

After what had happened at the springs, neither Starry nor Hook really thought that anything would go further than that. In their heads, the two would wrap it all up, forget that anything happened, then go home and try not to dwell on the transcendental experience that was having the vixen's breast milk turn an entire spa into a growth-based disaster area. Starry in particular saw it as just a simple outing, something she'd always wanted to do but never expected to return to beyond the first experience; that she ended up with her body wrapped around a dick big enough to turn her into little more than a condom around it while her tits bloated with enough milk to leave her immobilized atop a bed of breasts was, ultimately, just a bonus, even if one she would cherish in her memories for as long as she lived. What neither the vixen nor the coyote could've guessed, however, was that they would end up being kicked out of the establishment both at the same time and via the same door, leaving them stuck outside the springs with nowhere to go but home, and no one else to turn to but one another. Granted, even by then, they still had to deal with their excessively engorged forms; even Starry, who was entirely used to her growth by then, couldn't really walk with a series of busts that large attached to her, to say nothing of poor Hook, whose body-sized nuts and nearly fifteen feet of cock made it impossible for him to do anything at all other than drool copiously all over himself, courtesy of the pleasure onslaught created by his pillar of cockmeat and its ludicrous amount of nerve endings. It was Starry, therefore, who took the first step; no point turning around without saying goodbye to someone who'd just given her such a wonderful time, plus, it was clear the 'yote wasn't a natural hyper, thus had no real way of dealing with such an enormous growth spurt without some expert assistance. It wouldn't be incorrect to make the statement that Starry felt somewhat *responsible* for what happened, though that implied a certain degree of wrong had been done to someone, which was about as much of a polar opposite to how the vixen felt as could be possible; sure, she *had* turned a perfectly regular person into a hyper by virtue of breast milk overexposure, but that was a *gift* as far as she was concerned, and one that Hook would learn to adore just as much as she herself loved her own gifts. He just needed a helping hand, was all... at least, *after* they calmed down enough that their cock began to go soft, since there was no point trying to do anything while the coyote was still at full mast; well, nothing *productive* at least, seeing as Starry could come up with plenty of things to do with a cock that large, albeit none that wouldn't get them arrested for public indecency. They were already on thin ice, hence why her first move was to offer to drive Hook home, seeing as he was clearly in no fit state to use a car; neither was she, to be fair, but it was far easier for the vixen to drain her milk tanks to a more manageable size than it was for the 'yote to learn how to use the pedals while having a dick massive enough that it legitimately got in the way. Hook, for his part, took a bit of time before he processed what he had been asked, his mind still clouded by lust and an unyielding desire to fuck something until that pressure he felt in his balls went away. He'd do it with that gorgeous vixen again if given the chance, and indeed, it was precisely this that went through his mind when he accepted the offer; he had no intention of forcing the issue, but if the two were home and Starry decided to throw herself onto him again, he certainly wouldn't say no. Hell, he might actually reciprocate properly that time around, rather than stuttering his way into having his dick sucked like some kind of

rank amateur; especially now that he was so... large. So large, so massive, so *hung* that it made it impossible for him to think of anything else, so *heavy* and *girthy* that his cock almost immediately began hardening again once Hook allowed these thoughts to take over, prompting a roll of the eyes from the vixen beside him; she was afraid something like that would happen, but could hardly blame the man for falling into a trap that he herself had been prey to plenty of times in the past. It'd be ridiculous to think that someone could be gifted a package of that size and *not* fall down a spiral of constantly self-reinforcing arousal because of it... though she *was* hoping it wouldn't take so long that her lack of clothes would start to make her feel cold once the sun began to set, forcing her to try and get Hook back down something resembling reality by gently tapping him on the side of the head until he flinched and resumed regular conscious behavior.

