

Planet-Shattering Desire
By holodrom

Bassy beats pounded through the nightclub, and prismatic lights strobed over the swaying crowd. There was a clearing in the throng of bodies where a set of wide and heavy hips swayed freely; Sneeve was dancing, his feet landing with enough weight to shake the dance floor as his considerable, bottom-heavy girth swayed with every motion. He swung his cookie dough colored belly around like a runaway wrecking ball, and his verdant tail and rump bounced in time to the thrum of the pumped-up subwoofers. The skulldragon was short, but nearly as wide as his height, stretching him to the width of at least three people.

"You were right! This place is great!" The mask of bone fused to Sneeve's face clacked as he spoke from having to shout to be heard over the music.

His friend and escort was the only person brave enough to dance right up against the destructive mass of wideass skulldragon; Holo towered above the crowd, standing twice Sneeve's height though only half his width. He bumped his red hips against Sneeve's back, intentionally making his yellow balls swing out from under his silk loincloth and slosh against the skulldragon. "Of course! All the fun of a high-class nightclub, but clothing-optional! Perfect for those too wide or too tall for an outfit~" Red scales shined from under skimpy robes, and his yellow chest and belly were on display for all to see and touch.

Sneeve smirked as he felt Holo's tanks swing against him. "Good for messing around a little too!" He returned the gesture and pushed his huge ass back against Holo's junk, grinding to the beat.

"Hurf!" A puff of steam blasted from Holo's snout as a plush rump twice the size of his waist wobbled back against his barely-covered shaft and balls. "All this excitement is getting to you eh?" He welcomed that forwardness and thrust his hips forward, meeting Sneeve's eager rear and sandwiching the bulge of his shaft between those cheeks. Sneeve hoisted his huge tail up, and Holo grabbed it and held it against his chest while matching Sneeve's pace.

"I was excited when I called you~" He bounced back against the throb of Holo's shaft, doing it in time to the music, pushing back with his heavy, thudding footsteps. His mass shoved Holo back, and Sneeve took pride in being able to push around the taller dragon.

Holo tried to hold his ground, but Sneeve's lower center of gravity and greater mass nudged him backwards with every grind. "Oohh, so you *want* this, huh? Right now?" A smile cracked across the incubus dragon's face.

"Hehe! I'm not nude on accident. Lose the silks, incubus, and give it to me." With another roll of his hips, Sneeve nearly knocked Holo to the floor as he tried to sit himself down in the hyper-endowed demon's lap.

Holo felt the impact of Sneeve's insistence and had to dig his talons into the dance floor to stand his ground. "Goddamn, just wanted to make a show of it?" Holo let out a sultry growl and grabbed at the golden fasteners for his black silks and undid them. He took a step back to let his loincloth fall to the floor, where it vanished in a tongue of starry flames just before meeting the ground. A few of the people standing arms length from the duo cheered as Holo stripped his clothing off.

"I didn't want to destroy my house." Sneeve looked over his shoulder and winked.

A white blush glowed from Holo's cheeks, his eyes brightened, and his back straightened in rapt attention. "Oh? Oooohh? So THAT'S why you wanted to go out. Oh you want to get SO big." His breathing picked up a bit as his excitement peaked. His eyes darted around the nightclub, eyeing the walls, the corners, and he imagined Sneeve filling the space.

"That's right!" This time he didn't hold back, and he used his rear end to knock Holo to the floor. The dragon grunted and barely had a chance to sit up before a pair of huge dough balls descended on him and swallowed up his shaft while pinning him to the floor. Holo's sizeable shaft barely made a bulge in the skulldragon's already huge stomach, and Sneeve's short legs straddled Holo's huge yellow balls.

"F-fuck." Holo stammered out a curse as Sneeve slammed down on him and took his length in a single swoop. Sneeve was pressing his paws into those orbs, squishing and kneading them to make them gurgle and bloat, and he swayed his ass on top of Holo's hips while clenching around that huge shaft to work it to a throbbing hardness. Precum began to bubble up into Sneeve's insides, and he let out a pleased groan as he felt that heat pump up through his guts and into his stomach.

