

Seeing Shrapnel and Elizabeth as they were now would make anyone's head spin, as their rampage had made the rounds across the entire planet's news cycles, leaving very few people unaware of the "twin giants" which had wrecked such a large part of their country that the marks were visible from low orbit: the many trenches left behind by the serval's tits, the canyons produced by their scratching of the ground, even the large white stain where their milk and cum mixed together and ended up contaminating a large portion of the coastline. That they didn't trigger an environmental catastrophe was downright miraculous, as was the fact that they were ever contained to begin with; it took a serious amount of international cooperation, as well as countless billions of dollars' worth of investments in compressor gear, before the two lovers were returned to a state that might be considered, if not safe, then at least *predictable*... which was mistake number one for those people assigned to guard them. They weren't allowed to go anywhere unsupervised, and couldn't be together at all without at least ten or so armed guards with orders to pump them full of muscle relaxants the moment they made any motions towards touching one another in any other way but cursory; even a sideways glance was considered too much as far as those goons were concerned, and more than once this led to there being a small crisis where either the wolf or the serval had to spend a couple of hours flushing chemicals out of their system because they wanted to sneeze and turned their heads the wrong way. Ultimately however, the two of them put up with it because they knew that it was pointless... for the guards, at least. They believed themselves to be in control, empowered as they were by multinational corporations and several governments, given orders to shoot if things ever *truly* got out of control, but this was nothing more than the *illusion* of predictability, a polite fiction that they all engaged in without even knowing it; how little did they know that the two monsters they were guarding could never truly be controlled or held back, and how every minute they spent not going insane with their growthlust was one where it grew tenfold, to eventually be unleashed upon the world in a glorious orgy of destructive self-indulgence. It couldn't really go any other way, not after what their last rampage did to them; the sheer amount of hormonal stress their bodies were put under wrought terrifying changes to the both of them, alterations which were kept even after they were compressed to more person-sized dimensions, sizes and volumes and *numbers* above all that would make the lewdest of hyperts' heads spin in uttermost confusion and arousal. Shrapnel was the least of the two, despite being the one who started it all: while his package was undeniably impressive, the rest of his body was exactly the way it had always been, albeit slightly leaner and more muscular; after all, he had grown in overall *size*, rather than becoming some kind of bulky, hulking colossus of muscle mass like some people were. No, the main changes were to his cocks and balls, his many, *many* cocks and double as many nuts underneath; to call it a bouquet would be metaphorically accurate, yet still so absurd as to make Shrapnel laugh every single time, if only because it *was* so on-point that he had to cackle at the farcical nature of it: a grand total of *thirty* rods, still split between three sheaths as to let the wolf remain triple-barrelled, and twice as many quads of cumtanks underneath, creating a veritable throne of nutflesh upon which to sit, one which had to be kept constantly drained, lest it get any ideas about overfilling and using the pressure to its advantage. Thirty dicks, each one lined with