The drive back to his place was, by all accounts, an extremely difficult one. Starry took the time to milk herself down to a size that actually *fit* inside her car, helped along by how the two of them were only kicked out after a good hour of rest post-coitus, but was still left with three sets of breasts that were each... not enormous as before, but certainly larger than her original pair had been before the whole breast milk debacle. It took some getting used to, but with the vixen accustomed to far greater bursts of size, it wasn't anywhere as difficult as it would've been for Hook: even when completely limp and flaccid, the coyote's cock was still a good three feet or so long, thick enough to take up a substantial amount of space between his legs; complete with his nuts being about the same size as Starry's breasts, both of them rounding around the dimensions of a literal melon, it left the poor guy so bottom-heavy that he clearly didn't know what to do. Once the pleasure high came crashing down, all Hook was left with was a package significantly larger than anything he'd ever seen in person, along with all the concerns and practical problems that came with it: he didn't have a hyper-accessible home, he had no experience in draining himself the way hypers had to, he didn't even know the first thing about the medical implications! And that was for those with the naturally-occurring gene sequence, heavens only knew what was going on with him if he had grown that much from just being near Starry and their breast milk; he didn't even know such a thing was possible to begin with.

"Not to worry," the vixen attempted to reassure him once he brought these questions up, "I have a few compressor choices back at my place, so you won't need to spend money on them just yet. We'll get you *hooked up* in no time, you'll see."

The dumb smile that followed the even dumber wordplay would've been able to disarm even the most volatile of explosives. In that moment, as much as Hook still wanted to panic at his future prospects, most of his focus had to go towards stifling a series of undignified giggles; at least it gave him something to do other than think about his dick, and lightened the atmosphere just enough that the two of them actually managed to chat casually for the rest of the ride back to Starry's place. Granted, none of the topics broached the subject matter of the day; neither of them wanted to talk about how the vixen had completely upturned the lives of several people by virtue of just being slightly horny, nor did the two of them wish to discuss the implications of this, nor what the vulpine was truly capable of. Instead, they talked about the sort of things one might bring up over coffee when first meeting: where did they work, what did they do, what did they

enjoy spending their free time on, the sorts of talking points that made the start of an actual acquaintance. It gave them a certain amount of normality that they both *desperately* craved, given their first true meeting was nothing if not entirely out of the ordinary; for a few glorious minutes, Hook even managed to forget that the first thing the two ever did was fuck like animals, as if the car ride had overwritten that event as the *true* start of their (hopefully) budding relationship. Unorthodox, certainly, but at least it was something he could hold onto. Of course, once Starry parked her car in her apartment blocks' underground garage, things took a turn back to the lewd, given that the 'yote now had to drag his immense self to the elevator and into the vixen's home; he tried his best not to look too much at her, given that the vixen *was* still completely naked from the waist up, but even then he was still at half-mast once the door was closed behind him. It took Starry throwing some clothes on herself in order to get him to control himself, and even *then* Hook still had to make a conscious effort to stop trying to count the number of tits on the vixen's chest, lest he once more end up smashing through walls.

"Alright, just so you know what we're dealing with," Starry explained, holding up a *very* large metallic ring, "most compressor tech available on the market needs to be manually calibrated. This means it doesn't actually detect your size and adjust it properly, because frankly those are *way* too expensive; instead, you need to set your size ranges yourself."

"My... my what now?" - Hook, in truth, could at least guess as to what the vixen was talking about. He did not, however, want to think too much about it, for obvious reasons.

"Well, it needs to work with a minimum baseline, which is about where you are right now," the vixen clarified, pointing down at the coyote's package, "but it also needs an upper bound, a 'maximum' size, if you will. That way the system can tell what sort of parameters it needs to work with, and adjust accordingly; I know it's a bummer, but unless you want to spend a few grand on a compressor ring that does that automatically, this is your best shot right now."

"O-Oh, so, like, what I was like back at the spa then? Is that what you mean?"

