

Another day, another dozen or so steps needed before he could even get out of bed, much less do anything productive that didn't involve flooding entire sections of the galaxy if he wasn't careful where he pointed that thing. People were lucky he had so many layers stacked on top of one another, otherwise the sky might end up being a solid, unchanging colour for however long it took for the planet to be disintegrated by the sheer size of that bun. Still, he was fine for the time being; just took him a while before he woke up properly and could check if all of his compressors were active and functioning properly, followed by a selection of medication designed to help him with his slight swelling problem. It didn't really *do* much besides slow him down (that's what the compressors were there for, after all), but at least it gave his handlers some time to come up with some newfangled way of distorting his dimensions so he could actually fit inside people-sized houses.

As was usual for him, Sebastian left bed some time past six in the morning, *after* making sure that everything was prepared to keep him contained for the day. Just like every other day, his ma was waiting for him on the other side of the door, fully nude and pointing towards the bathroom; there used to be a time when the thought of having to ask her for help with his unfortunate problem was unthinkable, but after a couple of incidents where it became a necessity rather than an option, a few things led to others and suddenly it was a daily morning ritual for Lottie to help him empty out into their bathtub, making sure not to disturb the compression clothes too much, lest the small pocket they created around that enormous cock be shut down and suddenly the planet stopped existing. Even though he was on at least a dozen different types of medication to try and halt the progress of his eternal growth, that still didn't do anything about the fact that he woke up every morning feeling like he was about to burst, and had to spend a good hour or so just jacking off (or being jacked off, as it were) into a drain in order to be able to function, lest he go through his whole day unable to think and constantly wondering when next he'd be able to drop a couple of thousand loads. This had some serious effects on his day-to-day life, not the least of which being the fact that Lottie was significantly larger than she had been before her son had to start undergoing emergency draining every single morning; something in her biology definitely agreed with her new context though, because every time she got any amount of spunk on her, it just seemed to make her grow thicker all over... though most in the chest region, leaving her with a pair of tits big enough to cover most of her body and help along with Sebastian's issues by providing ample amounts of stimulation. At times, Seb had to physically push her off of himself, just to prevent some growth-based disaster where his ma decided to do something stupid like try and give him a blowjob; though he didn't know what might happen to him if she did so, he could only guess it would end with a significant chunk of the city around him completely destroyed.

This still didn't stop her from trying her luck though; not a day went by that Lottie didn't put her immense bust to good use, and seeing as she quite literally had her son by the balls when the two of them were alone in the bathroom like that, there wasn't a lot that Seb *could* do to stop her

from wrapping her colossal tits around his shaft, keeping it nice and tight in a very energetic and almost impossibly-agile titjob that she only made worse by adding tiny nibbles and very sloppy kisses on whatever exposed part of that immense cock she could get her mouth on. If nothing else, it at least helped to drain him properly; it was one thing for him to just be stroked until he was in full flow, quite another to have a lusty bun practically bouncing on his groin as she slammed her body-sized tits against him, making the sorts of noises that he only really expected while on the job. The poor tub was lucky it was made out of reinforced ceramic, or else it would've shattered months prior.

With the emptying complete, it was time for him to get cleaned up... with the second shower in the bathroom, given that the tub would be out of commission until *at least* the middle of the afternoon with much cum it had to deal with. While having to keep his compressors on at all time used to bother him, years of dealing with his size woes had more or less made it so inconsequential that he didn't even notice it; if anything, he'd even developed his own method for drying it out properly using two blowdriers, after which he got his clothes on, headed into the kitchen, and fixed up some breakfast for himself. By the time he was done and ready to head out, it was just about eight in the morning, leaving him with plenty of time to do pretty much whatever he wanted; he kissed his ma, gave her a tight hug, and let her know he'd be eating out that day, so she needn't wait for him to return until dinner time.