three similarly oversized knots, each one serviced by two quads for a combined total of two hundred and forty cum factories, all of them worked over around the clock to make sure that not a single drop was wasted, that not the tiniest bit of seed was spared from destruction in some industrial furnace or twenty; this was to say nothing of how each individual nut was the size of a large family car, or how each of his cocks was about as big as its eight fuelling cumtanks put together. How ridiculous of the guards to assume that milking him so much would result in anything other than an increase in productivity, but at least to their credit, they seemed to be picking up on the fact that the number of pressurized tanks leaving the main holding bunker that Shrapnel and Liz were kept in had been steadily increasing over time. And yet, despite this, he wasn't even on the main list of concerns, and nor *should* he be when he was next to someone like Elizabeth, someone whose body had become so ludicrously massive that, even when compressed to a more comprehensible size, it still strained the ability for a large chunk of the world's governments to contain. Everything about her had become excessive, bloated, immense, *obscene*, and the show started when one looked at her tits, which was slightly difficult *not* to do given just how big they were: with each *nipple alone* being big enough to rival a small family house if it was ever placed next to one (and its accompanying areola growing to encompass near-half of the full size of the breast), it was impossible not to say be impressed by just how massive they became... all *two thousand* of them. A thousand rows, organized in such a way that the changes wrought to Liz's torso were such that the only reason she didn't topple over from the sheer lack of balance was the fact that her lower body had grown outwards to compensate as well, creating the perfect counter-weight to an upper half that was, by itself, a good few hundred feet all all by itself. Two thousand tits, each of which would be enormous on its own, and only *kept* at that size by virtue of there being a colossal milking array whose sole job was to make sure that, much like with Shrapnel and his dicks, Liz's many busts would remain empty; whenever a single droplet of milk was produced, it would be duly sucked out at maximum possible velocity, leaving the poor serval in a state of constant arousal, with her brain unable to truly process what was happening to its pleasure centers... especially considering this was but one facet of her new self. Despite this, despite the fact that she had a thousand rows of milk makers lined up from top to bottom on an overly-stretched torso, her belly was somehow still the biggest part of her, at least above the waist. The amount of young that she was blessed with, not being something that could just be gotten rid of, was *astounding*, reaching the level of truly staggering if one tried to calculate what the exact number might be, a task that not even the wildest of madmen would ever even *think* to attempt; even in its compressed state, it outsized all of the serval's tits *put together*, a feat that made that slung-out babymaker be something of such a scale that it made everyone who walked into her open-air containment area recoil with fear each and every time they saw it... mostly because it was ever-so-slightly bigger each time they did, owing to the exponential production of new lives having become an effectively self-sustaining process. This was mostly due to the extra ovaries that she'd developed along the way as well; her original pair, already overtaxed by Shrapnel's ministrations, began to grow outwards at a pace never before seen in quite literally any other case in history, stretching out her belly's taut surface as they did so. They quickly

reached the size of a fully grown adult each... and kept going, and going, until it was possible for this hypothetical adult to fit inside of each one of those egg producers about ten or so times if they packed themselves in properly. Preliminary analysis revealed that their ovularity had skyrocketed as well, creating far more egg cells than even *Shrapnel* could hope to compete with, even if he spent a good hour in full flow! This would've been enough, but her body had somehow created *fifty-eight more* of those things for a ludicrous total of thirty pairs of ovaries, arranged in sequence leading down the circumference of her colossal self, much like the cat's tits were arranged along her chest. It was absurd, it was nonsensical, and it broke every single law of biology and reproduction that everyone involved in their containment knew about, but it was absolutely there and they couldn't do anything about it; they were there, and for some reason they managed to just continuously produce more eggs than even *Shrapnel* could produce swimmers... and still, despite her not having any cum in her system, they were still being fertilized somehow, leading to fears that the serval might've, somehow, achieved parthenogenesis thanks to exposure to such volatile and virile seed as *Shrapnel*'s. To cap it all off, she of course required a suitable base; with so much weight up top, it wasn't hard to explain why her bottom was as titanic as it was: if one were to take all the mass of her upper half and put it all together into one big, slightly-spherical, wobbly shape prone to jiggling, they'd get *one* of Elizabeth's asscheeks, and if one were to take her *entire* rear, one might begin to approach the size of but *one* of her gargantuan thighs. This made walking basically impossible, and indeed the serval had given up doing anything other than sitting on that vast, landscape-sized pillow warehouse of a butt of hers, but she was happy; there, atop her own personal throne, she had become nothing more than a baby factory, a broodmother whose only task was to *be bred*, one that she'd become so good at that *Shrapnel* wasn't technically necessary anymore. Even if the serval did nothing else other than sit there and stare at nothing, she would still outgrow her environs in a manner of *minutes* if she wasn't contained, and even with a multi-billion dollar enterprise surrounding her, it was still a matter of time; she *would* break out, with or without *Shrapnel*'s help... and it just so happened that she fully expected her partner to be there with her every step of the way, so that the very first growth spurt left her so big that her current form wouldn't even qualify to stand up to a single *pore* of her new self. Granted, she spent most of her time in a stupor; a thousand racks of milkers, a gravid belly that somehow outsized all of them and sixty hyperactive ovaries took their toll on her mind, and without any good reason to really do anything, she was content with simply... being. If there came a time for anything to happen, *Shrapnel* could easily just knock her up hard enough for her to awake from his fugue state, and quite honestly, as far as the serval was concerned, if it didn't have to do with the wolf breeding her even harder, she didn't care anymore. Maybe in the first few days, where she still attempted to make conversation with him, but after realizing that their captors would just dose them with tranquilizers, there really was no point anymore; besides, just *being*, in itself, was enough of an experience when it came to a body as exaggerated as hers, and *Shrapnel* *was* always the best at completely losing control of himself. All he needed was time, and eventually, not even the laws of reality would hold him back anymore, and her own explosive mega-pregnancy to go along

