

Resurrecting a Species

It was late at night in glorious New York City. Things had quieted down a bit in the late of morning, but naturally, not everything sleeps at night. Standing on the point of a spire of one of the city's skyscraper, a well-dressed man with cocoa brown skin was silently standing vigil over the city, a cane slung over his arm as stared on, emotionless as a statue. His fancy attire blew in the breeze, the black left pant leg and white right pant leg catching the breeze, blowing up his legs, but it didn't bother him much. He was too busy thinking to worry about the wind blowing at his mismatched black and white blazer, or the plain white shirt beneath it. The only real sign of movement was from his occasional swap on the point, shifting between each shiny black shoe as he scanned the city.

This gentleman was known as Al Abar Safer, and he was a Djinn with a long track record and a propensity for mischief. Having left the days of needing a lamp far and well behind him, he was a free agent who was literally one wish away from being able to retire. There was just one particular issue: By some random fine print of Djinn law, he would need to grant the wish of a magical being, which didn't include magically inclined humans. That was a bit of an issue, since only humans were usually dumb enough to want wishes granted. Magical creatures tend to be a bit more genre savvy than that. Al sighed despondently, taking a step on thin air as he desperately sought out anything remotely magical. He had heard that recently the city was overrun with Gargoyles, a proper first for America. Why, he hadn't seen a Gargoyle since, well, never, to be honest. Al could proudly say he rarely cared for anything other than filling his wish quota, which was what was making retirement a dilly of a pickle for him.

He sighed loudly again, sitting on empty space as he removed his fancy bowler hat, extracting a steaming teapot and a cup with a saucer from it. Slicking his greasy black hair back, he donned his hat as he poured himself a nice cup of herbal tea. He was going to need to keep his cool if he was going to bewilder a Gargoyle into asking for a wish. He daintily sipped his tea as he tried to remember his classes on magical creatures. Gargoyles were powerful warriors, who were stone by day, and monstrous beasts by night. And that young Nahdalia Alsheinze was quite the attractive young Djinn. He should really call her up once he's retired, if she was still decent to look at that is. Okay, that was mean, besides, no Djinn ever lose their looks. Why, Al has kept his debonair look for six centuries now. This thought ran through his mind as he twizzled his short black tick of a moustache. Although, now that he thought about it his outfit could use a reboot, considering the twenties were calling, requesting it back.

His own selfish monologue was broken as his pointed ears twitched, picking up the faint sound of leathery wingbeats. If he had a lucky charm he would have kissed it for his good

fortune. Rotating on the spot, he scanned the horizon for the noise. Lo and behold, painted on the dark skyline was a rather thickset individual flapping in the air. Al squinted as hard as he could, making out the purple colouration of what he honestly hoped was a Gargoyle. Poofing a pair of binoculars into existence, he followed the trail of the scantily clad Gargoyle to a clock tower. Al chuckled to himself, crushing the binoculars as he ambled through the air, his cane sprouting an umbrella head as he sailed on an unnatural wind, heading straight for the clock tower. "Got you now my pretty" he hissed to himself, spinning in the air. "AND YOUR LITTLE CLOCK TOWER TOO!" he added for no reason other than to finish a gag.

Wingbeats echoed in the clock tower as the leader of the Manhattan Pack had returned to his roost. Goliath's wings folded over his shoulders into a cape as he lurched into the inner sanctum of the clock tower. None of the others had returned yet, and it appears that even Bronx was absent. Hudson must have taken him out for a walk, or he might just be off chasing pigeons. Whatever the case, it was indeed jarring that their domain was completely evacuated. A knot of worry tightened in his chest; it always bothered him when he was the first to arrive back home after scouting. He exhaled deeply as he walked into the main area, feeling the dismal emptiness of the lack of life.

It hadn't always been this way. So long ago, like a distant dream, the Wyvern Clan had been more than that. So many fellow Gargoyles, the younger generation... his mate. All of them gone, shattered like the stone that had been his lost brethren. Goliath's stony expression tightened, his three toes digging into the stone as he bit back the urge to scream in fury and despair. "Hmm, posh digs you got here."

