

One would assume the two of them would've learned to protect themselves after such a long time together, but if that were the case, then the serval wouldn't be as ridiculously huge as she was. Such it was that every morning, the young couple tried their best to pretend like they weren't just going to succumb to their base instincts again, only to inevitably turn around and get to work on making the feline even thicker all around, courtesy of her body's proclivity towards extreme fertility. Not a single day went past that Elizabeth didn't have more fuel thrown into the fire as a result of her own ability to produce young being as heightened as it was, coupled with Shrapnel's intensely powerful seed being there on-demand whenever she felt like being pumped full of it. The fact that she was *already* pregnant didn't do anything to stop it getting worse, though how exactly her womb knew how to stack additional impregnations on top of her first one was anyone's guess but theirs; neither her nor the wolf cared too much to ask those questions, since as long as Liz's body kept on accepting the gift of further life, the two of them were perfectly satisfied with carrying on *giving* it. Hence why Elizabeth was as enormous as she was, when but mere months before she'd been relatively normal-sized; yes, her breasts had always been quite large, but they weren't always the size of a large car each, nor were her hips so wide that she could fill a whole bedroom by herself, with an ass big enough to serve as a couch for such an immense frame. She *used* to be shorter than Shrapnel was, and yet now the wolf had to dive into the many soft folds of her form just to be able to reach his prize, hidden not just underneath a bust heavy enough to flatten him if he wasn't careful, but beneath a belly that was only kept in check by way of multiple compressor layers, held there by a piercing on her popped-out belly button. The device was simple enough that it didn't require that much maintenance other than checking its battery, but its effect was significant, so much so that Liz had lost a couple of nights thinking about what she was doing to herself; her body being what it was, regular compression gear just didn't work for her at all, forcing her to resort to experimental versions that most people would never touch with a ten-foot pole. It just so happened that she was quite a bit larger than ten feet (even if most of it was her immense lower body pushing her upwards through sheer mass), and lacking any kind of method to hold her size back to more reasonable levels, Liz accepted being part of an experimental study for a new brand of "adaptive" compressors, which turned out to work perfectly in keeping her gravid self at a consistent size... while further driving up her fertility to the point where she was genuinely afraid of checking just how huge she *truly* was underneath the multiple layers of spatial distortions. She knew that each day she spent with that thing turned on, her real size was expanded upon even further, so much so that she was most likely far larger than she would've ever been if only she hadn't put the damned piercing on; then again, if she hadn't, odds were very good that her womb would be so stuffed after just a couple of weeks that she wouldn't be able to move at all, with the rate at which her pregnancy progressed far surpassing that at which the rest of her body grew to compensate. What she had, what she *was*, was little more than a pathetic attempt at giving her the body of a broodmother fitting her ability to produce life, pathetic because despite being far and away *much* larger than anyone else she knew, Liz was well aware that it wasn't nearly enough for what she had hiding underneath the compression layers.