Oh, he didn't like that smile. That wasn't a good smile, especially not given what they were talking about; it was less welcoming and warm and far more *predatory*, as if by simply asking that question, Hook had accidentally opened the cage where some unfathomably powerful creature had been held since time immemorial. Starry herself didn't realize that her reaction was so powerful; most of it wasn't even hers, this being one of the few times her alter-selves liked to impose their will in order to make it clear for others that they weren't dealing with their average vixen. Still, when she spoke again, it was with the same friendly tone as before, even helpful if not for what she was actually *saying*; it was important, at least in her mind, to keep the coyote from truly thinking about the implications of what they were about to do, and instead focus entirely on the more nitty-gritty details, the *present moment* rather than the future ones.

"Well... not necessarily. I'll be honest with you, I really don't know how big you can get; I know you were *huge* back at the springs, but uh... well, hyper anatomy is weird, alright?" - she punctuated this statement by pointing at her two additional rows of breasts, tilting her head and raising her eyebrows at the same time - "I *think* you got close to as far as you could go, but we

still need to make sure; I'd rather not gamble with sizes with this thing, it's the strongest compressor I have and it was *not* cheap. So we're gonna have to find out how big you can get."

Hook wanted to ask how they were supposed to do that. He wanted to ask, but knew better than to do so, given what the answer would most likely be; that said, it was only then that he noticed that Starry had positioned herself between him and the front door, stepping closer to him with slow, yet deliberate movements. Was this not what he wanted? Hadn't he been telling himself earlier that, if given the chance, he would happily throw himself at the vixen if she did the same to him? Clearly, the universe had listened and was giving him both a second run with that gorgeous growing vulpine *and* an opportunity to explore his new size and unique bodily structure; not just that, but a chance to do so in a way that would actually *help him* in the long run, at least if he wanted to have any chance of controlling his size. In a way, it clicked: one moment he was terrified of what was about to happen, and the next, he had actually stepped forward *towards* Starry, thoroughly stunning her when he wrapped his hands around her back and pressed the two into a deep and rather unashamedly tongue-filled kiss. Though the vixen was initially shocked stiff, her muscles quickly relaxed once she realized what was happening, her mind awash in the sort of thoughts that she had to expend a serious amount of mental energy keeping under control. This was just what she needed: an eager lover, a *welcoming* lover, one who took the gift he was given and ran with it, one who wasn't afraid to explore their new boundaries with her when provided an opening. And Hook himself reacted to this, growing increasingly more comfortable with what he had just done; if initially he still had some minor hesitation regarding his taking the first step, as soon as he felt the vixen melting in his arms, he knew he'd done the right thing... and so proceeded to do the same in return. It wouldn't take long before the two were on the floor, their tongues intertwined, their hands busy exploring one another's assets; Hook in particular *immediately* went for Starry's busts, since really, how could he not? Six breasts, lined up and ready for him to sink his fingers into, providing the vixen herself with the first step in the climb to the "real" biggest size the coyote could achieve; really, the only thing left was for them to be on a soft surface rather than hard wood panelling, which was easily accomplished by very slowly, and almost painfully, dragging themselves across the floor whenever the two of them had a chance in between doing unspeakable things to one another. There was already a trail of thick pre leading up from where they had initially fallen on top of one another, and by the time their back landed on a mattress, Hook was already well on their way to reaching the same size they had been at back at the springs; there was no guarantee this wouldn't be the biggest he *could* be, but Starry knew better than to assume anything when it came down to the gifts of size she provided to those around her. It could very well be that the coyote's real limits would only be revealed if teased out in specific circumstances, rather than it being a simple biological state that he achieve if he was horny for long enough; if that was the case, then certainly being stuck in a room with a gorgeous vixen such as herself would be more than enough to get the 'yote's body to react in the way Starry wanted it to... and judging by how immensely thick Hook was getting with relatively minimal effort, she might just have hit the nail on the head. It was a dangerous game she played, given how easy it was for her to lose control of

