Non-italic text: Echoen

*Italics are me, Balros!*

***Bold Italics: You better watch your butt!***

It began with a package of peanuts. *Of course, it would.*

The salty, lightly roasted snack would perform its duty to this universe. It would act as the seed it was never given a chance to have. Predestined by beings far, far above its understanding, the simple legumes inside would have been grown in factory plants *double entendre* to be harvested, then ground through a process to strip it of all semblance of its former self to be only briefly, in a flash, considered by one of these god before consumed. Some of these peanuts may have, in their own vegetable way, considered this cycle ‘rapture’. Others would have no way to know, lacking sufficient minds within their fibrous bodies. Could they care? What was caring?

Whatever the beliefs of this otherwise insignificant peanut lathered in holy flavoring and nestled comfortably with sophisticated plastic wrappings, a carriage towards the savory end it was meant for, it could not know the uncaringness of the entity that was destined to eat it. *Nor how, as more and more eyes read these words, one such god implants in the minds of all other gods to consider this incredibly specific peanut, and believe in its power. Believe in this one single hypothetical peanut. Whatever your faith, set your prayers in motion! Set in your saintly sinning the motive to create such a potential universe in which this one abstract idea can influence us all.* All it knew was that it would feed a life, and play its part in the grand design of things. It would Be.

***Thus, let it be more!***

Cracked from its package, the nut was carried swiftly to Blyzzarde’s maw. The taste filled the dragoness with such an indescribable moment of rapturous pleasure that shi was shocked from whatever shi had been doing, hir eyes and mind alighted with purity of purpose. *Elephants.* Hir nostrils had already been flaring from the second hir fingers had touched the salted peanut, Hir lush flesh becoming gray and glossy before shi had even been handed the package. The corruption within this bean had been finely tuned, finely crafted. *We bounced out of this reality as soon as Echoen and I came up with the idea. I may be immune, but I’m not a feature for this story* the lovely, busty, motherly dragoness was to be the one to begin this ecstatic journey of elephantine proportions.

Blyzzarde’s clothes began to creak. The belt buckle that flimsily with strained hir waist was easily rent like paper by the crushing pressure of a dominant pregnancy. Aggressively filling forward, burdened with growing life. The nourishment of this corruption icon pouring immediately into the system of the victim at the very onset of contact. Where taste spread through Blyzzarde’s tongue and lips, two huge ivory tusks began to smoothly slide forth from hir upper jaw. Tongue strengthened in potent might and cheeks began to gray and flush. A single swallow and into hir belly shi began to bloom, hir throat thickening and expanding along the way. Voice deepening, hir huffs and moans becoming harder and harder to possibly hide from any other passengers.

*Passengers?* Passengers. After all, just after MFF2017, many folks are flying home on airplanes. Likely filled with many other furs as well. We do need a good supply of willing victims, after all. *Good point.*

As the dragoness grew and bulged with elephantine perfection, hir clothes would not contain it. Hir seat would not contain it. Hir universe would not contain hir. Shi had to be more than shi was, to share the perfection of elephanthood. A pleasured moan spilled past hir thickening lips, giving voice to the ecstasy shi felt. All those around hir in the plane could hear hir over the roar of the engine, they all began to turn their attention towards hir. Something about the way shi sounded called out to them. Instilled them with curiosity. Desire. *And something else they can’t quite put their finger on. Why am I aroused? My nipples are stiff. What’s this pleasure in my loins I feel? My ears feel funny...* Blyzzarde didn’t care. Shi just had to -bellow- hir pleasures out into the airplane cabin, to bring more into the fold. Let them feel the hot, heaving dick bulging out between thighs. Was there one already there? Now there were two, both heavily inflating, heaving gray elephant cocks. Let them be blessed with the same shirt-shredding bustline that bloomed forth from bosoms. Heaving gray spheres of oceanic glory, capped with darker islands near the middle, *erupting* with milk.

