

Accidental Ascension

A Story Commission for Rhonas

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Content Warning: Macro, Mega, Growth, Muscle Growth

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Zero Days Since



“Damn you!” the sorcerer croaked between ragged, exhausted breaths. “I can't believe decades of work was ruined by one muscle-headed idio-oof!!”

The sorcerer's last word cut off into a wheeze as the dinner plate-sized hoof still resting on his chest, pinning him in place on the floor, pressed a bit harder. The hoof's owner grinned smugly and showed off his winning smile while proudly posing with his massive battle axe across his shoulders with one hand. More than once the sorcerer had tried to reach for the crystalline artifact that Rhonas, the minotaur who had somehow gotten the better of him, stood next to. The object was absurdly powerful; having drained the entire world of every scrap of arcane energy and left the world magicless. All save for the sorcerer who held the artifact. Well, used to hold it, at any rate.

“Oh yeah? Well, if I'm an idiot then what does that make you? I'm not the one laying on the floor after having gotten his ass kicked by a single adventurer! I mean what kind of dick move is it to steal the world's magic anyway?” The Minotaur taunted, unable to help himself. “Now all I have to do is release it and everything should go back to normal.”

The sorcerer stared up at him in confusion, unsure what the bulky anthropomorphic bovine intended. The brutish adventurer was no magician,

that much had become clear. So there was no way he could know how to manipulate the crystal's energies at all, much less undo the spell that had siphoned up all the world's magic into it. He was just a meat-headed brute with big muscles and a bigger axe! Then realization struck and the sorcerer's eyes went wide as Rhonas lifted his axe once again.

"Wait! D-Don't!" The sorcerer shouted, his trembling voice full not of outrage at his defeat, but of concern for his own well-being and disbelief at the Minotaur's intentions.

His warning came far too late. By the time the sorcerer had finished crying out the axe was already mid-swing. The moment it contacted the crystalline artifact the entire thing shattered like paper thin glass and all the magical energy stored within was released! However, magic wouldn't simply going to go back to wherever it came from. It didn't work like that – not that Rhonas knew any better. No, much like electricity and its fundamental property of gravitating towards something conductive, magic tended to be attracted to natural energy and life. So, when all that arcane energy was released from its prison, it immediately sought out the closest source of life like lightning to a lightning rod – and in this case that was Rhonas. But this was no minor mana crystal a wizard used to replenish their magic, no. No, this was the culmination of every ounce of arcane power the entire world had previously possessed!

There was an explosion of light and pressure and from the crystalline prison erupted a massive swirling ball of ethereal energy that slammed into Rhonas's chest with enough force to send his powerful form flying with a surprised yelp! The newly freed sorcerer was finally able to take a deep breath as the weight of Rhonas's body left him suddenly, but then jumped in startled surprise as the massive axe fell from Rhonas's hand and clattered next to him. The minotaur's body impacted the far wall with a sickening thud and enough force to send cracks spiderwebbing behind in every direction. The impact had been so great that not only was the stone wall smashed but Rhonas's spine had shattered in a half dozen places as well! Thankfully, Rhonas was no longer just a meat-headed brute. There was so much magical energy forcing itself into his body from the crystalline artifact that the injury he had sustained was instantly healed. Nerves and muscle knitted together while fractured bones welded shut. But the magic couldn't stop there. It needed a purpose. After healing Rhonas's injury, it no longer had an immediate purpose, so it forced itself into the container that was his body. But such an absurd quantity of magical energy couldn't possibly fit

inside any mortal body, so the magic found a new purpose: it began to forge Rhonas into a proper container.

The minotaur snapped from his dazed state at the sound of tearing fabric. When he looked down, he saw his loin cloth shredding apart! The leather of his axe harness draped across his chest stretched uncomfortably tight around his colossal pecs before the metal buckle snapped in half and the harness fell to the floor, broken. At first, Rhonas didn't understand what was happening, still a bit loopy from being thrown thirty feet by the explosion and the recently healed head trauma. It wasn't until he felt his hoof bump against something that his situation began to dawn on him. That something? The defeated sorcerer. The sorcerer that was twenty feet across the room.

Rhonas's eyes went wide as he watched everything in the room suddenly and without warning dwindle in size! He didn't have much time to process that before his head bumped against the ceiling of the cavern, horns gouging deep into the stone. Rhonas stared at the fallen wizard across the room, his brain reeling with the reality of what his eyes were telling him. The sorcerer hadn't exactly been tall when they first did battle. The man had barely come up to the middle of Rhonas's chest. But now, the sorcerer looked like a little more than a child's toy from Rhonas's perspective. And he was still getting smaller. Or, rather, as Rhonas was rapidly becoming more aware, the minotaur was getting bigger.

In moments, he was large enough to effortlessly reach across the room towards the sorcerer without having to reposition himself. The wizard's eyes went wide in fear and then clinched closed as he watched the minotaur's fingers visibly growing larger as they reached for him. When he did not feel himself seized in the iron grip of the growing minotaur, he reopened to watch those massive digits pass over him and instead pick up the battle axe that had fallen to the ground beside him. Rhonas raised the weapon in front of him, both amazed and frustrated that his massive battle axe, his favorite weapon, was now barely the size of a fork to him. And even as he stared at it, the weapon seemed to shrink even further in his already massive grasp.

