



Day at the Park

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A request for Shukko



It was a peaceful day at Western Square Park. The weather was gorgeous, and it seemed like everyone in the city was out enjoying it. Most flocked to the nearby beaches, but a good chunk of them found their way to the spacious park. It was a tranquil place, birds chirping in the trees high above cobblestone paths walked by terrestrial furs. Even the grass seemed greener as it strove towards the life-giving sunlight. One could not ask for a better day to spend outside doing just about anything. Many of the park-goers settled into more mundane activities like delving into a book in the warm sun or laughing among friends in small groups. One fur stood out in the crowd, however.

She was a lynx of average height, coated in pleasantly soft grey fur. The feline wore ordinary an ordinary top with mild shorts and carried a dark satchel and towel at her side. What set her apart was how she moved. The bob-tailed cat didn't seem as carefree as the other visitors. In fact, she appeared to have stage fright! She slipped through groups walking the path at a nervous pace with down-turned eyes, almost ashamed of what she had planned. That shame that spurred her on, however. The front of her shorts were already dampening with lust at the thought of all eyes turning to her as she carried out her deepest fantasy.

The shifty lynx found a nice open patch of grass after a few minutes of searching. There were no other furs in the immediate vicinity, but plenty would see her once she got started. Holly carefully lowered her bag to the soft natural carpet and spread her towel out. The lynx steeled herself with a measured breath, then slowly unzipped her shorts. Conflicting emotions coursed through her as she guided the metal tab down its toothy track. If she stopped now, she could act like nothing had happened. There was still time to end this before it started. It would be hard to face him, but she could still return the potions to Avlon and tell the rabbit she had changed her mind. Her cheeks burned through her fur with redoubled intensity as she pushed these thoughts aside and continued.

The garment hung loose around her hips, held up only by her shaky grip. Another breath of concentration, and her shorts fell around her ankles. A light breeze tickled her glistening pussy, hammering home just how exposed she was. She shivered in mixed pleasure and embarrassment as her gaze darted about the clearing. A few furs had taken notice of the lewd act, but only the ones looking her direction. A wolf shot her a thumbs up while a bat wiped his eyes in disbelief. Holly could technically still go back. She could play the whole thing off as a wardrobe malfunction and scurry from the park before anyone got a good look at her. Her mind suggested to pull her shorts back up and run away, but her loins commanded her to continue.

Her lips dripped with arousal as her trembling arms reached for the hem of her top and lifted it over her head. The lynx had a bit of trouble freeing her head and arms from the tight shirt, but anyone watching was too distracted by her breasts jiggling free. Her nipples hardened as they

met the open air, poking cutely from her downy mounds. She reflexively tried to cover herself with her hands, but once again her fantasies steered her from modesty. Her chest squished around the arm attempting to hide her erect nubs, accentuating their size and forcing out a thin trickle of milk. The hand between her legs sought out her moist slit and teased it for her steadily growing audience.

More and more furs gathered around the masturbating lynx as her moans rang through the park. Shame and lust mixed as the latter quickly overtook the former. Her fingers shlicked in and out of her lips at an almost painful pace as she felt the eyes of the crowd drinking in every inch of her body. Before she could cum and lose her nerve, she sat down heavily on the towel and dug into her satchel with her free hand. Her wavering, milk dampened arm pulled forth a case of potions and set it down between her legs.

An otter groaned in frustration as the box blocked his view of her soaked snatch. Holly pulled one of the bottles forth with a small amount of difficulty and quickly pulled the cork with her teeth. The lynx chugged the first of the flasks between unabashed groans, somehow managing to avoid choking on the green liquid. Her body convulsed in mock orgasm as a wave of growth swept over her, causing her to lose her grip on the emptied bottle. Her frame grew taller, her hips wider, and her breasts fuller. Her hand never left her crotch as she stumbled over the first of many climaxes. The brew's effects were just beginning to fade as she fished a second from the box and downed it in a single gulp.

With each successive potion her growth accelerated. The towel was lost beneath her as she expanded passed its edges, onto the grass and into the closest members of the crowd. She stretched outward as her friend's days of tedious work and research finally paid off. Holly never stopped fingering herself as she rose above the crowd, cumming grandly as she practically felt their eyes widen. The building-sized feline tossed furs carelessly about as she dug deep furrows in the earth, unable to control herself as explosions of pleasure flooded her senses. Those trenches quickly filled with milk as a sweet torrent rushed down her expanded bust.

The lynx finally calmed down sometime later, the mass of furs having picked themselves up and retreated to a safer distance. Even after her short spree of destruction, they watched her in rapt attention. This was certainly something that didn't happen often, and most of them were thankful for that! Still, something this large and potentially dangerous holds a certain allure, especially when said something has breasts the size of small buildings. The furs of the park looked on with bated breath as the giant lynx's chest heaved with effort, anticipating and fearing what she might do next.