Thus, the couple's pitiful attempts at holding themselves back from making the problem worse, which invariably ended in failure once their self-restraint cracked in half and they succumbed to their baser instincts; they were stronger than them, making it inevitable that the two would wake up, immediately turn to one another, and then five minutes later the compression piercing was adding even more layers onto the existing ones to keep Elizabeth's belly from expanding further than it already was, all while her tits gained an extra foot in diameter and her ass and thighs swelled to accompany her bust. It was an unsustainable process, in the sense that, eventually, even their home would fall apart underneath the serval's burgeoning form, but as long as she still fit, as long as the localized compression field they installed in their front door still worked, then neither of them were truly willing to let go of their sex life... though that didn't stop Liz from trying to do something about the consequences of it. When Shrapnel finally dislodged himself from underneath her, the feline said something about needing to make a pharmacy run before getting up, once again slightly disoriented thanks to the extra weight gained after the last spunk infusion; it was odd to think of it like that, but the fact was, the more cum was pumped into her, the bigger she became, and quite frankly, she *liked* that this happened. Were it not for how it came as a result of her womb filling further than before, Liz would've absolutely thrown herself fully into the debauchery, seeing as, as far as she cared, her body was more beautiful than it ever had been; others might find it excessive to swing around a pair of tits so massive that her old body could fit inside each one several times over, but not her. Others might look at her thighs and wonder how in blazes she could even walk without collapsing from the pleasure overdrive of them rubbing against one another, but not Liz; she *welcomed* her changes, *welcomed* her new, engorged self, wishing for nothing more than for her tits to get fatter, her ass to get wider, her thighs to get thicker. And Shrapnel, her sweet, loving wolf, was right there, ready to help this dream become a reality... sadly, it just so happened that to do so, the two of them had to make an already enormous problem even worse by way of adding onto her explosive pregnancy, and while the couple was happy to ignore it in their day to day lives, the fact was, at some point, they were going to have to confront themselves with the reality of it. Not that day though; Elizabeth figured it was time to proactively do something about her unfortunate little issue of stacked breedings, and decided to approach it in the most direct way possible: going to the nearest pharmacy and asking them if they had something for it. Elizabeth, for all that she adored herself and her rather unique version of the hyper gene, never really went out of her way to look into it, thus leaving her entirely ignorant of the nitty gritty details; she knew what she *needed* to know, at least for an everyday existence, but other, deeper and more meaningful details eluded her. Thus, she had no clue if others also experienced what she did, and if so, how prevalent this manifestation of the gene sequence was; she had no clue whether other people also had the ability to stack pregnancies on top of one another, and if so, if any medication existed that had been created specifically for the purpose of controlling such an unstable process. No better way to find out than to ask the professionals, however, giving her ample reason to leave the house for the first time in about a month, adding business to pleasure seeing as she'd been looking for an opportunity to show off; being as big as she was, most places just weren't built to deal with

someone like her, forcing Shrapnel to handle most of the domestic chores, while Elizabeth mostly lounged around the living room of their home, the only part of it that was big enough for her to be in without breaking *something*. It was for this reason as well that she chose to forgo the use of clothes entirely; not only was nothing ever sold in her size, but trying to get anything custom-ordered would be prohibitively expensive, not to mention a challenge and a half to put on whenever she wanted to go anywhere. Besides, she rarely *did* leave the house anyway, nor did Liz have any real need to do so, making it a pointless waste of money; the world outside was full of hypers, after all, so while public nudity was still frowned upon, it wasn't exactly *illegal*, nor even that uncommon. Size-based accidents happened all the time, and for someone like the serval, her entire existence was one long size-based accident, making it very unlikely that anyone would try to raise a fuss when they saw her walk around without wearing anything. Shrapnel, being Shrapnel, offered to accompany her, but Elizabeth declined; not only was she planning on going somewhere that would most likely have a queue, making it a boring experience at best, but she didn't really need the wolf there to remind her that whatever solution she came up with would be, ultimately, temporary. The truth was, no matter what she did, she'd end up at that exact same position eventually; try all she might, her pregnancy was going to carry itself to term and leave her so immensely gravid that the couple's life wouldn't be upturned so much as it would be obliterated and made anew. Anything else was entirely secondary to this, and as the pressure in her belly began to rise again, that was Elizabeth's cue to get out of the house and seek medical assistance while she still could. It was a particularly filling morning that the two had shared, meaning her compressor was going to have one hell of a couple of hours ahead of it until it managed to stabilize her new size; Liz could only hope that it did so before she ballooned outwards *too* much, even if she knew this was little more than wishful thinking at that stage in her life. Thus, she squeezed herself through the front door, trying not to think too much about the spatial distortions warping her body and spacetime around it, before emerging into a warm late summer day, in a lazy suburb dotted with houses that all looked dreadfully identical to one another. In a way, this made her stand out even more than she normally would: the normalcy of her surroundings contrasted wonderfully with Liz's colossal, overengorged form, helped along by her neighbors having not seen her in quite a while; the last time she was outside, her body had already grown significantly compared to what it used to be, but she wasn't yet so massive that she required a compression field on the front door just to be able to use it. Now that her head was close to fifteen feet off the ground without her torso having really changed at all though, *now* the people living around her had something to gawk at... and many did, unashamedly so, dropping whatever it was they were doing to stare up at the serval when she emerged from her home, jaws dropping and eyes widening as they tried to come to terms with *what the hell* they were looking at. Buttons were pushed and libidos spiked in equal measure, yet none dared to make an actual move; Elizabeth had become something more than a mere person, not with *those* proportions on her, not with *that* body: she had become fertility itself, a broodmother whose sole purpose was to harbor life and have it multiply within it her until she was bursting at the seams... a state of being that Liz had been much further away from, given that her belly had already swollen