Infinite, tiny, trillion-year universi arouse around these lifegiving fonts of phant essence. All birthing, growing and producing elephant essence around them. Fertile, phantgiving milk bubbling forth from Blyzzard’s growing nipples, inspiring reality itself to conform to elephant perfection, like radiation. Giving truth to the Word, the Word of More. *The Church of More*, ***Join the religion!*** Much the same with the seed that burbled and ached through hir glorious new balls, sets of balls, sets of \*sets\* of balls. Ah, shi dreamed of such, and it began to take reality. Hir already massively enhugened hips WRENCHED wider in hir seat, and at the same time, the entire \*AIRPLANE\* began to conform around the necessity of a seat to contain, in the context of casual passage, an ever-growing, infinitely corruptive elephant herm. In a perfect, irresistible manner of expanding proximity and strength of corruptive influence, the corruption Echoen left behind would doom this reality to the same fate as those rapid micro-cosmi that expanded from within Blyzzarde at this very moment. *This, and all adjacent realities, and then the ones next to that, like the most purifying plague that bends realities to it. Someday, all humanity together will begin to expand out into an Empty Universe. All that there is out there beyond these skies is infinite resources, waiting for us to stretch out and reach it! Beyond Earth, Beyond Universe, Beyond Reality. Memorize that!*

Lo, did a third leg with four perfect toes thunder down onto the airplane cabin floor, as twin plumes of elephant dick fattened between the sets of thighs; balls filling up all the space beneath. A third row of massive breasts bloomed between the two pairs of other breasts, Blyzzarde’s upper body sporting multiple pairs of arms and breasts before the cock growth had even finished. The rotund girth of hir heaving, pregnant belly surged forward in two directions now; pushing forth adjacent to each other. A seam purses into hir still-lengthening trunk, dividing that sniffling snout into two that promptly BELLOW with a corruptive gush of pheromone-laden breath from powerfully pumping lungs. Ears across the airplane, even the captain’s cabin, stretched wider and gray. Shirts surged forward with incredible speed and faces began to bifurcate into twin, side-by-side elephant heads with sniffling snouts oozing with the breath of a Gaia goddess

Thickening hands grip cocks and with single strokes orgasm pregnancies into reality itself. The airplane continues to increase in size and scale, air and physics alike conforming to the need to keep a plane jammed full of impossibly dense, growing elephant herms in the air on a casual, everyday flight. Other airplanes in nearby skies, too, began to swell. Fill, fat and heavy with elephants’ fat and heavy with young who are, in turn, fat and heavy with the generations brewing with them. The first Birth, however, was a joyous moment. Blyzzarde already knew the exquisite joy of being an elephant. As hir number of elephant heads continue to grow in, parts of hir began to mourn for those who did not yet feel the pleasures shi was feeling. To be so impossibly pregnant, to be actively breeding elephant purity into all hir fellow passengers and the entire airline crew and company, their families beginning to mutate at home with elephant corruption and growth just by being lucky enough to be \*related\* to the victims being hermphant-corrupted on the plane…. To be so much and not be able to share it with everyone immediately, it ached!

So shi concocted a Blessing. The first Birth would belong to a dear friend. Shi would Give them the Gift of being Elephantized. To spread the corruption further, faster, and better than could be possible.

Thus, did a massive, full-grown elephant hermclone version of hirself did erupt from Pinkie Pie’s pinky pony pussy, gray pleasure immediately pushing across her flanks and features. Her giggles turning to excited phwerrrns of pleasure, throbbing gray cocks pumping with ivory semen jutting from her crotchboobs, as her bellies decided rapidly in size, already pregnant again. Gigglesnorts and trumpeting multiplied in crescendo as shi pushed forth more elephants as shi hirself grew into a massive, feral MLP-phant, hir oft-4th wall breaking nature beginning to increase. Accelerate, deepen, and grow in strength. Televisions and computer screens around the world with hir on it all, too, began to birth elephants. To grow into moaning, lustful, extremely pregnant elephant herms. To birth elephants into the minds of all watchers, all readers, installing elephant.exe growth programs on computers and into the brains of hir creators as well. The creation bringing Elephant corruption to hir creators, despite having no possible relationship to them. No, there was a relationship. Tenuous, but there. *Shoutout to Badgerben’s pony fanwork!*