with it. Granted, it'd be a lot easier to bring this about if not for the fact that the two of them had to be kept inside an inherently unstable dimensional distortion field, owing mostly to Elizabeth's raw size and unwieldy proportions; if she were ever to be unleashed upon the world, even in the compressed state that she was in, it would spell disaster for everything around her, which would make it slightly difficult to carry on with reconstruction work, as the two of them hadn't *actually* been moved that far away from where they began their rampage. Truth be told, they *couldn't* be moved, not with the sort of sizes they were sporting; compressor technology only went so far, and though the several dozen stacked layers the two of them had forced onto them helped to contain their bodies' *volume*, it did very little to abate the *weight* of it, given that it reached a critical point beyond which current tech just couldn't do anything about. As such, the thousands upon thousands of technicians working around the clock to keep the two of them shrunk down to size had to come up with a different solution, one that would let them operate without having to effectively write off an entire metropolitan area while doing so; while it was undeniably dangerous to set up a compression zone in the middle of what would be, hopefully, an inhabited city within the space of a few months, it was the only thing they had until someone else came up with a better solution for how to move those colossal piles of milk, cum, fat and muscle in any reasonably affordable way. No one stopped to think about *why* they were building the city in the exact same spot as before, when the safest option would've been to relocate everyone somewhere where they *wouldn't* have to worry about the containment zone exploding all over them without the slightest bit of warning; considering such a notion might lead them to the team discovering they were far more mentally compromised than initially assumed, that their minds had been warped by the presence of those breeding gods, and they too had become little more than conduits for the deities' arousal to work through. They were tools to be used and then discarded, pawns to be moved on a board for Elizabeth and Shrapnel's amusement, little ones whose only job was to keep playing pretend until their betters were ready to break through the pathetic barriers erected around them, to show the world what *perfection* was like... or so the young couple would like to believe. That they had an enormous amount of influence on the minds of those around them was a given, but the degree to which they could exercise control on anyone was highly debatable, assuming they even had any to begin with. The two were far too engrossed in their own bodies, in the pleasure waves crashing into them on a regular basis, to really give much thought to anything else; sure, if they focused on the world around them, they could easily play everyone like marionettes, but that assumed they could even muster up the willpower required to think about anything other than just themselves and how much rutting would be had once they inevitably broke free from containment. This was their one saving grace, the understanding that they would, at some point in the future, become *too big* to be held back by modern science, and there wasn't anything that they, or anyone else for that matter, could do to stop that; not that they would, obviously, but it was always nice to know that they had reached the point of no return and then gleefully flew past it at top speed. It gave things a finality that they wouldn't have otherwise, enough that whenever their thoughts grazed the notion, even if tangentially, it was enough to get the technicians around them to start shouting orders because a