Goliath wheeled around, his eyes glowing white at the intruder standing unrepentantly in the only opening of the clock tower. The Gargoyle leader flared his wings, the strangely dressed intruder's smile completely unmoved as he waltzed into the joint. "Who are you?" Goliath demanded in his sombre, yet threatening tone.

"Me?" the stranger questioned innocently, a glib look on his face as he sauntered in, hand twirling his cane quite skilfully as he parked it on the ground, both hands pressed on the mahogany crook. "Why, I happen to be a travelling philanthropist. I am Alabar Safer, a pleasure" Al greeted, doffing his hat as he gave a grand and sweeping bow to Goliath.

Goliath snorted loudly at the showy nature of this intruder. Al was still smiling pleasantly, his grin hiding his calculating mind as he was reading the Gargoyle's body language. Highly

defensive, very guarded and no doubt quite savvy. Duping him will not be easy. "And you are?" Al questioned, his spine snapping straight as he donned his hat.

"I am Goliath, of the Manhattan Clan. And I will now politely request you leave this place" Goliath demanded with a cold scowl.

"Oh you wound me kind sir" Al declared in a hurt tone, his brow creased in pain as he put on a show of hurt. "Oh you wound me indeed. All I wanted to do was have a friendly chat, and here you are throwing me out like some piece of garbage. You wound me sir, you wound me" he drawled, getting even more theatrical now.

"Then be glad you will leave with wounds, and not from this world altogether" Goliath rumbled.

Al dropped his charade quite quickly, returning to his original stance. Clearly he was dealing with someone who had a battle-axe lodged quite firmly up his trapdoor. This really wasn't going to be easy. He cleared his throat awkwardly. "Mmph, quite. Ahem. Well, as I said, I am a travelling philanthropist, one that travels the world making wishes come true. And, let's just say I have a knack for doing so. Even from the streets I could feel the need to help you like the light of the Lord himself. So I just hiked my way up here, just to see you" Al declared, lying like a pro as his smile never faltered.

"I find that highly unlikely" Goliath sneered, his arms folded as his patience was waning.

"Well, you do not need to take my word for it. If you had one wish in the world, what would it be?" Al inquired curiously.

"If I had a wish, it would be to get rid of you" Goliath snorted.

"Well, then why not wish for that?" Al questioned hopefully, his eyes alight waiting for the Gargoyle's patience to snap.

"Because I do not need wishes Djinn, I can throw you out of here under my own power, without needing to rely on yours" Goliath answered, standing at his full height.

Al staggered backwards, his cane clattering to the floor as he became quite dishevelled. “A Djinn?! Why, there’s no such things as genies” he wavered as he straightened his loose strands of hair.

“No one but a Djinn would speak of wishes so much, nor would any other being, especially a human, be so interested in granting them. I will now offer you one more chance to leave under your own power, before you leave under mine” Goliath warned.

Al laughed awkwardly, still trying to straighten himself up as his shirt refused to be tucked into his pants. “Well, you got me huh? Very perceptive Gargoyle. Yes, I am the Djinn Al Abar Safer, world renowned for offering his gift of a single wish to the deserving. And, being the good person that I am, I thought that maybe I could bring a dream of yours to life” he offered.

Goliath growled lividly as he lunged at Al, tackling the Djinn to the ground. Al wheezed loudly, Goliath clearly being heavier than he looked as the air was crushed out of his lungs. With the Djinn temporarily stunned, Goliath grabbed and held Al under the crushing weight of his arm as he dragged Al to the exit. “I have no interest in wishes granted by a trickster. I have already seen the foul works of Puck, I have no interest in seeing yours” Goliath hissed.

“Puh-please, can’t we talk about this?” Al whimpered as he struggled in the burly Gargoyle’s grasp.

“No” Goliath answered bluntly.

“Cu-come on man, I’m legit alright? Isn’t there anything in the world you want?” Al bawled loudly.

