

If anyone looked in from the outside, they would've seen a perfectly normal house, not unlike the many others present throughout the neighborhood... right up until a giant pair of balls burst through the front-facing wall. No one would've thought twice of the moaning, the yelling, the outright *screaming* in agonized pleasure; these were perfectly normal as far as the neighbors were concerned, par for the course for most days when Slay and Myuki decided to do something that brought them to the edge of orgasm and left them there for extended periods of time. What no one could've expected, however, was that this would spill over onto the outside world in any physical way (barring the occasional milk floods, but that hardly counted), right up until the moment where a large chunk of the couple's home's facade was blown off by Slay's burgeoning cumtanks. The bellowing that ensued, more akin to a bestial roar than anything else, was powerful enough to *shatter* multiple windows, with the force behind it being such that it almost ruptured several pairs of eardrums as well. From within his abode, Slay himself had finally reached his edge and flew past it for the first time, his body reacting to this by doing the one thing it knew how to do: grow. A combination of sexual discharge and a hormone storm of perfect proportions all-but ensured that the nanites flowing through Slay's bloodstream would decide upon the course of action best suited to further augment their host's body; after all, they were there to improve him, and if he felt like he was at the top of his game, then clearly their role was to prove him wrong. He could always be more powerful, bulkier, stronger, more virile; his muscles could become denser, their mass compacted to the point where him just standing still was enough to break through a few inches of flooring. His cock began swelling in preparation for the release, as the amount of spunk he had to give out was just too much for even his colossal shaft to handle; yes, it was large enough that it could impale Myuki on it, but given how immense his nuts had become, he needed *more*. He needed that dick to grow as long as he was tall, then longer still; he needed it to become thicker than he was wide, the veins on its surface throbbing visibly with each heartbeat. He needed it to *visibly* bloat every time he felt the engine in his chest pump another load of blood through his veins... and he needed to see the underside of it become so much more gargantuan than before. The duct *slammed* into the ground, bloating so as to be ready for the unimaginably large load that was to come; most of the underside of his cock, really, became so massive as to outsize the rest of it, cracking open what remained of the floor tiling and digging a groove into the foundations beneath, stretching Myuki out further. And his nuts, those colossal orbs he had behind him, grew bigger still, with every heartbeat seeming to add a few inches to their already oversized girth. Little did Slay know that the nanites in his system were working on overdrive to make sure his cum production was the highest it could physically be, and whenever they hit a limit, they simply made his nuts bigger to compensate. This way, not only did they rise to the challenge metaphorically, but very literally as well, with the seconds before climax having them climb to ever-higher sizes and making it clear that he wasn't going to go anywhere without at least trying to empty them out. Not that he minded of course; he had Myuki right there, and if nothing else, she was more than happy to take anything he had to dish out, even if her body had become so much smaller compared to his that he wasn't so much rutting her as he was impaling the vixen on a cock much too large for her to properly

handled. And yet, Myuki didn't seem to mind; indeed, the bigger Slay's dick became, the louder she shouted for him to go deeper, harder, quicker, more potently, a host of synonyms that he barely had the time to think about, let alone comprehend. All he knew was that his lover *wanted* him to keep going, even when it was clear most of her body mass wouldn't even be hers in a few seconds, and this was all the confirmation Slay needed; he was barely done with his first climax before he began working on the second one, by that point not so much thrusting into an excessively tight vixen as much as he was slorshing about in a cum blimp of his own making. Myuki, surprisingly, turned out to be *extremely* flexible, so much so that most of her belly was nothing if not distended, stretched skin covering a small lake's worth of spunk, courtesy of Slay's generous contributions. What neither of them could possibly know, however, was that the nanites contained within the wolf's body weren't just "keyed" to him; rather, they had been given the instruction of improving whatever organism they were inside, and seeing as now there was an abundance of them inside Myuki, they saw no difference between altering their original host and their new one... and seeing as how there was plenty of raw material to work with in those hyperactive cum factories, then it stood to reason that the vixen had just been given an extra-strong dosage. This certainly went a long way to explain why *she* began growing almost immediately after her belly bloated outwards with enough force to bring down a wall, with the nanomachines coursing through her veins taking her already well-built and well-developed physique, then just dialing it up to eleven and beyond. They had plenty to work with, after all; plenty of bulky vixen whose muscles were just *begging* to be made triple, quadruple, *quintuple* their size, bulging with so much extra mass that the whole building came down on her... or, to be more precise, *she* came *up* onto the building, not so much wrecking it as she did *vaporize* it. One moment the house was there, the next it had been most efficiently turned into a thin cloud of wood chips, bits of plaster, and the occasional piece of concrete that had miraculously survived the onslaught. In its place, Myuki, colossal, gargantuan, a towering behemoth of rippling flesh and horny vixen whose hands were too busy trying to decide whether to massage her house-sized tits or that *titanic* cock inside of her to do anything at all; underneath her, Slay, the wolf responsible for it all, smirking as he let his lover have that small moment in the limelight. He knew he was going to be bigger than that soon enough; he was, ultimately, the one responsible for making his mate *be* that large to begin with, and seeing as his own nanites were still very much active and constantly upgrading his physical form, he wouldn't remain as the small one for much longer. But to look upon her and see the vixen for everything that she was, to see her true form realized... well, it almost made him want to stay down there as the little one in the relationship.

