

Especially when the transition was so smooth that they both barely noticed it: one moment they were on the planet, and the next... they just weren't. Their forms were so absurdly massive that by then it didn't register, given that their weight distribution made it impossible to feel the force of gravity anymore; if anything, *they* were the center of the trinary system formed between themselves and the Earth, especially after the two water spheres grew large enough that they likely held more water than the entirety of the world's oceans. Oddly enough, the two of them were far, *far* larger than they should be, even *with* so much growth potion split between them, making it clear that whatever was going on, they were experiencing far more than just simple filling; but of course, neither of them had the time to consider or worry about this, since they had more important things to do. Things like grow further, stretch out and feel as their forms, now wrapped on all sides by the blanketing comfort of the vacuum of space, took up increasing amounts of... well, *space*, in every single direction. Past a certain point, they barely even felt any difference, given that there was very little for them to interact with *to* feel anything at all; they had one another, and that was certainly more than they could ever ask for, but apart from that it was just the vast emptiness of space, stretching in every direction for a supposedly infinite distance, waiting to be filled by *something*... or two somethings, as the case may be. When the Earth was pushed out of the way by their burgeoning bellies, safely held within the folds of their two bodies, somewhere between a breast and a belly, what else could they do, where else could they *go* if not outward? They lacked a solid surface to stand on, thus, they had to keep going until they either found one, or occupied so much space that they *became* the solid surface on which the entire universe was organized. And, given that there was a conveniently located, stellar-sized fusion engine from which to draw energy, the two water spheres had no shortage of material to work with in order to further infuse the two giantesses with even *more* of its filling, self-replicating chemicals. There wasn't much else to do, after all; the spheres simply absorbed sunlight, turned it into magical power and used *that* to produce more of themselves to pump into two bodies that grew larger, thus required *more* sunlight, in an endless and self-reinforcing cycle that very quickly reached unsustainable levels. After all, both Fira and Ash were billowing outwards at a much faster pace than they should be, owing to the potion's unique effects, so it didn't take more than a few minutes after their homeworld was outgrown before they were bumping into Mars and Venus, and from there, just a few seconds more until they were looming over the Sun itself. The two spheres had their work cut out for them, transforming all that delicious sunlight into yet more usable energy for them to grow and help the two lovers grow in tandem, just barely managing to keep up as Fira and Ash both outgrew the very life-giving star that had once seemed so insurmountably massive. From there, however, there was no turning back; if ever there had been the slightest chance of their transformation being reversible, it was thrown out the window from the moment the light of their local star ceased being enough to shine upon them, leaving the two of them covered in a blanket of darkness that was only broken by distant starlight... starlight that shouldn't *have* to be so distant, when either of them thought about it. There were plenty of other stars out there in the great beyond, and what was stopping them from reaching for them? What was stopping the water spheres from taking all the magical

power they had accumulated in order to give both women enough of a boost that they very quickly bridged the gap between where their solar system had been and the closest star to them? Nothing, or at least close to nothing; it made it unsurprising when the two of them felt *something* warm poke at them for a moment before it, too, vanished into their growing selves, not realizing that, by growing so much that they even reached these stars to begin with, they hadn't simply *moved* there: they had occupied every inch of space between their ascension site and whatever star they had just finished consuming. It didn't occur to them that they were already cosmic in scale; if there were anyone big enough to watch their galaxy from a distance, they'd already be able to tell them apart from the mass of stars around them, two colossal collections of spheres whose forms only grew wider and more bloated with each passing moment. The growth itself accelerated, the colossal amounts of ambient energy present throughout the galaxy more than enough for the water spheres to tap into, which only led to further growth in the ceaseless ascension towards insurmountable heights; for Ash and Fira, who were both still close enough to one another that their heads were within a handful of feet, the experience couldn't have been more transcendental... and quite literally so. Nothing that could have possibly happened to them would've been better, because nothing *could* be better; they were becoming goddesses, their forms outgrowing the universe around them, occupying every inch of free space, their bellies and rumps and breasts and body all swelling outwards at a pace so rapid that it broke the speed of light without them even realizing it had happened. Their bodies, once little more than average, had become something greater than what the universe could withstand, and as a result, no more limits applied to them; this wasn't a realization that either of had, or indeed could have given the way their minds were too focused on the galactic-scale waves of pleasure crashing into them, but it held true regardless: their bodies, their selves, had become so magically charged that physical law no longer applied to them, opening the door to yet more expansion, yet more growth, yet more *everything*. It wouldn't take more than an hour before they were both larger than their local galactic arm, and from there, with their expansion rate accelerating exponentially, no more than a few minutes before the water spheres pumping them fuller dipped their tendrils into the supermassive black hole at the center of the galactic plane, "borrowing" some of its constituent mass to dump into Ash and Fira. This did pose a slight issue in that, after they were done with their galaxy, there was a *long* way to go before they reached the next one, but if they'd done that with stars on a smaller scale, then surely it was just a case of pumping more juice into them. It wasn't a qualitative change as much as a quantitative one, a matter of scale rather than anything else; thus, though it still took some effort, it was a foregone conclusion that the dragoness and raptress couple would inevitably reach the next galaxy over. Much like before, they did this not by moving towards it, but by growing to occupy every micrometer of empty space between their starting point and end points, turning them into supra-galactic megastructures whose forms had become so dense as to counteract the very expansion of the universe; this, of course, only made it easier for the tendrils surrounding them to acquire yet more energy for the continuous inflation, seeing as, rather than having to seek out more of the cosmos to absorb and transform into growth potion, their self-replicating properties need only tap into the increasingly larger pool of magical

