

When the two friends casually mentioned what their compressor gear grades were, they expected it to be utterly meaningless banter. One of them mentioned they had a certain degree of compression, the other shot back that they had a different one, and that would be the end of it. This was, to put it mildly, not the case, as neither Jean nor Derrin expected the other one to be on the same strength tier, nor did they know they bought their clothes from the same company; if this had been literally anyone else, however, it might've just ended there, as even that coincidence would surely not be enough to lead to anything other than a couple of nods and a "small world" comment or two. Alas, neither the Delphox or the Luxray were most people, nor were they remotely close to anything one might call "reasonable"; thus, when they learned that the other was operating on the same compression level as them, what they felt was not mild interest, but an *intense* sense of competitiveness that immediately led them down some incredibly unproductive mental pathways. For the problem there was that both of them were twice-blessed, in a way that the vast majority of people weren't: not only had they won the genetic size lottery, having a *very* dominant hyper gene that gifted them with some rather absurd proportions, but they were *also* a rare variant of hyper, one who possessed the ability to both grow at will *and* suffer random growth spurts that led to permanent increases in size. That the two of them also had an active sex life in their own private time only led to them abusing this ability to hell and back; it wouldn't be the first time that one of them went on vacation and came back to find that their friend had doubled up in sheer mass, only to then turn around and make *that* number seem puny after a very productive night on the town. Yet for years, Jean and Derrin had kept this little competition of theirs within relatively sane bounds... at least, sane for them. For the former, the Delphox had spent so much time with her bust stretched out to such ridiculous sizes that, even with a stacked double layer of a compressor bra *and* top working at maximum capacity using the most powerful dimensional distortion technology available, each of her tits was still the size of a large family van, requiring multiple anti-grav pads just to allow Jean to walk around freely. In sharp contrast, the Luxray had gone full bottom-heavy; as much as he'd have loved to have been one of those males who *also* happened to develop additional breast tissue, his was an unfortunately single-target endowment. Granted, this *did* leave him with a package big and dense enough to be a serious threat to whatever pavement or floor he was on, to the point where if he didn't carry his nuts around on anti-grav pads as well then he'd be unable to walk into most buildings, but sometimes he wondered what it would be like if he had that *and* a pair of tits to go with it. Perhaps this is where their sense of competitiveness came from, or maybe they just wanted an excuse to become even bigger; whatever the case, as soon as it became apparent that he and Jean were working off the same degree of compression, there was but one goal in his mind: *outsize the Delphox*. Similarly, the moment it became clear that the revelation had led the Luxray down that path, Jean figured the best she could do was start making her tits swell as much as possible, hoping perhaps to teach a valuable lesson in not starting something that one couldn't finish. At the outset, it'd be genuinely difficult to tell which side had the higher odds of coming out of the confrontation as the victor; their true size, the one their bodies would default to if the compression gear they had on was turned off, was already

ludicrous enough on its own, but it wasn't yet big enough to warrant using *all* of their clothes' storage capacity. Combined with the fact that they were stacked atop one another, each piece's pocket dimension, already *immense* by default, joined together to create what was, at least in theory, a big-enough amount of empty space that no one would ever be capable of filling it completely; in fact, even with their penchant for losing control of themselves, neither Jean or Derrin had ever come close to filling even a *fraction* of what they had available, so much so that they simply assumed it to be infinite in capacity and carried on from there. It was easier, and mostly an effective shorthand, but not necessarily true; and while most other people would never have any reason to think otherwise, putting those two together and initiating a size-off was one of the few things that could ever possibly serve to stress-test the clothes they had on. It certainly didn't help that one of the safety features involved releasing a percentage of the wearer's full size as a means of alleviating undue pressure on the system; this number could be modified to fit the user's needs if necessary, but was mostly left alone to keep the dimensional distortions at their most stable. Thus, it was expected that, the more one grew, the more mass one had, the bigger they would *appear* to be to any outside observer, even if their true self was significantly larger; both Jean and Derrin relied on this in order to maintain their preferred aesthetic, even going as far as manually adjusting how much their compressors released in order to achieve what they believed would be the "best" size for them at any given time... thoughts and priorities that were almost laughably quickly erased as soon as their minds focused on getting a one-up on their new "rival" instead. They both had smiles on their faces, of course; it was paramount to maintain the impression that this was just playful ribbing, that there *wasn't* a burning furnace inside each of their chests that raged and screamed for fuel to be thrown into it, that it might lead them down the tracks to ever-greater heights. It was just banter, after all; they found out they had the same degree of compression, so now they *had* to start poking fun at one another, and this just *happened* to include growing themselves out so that even their compressed selves began to bloat outwards at an alarming pace. First was the Delphox, who insisted that what her Luxray companion was seeing was naught but her "empty" state, and that if she *truly* wanted to, she could easily outgrow anything he could do simply by letting herself fill up; just to drive the point home, the whole street they were on was immediately beset by a sonic shockwave of a power so great that it literally sent the pedestrians closest to Jean falling to the ground, with many having to cover their ears to prevent the eardrums within from being popped from all the loud sloshing. Predictably, the Delphox's tits began swelling almost immediately after this first impact, overflowing from the already-stretched tube top she was wearing until it turned into little more than a thin strip of cloth, barely concealing the engorged nipples as their forms bulged through the fabric. Despite appearances, the clothes were in no risk of disintegrating; their materials were strong enough to withstand *far* greater stress, and had merely been designed in such a way as to "enhance the end-user experience", seeing as very few people bothered to buy something that skimpy if they were purchasing compression equipment to begin with. But, once more, Jean was not most people, and thus happily turned off and pocketed the anti-grav pads holding her tits up, causing those gigantic milkers to crack the cement underneath her, very nearly leading to a