Almost.

He had, by that point, developed an almost subconscious level of control over the nanites. Not that Slay was aware of it (hence what it was), but his brain was, letting him have some amount of influence over what the nanomachines actually *did*; through instincts and desires, thoughts and ideas, it was possible for the little autonomous robots to know where to go next and what to improve, freeing up valuable mental power for other, more pressing concerns. And while

others might've thought about being smarter, or being capable of doing their jobs better, or any number of mundane and thoroughly unimaginative applications for a near god-level piece of technology, Slay was *not* having any of that. Instead, he saw himself as the ultimate breeding machine, a true divinity amongst mortals, and Myuki as his consort; he saw himself towering over everything that existed, virile beyond mathematics' ability to describe it, so powerful that he could crack the planet in half with his bare hands. And while the nanites couldn't just *give* that to him, at least not at that time, they could certainly work towards it; there was plenty of *work* to do, and as long as Slay continued to do what he did best, then that was the beginning and end of his involvement. His nanites, being what they were, could do the rest for him: thus, for every thrust into Myuki, his cock grew longer, larger, thicker. For every bucking of his hips, the wolf found that his nuts were slightly harder to move, on account of them growing so large that they spilled onto the streets and the houses on the other side. For every clench, every flex, he *heard* himself stretch, his muscles gaining extra mass at such a quickened rate that his skin barely managed to keep up with the demand, leading to a whole lot of creaking that only made it harder for Slay to keep his mind from breaking in half. He could both hear and *feel* the ground crumbling underneath him, both the solid foundations and the bare dirt beneath his paws and back incapable of holding up a body that was several times heavier than it *should* be on account of how densely-woven his muscles were; every motion, and there were plenty of those to go around, was enough to break apart yet another chunk off the ground, be it by ripping open parts of the sidewalk, tearing up the front lawn, or just outright caving the street in from sheer weight. Out in front, Myuki was getting busy doing much of the same, with her tits alone being so heavy that they *flattened* any vehicle unlucky enough to be in front of them; rather than crushing or toppling them, all the unfortunate parked cars in the next neighborhood over were turned into metal pancakes... well, those that hadn't already been taken by the torrents of milk erupting from both the vixen's teats, that is. In between that and a body that looked to be more vascular muscle than anything else, Myuki was truly shaping up to be a proper goddess-consort to Slay's own deific self; Slay, who looked down to see the ground a good forty feet down below him while he railed into his mate, Slay, who could barely *see* the ground in the first place on account of his neck, shoulders and arms being so thick that they got in the way. Slay, whose nuts had grown so enormous that they did actually blot out the sun, at least for him, resulting in a great deal of rumbling and churning emanating from directly behind him; the wolf could feel the heat coming off those things, even more so than the sensations that came from... the rest. All the houses, properties, whole neighborhoods really, all of them vanished underneath the mounting and unrelenting advance of a pair of cumtanks that seemed to know no end; indeed, they were growing far faster than the rest of Slay, even more so than his cock, which had to bloat and swell far in excess to what it would need to just to keep up with the output. This, in result, only led to Myuki getting pumped fuller and harder in a smaller amount of time, therefore leading to an escalating, vicious cycle where the two burgeoning giants fed off one another while feeding one another with the same amount of gusto. Where exactly all that mass was coming from was anyone's guess, but neither Slay or Myuki were going to waste time trying to figure it out; as

