

It was, in many respects, that which she was born to do. A goddess such as herself had no place being bound to a single sphere, a single planet, when she was so much greater than even the sum total of the cosmos itself; to think otherwise was heresy, *blasphemy* even, and Sierra wasn't about to tolerate such nonsense in her presence. Granted, she herself had only just realized this truth, but this was fine; she couldn't be expected to know everything there was about this whole "divinity" business when she herself had been so blind to her real nature for so long. Of course, *she* had an excuse: *she* was a true goddess, and it was therefore perfectly acceptable for her to simply not be aware of the intricacies of her own perfection until she spent some time trying to understand them. Luckily for the world, however, now she *did*, and thanks to this newfound understanding of her soul and its unique properties, said world was now ready to receive the great bounty that was the Latias, as her form was now prepared to shine upon all of Creation itself... along with Emily and her little kitten, of course. Let it not be said that Sierra was anything other than a merciful and sharing goddess; she wasn't one to possessively hoard every good thing that came her way, no, she wanted to *exalt* others, she wanted to share the love and perfection throughout any and all who could want it, so long of course as they were willing to ask politely. Then again, this was only in the long-term; truth be told, the Latias was a bit too absorbed in her own bloating to really consider what other people might be thinking, not through a lack of concern, but mostly due to her mind being rather one-tracked when it came time for her to gorge. There was a time and place for everything, and she didn't mix business with pleasure; hence, if she was *eating*, then it stood to reason that it was time to eat, not think about what she should do with her power or whether she should wield it responsibly. That came for later, for the mythical point in the future where she was satiated and didn't want to eat anything else anymore, assuming that is that such a state of being was even possible; she'd started eating a while ago and still wasn't done, not even after the milk, not even after the seawater feast, not even after the hiccups helped her cover a significant portion of the planet in her bulk and pudge. She could feel Emily and Kitty somewhere down below, tiny, almost insignificant, made important only thanks for the former still technically being a demi-goddess herself. All in all, she was yet to properly unleash her power as Sierra had, leaving the latter thoroughly disappointed that she was all alone up there... though, "up" might not be the best of descriptors. Really, it was hard to tell what directions were anymore, given that she wasn't exactly *on* anything anymore; her belly might be close to the surface of the Earth, but she'd long-since transcended its gravitational pull, left to fight against escape velocity before effortlessly beating it and hopping into orbit as if it were a quick stroll. There, she could see all around her for once, could look upon a universe that was hers by right, yet had never quite been so obviously... available. Sierra had spent her whole life planet-bound, and up until that very moment, had never considered it anything less than perfectly acceptable; she had convinced herself that she was merely a *demi*-goddess, that her role was to protect that world and nothing else, with a "true" divinity being somehow "above" her in some weirdly arbitrary manner. Now though, now she knew better; the line between the two wasn't so much set in stone as much as it simply didn't exist, as the only difference was how much power was contained within her, and how much of it she was willing to use. Seeing as the former was

always seemingly endless, all the Latias had to do was be ready to *use* it rather than hold it back thanks to some misbegotten sense of duty that had no business being there at all; as soon as she did, then all preconceived notions of what a goddess was, demi or no, were thrown out the window as the Latias swelled and burgeoned to a size never before seen, transforming herself into a gargantuan icon of hunger and greed, just like she wanted to be. For everyone else though, she was little more than one gargantuan, all-encompassing belly... which, to be fair, was pretty cool with her, all things considered; just as she was excused from fully comprehending her true nature until then, the rest of the planet was fine with only being able to glimpse but one side of her total being, even if it was only the physical one. They would learn, in time, what it was like to be in the presence of a goddess, and the experience would be so transcendental as to elevate them all into a state close to what she herself had been before unleashing her full potential; until then, they were free to writhe and wriggle beneath her pudge, clinging onto her as best as they could in the hopes of not being left behind. Emily, for her part, was noticeably *larger* than she had been when it all began, though nowhere near the level of where Sierra herself was; the feline had learned *something* of herself, but the Latias recognized that she still wasn't ready to completely embrace their divine side. They would, eventually, and far sooner than they perhaps assumed; Sierra wasn't about to sit around doing nothing while the person responsible for helping her ascend was just *there*, so much smaller than they had any right to