herself in the process; she was, after all, still carrying the remnants of her little splurging back at the springs, in the form of three dreadfully undersized pairs of breasts that were at once the perfect bed for a cock large enough to service all of them, yet also not nearly capable of providing the amount of cushioning truly needed to get that mast up to its fullest extent. Still, given the state of mind Hook was in, it didn't take a bust several times larger than herself for him to get close to the edge; really, Starry had to go out of her way to *slow down* just to keep the coyote from exploding all over her bedroom wall, at least before she was ready to have that happen. Besides, he was still only as large as he had been before: nearing fifteen feet in length, about as thick as Hook's own torso, with a pair of balls so large that he could curl up inside one of them a couple of times over and still have plenty of space left. In any other case, it would be more than enough; indeed, even for them it *had* been enough, given what happened back at the spa. But for Starry's purposes, and for Hook's own sake, it wasn't sufficient; the two of them had to be *sure* that this was the biggest possible size that he could reach naturally, and for that, he had to be denied. The vixen would be lying if she said she hated doing it to him; in truth, she could barely keep herself from biting her lower lip at the prospect of letting that beast of a cock bulge out further as it was fed pump after pump of blood, unable to achieve release and yet desperately craving for it. The mental image of the 'yote's balls, swollen to maximum capacity and beyond, was enough to make her eyes roll upwards, requiring a great deal of effort on her part to keep her mind from breaking into tiny pieces from the thought alone; she already had enough on her plate with the ridiculous amounts of cock being grinded against her every other second, doubly so considering how *enthusiastic* Hook was being. Long gone was the timid young man who didn't know what to do with his new package; whether it be because he was a fast learner, or because his instincts had taken over and kicked the conscious version of the coyote down a cliff, he was *far* more proactive than he had been back when the two first met, so eager to take the lead that Starry honestly had no recourse but to... let him. It was a nice change of pace from her usual way of doing things, and as long as Hook didn't climax, then things were still on track; her sole contribution was making sure the coyote remained in physical denial for as long as possible, and everything else was entirely up to the coyote himself. Did he want to hump his towering dick against the air, using her as support? Then he could go for it. Did he want to beg for her to hug his shaft, just so he could *feel* how enormous it was, that it could literally hold an entire person and make them look tiny? Hell, Starry would *gleefully* throw herself onto that thing and hang off it like a tree branch, the thickest one she'd seen in her whole life. Whatever Hook wanted to do, Starry made sure to go along in order to provide the best possible experience, though always making sure that he didn't go *quite* too far, lest the dam be broken and the ensuing flood ruin her plans. Perhaps the worst aspect of it was one that she hadn't shared with Hook, precisely because she knew it would somewhat sour things: once he reached his peak size, the compressor would be placed onto the base of his cock, and from there the compression itself would bring him back to a perfectly regular size. He'd still cum; Starry wasn't so evil that she would actually leave the poor guy without some measure of satisfaction, but she also wasn't about to let more than fifteen feet of cockmeat paint her entire apartment a stark, sticky white. The last time she let that