enough to start pushing her tits upwards, no easy feat given how heavy her bust was. In fact, every step she took only made it more obvious how laden her gut was, and by the time Liz actually *saw* her tits being moved closer to her, that's when she knew things were going to go down the drain exceptionally quickly; she couldn't see it, and thank goodness for that given what it would do to her maternal instincts, but anyone staring at her from any other angle would see not a rounded tum, but rather an enormous, bloated sphere, a gravid womb pushing outwards so much that the serval's skin was slightly reddened from the strain of having to stretch so much. Occasionally, small imprints would be visible, tiny paws pushing out from within, scrambling to try and find any amount of empty space they could in an increasingly crowded baby factory, each little tug enough to cause an ocean's worth of pleasure waves to race up Elizabeth's spine, her sensory nerves far too unused to that sort of stimulation. It confused her as well, baffled even; all she did was go for a five-minute quickie, not even enough for Shrapnel to *properly* fill her like he used to back before she became pregnant. It was far more than most people could take, sure, but not nearly close to the wolf's full capacity, which just made it bizarre how quickly his seed had taken to her, and how rapidly it had led to new life forming. Every step came harder than the last, and it didn't take long before that familiar voice came back to her, that little whisper in the back of her head, urging the serval to stop moving altogether and give in to immobility; the compressor was going to handle it all eventually anyway, so what was the point of fighting it? She'd end up small enough to move in a couple of hours, so why bother going through the trouble of forcing herself to be mobile, when clearly her destiny was to be a stationary broodmother anyway? All reasonable arguments, at least as far as Elizabeth's lust-addled mind could tell, all of them positively *alluring* given her current situation... but she couldn't, at least not in public. For she was Shrapnel's, and Shrapnel was hers, and those vows meant *something* to her; she may very well end up so massive as to be unable to hide it anymore, but as long as she *could* make her way back home, she would. As long as she *could* make it so that only her and her beloved could experience the glory of her motherhood, she'd try her absolute best to trudge back to their domicile... after heading to the pharmacy, of course. She still had her condition to worry about. Granted, it would've been significantly easier if her body wasn't reacting to that morning's filling with far higher efficiency than usual; in fact, it wasn't just her belly swelling, but the rest of her as well, which had so far never happened more than once per session. Seeing as she'd already gained additional mass on her tits and lower body, Elizabeth was convinced that that was it, so for her to feel her breasts filling further, it left her confused... at least, until she realized they were quite *literally* filling rather than growing, their milkiness having been spiked to absurd levels rather than them just getting fatter altogether. It made sense, in a way, since she *was* carrying more young than before; then again, her lactic production wasn't nearly as insanely scaling as her fertility was, and didn't take so little time that she actually experienced her tits bloating in real time. Thus, for her to look forward and see the curvature of her breasts engorging before her very eyes, it was alarming to say the absolute least, and that was *before* she felt something else poking at her. It was easy enough to ignore at first, given everything else that was going on, but after the sensations picked up in intensity, Liz couldn't quite pretend like they