be. Until the moment when Emily was ready for it though, Sierra would respect their wishes, since it did mean that she herself could make good use of all that delicious power she had inside of her without fear of repercussions or having to share it with anyone at all. Sharing was for later, for when her hunter was satisfied, for when she didn't have that nagging voice in the back of her head insisting that she do something stupid, like take a bite off the planet when "no one was looking", or begin breathing in the cosmos despite it mostly being a vacuum devoid of any matter. On the other hand, she *was* a goddess, so who's to say that she *couldn't*? She was the one who made the rules there, not anyone else, and if the universe at large disagreed, then it was more than welcome to get in line and issue a complaint so she could officially ignore it; the Latias wanted to get *bigger*, and if that meant ignoring fundamental principles of existence and potentially endangering reality as she knew it, then that was merely the price she had to pay for it. She was, ultimately, perfectly capable of (proverbially) snapping her fingers and putting everything back, so why bother? The last time she spent *any* amount of mental capacity worrying about whether or not she should do something, it ended up taking so long that she had to warp time in order to be able to do it at all, and from thereon, Sierra had told herself *no more*: if she wanted to do something, she would, and if it ended up being a colossal mistake, then better to put everything back together again and forget it ever happened rather than spend the rest of her existence thinking about what *might* have happened had she had the courage to act when the opportunity arose. And with her being what she was, that existence was... certainly long. Eternal, perhaps, given that she felt enough power within her to break the bounds of a single universe if she *really* wanted to, which would make any regret unfathomably horrendous to contemplate; she wasn't about to carry second thoughts with her for the literal duration of all perpetuity, so the best thing

to do was to just *do* things and worry about the consequences never. Do *that*, and true happiness could be achieved; screw enlightenment, she wanted to feel what it was like to be *off her mind* on a serotonin high at every single living moment! And really, she was well on her way to do just that, given how much enjoyment she was squeezing out of current situation; one could go for a million years living a thousand thousand lives, and one could never truly grasp the sheer *depth* of the depraved sense of self-indulgence that Sierra, by then overshadowing the planet with just her triangle markings alone, was experiencing at that moment. One could never begin to understand how much she was adoring every femtosecond, where the mere exercise of existence was itself fuel for the fire, one that burned and raged within her with the strength of a thousand supernovae. But with it, of course, came an equally ravenous need to consume, a hunger that gnawed at her and demanded the Latias fill the furnace, lest it run dry and cold; a form of adaptation, perhaps, to keep the goddess from burning up too much without any intake, not that she particularly cared about obeying equivalent exchange. If she *truly* wanted to, Sierra was reasonably certain she could just make herself grow and never stop until some arbitrary amount of time had passed... but what would be the fun of it? Why grow if that didn't include eating? Why bloat if she wasn't doing so with actual *food*, even if her definition of what that was happened to be a lot looser than before? The act of feasting upon reality itself and its many constituent parts was what made the whole exercise of being a goddess worth it, and if not for that, then what was the point really? Was she supposed to just take what she had and end up bigger purely through force of will, when she had a much better option available to her? Because she figured that was complete horseshit, and fully intended to prove it going forward... *just* as soon as she got Emily on board with her, and on the same level for good measure. It was likely the feline would just be left in the dust once the Latias began bloating again, but for the time being, it was perhaps best for everyone involved if the demi-goddess was instructed to stop fucking around and start using her powers properly, rather than lying there underneath an ever-swelling belly like she *wasn't* fully capable of lifting it off herself. It took a bit of convincing, not the least of which because she *was* actually quite comfortable when pressed down by Sierra's fat gut, not to mention a non-insignificant amount of energy sacrificed on the Latias' part, but eventually the big cat was pushed up a few dozen size ranks and ended up just big enough that their still-much-larger friend could actually see. Not too big, certainly not enough for her to outsize the triangle markings on Sierra's colossal midriff, but sufficient for the purposes that the mega-giantess had in mind; after all, she *was* quite thirsty, and if nothing else, Emily had proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that her milk was *very* nutritious and filling, so much so that the Latias wanted for nothing more than to have a few mouthfuls once again. This *would* need the uplifted demi-goddess to pump her tits up a few more relative cup sizes, but really, what was she going to do, *not* get continuously bigger as the two of them elevated themselves to ever-greater levels, all while moaning their heads off at the pleasure of it all? Nonsense. No, she was going to *grow* and she was going to *like it*, even if Sierra had to pump the cat up with her own power to the point where her growth was stunted and left by the wayside... for about a few seconds, which was quite a bit given the state of mind the Latias was in. Still, it was either that or not exalt Emily to the position of ultimate goddesshood,