"Come on incubus, don't hold back!" Sneeve barely came up to Holo's chest while they were both sitting down, and the thunderous fall of the two dragons was enough to make the music skip. The crowd around them cleared out a little further, and those who were keen enough to anticipate what was coming started to gather their things and call it a night.

Holo snorted out steam once more as he grabbed Sneeve's green hips, digging his fingers in and holding the heavy dragon steady before giving his first earnest thrust. Sneeve yelped as he was lifted a few inches off the floor by the force of Holo's thrust. The front of his stomach faintly bulged from the impact of the demon's cock head against his insides, and he felt a gush of precum pour into his guts and flood up into his stomach.

"You're getting excited, good!" Sneeve grunted as he felt Holo's shaft firm up inside of him, stretching him as it thickened and lengthened. His own shaft sprung to life as Holo pulsed against his inner soft spots. His legs twitched and spread wide over Holo's thighs. The yellow bands of scales covering the incubus's sack stretched out under his kneading paws as he encouraged those tanks to brew up an increasingly large filling.

Those groaning cum tanks pressurized with each bloating inch, and Sneeve's breath hitched as he watched how quickly they grew. They ballooned against the demon's legs, pushing them apart as Holo snorted and growled, his hips bucking up from the floor and sloshing Sneeve's fat mass in his lap. The heavy *plap* and *thud* of that hydraulic thrusting shook the nightclub harder than the overcranked bass, causing the lights to flicker and sway.

Holo's grip switched from Sneeve's waist to his shoulders, and he dug his claws into the thick meat and pressed down, squashing Sneeve into place. The shamrock cookie dragon barely had a moment to brace himself.

His gut expanded like a cum bomb went off in his stomach, blasting his circumference to twice the size it had been a moment ago and rattling eardrums with a *boom* of displaced atmosphere. Sneeve's eyes spun around under his mask from the torrent that blew into him. Without thinking, he reached up and grabbed Holo's arms for stability just moments before another explosive expansion hit his insides and nearly doubled his size again.

A wall of caramel belly reached for the edges of the dance floor and pinned a number of uncautious dancers beneath its weighty sloshing. Sneeve's shaft pressed into the bottom of his

stomach and throbbed against his own mass, lighting up his face even through the thick bone carapace. "So much already-?" Sneeve tried to catch his breath, he could feel the next load ready to gush into him through the trembling of the shaft spearing him.

"I can't go easy on someone who wants to be as big as YOU do~" Sneeve's desire pounded through Holo's infernal body and poured into his sack, pumping his balls bigger, making them more spacious and productive. His body couldn't help but adapt to his client's desires, though he only had an impression of how far things might go; it wasn't as clear as being able to read minds.

But Sneeve wanted, so Holo gave, and gave, and gave. On the third thrust, the skulldragon's body slogged well beyond the dance floor's boundary and flooded into the bar seating, knocking over drinks and people and bar stools. The building shuddered, and bottles of mid-shelf booze toppled from illuminated shelves and shattered on the concrete floor, bleeding their contents onto the ground. There wasn't even a moment to mourn the loss, nor escape the oncoming tide as the next few eager pumps filled Sneeve until his stomach was pressed up against all four walls at once. He gripped at his own stomach, trying to push it away from his bone-covered face as his fat chest threatened to smother him.

He gasped at his own size, at how quickly his body had filled his vision in all directions, and still he could feel Holo's balls blowing up underneath his gut, getting larger with every load instead of smaller. He used his tail to push Holo flat on the floor and grinded his ample ass on as much of Holo as he could. "B-break... Break this place!" He could already feel the walls giving way, bending out from the pressure of his cum-filled body against every wall. Rafters laden with speakers and light fixtures leaned into the top of his stomach, and he could feel the heat of spotlights resting against his bouncy skin. People squirmed, trapped under the stretching cum tanker he called a stomach. He could feel so much, and he wanted more.