“No” Goliath bluntly answered again.

“But there’s so much-ah! So much I can do for you. I know, what about your clan? Wouldn’t you like more of them?” Al whimpered.

That actually gave Goliath pause enough to release Al. The Djinn grumbled loudly as he straightened his attire and dusted himself off. "What do you mean?" Goliath demanded. "What do you mean more of my clan?"

"Well, well, I had heard on the grapevine about the massacre of the Gargoyles at Castle Wyve--"

"Choose your words carefully Djinn," Goliath warned seriously, "they were my kin."

"Ah, right, right" Al said, his voice cracking a little. "Well, I heard that all but a few Gargoyles, were, uh," he wavered, catching Goliath's glowing eyes, "thingied. Quite the, uhh, quite the terrible tragedy indeed. So many lost, and so few Gargoyles left in the world. Tis a terrible, terrible thing."

"It was more than a terrible thing!" Goliath howled furiously, the force of his fury blowing Al's bowler hat off.

"Well, indeed. So, given I have the phenomenal cosmic power to bend reality to my every whim, then why not allow me to help you give the Gargoyle race a little kick start in terms of population power" Al offered generously.

Goliath narrowed his cold eyes, they pierced through the Djinn in cold introspection. Their home has always felt so empty since they had lost so many of his clan. So many Gargoyles felled, with only seven left to show for it. His wings wrapped around himself like a mantle as he felt the cold lifelessness around him, and the concern of the fate of all those eggs he had left behind so many centuries ago. "It was always my dream to train the new young that would have come during the time of prosperity at Castle Wyvern. Fate tore away from me both the old and the young. There was never a greater injustice than even having my revenge torn from my grasp" Goliath uttered bitterly.

"So, what you're saying is, you wish you could father a new generation?" Al questioned, his smile gone as he narrowed his eyes.

"Yes" Goliath whispered sadly.

“Done!” Al declared loudly, his fingers snapping with a resounding echo.

“WHAT?!” Goliath bellowed, furious that he had been duped by the Djinn.

He encroached on the Djinn, but this time Al wasn't afraid, and Goliath quickly realized why. The Gargoyle grunted in pain as an intense, unearthly pressure built up in his midsection. He collapsed to his knees as he held his aching midsection. Al watched with interest as he sat floating on his cane, so he could enjoy the show. Goliath howled loudly as he felt something pounding from inside his belly. His arms tightened around his midsection as the pounding pulse increased in strength, his arms being forced apart. With a powerful rumbling strike his arms were thrown off his midsection by his pulsating belly. With a snap of his fingers, Al froze Goliath's grabby arms and his legs (for good measure), so he could watch the show in its, “fullness”. The word was apt, as that was how Goliath felt. His belly felt incredibly full, as if he had eaten more than Broadway would. And it kept throbbing, the strange feeling pounding on his flesh until, there was relief. His flat midsection steadily rose, becoming a smooth purple mound as his belly grew. Goliath struggled against his supernatural swelling, the mound raising like a dome as his chest softened, his rock hard pectorals slowly receding into his chest as their form wavered, now more like Broadway's chest than his own.

Goliath fought for control of his arms, but whatever Al had done proved too much for him as he was just wasting energy trying. And still his midsection engorged itself, the weight pulling him down as he resembled Hudson on an off day. The belt around his loincloth undid itself by magic, the leather strap clattering to the ground to give more freedom as his loincloth slipped down in the front to give him more space to grow without impediment. And with every steady bit of growth, his belly throbbed with fierce vibrations, the strange fullness still twisting in his midsection as the growth sped up. His belly beat with vibrations every second as it surged outwards, hanging half a foot from him, defying gravity as the solid sphere of belly hung off him like a zit. Goliath grunted loudly from the throbbing and the intense weight. With one last, gratuitous groan his belly exploded in size once more, rounding into an enormous fat sphere that sat atop his knees. With a relieved sigh Goliath's arms were freed, able to embrace the thick heavy sphere stuck on his muscular frame. It was so incredibly soft that his hands sank into the depths of lard.