weren't there; it didn't help that they were quite novel, enough so that the serval had no idea what she was actually feeling. It was at once pressure, yet also release; added weight, but more of it off her shoulders. It wasn't until her eyes glanced downwards by mere chance that Liz saw them: her tits... or rather, her second pair, having grown in just underneath the second one and jutting out at an odd angle compared to her original one, as if they were growing out of the increased curvature of her belly, or at least partially so. It came as a shock, especially since those things were nearly as big as the topmost row, and, given how much milk was pouring out from her nips, *at least* as productive, if not more so; the lack of a sudden shift in weight, however, left the big cat thoroughly perplexed, at least until she looked back and confirmed that yes, her ass *had* grown to compensate, and enough so that she had to stand in the middle of the road just to keep her cheeks from invading private property on either side. Her thighs, too, had considerably thickened in order to help her hold onto the additional mass, so much so that Liz figured she'd need about half a dozen Shrapnels all holding hands just to cover the circumference of *one* of them. The pressure, however, wasn't gone; while the discovery of an additional pair of tits was certainly shocking enough to knock the serval's senses out of whack for a few seconds, as soon as she came back to reality she was forced to confront herself with how the sensations hadn't actually gone away; instead, right underneath the second row, a *third* one had already begun to grow in, this one having been caught by Liz just in time for her to see what had once been a perfectly flat patch of skin suddenly inflame and inflate, gushing milk in such high quantities that it was a wonder she was wasn't dying from dehydration. Six milk tanks, all of them sloshing loudly enough for it to become genuinely distracting, each one approaching the size of a large family van (before gleefully flying past it), each one weighing down on her so much that it became legitimately difficult to walk... though, at least half of that could be attributed to that swollen belly of hers, to be fair, which had by that point grown to become massive enough as to encompass a good portion of her total body weight. It felt absurd to say it, what with an ass and thighs big enough to block a road and three sets of mammaries so immense that it was a wonder she could even breathe, but her gut was *something else* entirely. It took a while for Elizabeth to process it, as if its mere existence was so entirely at odds with reality that her mind had decided to block it out completely; indeed, it had been there for a short while already and only *then* did the serval come to realize it, almost as if she'd tuned into the channel midway through whatever was on, being then forced to try and make sense out of half a plot in a language she didn't understand. To try and *describe* her babymaker was a fool's errand, for the moment one found an accurate comparison to its size, it had already ceased being accurate; despite the fact that her compressor *was* still on, and, given the noises it was making, still somehow functioning properly, Elizabeth couldn't actually see in front of her anymore, and not because of her top row of tits either. Her gravid womb had become so laden with new young, so *full*, that it had stretched her belly out far enough that it was taller than *she* was, quite the feat given the sort of ass and legs she sported; in fact, though her lower body *tried* to compensate, all it managed was to make Elizabeth even more of a roadblock than she was already, while still failing to get anywhere near the size needed to get the serval back to mobility. It was a fight she had already lost, but insisted

on fighting anyway; though by that point Liz could barely push herself forward an inch, she still *tried*, and it took until she was drenched with sweat before the big cat gave up and admitted defeat. By then, her swollen belly had reached a point where it made Elizabeth extremely glad she didn't live downtown, for if she did, it was quite likely that thing would either be getting squeezed by highrises on opposite sides, or causing some truly ridiculous amounts of property damage. To be fair, it was probably close to what her "true" size was like, were it to be fully unleashed: bigger than a couple of family houses and still growing with every passing second, its stretched-out, taut skin occasionally pockmarked by a tiny imprint, a bump created by one of her young... it just so happened that, given the *amount* of young she had inside of her, where other mothers would have one or two little kicks or punches, she had several dozen, enough that her belly looked to be in a constant state of flux, with bumps and small molehills appearing and disappearing as the multitude of cubs-to-be within her womb scrambled for any amount of empty space they could find, desperate for a way out even if it meant punching the very thing keeping them alive. Still, it was hard to deny that it was... overwhelming was a word, and certainly close to what Elizabeth was experiencing, but it still failed to properly encapsulate just what exactly she felt whenever any one of her litter decided to push against the inside of her womb. She didn't expect it to be so *good*, nor so mind-shatteringly pleasurable, and yet there she was, screaming her head off whenever she felt a kick inside of her, which, given the sheer number of them, more or less locked the serval into a cycle that soon became impossible to break. It didn't help that her immobility left her to focus on nothing more than her own body; given that she couldn't walk anymore, it was hardly her fault, but it still meant that all of her focus was given over to fully experiencing every single bit of sensory information being fed to her pleasure centers, which inevitably led to her very loudly calling out for Shrapnel to come do some truly unspeakable things to her, leaving every bystander's cheeks burning red. At least, the ones who hadn't run away to call the emergency services, hoping that the fire department or the local police precinct would know what to do with someone like the serval; they wouldn't, obviously, but the neighborhood watch could at least pretend to be doing something useful when they stared down the end of their quaint little slice of suburban heaven. As for Liz, her motherhood had become everything she could think of, but rather than it merely being a *thing* that she went through, it turned into a process that, much like she did with everything else, the serval began to think wasn't *enough*. A dangerous line of thinking, especially for someone whose body was as malleable as hers, but a line of thinking that Elizabeth gleefully threw herself at regardless; it felt so *wrong* to merely be as big as she was, when she could clearly be more. She couldn't turn off her compressor, sadly enough, but what she *could* do was grow so massive, so overladen, that the device would just snap off on its own, unable to contain her any longer. And no sooner did she formulate this thought than something else appeared on her belly, something that, at least at first, went entirely unnoticed; after all, she already had plenty of bumps coursing through the surface of her tum, so what was another couple of them thrown into the pile? It took a short while for Liz, by that point struggling to remain conscious and cognizant of her actions, to recognize that those two bumps weren't actually *moving*, but rather growing outwards, creating two large