As if compelled to obey, Holo erupted on Sneeve's orders, letting out a hazy gasp as he unloaded. His balls clenched and his shaft bulged before a torrent pumped into Sneeve and filled him with virile heat that pushed him to the ceiling. His gut flooded out of the doors and bulged through the windows. The supports and brickwork buckled under the weight of tens of thousands of gallons of cum. Even the concrete slab cracked, the thundercrack of snapping stone swallowed by the roaring churn of burst floodgates.

The building squeezed Sneeve, trying to restrain the insatiable beast. He could feel his internal pressure spiking with every second that the walls stayed standing; Holo's climax didn't relent for anything. Creaks and groans echoed from his hide as the weight of his own self beared down on him and the demon, threatening to crush them both against the cratering foundation. Pressure rose in his loins and stomach in equal measure, and he shook as he tried to hold back even as his rear was pummeled by the relentless pistoning of Holo's hips.

He cried out as the sensations overtook his brain, and his mind went blank. For a moment, he couldn't tell if he'd burst or cum, but after a second his legs jolted, and a second climax rocked through him, gushing seed over the underside of his gut like he was trying to hose himself down. The building exploded in that blank moment, the walls toppling outward and flinging debris into the streets and through the windows of neighboring buildings. Unrestrained, that cookie-colored mass slogged against the neighbors and smashed their sides in, flooding into their interiors without regard for their structure or occupants.

There was a brief pause as both parties caught their breath. Sneeve was panting. His nerves buzzed from the intensity of his orgasm, from his legs all the way to his fingertips. He fought to lift his tail, his body resisting the effort and forcing him to drag it out of the way, off of Holo. The red dragon gasped for air, briefly free of the skulldragon's immense rear end.

Their breathing cooled, but their bodies were still hot. Holo dug his hands into Sneeve's rear cheeks, groping at them. "More?"

"Way more." He bounced for emphasis. "I hope you're not tapped out?"

"Not until you tap out." He bucked in response to that bounce, and he did his best to anchor himself to the overflowing skulldragon ass.

"I have plenty of-ghrk!" Sneeve sputtered as another floodgate opened inside of him. The torrent was stronger than any before and his stomach blasted through what was left of the neighboring buildings and stretched to cover the entire street. The structures crumbled and their debris fell against his stomach, dimpling it with their weight. Most of the rubble tumbled to the ground and was rolled under that non-stop expanding middle.

"Good, me too~" Holo sang as he gushed precum, working up to a second proper climax. The liquid prelude he gushed displaced the deposit he'd already left, forcing liquids to seep from Sneeve's tightening stomach to the rest of him. His ass took on the brunt of it, those green and tan globes expanding to cover more and more of Holo where he was laying. Holo pressed into them, groping them as he tried to fend them off, though his fate was sealed the moment Sneeve sat on him in the club. He resigned himself to his fate and let himself be buried. The weight of all that ass on him only made him cum harder.

Those bouncing mounds lifted his tail which itself was starting to take on extra heft and bloat, exceeding its already torso-smothering width. Holo's climax hastened this expansion as the geyser of cum obscenely stretched the front of Sneeve's stomach before the extra liquid rushed into every stretchy bit of him. His ass slammed the ground in surges, pounding Holo into the pavement. Were the dragon a lesser demon, he'd have been flattened into a sticker on massive ass cheeks; luckily for them both, he was too durable for that, and his output increased in proportion to the weight on top of him.

Sneeve struggled to track how fast he was expanding. He tried to keep track of how many buildings he felt his body crash into, but the dizzying stretching made him lose count over and over, and he couldn't be sure that he was only taking out one row of buildings each blast. The ground fissured under his stomach, and the cracks ran thick with his own output as he pumped out his own flood of seed. His climaxes slammed into him without a refractory period, making his balls clench and his shaft strain to keep up with the output. Pools of white spread out from under him faster than his own circumference was increasing as the fissures overflowed into the streets.

