

The first thing he noticed when he woke up was that he felt a lot tighter around a specific area of his body; the *second* thing was that the sheets in front of him were noticeably higher up than they should be. He sighed, knowing exactly what the problem was; it wasn't the first time it happened, and it certainly wouldn't be the last, with the only thing he *could* do being to take stock of the "damage" and decide on what to do next. Noticeably, however, the bump on the sheets was quite a bit larger than it actually *would* normally be, and given the sort of sensations were filtering through to him, he wouldn't be surprised i-and there went that thought process. No sooner had he begun to weave together a narrative that would explain everything than he got a face full of nipple; usually this wouldn't be too much of a concern, given his proclivities towards finding partners of absurd sizes, but the fact of the matter was, he'd gone to bed completely alone the night before, which begged the question of *why* and *how* he was being smothered by an enormous breast, bigger than his head and several times its weight. A question that, of course, Salix wouldn't mind answering at a later date, especially given how he only then noticed that the "bulge" on the sheets was moving up and down rhythmically at about the same rate as he felt the pressure on his nethers spike and mellow, making it clear just what was happening, hidden away from prying eyes. It wasn't until he actually brought his hands up to the bust keeping him pinned down that he got an answer though, and even then it was delivered only after he sunk his hands firmly in so much plush that Salix feared he would lose his fingers in it; from above came a moan, and one that was eminently familiar to him, bringing a smile to his face even through the copious amounts of soft, green breastflesh he had enveloping it.

"I think we had another split," the voice mused, its tone soft, almost melodic, "the other one is downstairs working on you already. I tried to get them to wait until you woke up, but they wouldn't listen. And you shut up, no complaining about tit in your mouth!"

Well, he wasn't going to. Indeed, the last thing on Salix's mind was doing anything that might potentially jeopardize *having* a fat nipple stuck pressed against his tongue; it'd be a waste, especially taking into consideration just who it belonged to. It was an... he was going to say unfortunate, because that's what he knew "normal" people would say, an *unfortunate* condition that the mossdog happened to suffer from (though again, "suffer" might be the wrong word in this particular regard): namely, that he occasionally lost control of his own genetic code, which drifted off into heavens knew wherever and ended up coalescing as other hims... or hers as the case may be. It didn't always happen; sometimes the loose fragments of his self were whisked away into the aether, poofing out of existence like a gust of wind, never to be seen again... it was just that, when they didn't, the results always tended to be on the more explosive side, and that nothing to do with actual detonations. Hence why it was perfectly reasonable that he would wake up with a female, heavily-endowed version of himself just sleeping by his side; if anything, that happening in the first place was the *least* confusing thing to happen to him that morning, since at least having a doppelganger like that was something he had both come to expect *and* had contingencies for. Granted, most of these were variations on the same plan: accept what happened and roll with it. While to most it might not seem like much of a plan, and indeed it could technically qualify as preemptively giving up, Salix liked to believe that he knew himself