happen, repairs had been so expensive that she had to postpone her vacation by a whole year... though, that *did* mean she bumped into Hook in the springs, so perhaps it wasn't all bad. Nevertheless, she had a job to do, and that meant bringing the coyote to the very edge and *keeping* him there, hopefully leading to his dick pushing beyond what initially seemed to be the upper cap for its size; the first inkling that it might not be the case came when Starry actually put some effort into (an attempt at) a tiffuck, which, given the sheer difference in size between her busts and the cock she was trying to wrap them around, was less than stellar compared to some of her wildest moments. It was too big, too *immense*, too *much* for her, so much so that she had to actively stop at several moments just to keep her body from going completely wild and burying the *both* of them underneath an avalanche of soft flesh that wouldn't stop until it broke clean through the whole house; even then, with a low, rumbling groan, and something that sounded like dry leather being stretched to the breaking point, that enormous pillar *did* manage to pack on even more mass, pushing past fifteen feet and closer to sixteen, with the coyote's balls going through a similar transformation as they slowly, but visibly, swelled multiple inches in every direction. It was genuinely impressive just how little Hook was actually outputting; the vixen could only assume that her resounding success at keeping him on the edge prevented any real flooding, but even then, the 'yote barely got a couple of gallons of pre out by the time he reached seventeen feet of length, remarkably less than what he'd accomplished back at the springs. Starry thought it best not to waste time wondering why that might be; if she did, there was a non-zero chance the universe might hear her and promptly flood her entire house (which wasn't that far off from the truth, given how many of her alter-selves were watching the proceedings with bated breath). From there, there was only one direction things could take: bigger. Hook would keep on trying his best to achieve some measure of release, utterly wrecking the mattress with his claws while making a right mess of the sheets and the portion of the wall his cock's tip was pointed out, while Starry would let him have what he wanted for *just* long enough that it would bring him right to the point before climax, only to pull back and tease him further about how it "wasn't time yet". This cycle carried on for what felt like an entire hour, mostly because, past a certain point, the vixen needed to be doubly sure that Hook couldn't grow anymore; he had stabilized at around twenty feet in length with a pair of nuts that were each too large to fit through the door to the bedroom, but while that was undeniably impressive, Starry didn't know whether he could manage *more*... hence why she spent far too long keeping him firmly on the edge just to be certain, only giving up when it became obvious the coyote wouldn't be pushing any further limits that night. With her curiosity thus satisfied, it was time for her to commit the cardinal sin of actually making someone smaller, even if only through illusory means; before Hook could do anything to stop her (not that he'd be capable of, being stuck atop a throne of his own nuts and unable to move properly), she swept her hand over the nearest nightstand, where she had kept the large metallic cockring-slash-compressor. With a single motion, the vixen detached the two halves, nearly broke her back when scurrying out from underneath far too much cockmeat, then promptly slapped the detached parts on either side of Hook's dick; while they weren't big enough to hold its entire circumference, the compression

field was already active, and with the system detecting what it was meant to shrink down, it didn't take more than a few seconds for twenty whole feet of man meat to vanish into the dimensional pocket created by the cockring, the two cumtanks underneath it following suit. A few seconds, and one of the largest packages Starry had ever seen was right back to normal, as if the springs just hadn't happened at all; still erect though, of course, and for that, she now had her own role to play. Poor Hook was so confused by the sudden disappearance of a room's worth of dick that he didn't notice how it was still technically there, merely kept locked away by a bright piece of shiny metal; he also failed to notice how Starry, now once again larger than he was, had maneuvered herself such that she was looming over him in bed, a bed he just then realized he was on. He almost wanted to ask what she intended to do, but he knew; after what happened in the springs, that *smile*, that toothy grin spreading from ear to ear, he knew what that meant. And Starry herself, she had no intention of disappointing, not after Hook had been such a *good obedient boy*, having refrained from cumming his brains out despite the ludicrous amounts of stimulation he'd been on the receiving end of. He deserved a treat, something special, something to help mark that day down in his long-term memory for the rest of his life... and what better way to do so than to help him cum purely through visual stimulation? He'd be able to touch afterwards, but for the actual explosion, the moment where an hour's worth of edging finally came to fruition, Starry wanted to make Hook climax on sight alone, and, to that end, what better than to just make her tits bigger? It was always within her power to do so, she'd just chosen not to go ahead with it until she was comfortable that she had her answer; with the coyote kept firmly contained with the bounds of the compressor, there was nothing more holding her back, and thus, with a snap of her fingers, her three busts began filling. *Filling*, because to make them bigger would be a frank disservice to Hook after everything he went through; it wouldn't do for him to *just* have several pairs of merely larger breasts, they had to be *stuffed*, they had to be so full that they leaked milk all over him, to join with whatever else came out of him in that glorious moment of climax. And how easy it was, to let her body run wild, to allow her productivity to bring her right back on the same path she'd been on when still at the spa, to let her ample busts become ampler by virtue of their contents multiplying upon themselves. How easy it was, to let them billow outwards, taking up so much space on her chest that it actually started to feel cramped, a sensation she wasn't privy to nearly often enough; how easy for her to remain standing, drawing upon her considerable stamina, arms crossed over her topmost row, letting her body *bloat*. She wouldn't stop, not until Hook gave her the signal to do so; she smiled, closing her eyes and tilting her head slightly to the side before giving him a short, snappy "Tell me when!", knowing full well that the coyote would deliberately try to hold himself back just to watch her tits grow as much as possible. Alas, he was weak, battered, and at the tail end of an hour's worth of teasing when he should've exploded fifty or so minutes prior, so while he certainly put up a laudable effort, it just wasn't enough; a few seconds later, and the compressor ring began glowing, signalling its efforts to keep the ensuing climax from being too outwardly destructive. Hook was still going to cum far, *far* more than he normally would, but that hardly mattered when he had something there to keep it from going anywhere too destructive: Starry