long as they were growing, as long as they could feel their bodies rippling with additional mass, their frames exploding in every direction as they grew to impossible sizes, then they were happy. Happy, but not *satisfied*; be it because of long-repressed sentiments or the nanites interfering with his way of thinking, Slay was less than enthused about the prospect of *merely* growing larger. It was nice, yes, but it lacked a certain something that would make it better by virtue of it being a *goal*; to grow, to bulge out, was the means to something else... and when he looked up for the first time since entering his house, scanning the horizon for the skyline in the distance, he knew. He knew, then, what he had to do, he knew that his fate was to overtake the city and turn it into his personal playground, a base, a throne upon which to sit; he would grow and grow until he blanketed everything around him, and then, maybe, once a single nut was big enough to cover the entire metropolitan area, then *maybe* he would be satisfied. At least, for the time being; nothing stopped him from setting new goals for himself once old ones were achieved, and given how the nanites seemed unwilling or unable to stop, there was even less of a reason for Slay to not give them exactly what they wanted. Was he even in control anymore? Did this even *matter*, if it gave him what *he* wanted? He could grow as much as he damn well pleased, and all it took was him letting things run its course, no effort required; just as long as he *wanted* to, he *would*, and he got to bring Myuki along for the ride as well! One pump after another, the vixen was stretched out, filled, then had the load reprocessed into additional mass for herself, causing her to grow and smother her beloved, whose body would then react by being beefed up, thus restarting the cycle. That way, both of them could engage in a size competition they already knew they had both won from the start, while the rest of the world watched in slack-jawed awe as their two new gods arose from their mortal forms and took their rightful place in the heavens... and quite literally, at that. There was little that could be done to stop either Slay or Myuki once they broke free of their house, and from there, it was a straight line directly to them reaching the city; they weren't there *yet*, but at the rate things were going, it wouldn't take too long before they were toppling skyscrapers rather than one-storey family homes. The best part though, is that they didn't need to walk; just as long as they could keep fucking each other, then the nanites within them would continuously build upon their bodies and have them expand to fill all available space with very little actual input on their part. It wouldn't take long before Myuki herself was causing the ground to cave underneath each of her tits, while Slay's nuts had reached a point where the only reason they didn't bury deeper into the Earth was precisely because they had already compacted so much dirt and stone underneath their heft that it made it impossible to go any further... though this didn't stop them from carrying on expanding in every *other* direction, spilling over the landscape in such a manner as to fully take over roads, houses, whatever else happened to be in the way, destroying whatever it touched in an avalanche of nutflesh that would never end. All of this to service a shaft that had already outsized *most* non-metaphorical skyscrapers the world over, one which he wielded with a skill befitting a wolf god of his stature. All for his lovely mate of course; how else was he expected to fill her up with load after load of nanite-infused seed, if not through a shaft so colossal that most of his blood was located entirely within it? It made sense for someone like him, thus this would be case, as he decreed; he *was* a