The mob could not possibly know what they were in the midst of, nor was the feline aware of what she had gotten herself into. What Avlon had failed to tell her was where he got the recipe for her growth potions. The alchemist found them buried in an ancient tome, passed down through generations of masters and students. Its contents had been rewritten and translated

countless times, losing just a shred of information with each iteration. The list of ingredients for this particular mixture had survived the trials of repetition, but the lore surrounding it had not.

Holly was about to learn firsthand that this brew had been used to prepare mortals for the task of harboring gods. Until now, no one had taken in enough of the stuff to entice any divine that still paid attention. As she panted among the milk-filled scars of the park, a consciousness lost to time felt the tug of a suitable vessel. Just as water must flow downhill, the forgotten god's will and power was drawn to the exhausted lynx.

Holly's eyes ignited with eldritch fire as the being entered her trembling form. Foreign thoughts and memories flooded her mind as a second soul bound itself to her body. For the stunned lynx, it was like having millions of conversations at once. Eons of contemplation opened to her in a matter of seconds, filling her with wisdom and power beyond any other being in existence. It soon became apparent that the supernatural force had no intention of stealing her body and casting her into aether, for their goals coincided. Both mortal and god wished only to grow.

And grow they did! The crowd scattered in blind panic as a brilliant aura overtook the soft greys of her coat. She cried out in bliss as renewed waves of expansion swept down her pleasure-riddled body, starting at the tips of her ears and running through her leaking breasts and sex to the tips of her toes. Her rate of growth was many times greater than her previous session, fueled by the power of a god rather than a petty mixture.

Holly rapidly swelled beyond the bounds of the park and spilled into the unprepared city. Trees and fountains were flattened under her plush ass and ponds were filled with the runoff of her breasts. Her tits inflated as the god's power seemed to focus there, and she was forced to hold onto them or risk them spilling over her head. Her nipples joined the city skyline as entire blocks were swallowed by her growing shadow. Growls of pleasure shook the earth as she continued to finger herself to unthinkable heights. Her exhibitionist streak burned hotly as the eyes of a frightened city turned to her titanic squirming body. Combined with the sensations of growing so rapidly, it was almost enough to overload the demigoddess.

Streets flooded with her milk and honey as she boomed in climax, shattering the windows of nearly every building in the city. Anything not fixed to the ground was swept away in the thick tide, and any buildings not yet crushed were flooded with her juices. Her growth accelerated with the flashes of pleasure, quickly pushing her beyond the scope of the ruined city. She dug deep valleys and ravines into the countryside as she writhed in helpless bliss, far too lost in compounded pleasures to control herself. The bedrock beneath her cracked under her massive weight, allowing the city to drain, but causing untold damage in the process.

Hills were wiped away by restless legs as she continued to flail in orgasm. The tips of her ears dipped into the ocean as her expansion carried her to the coast, while her feet knocked the peaks from mountains. Multiple cities were plunged into darkness under colossal form as she

stretched across the nation. Holly's expansion sped further with her cries for more, showing no signs of stopping nor the desire to do so. Her eyes burned as brightly as ever, rivaling the sun in intensity as the reborn divine flexed its muscles.

The surface of the planet bowed under her weight as the lynx broke through the atmosphere. The fur of her breasts stood on end as they were thrust into cold space, but her warm, ever-flowing milk saw to their warmth. The world's broken curvature nestled into the small of her back more of her plunged into the empty void. Her bob tail eclipsed the sun, catching the attention of the other side of the planet. The entirety of civilization watched as she grew far beyond the bounds of her home.

Conflicting gravities tore at the former sphere, rending it apart in the most spectacular of ways. Deep gashes in its crust erupted with molten rock as it compressed and warped against her. Before long, the heavenly body had completely emptied itself of its contents, spraying vast jets of gently glowing goo into orbit around Holly. With nothing to keep it inflated, the hollow shell collapsed under its own weight and spread a thick layer of dust through her coat.

The glowing moons were drawn to her as she surpassed the scale of the Earth, peppering her fur with dull orange spots before they cooled. They were soon rendered invisible against her grey pelt as she continued to grow, her natural coloration simply overwhelming the highlights. The other planets of the system met a similar fate, some of them spiraling around her at fantastic speeds before impacting while others simply met her head on. The local star was the only thing left that could begin to compare to her size, and even that was soon lost against her body.

Holly's growth accelerated yet, much to her and the god's pleasure. Points of light charged at them as they rapidly approached galactic scale. Empty space yielded to grey fur as vast distances were closed almost instantly. The milky way became much more so as she played with her breasts, replacing conquered stars with globes of her sweet fluids. The luminous spiral of the galaxy was overtaken just as fast as her solar system, and she set her sights on the other luminous blobs of the universe.

Time lost its meaning as the lights of the night were slowly blotted out by her ever-expanding body. Countless galaxies fell to her growth, and yet she still wasn't big enough! The source of her mixed blessing agreed and did its best to rectify the problem. She swallowed entire superclusters as her body swelled infinitely through the universe, replacing empty space with galactic feline. No matter how much she claimed as her own, she wanted more. They would not stop until their lust for growth was sated, so they swelled endlessly, fueled by the power of a god and a paradox.