herself. Even though Hook's struggle lasted for just a few moments, it was enough to leave her positively *gargantuan*, with each breast alone being so colossal that the *both* of them could fit into it quite comfortably. Six of them, arranged in three pairs, the titstack so immense that it was nothing short of a miracle that it didn't *shatter* the bed's frame completely, reaching all the way from the mattress to the ceiling with enough squish to cause gallons of milk to spurt out. In short, more than enough for the vixen to let gravity do its job when, upon noticing the coyote's back arch upward, she allowed herself to fall on top of him, fully intending to bury him in an avalanche of tit. For Hook, the last thing he saw before he blanked out entirely was Starry, in her immense glory, just an inch away from landing on him, just an inch away from knocking all air out of his lungs.

And then, darkness.

It had been a few days ever since the two of them had last met one another, and as promised when they said their goodbyes, Starry was going back to check up on Hook, and absolutely not to lock herself in his bedroom now that he'd (presumably) learned to live with a brand new size and compression thereof. Perhaps the best part of that week was when *he* showed up her place the day after to check up on *her* and ask for extra info on how the compressor was supposed to work, only to be thoroughly surprised by how the vixen was *much* larger than usual; while not as colossal as back in the bedroom, each of her breasts would've easily reached down to her hips if she weren't stacking six of them on a larger-than-torso-sized stack.

"It's for you," Starry told him, "for when we can... hook up again."

Another pun, another barely contained chuckle from Hook himself, and Starry knew the two of them were bound to have plenty of fun together, perhaps even more if they were lucky. Yet, for the time being, her job was to go check up on how the 'yote was doing, even though it required her to take the long way by *walking* there. Still, the afterglow was one thing, keeping oneself contained for days at a time was quite another; alarmingly, the road to Hook's apartment was filled with an abnormal concentration of emergency response vehicles, mostly from the local fire department and police precinct, with only a couple of ambulances and... the hyper response unit?

Oh, that couldn't be good.

Starry picked up the pace, being careful not to trip forward as she precariously balanced her busts while attempting to break into something of a half-sprint. She tried her best to appear as if she wasn't panicking, but by the time she turned the corner of the street leading to Hook's place, she saw it:

His dick. Poking out from the roof of the apartment block and spewing countless gallons of cum all over the city block, which the first responders were getting busy trying to clean up before it clogged the storm drains. There was a series of signs posted on roadblocks as well, helpfully letting people know why the street was closed, and giving Starry all the more reason to sigh in exasperation; clearly, the 'yote hadn't learned his lesson.

ATTENTION: COMPRESSION RELEASE MALFUNCTION CONTAINMENT AREA. NO CIVILIANS ALLOWED