As he closed the front door behind him, it struck Sebastian how privileged a life he led, given his unique condition. Sure, suddenly having a second continent thrown at him for him to serve as a breeder to was... slightly less than ideal, but after the chance meeting with the succubus and enough time to get used to it, he actually quite enjoyed the experience. Despite the responsibilities inherent to the job, it still left him with plenty of free time to pursue whatever activities happened to peak his interest, and even when he had to get down to business and do what he was supposed to do, it was still some of the most fun he ever had; after all, his body was *built* to be a breeder's, so whenever he was called up to do what he did best, it was often just as enjoyable as whenever he took a day off to watch a movie or play new video game, or whatever else happened to tickle his fancy. That day, however, he was going out for a walk; the arctic front had finally cleared up, the sun was shining and it just became warm enough that he could walk around in only a couple of layers of clothes without feeling like he was about to freeze over. Plus, everyone recognized him on the street, and it was always nice to touch base with the fans... especially the grabby ones whenever he had the opportunity to meet some.

Indeed, all it took were a few seconds after he hopped onto the sidewalk before someone ran up to him and stood there staring down at that colossal, ground-dragging package he was carrying around, almost as if trying to convince themselves that it was actually real and not just something that TV magic made bigger than it actually was; if anything, it was probably larger in person, though that mostly thanks to Seb's innate nature constantly playing on the wants and

desires of everyone around him. The young feline looked up and was about to make a request before the bun silently nodded, giving them the go-ahead for a single handful and a couple of squeezes, which left the young woman so giddy that her whole body was practically vibrating from the moment her hands made contact with the enormous bulge. Repeating the words “Thank you!” over and over again, she let go and stood there once more, her feet rooted in place as Sebastian waved his goodbyes and kept walking, chuckling quietly to himself. More people like that one would show up, eager for a taste of what his body had to offer, and many more would stay at a respectful distance, either unwilling to try their luck with the bun or perhaps possessed of this ridiculous notion that he wouldn’t let them experience what it was like to *touch* a Prime Breeder’s body. Their loss, and more for those who dared to try and got heavily rewarded for it.

The walk over to his destination was one thus fraught with fans and admirers from all strata of society, from the lowliest of office workers to the highest of stuffy-looking executives who happened to be walking by, all of them reducing to pathetically mewling and lust-addled messes whenever they were within range of Sebastian’s body. It had a curious effect on people’s minds, even those that it couldn’t actually breed, leaving the bun slightly unable to move around properly once the crowd around him grew to encompass what was, perhaps, *too many* people. It didn’t bother him though; all he had to do was respectfully ask for them to open up and let him through and they would do so without hesitation, none daring to risk their precious bun becoming annoyed at their affection. So, while it may have taken him far longer to get to the park than it would anyone else, when he *did* get there and found himself a nice place to sit down and have a chat, he already had dozens of people crowding him, hoping to be given some attention by their magnificently oversized Prime. And while Seb himself had fully intended that day to be one where he connected with folks on the street, what he felt after sitting down left him nothing if not *mortified*.

His compressor array was a complicated thing, consisting not only of his shorts and underwear, but also a set of trinkets and accessories that worked together to keep him at a “safe” size for everyone around him. It was imperative that everything be working in accordance to protocol, as all it took was for *one* thing to be slightly off and the entire thing would fail catastrophically: the shorts being positioned wrongly, one of his rings (finger or cock) being incorrectly set up, even wearing trinkets in the wrong spot despite how well they fit, any one thing could help to contribute to a catastrophic cascade of disasters that would either leave the city flattened by his burgeoning package or require the intervention of a dozen or so different companies just to keep him from exploding. And this was if something was *slightly* off; what he felt when he sat down was not an accessory being bent out of shape or his shorts sliding off from their proper position, but something far worse: one of his cockrings breaking.

The effects were immediate, and if not for the fact that spacetime around him was so heavily distorted by the damned thing failing, then every single person who had followed him to the park

would've been barreled over and seriously injured when his nuts and cock suddenly expanded in every direction, one moment being just fine (if so large as to make walking difficult), and in the next becoming so magnificently large that even the tallest of the fans assembled there couldn't reach halfway up their full height, leaving the two cum factories and the rod attached to them looming over everyone and casting a shadow wide enough that it actually became quite chilly inside of it. Miraculously, the shorts were actually in one piece, if immensely stretched out and just about ready to give up and rip themselves apart under the strain, leaving the bun stranded atop a mountain of nutflesh that, while perilously close to breaking free of its bonds, was actually, against all odds, still being contained by his compression layers.