new growth spurt had commenced; theirs was a meaningless struggle, a futile one that would only result in their inevitably subsuming being even more powerful thanks to how much time, energy and effort was put into resisting it. How could it happen any other way, with Shrapnel and Elizabeth still being so close? The serval had turned into a breeding machine, a living, breathing broodmother whose sole purpose was to sire young at an ever-quickening pace; hell, her body was proof positive of it, given that her belly noticeably bulged out every other second before the compressors caught up with the latest addition, extra boosts in size that ranged from just a handful of feet to several yard, and always left the big cat looking bigger by the end of each spurt. If that weren't enough, she'd taken to deliberately teasing the wolf whenever she had the chance; her body alone was already cause for alarm, powerfully gravid to the point where the mere sight of it was enough to send Shrapnel into overdrive, with the sweet nothings and promises of debaucheries coming down from Liz's way only helping to make things worse for him. He might not be nearly as big as his partner, nor would he ever be, not even if he grew into a giant like the last time; he was certainly colossal, far beyond the reach of any other mortal, but he would never dethrone his beloved... nor should he, honestly. Though they were both divine, the only goddess there was Elizabeth, not him; *he* was but a mere consort, a facilitator of the sort of breeding that would take the universe by storm the moment the two of them were taken off the leash, and it was *Liz* who held every right to the throne. Once the breeding began in earnest, his job would be to pound into her, to fill her even more than before, to unleash a veritable deluge of seed into her womb, that it may overflow with new life; he would be her love, her partner, her mate, for all of eternity and beyond, seeing as their lust for extra size and fertility would never truly be satisfied. These were the sort of thoughts that flowed freely between them... though mostly from Elizabeth to Shrapnel during her moments of lucidity, given that the wolf was slightly touched by the whole experience and had lost the ability to speak without babbling some time in the past couple of days before finally breaking free. For this was a given: they *would* break free, and anything other than that was just burning time until they did so, growing all the while, encompassing more and more terrain, straining the absurd quantity of resources used to keep the two of them contained, despite the fact that everyone involved knew it was a waste of time. Occasionally, the giants would hear someone in the team bemoaning how they had to install additional compressor layers, or how the spatial distortions were getting so bad that they'd begun to affect time as well, leading to the world outside their bubble existing at an increasingly slower rate than their little slice of hyper-sized heaven. There were rumours that the project was going to be defunded, that the UN had developed a new plan for how to deal with Shrapnel and Elizabeth, one that wouldn't need "planetbound containment", whatever that was supposed to mean; if the world was convinced that they could just jettison their problem into space and forget about it, they were sorely mistaken. At best, they were kicking the can down the road for a few years *at best*, realistically just months or even less depending on how far they threw the couple; the two of them wouldn't stop until everything was flattened underneath them, wouldn't stop until the entire cosmos was naught but Liz's belly, with some boob on the side to help pad things out of course. In fact, dropping them in the vast emptiness of the cosmos would only make things

worse; by the time the two of them returned to the planet, they would be so immense that Earth would be little more than a tiny little speck of dust, to be obliterated without a second thought. At the very least, if they allowed them to unleash their full might there, on the surface of their homeworld, everyone would get a first-rate show to go along with their apocalypse!

Of course, none of this went through either of their heads, at least not with that degree of clarity. Both Elizabeth and Shrapnel knew they had to breed (had, not wanted), and they also knew, on an instinctual level, that they would be doing it soon. How soon was irrelevant, only that it would happen and it would be close enough in time that they needn't worry too much... though this didn't stop either of them from trying to make advances towards the other, in an odd, mindless sort of way. They were beasts, animals, ruled by instinct and nothing else, with all higher-order brain function sacrificed at the altar of self-indulgence, to be replaced with energy and the will required to go through with something that would most likely obliterate the planet. They knew this, even if it was in a very simplistic, dumbed-down form; they just didn't care. Their love for one another transcend the bounds of planetary existence, of rules and regulations, of natural law and the existence of consequences; the universe might want them to stop, given that they were wanton violations of every constant that ever was, but *they* didn't want it to end, so it wouldn't. Such was their decree, as the new gods of not just that world, but the whole *universe* beyond: they would breed, they would never stop, and if they would ever find themselves in a position where they were even the slightest bit tired... well, that wouldn't happen, so no need to concern themselves with that. No, better to spend their time trying to touch one another, the simplest and yet most effective method for improving their size; it was beyond their control, it being that their arousal *spiked* dramatically whenever the two of them actually achieved physical contact, though whether it was because they were being starved of it, or their bodies were altered in an even deeper and more fundamental way than expected, no one could really tell. Perhaps the serval and wolf couple could, if they didn't lack the mental faculties required to put words to paper in order to get the sensations out in a way that would make the slightest amount of sense; all the technicians had to go off from was body language, and seeing as both Shrapnel and Liz grew increasingly erratic in the lead-up to their release, even this method became risky to rely upon. It wouldn't get any better once the two lovers figured out a way to get around their restraints through sheer force of will and copious amounts of repetition and trial-and-error, using their immense girth to their advantage by swinging themselves from side to side until the momentum became too powerful for the passive systems to hold them back; this forced the team of thousands to step in and actually *do* something about their captives beyond staring at the machinery doing their work them, and not only did this open the door to delicious workplace errors, but it also placed the techies in a position where they *had* to interact with the two giants... and, in doing so, slowly succumb to the same allure that had driven the city's population to need extensive deprogramming. Soon enough, it wouldn't even be mistakes at all; the crew would deliberately start to mess up protocol, creating increasingly larger holes in their safety procedures that, try as the untainted might, they would never be able to fix in time, before they themselves were corrupted by the couple's influence.

