest of them knew it was pointless; even those without access to the growth projections could see that, whatever size Baha ended up at, even hyperspace wouldn't save them, not this time. The one solace they could take from it all was that at least the gas giant would probably be destroyed completely, even if it would mean vaporizing its diamond core along with it; the company had no one to blame but itself (or its Board, at least), as now the one RoI they'd ever get would be the magnificent light show they were about to be made witness to. They could even *hear* the groaning of muscle as Baha grew bigger and stronger on his lover's cream; impressive, given that both the horse and the bear couple were in *space*, firmly stuck inside a magical bubble, the firing chamber having

been not just ripped from the main facility frame but burst open from within altogether. A big release required a big body to go along with it after all, and it was only fair that the rest of Baha got *something* while his dick and balls swelled to absurd sizes. Twenty feet in height and bulky enough to be capable of flattening a steel girder by placing it on his arm and flexing; thirty feet, and biceps the size of large trucks, fifty feet, eighty, one hundred, bigger and bigger and increasingly unwieldy, yet still miniscule compared to the sheer, magnificently oversized dimensions his package was rocking. It was enough that he didn't even need to aim; the tip of his cock was already poking through the upper layers of the gas giant's atmosphere, which was just fine as far as he cared, considering his nuts had both grown enough that they could compete for size with the damned planet itself! Really, it was the confluence of this realization, the sudden intrusion into the gale-force winds of his supposed target, as well as the fact that Sorana's tits never seemed to get any smaller in relation to him regardless of how massive he became that led to Baha finally reaching a tipping point; he was already running on fumes ever since the mechanical arms began working him over, so for him to suddenly turn into a giant and everything else around it... one could forgive him for being unable to handle it anymore.

The first spurt achieved the operation's nominal goal. It wasn't even Baha cumming properly yet as much as it was the (relatively) thinner release that came before it, but it was still enough to strip away layer after layer of the gas giant's atmosphere, mostly by way of replacing it with thick pre that was then carried through with momentum, quite literally shredding the whole planet into ribbons. This almost instantly revealed the liquid outer core, which was swept away in the initial torrent as well, fully exposing the diamond *inner* core; for roughly one second, this sphere existed as a testament to Baha's power and his employer's reach: a cosmic-sized diamond, ready for the harvest.

And then Baha came.

The company's prize jewel wasn't so much broken as it was atomized; carbon turned into its constituent subatomic particles before those were erased into quark soup and then promptly erased from reality altogether from the force of the blast. The local star was unfortunate enough to happen to be in the way; suffice it to say, being several light-minutes away from where Baha had unleashed his greatest climax yet didn't save it from being struck by the torrent of spunk, then promptly broken into a billion pieces when the stream pierced through to its core and blew it up from the inside out. Neither did the rest of the stellar system, consumed by the ensuing proto-nova... and the rest of Baha's continuous release. It only became stronger as it went on, fueled as it was both by the horse's lust and Sorana indiscriminately feeding him milk of increasingly higher potency; she was running herself ragged and would need to stop soon, but "soon" meant minutes, and if seconds were all that were needed for Baha to obliterate every planetary body in sight, then surely she could hold on to see what happened.

So Baha kept going. He kept going, his release becoming ever stronger and more potent, the amount of gallons of cum outpoured into the wilder universe only having more and more zeroes added onto the end of it, never enough to truly make a dent in the size of his cum factories. *C* was just a suggestion; wouldn't take more than a few seconds more before the nearest star



system was flooded, nor it would require more than a minute or so until the local cluster was entirely subsumed by a galactic tidal wave of jizz... one that would very quickly grow to become *very* worth of that descriptor, as soon as the exponentials kicked in and Baha's climax was picked up by the core worlds of just about every major political body. By that point, though, it was too late; the white splotch created by his release was visible to anyone looking at the galactic plane from above or below, a wide, misshapen blob covering a concerning amount of the galaxy itself, blotting out the light from whatever star it touched, leaving only the smooth, creamy white of the horse's seed to dim out the cosmos. And he would keep going regardless, until he alone was responsible for painting half of everything in those spirals a pure white, at last feeling like he'd been satisfied.

For the time being.

His nuts were still practically full after all.