He barely had the sense to tell that he'd exceeded the city at some point in his lust-addled haze. His gut was sloshing up against rocky peaks and his ass was splashing back into the sea. He gazed up at the monument of his gut which stretched into the sky and beyond the vanishing point of atmospheric haze. Over the top of his head, his own ass squashed back into him, almost sandwiching his face between his cheeks and his chest. His face was red hot under his mask as he tried to take in just how big he was, but comprehending himself wasn't the point. The landmass started to buckle under his weight as his cum spilled into rivers and flowed out into the sea. It wasn't enough. His desired pounded. More. More!

"Ghh!" Holo winced through a huge grin, buried under literal mountains of skulldragon ass. He was smothered under continent crushing weight, and an equal weight of Sneeve's desires, and his body responded in excess. He couldn't restrain his climax nor his size, his balls rumbled with apocalyptic tremors, his dick had stretched to thirty stories tall with a circumference to compliment it, and there was no stopping the release that pounded against the muscles in his hips.

He let go, and the force that rocketed up his shaft was almost enough to lift Sneeve off of him. The skulldragon let out a yelping gurgle as he surged to truly continental sizes. A flood of his own cum gushed out from under him, spilling into the sea and turning the waters pale and opaque. Half the continent was crushed beneath the weight of a gut that reached into the far ocean and crested beyond the upper limits of the atmosphere, officially entering outer space. His ballooning ass splashed into the sea, displacing untold volumes of water and flooding neighboring countries with a mix of sea water and seed.

His body was turning pale from the stretching. His opaque flesh was revealing the massive oceans of cum within him, from his stomach, to his ass cheeks, to his tail that was growing more round than long from the rising volumes and pressure. Tectonic plates cracked, and lava bubbled up around Sneeve only to be cooled by the unending tides of cum.

Mobility was decreasing. Not that Sneeve could walk, but his entire body was tightening. His arms and legs were growing round and taut and swelling into innertubes that swallowed his hands and feet. His neck was doing the same as cum tried to force its way up his throat, but he clamped his strong jaws shut and held it back even as his cheeks began to round out just beneath his rigid bone mask.

His thoughts raced with the demand for more. Every surge of infernal seed pumped into his body made him creak with exponential volume, quaking enough to shake the cracked landmasses apart. The planet squashed and deformed under the immense mass and gravity of the sphere-swelling skulldragon, causing jets of magma and cum to blast out past the atmosphere and cool into rings swirling around Sneeve's increasingly pale figure. He was planetary, a skin of lush dragon containing dangerously high volumes of cum and holding back intense and relentless spikes of pressure.

The Earth was all but obliterated, flooded under a biblical deluge of cum and crushed beneath a mass that exceeded its own. Sneeve usurped its orbit, and the remnants of his former home were pulled into a rocky ring revolving around him. The Moon settled into a new orbit around the sloshing planet, pulling on the internal tides and stretching Sneeve's body into a more oblong condom.

"Gods..." Holo had gone from being pinned between ass and ground to being sandwiched between two ass cheeks that were squeezing him like a hydraulic press. Every tremor through Sneeve's straining form shook him to the bones and coaxed out more of his endless supply of cum. The repeating surges were now a nonstop stream with successive increases in output every few seconds. The flow outpaced his growth, keeping his dick permanently bloated and straining, feeling near-ready to burst if his growth slowed for even a moment. His head was swimming and dizzy from the constant exertion and the overwhelming feedback of his client's reality-defying desires.

Sneeve's jaws were now forced shut by his ballooned cheeks and neck which were stretched translucent, with only a fringe of his usual leafy green visible near his mask. A tiny tuft

of dark green hair poked out from between his buried horns that were precariously pressed into his taut hide. His limbs were rigid, forced straight out, and his hands and feet were sucked into deep dimples on the ends of the overblown limbs. His body looked like a collection of spheres trying to escape from one another as they fought for space, creaking together as liquid shifted from ass to belly to tail, around and around.

He surged past the orbit of his own, freshly formed rings, scattering the remnants to the dark of space. His ass bumped the moon out of orbit and off into the outer reaches of the solar system. He surged without relent, only wanting more and more even as he became the most massive body of all the planets. The vacuum of space wasn't hungry enough to swallow the tremors that rocked his body, and the surfaces of distant planets quaked from his rumbling approach. It wasn't enough to be planetary. Size didn't even matter. He wanted to take everything the incubus could give him, everything!