better than anyone else. He had, after all, been fucking himself for quite a while by that point, often in very disparate forms, each with their own distinct personality. The mosssdog had come to believe that this was something to be avoided, Salix knew differently; he knew his other selves better than anyone else, because they were *his* other selves, like he was the other self for *them*, whoever this “them” might be. Hence, it was perfectly reasonably, and in fact quite logical, to want to skip straight to the part where he just lay there enjoying having a pair of tits smothering his face, neck, and upper torso, while a similarly-oversized set of mammaries worked his shaft where he couldn’t see it. He could only imagine just what was actually happening underneath the sheets; whenever his body lost control like that, it never did settle for anything other than exaggerated proportions, and the more he woke up, the more his brain booted up properly, the more Salix came to realize how much *weight* was being placed on him down there. Not that he was in any rush to get anywhere; he had all day as far as he was concerned, not needing to clock into work, and thus he resolved to lie there, letting his (so far) two other selves take the wheel and determine where things went. For his troubles, he had *two* nipples in his mouth sooner rather than the later, with his assailant shoving her second tit directly into him without so much as a please and thank you, while his second “attacker” decided the best course of action would be to open their mouth and make good use of it, all while their own bust (or at least something that definitely felt like one) provided ample stimulation for a cock that was, by all accounts, several times larger than its regular resting state. And despite all this, to Salix, this still barely qualified as noteworthy as far as mornings went in that household; hell, the only reason it wasn’t downright normal is that, typically, whenever a split happened his clones went off to make breakfast for themselves before he woke up, leaving him to stumble onto them in the living room, occasionally caked in milk and cum already. For them to so eagerly turn to *him* for entertainment was actually somewhat novel as far as impromptu cloning went, so much so that the mosssdog had absolutely no intention of doing anything at all; he had achieved his dream state, stuck between two busty beauties with his whole body at their disposal, enough so that the last thing he wanted was for anything to happen that might disrupt the process while it was still getting started. He was, after, already growing underneath all that attention; not as much as he was *going to*, after all three of them got started, but certainly rising to full mast, certainly well on its way to achieving peak perfection. He was, ultimately, still a grower, nevermind how much of a shower he already happened to be; most people wouldn’t look at a package that took up most of the room between one’s nethers and one’s knees and then assume it could get any bigger. Like any sane, decently reasonable person, they would most likely think that was “as big” as it could get, barring minor additions for the sake of having that pillar of meat to rise properly. But Salix knew better; he knew just how much he was hiding by virtue of simply being himself, and he knew how much *more* there could be if only he was allowed to unload into one of those two beautiful and extremely curvaceous versions of himself. Not that he quite had any choice in the matter; whether or not he was feeling up to it that morning was entirely secondary to what the two clones desired, and while technically speaking there was an “alpha” version of the mosssdog (coincidentally, himself), he could never quite seem to control his independently moving parts all

that well. They were different people, even if manifestations of some kind of greater, “Prime” Salix that probably only existed in some nebulous, aetherial form, and thus they acted in their own, unique way; such as, for instance, the purely female one being too busy smothering the male one in boob to really notice that she wasn’t getting any cock out of it, thanks mostly to the mysterious third party who refused to show themselves from underneath bedsheet cover. The bed, for all that it did its best, was already beginning to strain; as all three bodies grew into their fullest forms before the first true climax, it was only a matter of time until the springs underneath them began complaining, and even less time still before the entire thing came crashing to the floor. And this was, of course, before the trio of them bwoompfed outwards when they first experienced orgasm; their shared biology being what it was, going through something as delectable and neuron-activating as sexual climax was bound to result in *complications* as a result of their unpredictable growth patterns and very sensitive genetics. Thus why none of them bothered to take things in moderation and at least *try* to slow down and pace themselves; it was all going to end up the same way, so why bother? If they were all going to grow out of control and become colossi, why waste time worrying about not getting there, when they could instead be spending all their resources on ensuring the trip was as smooth and refreshingly scandalous as it possibly could be? Why throw their enjoyment by the wayside when instead it could be the *focus* of their efforts going forward? Thoughts like these permeated all three Salixes (Salixii?), filling them from top to bottom as they slowly, but surely, gave in to the very instincts that had spawned them in the first place. They were there to fuck, to rut, to turn into mindless beasts whose sole concern was to either stick their dick in someone or have someone stick their dick in them (or, unbeknownst to two of them, *both* in the case of the third); everything else was secondary, hence why none of them bothered to keep track of how structurally sound the bed was before the two clones began outright edging the original body with renewed enthusiasm. This couldn’t last... nor would it. That sort of teasing was for when they were still starting, not for when the first mossdog had already had both heads buried in tit, with the lower one serviced by an overeager tongue and some surprisingly plump lips; such was the price that Salix paid for having his refractory period be as small as it was: he had a hair-trigger. All it took was a little bit more pushing than normal for the mossdog to end up careening over the edge, cackling as he did so, though muffled by ample boobage thanks to his counterpart. A climax, and from it, the first surge of growth: with a great roaring, his body expanded in every direction, assets going along with it as his cock thickened and lengthened to the point where the the clone that had been so eagerly gagging on it now had to fight to keep themselves from being outright *impaled*; they managed to get off just in the nick of time, the sheets falling off of them to reveal... a very much double-endowed and extra-blessed version of Salix, one with *both* sides of the fence extremely well-represented. This, however, was little more than a setback for someone like them; all three of them were intimately linked, enough so that when one of them climaxed, they *all* did... and with all three undergoing growth spurts, the room very rapidly became extraordinarily cramped. Breasts billowing out, asses fattening, thighs thickening; add to that even *more* cock and balls to worry, and it was a true dream come true. Not that any of them were unaccustomed to such