section of the sidewalk collapsing altogether. Thankfully, none of the milk escaped into realspace; it merely swirled around in the pocket dimension it was being pumped into, thousands of gallons at a time. Not to be outdone, Derrin *too* claimed that the cumtanks he had on display were the result of him spending the first hour after waking up getting himself drained, not being anywhere near their “real size”; this of course led to the Luxray quite unashamedly grabbing the base of his cock with both hands, openly stroking it as a means of helping along with his plans. It didn’t take much effort before the skin-tight fabric keeping those spunk factories decent began to groan in complaint, as the mass they were being made to hold back started to multiply at a dangerous rate, Derrin’s body reacting to the stimulation by, naturally, causing him to overproduce in preparation for what had to be yet another breeding. Soon, the two friendly competitors would be roughly at the same size again... which just wouldn’t do.

Now, under normal circumstances, the existence of the outside world in itself would serve as a barrier for the kind of size-based self-indulgence that the two hypers were quickly losing themselves in; the simple fact that building were a thing, as well as the myriad of physical constants that determined what could and could not happen, served as a constant reminder that the two of them didn’t exist in a vacuum, and thus couldn’t just keep growing without stopping. Unfortunately for this supposed “outside” world, these weren’t normal circumstances, and neither Jean nor Derrin could really care less about what their size-off did to anything or anyone else; as far as they cared, there *was* no anything else beyond the two of them, as their minds had effectively tunnel-visioned themselves into seeing one thing, and one thing only: themselves, bigger than the other one. This was the natural state of things, how the universe *should* be, and it was the sole concern as far as the Delphox and Luxray were concerned; neither sustenance nor breathing nor obeying the law nor anything else was even *remotely* as important as establishing size dominance, and if anyone disagreed, then they were more than welcome to take it up with either of the two budding giants taking up an increasingly large amount of space in the middle of the street. The sidewalk was obviously no longer enough for what the two had in mind; hell, Jean in particular had already swivelled to face the road so that her tits had enough space to grow into, while Derrin had opted with the opposite approach, letting his nuts bulge out and climb against the façade of the nearest buildings, the sound of crumbling concrete rising in intensity as the artificial structure slowly lost the tug-of-war against the encroaching wall of cumstuffed ball meat. Any cars still driving would soon be forced to slam on the breaks, unless of course they wanted to crash directly into a pair of milkers big enough that their nipples alone were larger than most vehicles on the street to begin with, and only growing further with every passing moment; yet, there was relatively little panic around the Delphox and Luxray, as it wasn’t the first time, nor would it (presumably) be the last that a couple of hypers had an unfortunate spillage incident. As far as any of the onlookers knew, there wasn’t a growing competition going on, merely a compressor failure, and those were relatively easy to deal with; as a few people called emergency services, the rest simply walked away to what they imagined was a safe-enough distance, blissfully ignorant that nothing on the *planet* would be safe as long as Derrin and Jean didn’t settle their differences and decided who was the biggest between them...