The exhausted incubus was panting with his tongue hanging out, his limbs were limp where he was squeezed under pressures that would press coal into diamond. His balls were blown up to near planetary proportions themselves, and his shaft was spewing matter into Sneevé like a white hole.

Sneevé's impossible demand made Holo's whole body tense up. His toes curled and his legs and arms locked up. His hands balled into fists and his tail jutted out behind him. Everything huh? A smirk cracked over his face. His arms lifted and pushed those cheeks apart, giving him some space. His legs curled up under his roaring sack. He took in a long, slow breath, and let out a steaming exhale.

"I'll." Holo rammed into Sneevé, knocking the cosmic condom out of orbit and streetching him to solar sizes. "Give you." Beyond those even. Every inch of Sneevé bulged tight, distorting, his color was pulled too thin to be seen on any part of him that was still visible. "Everything~" His various swollen parts fought to creak the loudest, and the tight collection of cum-pumped balloons couldn't climax hard or fast enough to relieve a meaningful amount of pressure despite blasting a long and thick trail of white across the stars.

Sneevé couldn't hear anything but the rumble of his tight flesh and the rush of liquids that filled him endlessly. He and the dragon he hired were locked together in a pair of non-stop climaxes. He couldn't even tell if the seed erupting from his bloated dick was his own or Holo's, but it didn't matter, not as long as the incubus pumped and pumped until his tanks were empty. He needed the fullness, the stretch, he couldn't get enough! Even as his skin roared about being well past all possible limits, his mind swam in a stunned daze of pleasure that he wanted to last forever.

It couldn't last forever of course, or at least Sneevé couldn't. His impressive endurance was at an end. Although Holo's output doubled again and again, Sneevé's growth slowed. His body couldn't stretch further, but the liquids still forced their way in, increasing the pressure trying to escape from bubble-thin skin. His eyes watered from the intensity and jets of cum began to spurt from his clamped jaws in spite of the vice-like force holding them shut. There was only one way this could end, but he didn't want it to stop. Not now, not ever, not in a million-

The pressure inside the skulldragon exploded with such force that the Milky Way was splattered into a cumstain in an instant. Those compressed volumes of virility spread through the cosmos in pale rings that soaked through everything in their path. Wave after wave of creamy destruction pulsed out from the epicenter of the blast as Holo continued to climax in the

aftershocks of his client's reality-shattering demands. Space was flooded with matter in a way it hadn't been since the Big Bang, and the skull-shaped bone mask was washed to distant starry shores on the thick tide.

Holo was left floating atop stellar oceans of his own output with an exhausted, stupid grin plastered over his face as a final few galaxy-bursting gushes drained out of his dick. He got his breathing under control and regained his senses. His body was exhausted, but his demonic core was bursting with energy from such an intense session. More than enough energy to...

Bassy beats pounded through the crowd at the nightclub, and prismatic lights strobed over the swaying crowd. Away from the dancers, Holo and Sneev were squeezed into a booth, sharing drinks.

"So, good?" Holo asked with a knowing look.

Sneev nodded and chugged one of the glasses of water in front of him. "Unbelievable really. My whole body still feels... Taut." He tried to shake himself loose, but the feeling of being blasted across the universe lingered in every nerve. "It was incredible."

Holo let out a pleased hum that was drowned out by the music. He placed a pair of business cards on the table across from him, slipping them to Sneev. "Call me next time you want more, then~" The incubus made a "call me" gesture with his free hand.

"I will, VERY soon." Sneev grabbed both business cards and tucked them away as the feeling of being so immense slowly faded into memory. He enjoyed his drinks while they chatted the rest of the night away, both recovering from the evening's fun. When they finally called it a night, they parted ways, and Sneev went home, fiddling with a business card in one hand. He hoped that next time he'd be able to hold out even longer, and grow even larger, and maybe with enough practice, he'd actually drain the demon dry.