things; being who they were, the mossdogs were more than used to having such things happen, even if most of the time they didn't have more than two at a time present simultaneously. Still, there was the occasional threesome, even the rare and delectably dangerous foursome if the cosmos was feeling particularly generous, so it was easy enough to get into a rhythm without having to worry about the consequences of it. Especially now that the bed they were on had been cracked in two and made to crash onto the floor, showering the walls with splinters and most likely giving their downstairs neighbor something to think about; at the very least, now it fully exposed the third Salix, the one most blessed between all three of them: it was a mark of their excessive nature that, when one of them was made to carry the attributes of both sides of the aisle, they would end up doing so with far bigger endowments than those carrying but one. Rather than average, it seemed, the herm mossdog instead multiplied, leaving them significantly larger than either the purely male or female Salix next to them; considering the latter had a pair of tits big enough to jut out a couple of feet from either side of her torso, while the former's package was halfway to the ground already, this was certainly saying something. Even before the three climaxed, even before the growth spurts began in earnest, this third Salix would've stood head and shoulders above their two mates, enough to cast a legitimate shadow over them, both literally and figuratively: possessed of the male mossdog's domineering personality and the female's endless, boundless energy and stamina, the combination led to a creature who had both the motivation and the means to take whatever they damn well wanted whether or not anyone else had anything else to say about it. Indeed, stuck in a room with two other Salix, the herm needed only to look their lovers *du jour* in the eye to let the two know who was in charge there... and given that their assets grew proportionately larger compared to the other two, this was surprisingly easy to accomplish. Or would be, if not for all the tit in the way; it was a rather "unfortunate" consequence of them having orgasmed that their bodies decided it'd be a great opportunity to add a whole lot more mass to their endowments, leaving them further saddled with weights that made it difficult to move around, communicate, or in general do anything that wasn't fucking one another in increasingly obscene ways. Fine by the three of them though; with the male Salix packing a pair of nuts the size of a beanbag and a cock as long as he was tall, and the female mossdog having had her tits bloat to the point where a single one was about as wide as she was tall (not to mention the *copious* amounts of ass), it was thus unsurprising that the herm would've ended up even *bigger* by direct association. Most of the room was them now, split between a bust that could very much crush a car and an ass as wide as one was, along with a cock that was only kept from breaking through the ceiling through sheer force of will and significant hip control. But this was hardly the end of it though; while others might look at such a scene and decide it *had* to be the biggest the three could ever get, all three Salix were more than aware that this was but the beginning of what would be a considerably long journey. They were capable of more, *much* more in fact, and it wouldn't be something as simple as a single climax that stopped them; why, the two mossdogs with cocks were already rearing to go for another round, and the only thing stopping them was that they had to get into position, which was made... slightly difficult by the lack of clearing room around them. The original Salix cursed his