and the latter wasn't acceptable, nor would the cat herself abide by it; much as Sierra was convinced that she was the one entirely in charge of what was happening, the truth of the matter was significantly more complex than a simple one-way relationship with one reluctant half. In reality, the feline was more than happy to let the Latias bwoomf outwards and take up most space around her, the planet and its environs, just as long as there wasn't an actual breakdown going on that would endanger the long-term stability of the world. Yes, Earth was smushed against a belly of immense proportions, and there was something to be said about how she could've done far more for it than she had, but ultimately, it was still entirely within her power to pull the Latias back from the brink and force them to behave; just as long as this held true, there was really no reason to try and hold them back, and in fact, plenty of reasons to egg the giantess on further, nevermind the fact that this was incredibly dangerous and had no reason to be done beyond self-indulgence taken to the nth degree. Which, to be fair, was more or less what drove both Emily and Sierra to do anything at that point, when the whole planet was no longer in consideration and the only thing worth doing was seeing what their brains wanted in exchange for a serotonin hit and giving them *just that*. The difference, of course, was that Emily wanted to indulge Sierra in a way that Sierra herself was entirely unaware of; the Latias was so busy trying to come up with new and inventive ways of making herself look like some sort of extra hyper-goddess of hunger and devourment that she failed to notice how her fellow deity was smiling so widely as to be downright comical, were it not for the obvious *thirst* spelled out on every single line. Indeed, Emily herself did absolutely nothing to stop the Latias from doing whatever it was they thought they needed to do, be it grow themselves out or pour extra mass into the feline in some weird attempt at getting them to do something or other. It was better for Sierra to think that Emily had no intention of competing, since then they'd be more open to the idea of splurging out and letting their wild side out if they thought they were the ones in control; though, in all honesty, it was hard to tell if they actually *weren't*, given the size difference between themselves and the goddess who started this entire thing by quite literally feeding them to be that size. Emily certainly thought they could put a stop to it, while Sierra was beyond convinced that her power was limitless, and in the middle of it all, poor Kitty was stuck between the feline's bosom and unable to do much beyond watch as everything was consumed in a rampaging orgy of destruction that very rapidly took the entirety of the planet by storm and ended up bumping into the moon before anyone could say anything about it. He was so out of his depth that he might as well be wading through open ocean, lacking even the most basic ability to comprehend what in blazes was happening to him or to everything around him. He was used to Emily having her powers, sure, and to a certain extent he recognized that she was far more powerful than she gave herself credit for, but it was one thing for him to *know* this was true, and quite another for him to truly comprehend it in a way that made some sense to him on a practical level. The most that Emily had ever done was, well, what she'd done right before the two of them met Sierra: outright teleport the two of them somewhere deserted and far enough away that they wouldn't have to worry about anyone interrupting them. Anything beyond that was usually mundane stuff, such as summoning food, making herself change size, and on occasion creating

and unmaking extra furniture if they had guests over, but only if no one was looking. Kitty would be lying if he said he'd never thought about the *possibilities* of someone with the level of power that Emily had, but to go from there to actually wielding said power to do something as utterly insane as what Sierra was... well, it boggled the mind, really. He could imagine doing a great many things, but growing so big that it utterly destroyed the planet and infringed upon the orbit of its satellite? Repeatedly bloating outwards so much that the very gravity wall of their shared homeworld was turned inside out and then erased entirely, nevermind how utterly impossible that was? Going so far as to try and nomf at the disparate pieces of the planet that were floating by, as if they were pieces of cereal floating in some vast bowl filled with milk... or something of the sort? It strained the limits of what he considered to be possible, and he was *lucky* that most of it was blocked off by Emily's body being so gargantuan; he was sure that if he had a front-row seat to the carnage, his mind would've broken in half, ripped to tatters and left out to dry as he tried to piece it back together using only the limited knowledge of the universe he happened to have. And yet, the two women seemed to at ease with their status, almost like they *weren't* weaving the laws of the universe to serve their base desires and nothing else; Sierra just kept getting bigger, Emily was apparently bloating their tits up with milk, and soon enough the two of them were putting that together to some truly *astounding* effect. It was hard to tell just who was feeding whom, or if feeding was even the correct term; it was entirely possible that the cream itself was incidental and unnecessary, that the true transfer was that of energy and raw divine power, and it just happened that Sierra drinking straight from Emily's breasts was the simplest way to go about it. Either that, or it gave them both the right amount of stimulation they needed, as creatures of such immense girth and magnitude that regular most likely required an equally excessive source of pleasure, lest they run dry and end up blue-balled... or whatever term applied in that case. In fact, so curious was he to see just what might be happening outside that Kitty did something exceedingly stupid: he deliberately went out of his way to wriggle free from Emily's lap. He shouldn't have, and indeed he came to regret it almost immediately, but he did so anyway for the sake of purest curiosity. He had to know what was happening, had to know what was in store for him whenever he was freed, and above all, he had to know what the two of them *looked like* now that they were fully ascended. He saw parts of them, and indeed the best ones, but that hardly meant anything if he couldn't take in the whole; only by fully realizing the totality of the two goddesses could he truly comprehend what it was like to be in their presence, and really, all he had to do was crawl out from the lap of someone who was about the same size as his country used to be back home. No biggy, he... had probably walked *more* than that if he counted up every step he took in his life, and he probably had plenty of time now that the two goddesses had unleashed themselves; far as he knew, he was probably immortal already, and if not, then certainly long-lived and highly resilient. He *was* in a vacuum, after all, and somehow he hadn't felt the need to breathe in long enough that it was just starting to feel incredibly weird; not uncomfortable in any manner, but still a reminder that what was happening and entirely unnatural and had no business taking place in a world that made any sense whatsoever. Then again, he was surrounded on all sides by a country-sized Emily nestling against an even *bigger*

Sierra, so the notion of what was “normal” had clearly been thrown out the window entirely. He was only glad for the fact that there was no sound in the void, lest his ears have to be assaulted by what were no doubt loud moans and screams for more; instead, he just had the occasional shockwave coursing through the entirety of the megascape that was Sierra’s body, passing onto Emily’s and leaving *him* rattling from head to toe like he was a loose twig in a tornado. It made him wonder whether he should even leave at all, or if he should accept his new fate as the two goddesses’ plaything, the little tiny one whose entire purpose was to be passed around and be used as a squeeze toy for the two divinities who commanded the universe and its forces. It could’ve been worse; Sierra could’ve decided to eat both of them, and while Emily was likely powerful enough that she could resist it, there would be ample unpleasantness afterwards, rather than the mutual madness that was happening at that exact moment. They could’ve simply gone their separate ways, never to see one another again, forever to wonder what it would’ve been like had they just stopped and given themselves to one another; hell, they could’ve just had sex and been done with it, leaving *him* by the wayside thinking what had just happened while begging the two to go further. Instead, they picked... this. This path of insanity and unreason, this method of madness, this absolute chaos where their urges and desires were the ones calling the shots and they couldn’t even *begin* to think about any alternatives; this reality in which their principal concern was to make good use of their bodies’ uncanny ability to generate more nerve connections than normal in order to experience pleasure unlike any that had ever been experienced before. And there he was, tiny, almost insignificant, unable to affect things to any meaningful extent, left to be smushed and smothered by pudg in every direction by a cat goddess who had completely forgotten him. Hell, he was about ready to start genuinely feeling sorry for himself when he saw, then felt, a couple of fingers lock onto him and pull him out, drawing a silent yelp from Kitty as he was unceremoniously plucked from within what looked to be Emily’s *cleavage*. He barely had time to consider this before he was pulled “upwards”, for lack of a better word; guessing which direction he was going was somewhat difficult in the middle of space, where the only point of reference was Emily herself. Curiously, not Sierra; *they* had grown so immense that they might as well be the background of reality from where Kitty was standing (floating?), the only thing visible being her belly, stretching in every direction as far as the small cat could see. He could *swear* he heard her giggling, even though he knew that was impossible, and wisely decided not to pay attention, for fear that it might infect his mind with some sort of lust virus; really, stranger things had happened, and with the way the Latias was acting, he would *not* be surprised if such a thing existed.