mounds set at a rather odd angle on her belly; it took even longer for her mind to put the puzzle pieces together and realize that, given where the two ovals were, and just how hot she felt around that area of her body, then the only reasonable solution was that they had to be her ovaries. It was ridiculous to assume such a thing, but then, there she was, stuck in the middle of the road with her gravid, swollen belly bigger than the houses on either side of it; it only stood to reason that her egg factories should equally benefit from the growth spurt, though the serval tried not to think too much about how that would affect her. Granted, she wouldn't have time to *not* think about it, given that both of those lumps immediately dumped their contents into her womb, hoping to use whatever leftover seed was left to fertilize the uncountable number of eggs held within them; making it worse was how both bumps began to quiver and shake, rumbling loudly enough for even Liz to hear over the sounds of sloshing and creaking skin... only to then begin splitting down the middle as if they had a seam pushing into their mass, dividing into two smaller lumps each before inflating back to their original engorged size. Four ovaries, four egg-makers, four sources of fertility, and at that point, Liz couldn't take it any longer; she was no more capable of taking the onslaught of sensory feedback than she was capable of walking at that stage, so much so that, when the four lumps began splitting themselves *again*, Elizabeth just wasn't there anymore. She was alive, dreadfully so, and still horrendously conscious, but anything resembling a sentient experience of the world around her had been consumed by a tidal wave of primal, carnal bliss, felt by a version of herself that didn't really *think* as much as it just *felt*. And really, that was all she needed; her thoughts weren't required to live out the best experience she'd had in her life, her thoughts weren't needed for her to become the world's biggest broodmother. In fact, having thoughts just meant she would be wasting time thinking them, rather than having her whole brain be awash in an endless ocean of serotonin, produced with each pleasure wave that crashed through her nervous system with every inch she gained in any direction... and there were plenty of inches there to gain, making it a wonderfully transcendent experience all things considered. The rows of egg-makers only grew more numerous, their productivity increasingly absurd; she could make and release more eggs in a single second than most mothers could be expected to in their entire lives, and several times over at that. Each one would either find a single sperm cell to help fertilize it or, once the seed ran out, simply fertilize *itself*, because clearly Elizabeth didn't deserve to have her eternal pregnancy halted at any point; no, she needed to become *bigger*, she needed to be *fuller*, and whenever she did, the rest of her adapted: larger, milkier tits for all the young within her womb, a fatter, rounder ass to help try (and fail) to counterbalance the weight slung out in front of her, thighs so vast and soft that they could house a whole town's worth of people in their deliciously welcoming pudge if said people were fine with snuggling up against one another. All of those things, however, would always remain several dozen, then hundreds, then *thousands* of steps behind the real star of the show, the baby factory that her belly had become, the colossal mountain of fertility that had already begun to crush houses on both sides of the road, the gargantuan gut whose size didn't so much expand as it did *jump* in size, courtesy of her compressor field beginning to fail. In her brief moments of lucidity, Elizabeth could only focus

on one thing, the same one that sent her reeling right back into her semi-unconscious state of mind: her body, the way that it was then, was *not* her real one. Rather, it was an illusion, created by a compressor system that hid her true size from the world. Her body, the one that others could see, the same one that had already become so wide as to start collapsing the very ground underneath it, was but a *fraction* of what she was truly like; there was a very good reason why the compression equipment was there to begin with, a reason that, for the life of her, Liz couldn't remember anymore. She was certain it was *there*, somewhere in the back of her head where all the other useless information was kept, but in between the explosive growth spurt, the inexplicable fertility boost, the several more pairs of tits all gushing milk everywhere, the asscheeks rumbling like there was an earthquake going off inside them, all capped off by a belly so colossal it was going to block the sun from her soon?

It was hard to really think about what this reason was, or why it ever mattered in the first place. In fact, why *did* she waste any amount of time keeping her true size hidden, if clearly her body wanted it to be known?

The truth felt *so much better*.