Somehow.

The reactions to this couldn't have been more dissimilar. If down below the crowd erupted into cheers and began openly groping and teasing their Prime Breeder for gifting them with such a rare and unique opportunity to see him at even a fraction of his full glory, high above on his throne Sebastian was already panicking at the prospect of suffering through a complete and total meltdown, especially given that the cockring broke without any warning or even indication that it was wearing down, leaving him *terrified* that any other piece of his equipment might be next. He was lucky enough that nothing else had broken in the sudden explosive growth burst, but he couldn't count on it happening again should another compression layer falter; besides, it was more than likely that, even if nothing had broken *already*, the amount of strain the rest of his attire was under was sure to make *something* snap in the near future. Working quickly, he produced his phone from a coat pocket and began dialling the first compressor company he found in his contacts, only for the next big thing to happen.

As expected, the first cockring snapping in half wasn't the only thing lined up for him that day, nor would it probably be the last. It didn't take too long before the stimulation he was receiving from the dozens of admirers and fans down below began to seep up and infect him in ways that were better left to the imagination, and the resulting flood of hormones as his brain desperately tried to enjoy itself began to counteract the effects of the very medication that was supposed to keep him down and fully controllable, diluting its presence in his system until it began to run too low to actually do anything. The only saving grace in all of this was that the pills and syrups were only designed to help keep his *swelling* down; they had no real effect on how big he happened to be at any one time in terms of size compression, but *did* play a vital role in ensuring that whatever he had on him at any given time could actually do its job properly, rather than failing catastrophically. Maintaining his compression layers was a task that required active maintenance, not just a couple of afterthoughts, and having the effects of his medication be reduced because of unscheduled groping and kneading was bound to result in things going out of control very quickly unless someone put an end to it... and Sebastian just didn't have it in him.

Truth be told, it had been hard enough for the organization keeping track of Primes like himself to convince him to adhere to the rigid routine he already had; considering that breeder biology had a tendency to encourage the ones lucky enough to be blessed with it to engage in vicious cycles for the purest sake of pleasure and nothing else, forcing them to hold themselves to a much more restricted lifestyle was nothing if not an uphill battle, and this was only made worse by the fact that Seb had to double-time it for two continents as opposed to just one like he had been intended. Not to mention that the bun was already quite the lewdster just by his own nature, which fed into the constant desire for breeding and growing that his Prime nature provided, resulting in a mad little bunny constantly on the lookout for any opportunity to let go of his limitations and fuck to his heart's content, size and destruction be damned. It took a lot of work to push those thoughts away from the forefront of his mind, but even this only succeeded in placing them in the back of his thought process, not really expunge them completely; just as long as he kept himself to his established schedule, then everything was fine, and just as long as his equipment was still functional, then his size and productivity would be kept down just enough that they wouldn't cause him to spiral down into madness just from existing. Thus, when the cockring broke and he suddenly had a couple of hundred hands all struggling to get a good squeeze, there was only one way that things could go: outwards and upwards.

Sebastian did want to put a stop to it... or at least a tiny part of him realized that it would probably be a good idea not to completely lose it and give in to the lust and allure of growing eternally larger without anything to bring him back. The last time he truly let loose the resulting damage required one too many deals with the devil in order to put everything back in order, and reality just hadn't been the same ever since; hell, he *still* astronomers sending him the occasional threatening letter to remind him that it was *his* faulty the entire field had to be redrawn from scratch more than once, not to mention physicists weeping as they tried to explain the influence of demonic creatures on a kind of biology that already defied any and all explanation. But he didn't really care at that point; all the bun could feel were countless fingers exploring his curves and going through every inch of his nuts and cock that they could get themselves on, forcing the blush on his cheeks to grow ever more luminescent and making feel like he was about ready to explode at the slightest provocation. In the end, just a couple of minutes after the first cockring shattered, the second one went much in the same way, except this time it broke into five bits rather than merely into halves, five parts that accelerated so quickly that the ones that landed on the ground managed to embed themselves at least two feet into it... not that it mattered, because the resulting growth surge was such that the park upon which Sebastian had been stranded effectively ceased to exist.