energy all around them, a process that only got worse the bigger the water spheres made the two mega-giantesses. The larger they became, the stronger the gravitational pull, the quicker the whole universe began to orbit *them* rather than the other way around; the thicker they got, the faster the whole process became, until entire galactic clusters were being turned into halos and rings encircling their forms, all while the growth itself reached a critical point where the two would be very much “finished” before they even knew it. But neither Ash nor Fira could bring themselves to care; not when they had one another and the growth itself to keep them busy, not when universes’ worth of mass was pouring down their gullet, into their rumps, straight into their tits, turning their bodies into reservoirs in which all things that could exist were turned into yet more dragoness, yet more raptress, purely for one another’s enjoyment. Nary half a “day” had passed since the two of them had first taken the potions, and already existence itself was little more than a twinkling little light, somewhere so far below their perception that it may as well not even exist; there was still a universe, in the sense that Ash and Fira *were*, with them not being popped out of reality in some odd moment of divine awakening. They were still there, each one as large as anything could possibly be, slowly coming to realize that, no matter how much they grew, they had reached a peak: Fira was half of everything, and Ash was the other half (the cosmos itself barely accounting for a fraction of a percentage point). Everything that was, from the greatest of galactic superclusters to the tiniest of atoms, had all become so immeasurably small compared to them that, really, neither Ash nor Fira *could* see any of them, leaving only themselves to fill the entirety of their instance of reality, alone in a void... though, not necessarily. It would’ve been a lonely existence under most circumstances, but both of them were accompanied by that which they wanted the most: one another. Ash had Fira, Fira had ash, the dragoness and raptress couple perfectly with the fact that nothing else existed but them; they had, after all, already been acting like that was the case for the longest time. If anything, this was merely an affirmation of something they already believed to be the truth, and when the last vestiges of the growth potion *finally* wore off, when the water spheres eventually ran out of fuel and the last mouthfuls were poured down their throats, the two made sure to let the other one know just how they felt.

They couldn’t hear the laughter, of course; even with their heads being practically glued to one another, they *were* still in a vacuum, lacking anything to help propagate noise. But the joy was visible, the *act* of laughing was visible, their beaming smiles were perfectly evident if only they bothered to look. There was no light around them, all photons having long-since been devoured and turned into more growth juice, but that didn’t seem to be an impediment; their forms, being everything that was, were perfectly visible to one another, as if their very being, by merely *existing*, was enough for it to be seen, for it would be borderline heresy otherwise. They were there to be admired, to be looked upon and gawked at, to be loved and adored... by one another. Fira was there for Ash, while the dragoness could only hope to be everything the raptress needed her to be, and together, this endless cycle would carry out for all eternity. After all, Ash was powerful enough in her magical prowess that she could easily turn back the clock and put everything back together; it wasn’t necessarily *simple*, but being as gifted in the arts as

she was, the dragoness knew that it was merely a matter of putting in enough effort, giving them plenty of reasons why they shouldn't have to worry about anything, at least not for the foreseeable future.

They did, after all, have one another, and for most of their life together, that had been all they needed. Now, there, at the end of time and space, they once more had one another, forever and always; it was all they could ever need.

So why wish for more?