luck for not having taken the chance to move to a larger apartment when given the opportunity to do so, then slapped himself on the head for having succumbed to lust *before* making sure he was in the correct position to make the best of it. Now he had to waste precious time mounting his herm counterpart while *they* got busy pinning the third one to the floor underneath the weight of a cock that had grown too large to be wielded properly within the confines of that room; soon enough, they would all break free of it, small mosdogs attached to assets of far greater size and heft, moaning like rabbits in heat all the while (a curious and most delicious experience the previous year, in fact). Alas, and unfortunately for everyone else but the trio, as soon as they were in place, things took a life of their own; they had no more say in how their instincts forced them to act than they did in whether or not they breathed: they could voluntarily stop it, albeit temporarily, but would inevitably go back to it, as their brains were simply hardwired to do things in a certain manner. They couldn't choose *not* to start rutting one another, for to do so would be to deny their true nature... and to let go of a perfectly good opportunity for an extra-large threesome, which didn't exactly happen every day. With the male Salix bringing up the "back", his fingers sinking into the herm's ass and his cock plunged deep into the tailhole of the mosdog in front of him, said herm had resorted to thoroughly *burying* the female beneath her with their ample bust, enough to squish the last one's tits and keep the rest of her firmly locked beneath a much greater weight... and letting the herm get their cock into place so they could rail into the bottom of the stack whenever they so pleased. It was a typical state of affairs for whenever they managed to get three Salix in one single room: one leading to another leading to the third, that they might thrust and jackhammer in tandem, on a rhythm really, so that everyone involved got the same out of the deal. No one would be left behind, even if this meant rutting someone hard enough that they wouldn't be able to walk properly if they were actually there the next morning. This alone was the reason most of these "splits" had a tendency to devolve into frenzied orgies of debauchery: they didn't matter. Ultimately, there was only one "original" Salix, and as much as he was prone to splitting into several aspects when he least expected it, these rarely lasted for more than a couple of days in the best of cases, and little more than a few hours for the vast majority of them. Whatever it was they did, however big they became, however much they grew, it all reset in short notice; even the "prime" Salix, the one who had to deal with the long-term consequences of his actions, rarely got to enjoy the fruits of his manic labour for more time than it would take him to think of someone interesting to do with them. Even in the rare occasions where he went all-out and managed to bring in someone else from outside his "inner circle", as it were, to make use of his unique growth abilities, it just all went back to normal eventually. And while most would see this as nothing short of existentially terrifying, for the many Salix, it was an *opportunity*, and an endless one as far as they were concerned: after all, no matter what they did, it would just get fixed in a handful of hours anyway, or they would poof out of existence and go right back to the "prime", thus absolving them of any sins committed. And if nothing mattered, then why should they hold back? If they didn't have to worry about the actual consequences of their actions when going full tilt in the bedroom, then there was no reason *not* to go full tilt, as long as they had the energy to do so.

Thus, whenever two or more Salix got together, it *always* became destructive to their environs, because the mosssdogs utterly *refused* to hold back or moderate themselves; why should they, when only one of them had to concern themselves with what happened afterwards? Best to live life to the fullest while it lasted, best to throw themselves into their “work” with so much gusto that it bordered on the downright unreasonable; best to make themselves grow again and again, courtesy of a biology so prone to spurts of additional size that it was a wonder that none of it remained after they shrunk back down. For the male Salix, this meant throwing himself forward, bucking his hips so he plapped loudly enough against the herm’s ass that the neighbors could hear, his cock aimed *firmly* at a much sweeter spot slightly down lower; for the herm, this means moaning with such force because of this that the windows rattled in their frames, while using the momentum to push their own cock straight into the female underneath them. And for this last one... well, all *she* wanted was to get railed hard enough that her insides were rearranged, and that being the case, she certainly got everything she wanted and more out of it, because the moment that shaft went in was the same one the mosssdog’s flexible biology “adapted” to the intrusion by giving itself far more plasticity than needed. Simple enough really: cock goes in, bulge happens, cue the endless amounts of spunk being immediately pumped into the female Salix and the ensuing growth that came with it. Again and again, thrust after thrust, in a set rhythm that wouldn’t abate until the three reached their next peak and went flying off of it: from the original to his polar opposite, in a wave, a crashing of vibrations and the slapping of flesh against flesh, accompanied by throat sounds that belonged nowhere but behind locked doors where no one else but them could hear them. But this wasn’t just anyone else; they weren’t *like* other people, nor did they do things by halves. They weren’t just going to sit there and let things happen like they did with every other person on the planet; they were too growth-happy, too *lustful* to contain themselves to a single room. Why, they rarely ever stuck to one even when there were only *two* of them, so with three? Three was that magic number where the balance was at its most perfect, thus allowing them to grow further and far more out of proportion than was usually permissible; three was the special number that brought weakness to their knees in equal amounts to the arousal in their horny little souls. Three was the number that others would know when they burst free from the confines of their home and forced the local mayor’s office to shell out yet another large sum of money to buy the original Salix a new place to stay, on account of his unique ability being an “unfortunate and debilitating medical condition”, at least according to the lawyers. It felt good to get one-up on the system while also fucking one another’s brains out, and as a result, it didn’t take long after the “prime” placed himself behind the herm before all three of them went careening off into a second orgasm, the room almost rumbling in anticipation for having its walls broken apart from within.