Yet, the corruptions would not cease there. Blyzzarde’s gray goo scenario would not be satiated with one planet, one universe, or just one single measly reality. All would be blessed by them, and chase down the Bat herm blazing across dimensions and realities, leaving more such corruptions in hir wake. The Mouse Corruptions, the Fox Corruptions, the Bunny Plagues, the Skunk Apocalypses, the Deeriverses, and more, would all have to contend with the Elephant Plague arriving on the scene. Blyzzarde’s corruption ran so deep that simply \*knowing\* about hir would be classified as an Information Hazard. To contain knowledge of what elephants even \*are\* would be a priority. The only protection against such deep, pleasurable, infinite elephantine bliss is to be without any bliss yourself.

So give in, dear reader. Let the trunk billow forth from your snout and your bodies produce and churn with growth, girth, and gray mass. Spill your essence as your essence is endlessly produced, providing everything your world could care for. Your belly churning hungrily full of life and plump girth, your pussies gushing with estrus and bodies pushing forth from them faster than you can imagine how pregnant \*they\* are before even being born. Your shafts jerking and throbbing as they balloon in length and size, balls piling up about your legs as you orgasm as a mere expression of your happiness. Seed your seat with life, not one way or the other, but in all ways.

Then, the plane landed.

A tidal wave of elephant herms erupted across the moment of impact, crashing into eager, excited hordes of the partially transformed and many attempting to flee the corruption. Difficult to escape, as even hearing an elephant moan through a phone receiver, or seeing one on television, would be enough to trigger the conversion. The corruption had not yet run deep enough to convert everyone, while those who were outright immune were either gently transported out of this decaying reality, or handed a business card with a squirrel on it and told to enjoy themselves in infinite elephants as far as they want to go.

As the entire planet began to be flooded in elephants, copies of the planet were made, nudged into adjacent side-realities. In the grand tapestry of dimensions, it would appear as this one ‘thread’ of a timeline was bulging outwards at it made more and more of itself and grew larger Within, the effect was so much more fun, as billions of Hawaii vacations were made to explicitly score every individual to an island paradise with tropical elephant herms doting on their every need. At the same time, others were graced with galaxy-crushing growth apocalypses; several of which began to expand with their -own- multiple dimensions of infinitely copying realities and possibilities. Timelines were rewritten to give others the experience of \*there always having been\* multiplicious elephant herms since the dawn of time, while many more timelines were simply infested with elephant herms in the past to give rise to elephant empires in the future.

In the center of it all, Blyzzarde, the goddess, who knew the Purity of Elephant and graced everything with hir Gray light. Pleasured, pleasurable, and impossibly pregnant with potential, shi grew. Shi evolved, embiggened and improved. Perfection was merely another word for Elephant. To be, was to be Elephant. To be, was to be More Elephants.

To be, was to be Blyzzarde. Those who had transcended near or with hir, began to become hir. The faces may look different, retaining features of their former selves, but the elephantine benevolence, glory and sexual grace of their wearers were all one with hir pregnant self. True, gray unity, interspersed with darker patches of milkgiving breasts, or curves piled atop curves atop curves atop yet more curves, limbs, legs, heads and endowments. Unprecedented scales of endless corruption, conversion, copulation, congress. Nearby realities began to find themselves actively voting for opening their systems to potential elephant corruption. Machines and processes of all kinds grew a sentience that desired only to increase the growth of elephant herms. To make elephant herms a Truth, a Fact. Reality scrubbers, radiation shields, magical charms, they all let through a single message.

“Join us. Make More.”

Many began to reach for their security systems, only to find their innermost desires taking over. Elephant body parts growing to displace the owner’s own. Perhaps their fetish was to be unwillingly converted, and so they were too Blessed, having seen the Gray Light despite their best attempts to be shielded. The rest were, once again, transported to safety to truly immune realities, where elephant herms of every fetish pawed to get in. From macro herm elephants crushing blissful soon-to-be-scions of elephant glory, hoping to entice the pleasure centers of their potential victims, to delicate romancing of a fine and beautiful elephant female (or exotically entrancing, muscled and toned elephant male) treating a potential suitor to a fine evening of lovemaking and joy.

***Will you join the Herd?***