Thinking about it, the minotaur experimentally pressed his finger and thumb to opposite ends of the ax. With just the tiniest application of pressure he watched an amazement as the solid steel shaft bent in half like a piece of copper wire. During his inspection he didn't even notice when one of his thighs bulldozed over the sorcerer and they vanished beneath his expanding bulk with a strangled cry.

By now the cave was becoming uncomfortably cramped. Rhonas was forced to the fetal position, hunching down as low as he could to avoid breaking the surrounding stone walls. However, as his growth continued to ceaselessly progress, his back pressed into the ceiling again in no time. He wasn't exactly claustrophobic, but he did not like being closed in on like this, nor did he like the thought of thousands of tons of mountain rock falling on him and potentially crushing him. He needed to escape this predicament as his rising agitation at his confinement began to override his concern for his surroundings – so he simply sat up.

He was shocked at how easy it was. He barely even felt the solid stone that had to be at least a dozen feet thick crumbling against his movements as if it had been nothing more than clumped up wet sand. It was obvious that even with his increase in size he shouldn't have been able to simply push through the stone of the mountain like that. He wasn't just getting bigger; he was getting stronger, too!

He had already lost track of his size, unable to see anything in the darkness of the crumbling cavern much less having anything nearby to compare himself to. He could still feel himself getting bigger, getting stronger, but had no way to gauge how much. So, he decided to stand up and leave the cavern. Unfortunately for the surrounding mountainside, Rhonas had drastically underestimated how fast he had been growing.

He had barely gotten halfway upright before bright sunlight momentarily blinded him! The thunderous crashing of multiple avalanches echoed across the open valley around him. When he was finally able to clear his vision and look around, he didn't recognize where he was. It was as if he had been transported to another land entirely. A loud crash caught his attention, and he watched a boulder rolling down the side of the mountain and crashing into the moss below where it's splintered a half dozen of the plants that Rhonas could see. Squinting, he took a closer look and realized that it wasn't moss; those were trees! Trees that didn't seem any larger than blades of grass!

Looking behind him, he saw much of the mountain collapsing backwards as it had been effortlessly lifted by his back and shoved away. Disbelief slowly gave way to a wide grin spreading across the minotaur's face as his true stature finally started to dawn on him. He had literally outgrown the mountain! And he was still growing.

Finally able to see again, the Minotaur noticed that other changes had been occurring beyond just getting bigger. His body had always been well built and muscular, but he had gone from muscular to outright monstrous! Thick pectorals jutted out farther than his chin while thighs almost as thick around as his waist pressed against each other in a fight for space. When he tried flexing one of his arms his bicep bulged so large that it pushed up against the bowling ball that was his shoulder.

Had he a mirror he would have seen the more subtle changes also affecting him as the magic smoothed out miniscule, normally imperceptible imperfections. His teeth straightened slightly and polished to an almost reflective sheen. His hair and fur softened and smoothed out until each individual strand of fur rivaled the finest silk in softness – that is, if each strand was as thick around as the heaviest anchor rope and still growing with the rest of him. But the most striking change, aside from his incredible size were his eyes. They had lost their previous color and been replaced with a kaleidoscope of colors that shifted about all on their own.

When his growth finally slowed to a stop, the mountain – had it still been intact – wouldn't have reached his knees at its summit. The landscape of forest stretching out for miles in every direction was like a field of flat green to him. Even when he bent down to touch the ground, he barely felt any of the absurdly tiny trees. It seemed that the magic had finished its job of forcibly turning him into a proper container. Even now he could feel it roiling around inside of him almost begging him to use it for something. He was brimming with so much raw power he didn't even need spellcasting or structured arcane procedures. All he had to do was will something to happen and he could brute force his will into existence by simply pouring enough magic into it that the world had no choice but to obey his command.

This must have been what the sorcerer was after, this kind of power. Utter, absolute dominion over the world around him where a thought could reshape the land itself. Rhonas found himself more relieved than he expected that the evil magician had not triumphed. And now that he had all the power safely contained within himself, he could easily return it to where it came with but a single thought. All he had to do was will it to be and the world would once again be filled with magic. And then he would go back to being a normal adventurer. A normal, boring, tiny little adventurer...

Multicolored, spectrum-hued eyes closed slowly, and Rhonas took a deep, calming, cleansing breath. At present, he wasn't sure if he could technically call himself a “god”, but he was damn closer than anyone else in

history had ever been. And he would be remiss if he didn't explore the situation, at least a bit, right? Just when was an opportunity like this ever going to present itself again? A grin spread across the minotaur's lips as he rationalized to himself. The world had already survived for a couple of months without magic; it could withstand it a little longer if he decided to hold on to this power for just a few days... Or weeks...

Or centuries...



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