god after all, or at least fashioned himself one, therefore making his commandments Law as far as he cared. And as a god, it stood to reason that he should rise above all others... including Myuki. It wasn't something he'd thought about much before, given how much bigger the vixen had been in general for most of the time they'd known one another, but now that he was standing there, looking at her from this new, fresh perspective, the wolf could do little but think about how he *deserved* to be bigger than her. Not because he was *better*, but because he was... him. He was Slay, he was the one who'd had his body infused with nanites, he was the one whose physiology had gone completely haywire as a result, and now he was the only one who could give the vixen everything that *she* deserved; to do that, however, he needed to be bigger, *much* bigger, so much bigger that no one stood a chance at matching him, not even Myuki. She certainly wasn't going to mind, not with how loud she was being or how much begging had been happening for the past ten minutes, so surely there were no obstacles to Slay simply taking matters into his own hands and *deciding* that he should be big, bigger, the biggest. How he'd do it was anyone's guess, but he figured that if the nanites had done such a good job so far, they were bound to keep doing it going forward... and he'd be entirely correct. No sooner had he formulated the mere thought of wanting to be larger than his entire body burst forth, taking up enough space in so little time that it created a sonic shockwave, one that propagated in every direction as the compressed air ripped tiles from houses, cracked open windows, and even set off a few car alarms. Simultaneously, the ground beneath him caved in just a little bit more as a result of all the added weight, with even the multiple stacked and pressed layers of dirt and stone being unable to deal with the sheer *density* of who was standing there atop them. Indeed, it seemed that Slay had reached a tipping point of sorts: though he wasn't freefalling down into the planet's depths, he could tell that he was massive enough to just keep going further and further down, slowly breaking his way through the multiple levels he had pressure-stamped underneath him. He didn't mind though; it gave him a reason to go on the move and put those new muscles to good use, even if he had to literally drag his nuts behind him at great stamina cost to himself. Honestly, how exactly those things managed to get *that* big he would never know, but at least they reached a stage where he had an adequate comparison: if he had to put a name to it, he'd say each ball was *at least* the size of a football stadium, if not slightly larger, and they were still being pumped larger at every moment! Unbeknownst to the wolf, the nanites within his sack had been refining their reprocessing capabilities to the point where they were almost peaked at one-hundred-percent efficiency, with them transforming *all* available mass into further nanomachine material, which was itself used to then augment his productivity even more, leading to higher and more uncontrolled levels of virility. For most, this would be an insurmountable barrier; no one could possibly be capable of taking everything that Slay could output, and he wasn't even outputting *that much*, all things considered... at least, compared to what he *could* if he was actually trying. But for Myuki, this was just business as usual; she was growing too, after all, and for quite a while, she assumed she was actually getting to be *larger* than her mate, just like things used to be. She believed, in her naivete, that she was to become the giantess, that she was the statuesque goddess who would preside over this world until eternity came knocking; never could she have

imagined that, despite her body having grown *quite* significant as a result of the constant pumping, she would very soon pale in comparison to her mate... a mate who was, by the time she formulated that thought, already casting a shadow over her. It took Myuki a few seconds to recognize what was happening, at which point all she could really do was try and turn around to face Slay, only to find that her body was locked in place by virtue of a cock bigger than *she* was; just like that, almost as if they hadn't moved from when the wolf first burst into the house, she was impaled on a shaft so gargantuan that her body had turned into little more than a condom over it, albeit one covered in so much muscle mass that it could apart steel without even realizing it. All she saw was the shadow, created by Slay as he blocked the light of the sun, and through the endless slorshing and churning of milk and cum, she heard it: the roar. It was low enough that it occasionally dipped into infrasound, so low that it seemed like it was shaking the very subatomic structure of reality apart; its power was such that Myuki felt her sternum vibrate as a result, her entire body becoming like gelatin under the unrelenting onslaught of a voice too magnificent to be truly comprehended. And with that, the shadow grew, being cast over a wide enough area that it was almost impossible to imagine what her mate would even *look like* if she did manage to look back. Almost impossible to think about the gargantuan set of biceps, each one about twice as large as their house had been before it was obliterated, almost impossible to imagine the broad shoulders capable of carrying the world, almost impossible to *fathom* the sheer density of it all, which every handful of muscle mass carrying enough matter that it was a wonder the entirety of the wolf's body hadn't collapsed into some exotic form of neutron star or black hole. He could feel it as well: the weight. The sense that he had become so *literally* massive that the gravitational shift between himself and the Earth had begun to take place, with the planet no longer capable of holding him down with nearly as much efficiency as it had done so before. It would be a while before he managed to get anywhere with this, longer still before he hopped off the world entirely, but for someone as heavy as himself, he certainly did feel oddly weightless, as if he were preparing to take off into the heavens where he belonged. Weightless, yes, but not *massless*, as he still was perfectly aware of how much raw muscle and flesh existed within him: with every motion, he felt part of his body rub against some other, and merely by existing he could tell that he was... full. There was no other way to describe it: he had used up most available volume in the area of spacetime that comprised his body, to the point where he felt downright close to bursting at every single point; of course, being a *god*, this only meant his body adapted further by expanding outwards while keeping the same density, packing together his atomic structure to such a degree that if anything tried touching him, they'd find something *beyond* solid. He had transcended the understandings of mortality, and he wasn't even to the city yet! Granted, it wouldn't be long before he got there, not when his growth became exponential in nature and he completely lost control over the few nanites he still held sway over; the tiny machines had gone on overdrive, repeating their instructions on loop so as to transform their host into his most perfect possible form, replicating in ludicrous numbers only to sacrifice themselves in similar droves *just* to give Slay the boost he needed for that extra inch, that extra foot, that extra yard. Soon they would be miles; soon he'd be flexing and his biceps alone would burst