Once again, the only thing keeping those people around him from being flattened by an avalanche of nutflesh was precisely the very same spatial distortions that allowed Seb to walk around in the first place. As soon as the compressor bubble maintained by the second broken ring

was destroyed, it expanded in every direction in order to allow him to fill the empty space, subsequently pushing everyone else along with it and more or less *destroying* the entire greenery, transforming what had once been a rather large park in the middle of the city into two colossal cum factories and a similarly oversized pillar of cockmeat, all three of which were still *miraculously* held back by his shorts despite their size far outstripping that of any building around him... though not for long. Those shorts of his might be made for big boys like him, but even they struggled to hold back a package that was, by that point, fully visible from just about any point in the whole damned city; their specially-reinforced fabric could only go so far before it began to rip and tear, and soon enough everyone around him would be made privy to the sight of nutflesh bulging out from the many holes that were opened by the sheer size and *might* of his expanding package. Sebastian himself was no longer in control, high up in the clouds where the wind didn't even let him think properly without interrupting him; every inch of his nuts and cock were pummeling him with sensations so powerful that all he could really do was hang his head back and let his tongue loll out of his open mouth, drooling mindlessly as his hands tried to make good use of that ocean of cum underneath him, grabbing and squeezing at a pitifully insignificant fraction of his full size. It wouldn't be too long before his entire array of compressors broke down completely, and from there who really knew what would happen? All that mattered was that he felt *good*, better than he had in ages, and he had no intention of letting go of that any time soon.

This made for a complicated situation when it came down to controlling him, seeing as his sudden and explosive growth spurt tripped so many alarms across the continent that even the military had been put on high alert... not that it really mattered, given that the sort of growthsplosion the whole planet was going to have to go through would put even the grandest of all weapons to shame. They could try though; they could divert bombers loaded with chemical agents designed to force Seb's productivity to stop for even a handful of seconds, they could dispatch entire army division loaded with nothing but tranquilizer darts in the hopes of shrinking him back down just enough that his remaining gear could keep up, they could even mobilize every last ounce of power of their combined logistics departments in order to create and deploy the biggest compressor gear that the world had ever seen, in conjunction with the greatest minds in the field all working in overdrive, but none of it would matter. It would take too long, too many resources and, ultimately, it still wouldn't be enough; in the time it took for anyone to come to terms with just how enormous the bun was, said bun had already far outstripped that size, a process that stacked on itself so quickly that even those present couldn't tell when it started, or if it had even started at all. As far as anyone was concerned, the sky had always been nothing but Sebastian's nuts, and the planet had always been stuck rumbling because of the eternally-roiling and sloshing currents of cum inside those things that put even the biggest of cosmic storms to shame. As far as anyone could remember, their Prime Breeder had *always* been big enough that the entire Solar System barely even registered as a blip on the radar when it came to comparing it with the size of a single nut. And as far as anyone cared to care, life had

always gone on like that, living beneath a god of fertility that blessed them with their warmth, their virility, and the occasional shower of seed that literally plastered the entire planet in a thick coating of white until everything was smothered by it.

As for Seb, his mind wasn't ready to really comprehend just what had happened. Maybe if he had been prepared for it, and the sudden explosive growth hadn't been sprung on him without warning, going from normal to interstellar in mere *minutes*, then maybe he could've made some sense out of the whole experience, but no; he was stuck on a pair of cum factories that not only defied all logic and reason, but kept actively trying to find new ways to destroy physics as he knew them by expanding at a rate much faster than anything at all was supposed to move. Of course, this wasn't exactly true: he wasn't so much *growing* as he was merely *revealing* his true size, the one that had been hidden beneath multiple stacked compressor layers and kept in check by a strict adherence to a medication regimen that now seemed a thing of the past. At last, he could finally let loose and take his rightful place as the god of his universe, one possessed of such a colossal and unbelievably enormous package that he could blot out the biggest of voids and force the entirety of existence to converge on him just from gravitational pull alone. He could become *everything*, he could *be* everything, and he was going to enjoy every last second of it.

After all, it'd eventually end when another succubus came around to ask him to politely but everything back in place, promising that he'd be able to go through the whole process again if only he was a good boy and stopped growing for the time being. And why wouldn't he take that offer?

Eternal recurrences made for the best hobbies.