Once the shock wore off, Goliath's eyes were alight as he still had the strength to get back to his feet. His thick stomach hung in front of him like a purple sack, but the weight was nothing compared to his fury as he lunged towards Al. The Djinn grinned as he vanished in a cloud of smoke, and with his vanishing Goliath was frozen in place. Well, his arms and legs were. “Tut tut Golly G, I'm here granting your wish and you're trying to ring my neck. That's improper conduct my friend” Al chided in Goliath's ear, the Djinn now floating behind him.

“WHAT HAVE YOU DONE TO ME!?!” Goliath roared with every ounce of fury he could muster.

“Granting your wish. You want to father the next race, well, good for you. But a thin thing like yourself couldn’t possibly carry all those newborn, umm, I wanna say eggs. Do Gargoyles lay eggs? I think they do. Either way, you need a nice dumpy figure, perfect for carrying young. Speaking of which, my dear Goliath... your hips are far too skinny” Al whispered menacingly, performing a hip thrust on Goliath’s behind.

The Djinn had more strength than Goliath could have predicted, the force of the bump knocking him into a clumsy stumble that ended with his feet being frozen to the ground. Goliath couldn’t even twist his own hips as they rumbled loudly. His skin itched and twitched beneath his loincloth until a similar pressure built up. Goliath’s back contorted backwards, the Gargoyle gasping loudly as his hips bloated. His masculine sides burgeoning in his tight loincloth, the fragile fabric struggling to contain his now large, womanly hips. And if that wasn’t insult to injury, Goliath blushed modestly as his booty joined his hips. His flat behind grew beneath his loincloth, the fabric rising upwards from their growth, his underass showing as the fabric became too small for his wide hips. Goliath’s hands instinctively ran behind, squeezing his growing volley balls as his tail was forced to stand higher. They were like soft melons in his grasp, the breechcloth lost between his expanding cheeks. Without the belt to sustain it, his loincloth stood no chance as his hips were too wide for it. It tore easily, falling to the ground in tatters as Goliath’s ass was on display for Al to see.

With the growth abated, Goliath grunted loudly as he could move his feet. He looked ridiculous with such a large, boulder-like gut and wide hips and ass on his muscular body. He was absolutely livid with the smirking Djinn. “You’re beautiful dahrin” Al remarked, clearly enjoying himself too much now.

“This doesn’t make sense. Even if I don’t want this, why are you not preparing a female for this?” Goliath demanded, maintaining his dignity as he held his gut up with both arms.

Al’s eyes went wide as he pursed his lips. He was genuinely surprised by that question. “There are *female* Gargoyles?” he uttered in amazement. “I thought Gargoyles were all male, and they just, I dunno, procreated homosexually. I mean, you’re a dom sure, but I didn’t think there were actually female Gargoryles. But they’re all probably so butt ugly they can be mistaken for guys huh?” he giggled immaturely at Goliath’s expense.

"FEMALE GARGOYLES ARE SOME OF THE MOST BEAUTIFUL CREATURES IN THE WORLD!" Goliath roared defensively.

"I'm sure they are" Al said, dismissively rolling his eyes as he caught sight of a photo nearby. With a quick motion, the frame levitated over to him, his gloved hand rubbing the frame as he stared at the group shot of the Gargoyles. "This must be your clan huh? Well, this'll make it easier to find your mate than making one. Now, let's see I- Say, what's with the red one? Why does he look like a bird?" Al inquisitively asked of Goliath.

"Gargoyles come in various different forms. Do you know nothing about our race?" Goliath spat.

"I know you are strong warriors, and you turn to stone at day time. That's about it. Hmm, bird boy looks a little weird, but he seems the strongest looking compared to lardass, the goblin, the dog, or old lardass. What's his name?" Al inquired.

Goliath remained spitefully quiet, earning a quick frown from Al. "I tried being nice" Al mumbled to himself as he traced a finger over Brooklyn's image. "I see, his name is Brooklyn" Al uttered loudly.