forth with a skyscraper's worth of mass for every second of kept them clenched, the strain of actually using his muscles being enough to force them to undergo a size spurt. Soon he would take a step, and the effort required to actually *move* that gargantuan body of his would force the nanites to upgrade it further, leaving him a good half a mile taller with each move forward. Soon he'd be jackhammering into Myuki, and not only would his cock jump half its size again with every thrust, but his nuts would cover so much more of the landscape that they'd be visible from low orbit without the use of a telescope. Motion after motion, with every bucking of the hips, he grew bigger, heavier, denser, until the very fabric of existence around him began to tear apart at the seams, unable to deal with him and his exotic properties; the vixen, at least, was blissfully unaware of any of this, being too preoccupied with that cock stuck inside her... or, rather, with the cock that had turned *into* most of her insides, what with her being so pitifully undersized compared to Slay as any random person was compared to her in her titaness state. Her loving wolf, her *mate*, soared higher and higher into the sky, and no matter how much spunk was reprocessed to make *her* bigger, she could never quite compare. It was the wolf god's turn to shine, and she was just there along for the ride, stretched out over a dick that would very quickly become more massive than *her*, trapping her in an endless filling cycle. This, of course, was ideal, and if not for the fact that Slay could barely hear her down there where she was, Myuki would've spent all her remaining energy trying to get his attention just so he could rail her properly, rather than simply jack off with one hand wrapped around what used to be her body, and was now little more than a cocksleeve. Still, she couldn't complain, not when she was the guest of honor for the biggest wolf the world had ever seen, or indeed *would* ever see; none would reach the heights Slay did, that much she was certain, and when she first heard the quakes, this was little but confirmation of this fact. The world itself trembled beneath the might of the lupine god, as the strain of holding him up on a flat surface, coupled with the change in gravitational attraction, had begun literally tearing the planet apart; it wasn't so bad as to cause rifts big enough to swallow more than a handful of cars, but it was as clear as day that, if allowed to carry on the way he was, Slay would eventually *need* to get off Earth, lest he risk having it torn to pieces by tectonic upheaval. That, or having his nuts completely flatten most of the planet in their relentless advance; really, it wasn't the wolf's *body* that the wolf himself was worried about, it was his two cumtanks who seemed to have reached a critical point from which they couldn't recover. He was vaguely aware of the titanic nanite manufactories hidden away inside of them, solid nuclei within which countless trillions of nanomachines were created and deployed, fed solely on his own spunk. He was aware of how they further augmented his productivity by way of a complex network of nanite delivery that both stimulated his ability to produce more cum *and* further stretched the raw size of those things until they were both so impossibly huge as to start ripping through the crust and down to the mantle... thus providing a source of geothermal energy for the nanites within to make good use of, making Slay's balls grow tighter and fuller still. All of this to help produce more seed for him to deliver through a cock grown big enough to flatten most of the local city, had it not been obliterated by his balls already, a cock whose swollen underside had become so gargantuan that it could compete with the rest of his body on

its own. He needed that much, if he wanted to give Myuki all the spunk he had stored up inside him and more, needed it to make sure the vixen was being pumped fuller and bigger with every passing moment. She would never be as big as him, but that was hardly important; just as long as she was large enough that he could see her, that's what mattered. Just as long as he could lay eyes upon his beautiful vixen, his gorgeous mate, then he had everything he could ever hope for; even when his head broke through multiple layers of clouds, even when he saw the sky around him turn from a light to a deeper blue, even when he felt the cold of the upper atmosphere embrace him and the curvature of the planet become increasingly obvious, he still had *her*. He still had Myuki, the one person in the universe for which he would do anything, the one person that he *did* do everything; he was only that big because of her, because he took the offer for the nanite infusion thinking about *her*. And now... now he was so much bigger than her, so much bigger that she could barely even hold a candle to him. And while that was undeniably far hotter than anything he'd experienced before, what was the fun in being alone out there? After all, he was getting ready to leave the planet.

Why do it on his own?