and seeing as neither was willing to concede, that might very well take a long while. The first sign that something was definitely not normal was when someone dared to walk up to Jean and ask if they needed any help; the young man expected the Delphox to tell them the technical specifications for their compressor gear, but instead, she looked at him with the most confused look on her face, as if the question was so unexpected that it short-circuited her brain. Jean barely managed a “No?” before turning back around to face Derrin, knowing that if she kept going she might very well say something rude; then again, why did that random pedestrian figure it was their business to get involved with her life? Surely they had better things to do. Things like slowly starting to understand that what they were looking at *wasn't* just a random spillage incident, but rather the sight of a hyper that just happened to be a grower as well; things like coming to the dreadful realization that they were going to be smothered in an avalanche of softness if they didn't turn tail and *immediately* run away. Not that the two friends really cared for such things, obviously; as far as they cared, what the little ones did with themselves was neither here nor there, something so utterly irrelevant that to even consider its lack of importance was a complete waste of their time, time that *could* instead go towards making themselves even larger, that they might win their competition and finally determine who was the largest between them. That this caused plenty of damage to their surroundings was to be expected; the *speed* at which it did so, however, was not. Most compression failure events were relatively slow affairs, with the amount of redundant systems installed into most specialist clothing turning what *would* be explosions of size into slow releases that gradually filled up everything around the unfortunate hyper as their full size leaked into realspace. For Jean and Derrin, however, there was no real reason to take it slowly; seeing as they both had the ability to make their bodies bloat and swell (or at least parts of them), the moment they saw that the other one had outsized them, then they themselves could simply will their own assets bigger, in a dance that very quickly lead to a complete blockage of the street they were in, *and* the rapid collapse of two apartment blocks once the Luxray's nuts grew large enough that they spilled over the the rooftops. Yet, even as this happened, even as the Delphox's nipples punched two gigantic holes in two separate structures several feet out in front of her on the other side of the road, neither of the two thought that this was out of the ordinary; being so accustomed to their real bodies being *significantly* larger than even what was on display, it was little more than business as usual for Derrin and Jean, little more than letting their true selves out into the world, just like they did whenever they had enough space and felt like cutting loose. It just so happened that they were in a more crowded area, but really, who was paying attention? Who really cared about the fact that Jean's tits were barelling over several apartment blocks while Derrin's nuts were well on the way to taking up an entire city block? Who really cared that the two of them had long-since lost control over themselves and were unable to handle the flood of hormones that came with using their growth abilities, all while still thinking that they were manning the helm and the whole thing was merely a friendly competition to determine which was biggest? Jean certainly didn't care, and Derrin wasn't even thinking about it at all; their minds had focused on the notion of size, and so long as they weren't the undisputed, unbeaten leader in the two-person championship, then clearly the only thing they

*should* be doing was grow even larger, that they may secure their position and finally show the other one who was in charge there. Granted, this *did* lead to a few quakes being triggered around their location, as a result of their shifting mass doing a number on local geological stability, not to mention the alarms that went off when bystanders properly realized that the growth wasn't going to peter out, much less stop, but that was just par for the course; obviously, the world wasn't going to just take that sort of expansive madness lying down, not when there was a pair of milk-filled udders the size of a small stadium flattening large chunks of the city, or a pair of cumtanks of similar size wrecking their way through even more of the urban jungle. Sadly, what the world wanted was of no interest or relevance to the two people responsible for the widening disaster area, neither of which could truly be said to be conscious anymore; sure, they were *awake*, and if talked to they might just respond with some babbling or nonsense words, but there was very little of their original selves still inside them. What little there *was* had been packed away in a cage in their back of their minds, where the silly words of caution and self-restraint could do no harm, could no longer get in the way of their instincts telling them that they should keep going instead, they should keep growing again and again and again and never stopping until they were certain they were the biggest... only to push further still, because why shouldn't they?

The world was their oyster, and at their size, there wasn't anyone around that could hope to stop them. Well, there might be, but neither Jean nor Derrin were in a fit mental state to form that thought coherently; they just wanted to grow, become bigger, to spill over the landscape as they slowly filled the inside of their pocket dimension. So much size, so much mass, and yet they'd barely even managed to reach a fraction of a percentage point of their compression field.

They still had so much work to do.