"How do you know that?" Goliath demanded angrily.

"I might not know magical creatures, but I was pretty good at finding names. I see an image of someone, I'll instinctively know their name. It's a trick you can learn by being a Djinn. Either way, he'll do" Al declared, snapping his fingers.

In a puff of smoke, a rather startled Brooklyn was deposited, eyes twitching as he tried to focus. "Where am I?" he questioned loudly, before seeing Goliath.

The young Gargoyle's jaw dropped at his expanded pack leader, hefting up a gut that was bigger than Broadway's and Hudson's combined. "Goliath, what happened to you?" he gasped/shrieked.

"GET AWAY FROM HERE!" Goliath ordered.

“Why?” Brooklyn questioned in a blind panic as his body was frozen. He gasped loudly, unable to move his limbs as he was rotated on the spot, the grinning mug of Al to greet him.

“Because of me, my friend. Your pal Goliath here made a wish, and I’m granting it. He wants to father- Well, it’s mother now, but I digress. He wanted to sire a new generation, and you’re going to help me. So, let’s inspect the goods shall we?” Al suggested with a coy tilt of his head.

“Help with wh-AH!” Brooklyn shrieked as his loincloth was magicked away. Frozen in place, he couldn’t hide his modesty... or his five inch bright red reptilian cock and golf ball sized testicles.

Al nodded thoughtfully as he inspected the goods from a reasonable distance. “Smaller than I had hoped, but I can fix that” he declared as he snapped his fingers.

“Hey, I am not sm-AHLL” Brooklyn whimpered as a tingly sensation ran up his cock. Hanging from his groin, his cock throbbed rhythmically, just like Goliath’s belly had. But in this case, each throb added an inch onto Brooklyn’s cock. The younger Gargoyle moaned in rhythm with each throb as his cock grew longer and wider. The pulsating beast engorged with meat, veins rising to the surface of his cock as it had exceeded twice its length, a foot of Gargoyle cock hanging from his groin, but his balls hadn’t changed at all.

Al tilted his head in thought. “Hmmm. Let’s see, we’re gonna need something like, honeydew melon sized. Something nice and big, full of Gargoyle seed to fertilize the eggs” he nodded, snapping his fingers loudly.

Brooklyn’s back snapped back from a foul mixture of pleasure and discomfort as the tingling feeling of Al’s magic invaded his balls. The spheres throbbed like hearts as they expanded in his sack, the skin stretching to contain his swelling balls as they grew to the size of kiwi fruits. Brooklyn once again moaned with each throb, a trail of drool running down the side of his beak from how amazing it felt. His balls felt like they were receiving the best message of his life as they gurgled loudly with each throb, filling up with seed with each stage of growth. His legs were manipulated to widen to allow his growth to go unimpeded as his growing balls were now bigger than oranges. With one final go, his balls surged with one enormous throb, a loud howl of pleasure echoing from Brooklyn’s throat as his large, melon sized balls hung in his bright red sack. “That was amazing” Brooklyn chuckled in a daze.

“Stop toying with him!” Goliath demanded, reminding Al he was still there.

Al chuckled loudly as he took long, lazy steps over to Brooklyn. The young Gargoyle’s eyes were slightly glazed over, his freedom of movement restored as he saw fit to stroke at his engorged cock. “Oh, no, if I were toying with him I would do much, *much* worse to him, I assure you of that Goliath. No, I’m just priming him for his role. I need a nice dumb male to stick it in ya, and I got one. Now, Brooklyn, be a sweetie and mate with Goliath” Al requested pleasantly.

“Yes Mr. Safer” Brooklyn said in a daze as he approached Goliath, his engorged cock yearning for the pack leader.

Goliath recoiled in disgust, but once more his body was frozen, or rather, it was not his own. Commanded by invisible strings, his body twisted around marching over to a stone wall, so he could present his plump ass to Brooklyn. With a quick stop gesture, Brooklyn froze a foot away from Goliath, his cock head gently pressed between Goliath’s fat ass crack. “Well, I’m off. As much fun as it is tormenting you guys, I have zero interest in seeing you do it. And now, I’m free to retire to my own Djinnmension, where I will have a private beach and seven women of equal beauty to spend every day for the rest of eternity with. As a parting gift, I’m going to rewire your brains so you’ll at least enjoy this. Ciao gentlemen, I won’t be seeing you ever again” Al declared with a large grin as two purple clouds fell upon the Gargoyle’s heads.

The fog cleared in seconds as Al absconded, the two Gargoyle’s pupils rapidly tightening and constricting for five seconds, after which they returned to normal. Brooklyn was the first to react, staring down at Goliath’s massive ass. “Your ass is amazing” Brooklyn declared.

Goliath blushed purple, a blush hidden from Brooklyn as he leaned into the wall, his ass stuck out in the air. “Take it!” he commanded.

Brooklyn nodded to his pack leader’s authority. Gripping Goliath’s wide hips tightly, he plunged the tip of his cock into Goliath’s waiting hole. The larger Gargoyle grunted not from pain, but with pleasure as Brooklyn’s cock head plunged into his tight innards. His hole stretched for Brooklyn’s enlarged cock, taking it in as Brooklyn’s grip became a hug as his hips slammed into Goliath’s enlarged rump. His arms sank into Goliath’s fat gut as he kept trying to force more of him in, but Goliath’s fat ass resisted his efforts, standing too firm to

allow him anything. But it was at least enough, as Goliath's clenching cheeks bore down on Brooklyn's length, as did Goliath's quivering hole. Brooklyn grit his teeth against the pressure on his cock as he thrust forward, his cock reaching deeper into Goliath. His pointed cock head rubbed against Goliath's virgin innards, the tip digging into each fold of his insides. With another enthusiastic hump, his cock dove head first into Goliath's g-spot.

The elder Gargoyle moaned loudly, his entire body loosening in sweet pleasure from his sweet spot being touched. With Goliath's resistance gone, Brooklyn was able to thrust harder and more vigorously, the plump cheeks spreading apart to allow more of Brooklyn into Goliath. With each thrust his cock rubbed against Goliath's sphincter, the friction somehow pleasurable to the Gargoyle. And yet he bit his lips to suppress his lustful cries as Brooklyn continued to pound his ass with vigour. With every one of his fast and powerful thrusts, his sack swung in the air, slapping the underside of Goliath's ass. Brooklyn was panting from the effort of pleasuring himself and Goliath, sweat beads forming on his forehead as his hair was soaking itself in sweat. It felt so amazing being inside Goliath, his cock tingling from brushing against the inside of Goliath. He was pounding that ass like a dynamo, pressing Goliath against the wall, his enormous gut spreading slightly as it pushed him back into Brooklyn. The red Gargoyle's arms were on Goliath's shoulders now as he kept thrusting, harder and harder he went, giving it his all as a burning sensation lit up in his loins. Like a horny dog he kept pounding with all his might, until he had the sweet release a wave of cum flooded Goliath's insides.

Brooklyn sighed in relief as he clung to the pack leader tightly, his hips twitching and bucking from his overly long orgasm. Goliath could feel the tide of cum inside him, flooding his body as he felt the warm seed build inside his gut as the young Gargoyle's orgasm continued. There was no end to his cum as his head was pressed against Goliath's fat back, his cock still releasing his seed into Goliath. The pack leader's gut was rumbling and gurgling loudly from the gallons of cum filling him, bloating him out more like a balloon. Finally, after an entire minute of release Brooklyn was done. His entire body went weak as he collapsed backwards, his cum soaked cock sliding out of Goliath's ass. With a violent twitch, he unleashed another short shot, cum spraying onto his exhausted chest.

Goliath's gigantic gut gurgled loudly, filled to the brim with cum. Detaching himself from the wall, he stumbled about from the intense weight in his midsection as all that cum sloshed loudly inside his flesh balloon. It bobbed with each wave, bouncing left and right until Goliath cradled the massive weight in his arms. He panted heavily, his gut rising and sinking with his heavy breath as his gut wriggled in his arms as the Gargoyle seed refused to settle. Cum steadily leaked from Goliath's ass, clearly showing how overloaded his gut was as his fat cheeks squished against the wall, cum dripping down the wall. He was positively breathless as he cradled his ball of a gut, the back his only support as the weight bore down on him. His gut let loose a primordial gurgle, his knees starting to buckle as the purple

sphere suddenly became heavier by the second. Hefting it up with his remaining strength, Goliath's breath hung in the air as his arms were struggling with the weight. And only by paying attention to them could he finally understand why.

His sturdy arms that once carried his angel of the night were softening, his muscles fading into nothing as his arms resembled freshly made dough. He held his arms in the air in rapt fascination, the weight of his bouncing gut almost slamming him to the ground as he watched his muscle vanish under a layer of fat, his arms jiggling with each pound of lard slapped onto them. And though impossible to see, his legs were plumping up the same, his thighs thick like turkey legs as his feet puffed up, his pointed toes rounding like carrots. Goliath felt a sickening feeling in the pit of his stomach, a primordial gurgle echoing in the enormous purple globe at it slowly started to swell again, the cum somehow going from seed to rich fat in mere seconds within him. Goliath's hips bucked without warning as his gut surged forth another inch as his chest softened further, his Gargoyle moobs looking like a pair of enormous eyes as the large crease in his midsection was like a grinning mouth.

And as Goliath grew, Brooklyn watched on with lustful interest. Though spent, he instinctively beat his chubbed cock, his tongue hanging from his mouth as he watched in fascination as his pack leader grew bigger, grew fatter. Maybe it was the Djinn's meddling, but he was absolutely enamoured with how amazing Goliath looked as a plus sized pack leader. He was drooling as he pounded his cock, pre leaking from it as he ignored the throbbing pain and resistance as he watched Goliath swell to fruition. The pack leader was easily over 600 pounds now, and his gut was almost two feet across, and definitely more than two feet wide as his hips were enormous to cater for the massive gut. Goliath groaned in exhaustion as his fat knees gave out, the older Gargoyle collapsing onto his massive gut, legs splayed behind it as his enormous ass hung in the air, just begging for another go. Goliath was so very exhausted from the effort he had spent on keeping himself up, he was so tired, so, so very tired. And yet, why did his ass burn? He grit his teeth from the pain as his ass hole was on fire. Sweat poured down his brow as he put all his weight and effort into it, the burning growing to its extreme until relief. Something clattered loudly on the ground, but being grounded by his gut, he couldn't turn around to see it. "What was that?" he asked, directing his question at Brooklyn.

The younger Gargoyle shrugged, still masturbating lewdly at the mere sight of his lard-ass leader. But knowing Goliath would insist, he got up, still masturbating as he orbited around the pack leader to the back, and his eyes lit up. He was so surprised he finally stopped jerking off as he knelt down, retrieving a purple and maroon egg. "It's an egg!" he declared in shock.

"It's a wha-AH!" Goliath groaned, the burning sensation in his ass flaring up again.

He strained as hard as he could, giving Brooklyn a front-row seat as an egg slowly emerged from his ass, the pointed tip coming first as his ass stretched wide to squeeze it out. He grunted in relief as he passed the egg, Brooklyn collecting it before it hit the ground. "It's another egg" Brooklyn reported.

"That insidious Djinn" Goliath grumbled, his guts rumbling loudly. "This what he meant? What sick freak of nature would inflict this on someone!?!"

"I don't know, but I think you're having more than twins" Brooklyn declared as he watched Goliath's sphincter pucker, ready to deliver a new egg.

At least Al Abar Safer hadn't lied. Goliath would end up fathering a new generation, with or without a female present as he continued to squeeze egg after egg out of his fat ass. But at least the Manhattan Clan will certainly be much more numerous after this.