

She didn't know what possessed her to try out this new form, but after a short run... she couldn't say she didn't like it. Plenty of hesitation, plenty of skepticism, but when push came to shove and Emily had to try out what it was like to adopt a more tauric countenance, the results weren't that bad, actually; in fact, if she was to be so bold, her having four paws attached to a tauric undercarriage with a torso on top of it all did give her plenty more to work with, and that was *before* one took into consideration how she had just made herself room-sized to boot. It was a surprisingly stable body plan, all things considered; the cat had initially believed she'd be stumbling about, unable to truly control her four legs down below, but instead she found that walking came quite naturally, letting her experiment somewhat with just how soft she could make her paws, or how large they could be before they started getting in the way. After all, she'd done this for Kitty, not herself (even if it was starting to get difficult to remember this), hence why she'd gone all the way through with her transformation while the smaller of the two was very much stuck firmly underneath her. He couldn't move either; not that he was *prevented* from doing so, but having so much Emily on top of him made it difficult for the tinier kitten to do anything other than stare wide-eyed at the goddess above him, his muscles locked in place as the deific cat-taur further augmented her form with whatever upgrades she deemed necessary. It was simple at first, with Emily being content in merely altering her overall shape, but it very quickly descended into minutiae that, when added together, resulted in an irresistible physical avatar for a true deity in "mortal" form: from the curves of her tauric undercarriage, to the softness of her near-glistening fur, the prodigious rump or the unbelievably comfortable paws she used to keep Kitty nice and firmly underneath her, most of Emily seemed to be constructed from the ground up to induce as much of a visceral reaction of arousal in others as physically possible... as also evidenced by the *rather large* pair of breasts she sported on her regular torso. It was impossible not to notice them, especially when they maintained a near-perfect shape despite taking up a significant chunk of her upper body's front, all-but commanding any who laid eyes upon the bust to bring their hands over to it, to squish, to massage, to *feel* the impossibly weighty pudge and marvel at its magnificence. For Emily, this was perhaps the oddest sticking point, if only because it was the easiest part of her new anatomy to attach to herself; giving herself bigger tits was child's play by that point, and there really wasn't a lot that the feline could do to spice it up beyond just making them bigger and almost supernaturally squishy to the touch, enough so that one could sink one's hand straight to the wrist into it like some form of foam mattress. But with a new body, a new *form*, came new ideas, ideas which weren't at all possible beforehand but now presented themselves as not only entirely within the realm of the achievable, but as *delectable* in how easy it would be to reach them. Whereas beforehand Emily had to worry about torso space, unless she wanted to expand everything above the waist like a noodle, *now* she had plenty of room down her front and onto the underside of her tauric body; plenty of room that she could *fill*, plenty of room that could use plenty of soft squish that she could show off to the world, that all might grow green with envy at how the only person allowed to make use of such delicious, heavenly warmth was Kitty and Kitty alone... plus, Kitty was there, which meant he'd be given one hell of a smothering in a way that was certain to get him mewling and begging for more, and

ever since Sierra unlocked her more self-indulgent side, Emily couldn't help but see that as a positive big enough to overshadow all others. Of course, it wouldn't do to *just* grow; as much as she'd done it several times in the past, now that she'd convinced herself to try out something new, the cat goddess figured she might as well go all the way and deliberately challenge herself to come up with something *novel*. Whether she was doing this for herself, for Kitty, or some unholy combination of both would be a question left for the history books (at least until Emily herself rewrote them the next time she lost control of her libido), but it was hardly important compared to the myriad of ideas swimming around in her head. There were just so many that she was honestly spoiled for choice, paralyzed by indecision; with the power of divinity to draw from, and a literal multiverse of possibilities, it almost felt quaint to want to settle for just *one* thing. After multiple instances of universal resets, that short stint outside the boundaries of reality where she and her beloved kitten spent goodness knows how long staring at the constructed diamond planet, and the *uncountable* number of size-based rampages, anything she *could* do struck Emily as... insufficient. Or, at the very least, too mundane to really register with her any longer, given what she was truly capable of. It was only when she cupped her breasts, feeling their heft bearing down upon her hands, that an idea came to her, one that was both *new* and, perhaps most importantly, left *her* feeling slightly weak at the knee (both a first *and* a serious accomplishment given she had four of those now). With a grin, Emily readjusted herself so that her tauric undercarriage was perfectly aligned with Kitty on the the floor, then back away ever so slightly, just enough to give her better half a good view of the underside of her bust; he was going to get a hell of a lot more than that in very short order, but for that to happen, the goddess cat had to snap her fingers first. With a quiet, almost imperceptible rushing of wind, this simple act manifested several small spheres, which to Kitty, at least at first, looked to be made of wood and dirt, a few even painted with handfuls of blue splotches or deep greens. Only when he looked closer did he realize that he wasn't looking at a conglomeration of balls, but a constellation of *planets*; small ones, sure, but the unmistakable shapes of continents and oceans, of mountain ranges and flatlands would very quickly become apparent, raising a whole lot of question regarding whether or not those were *real*, whether the two of them had grown to overshadow planetary sizes despite still being in their living room, or if Emily had plucked those things from outer space and shrunk them down so they could fit better. None of these were even remotely important to answer, not when the cat-taur was already licking her lips at the sight of her newest snacks; so much mass compacted into such a tiny volume, and with cream filling to boot! It'd be a bit harder to swallow than usual compared to actual candy, but to someone like herself, outright devouring a planet wasn't at all outside the realm of possibility; after all, had she not outright reset the universe multiple times? Hell, had she not existed *outside* it for relatively long periods of time, for a given definition of "time" when it couldn't be measured? If that was the case, then really, what *was* a planet? A tiny sphere, a small ball, something to be held in one of her hands and admired as the remaining eleven or so floated around and above her head, giving her the oddest-looking, most heterogeneous halo that Kitty had ever seen. Emily, for her part, looked down *ravenously* at the planet she held in her hands, barely capable of holding back

her drool while she licked her lips, ready to dig into the meal and not stop until it had been fully devoured. For a moment, Kitty legitimately believed such a thing wasn't possible; if those *were* planets, then they were much too dense for Emily to do anything to them in her current state, needing far more than her regular form to affect astronomical bodies, no matter how diminutive they were made to be. Alas, he was very soon reminded of just *why* Emily was a goddess, and how wrong his assumptions were about her; to be fair, it wasn't every day that he saw his better half unleash her powers like that, much less do so in such a destructive manner... yet, rather than terrified, as he *should* well be, Kitty found himself *enraptured* by the displays whenever they did occur, as if watching an entity of Emily's power level do something as absurd as collecting planets from afar awoke a whole lot more than just his purely romantic love for that giantess. Thoughts for later though; in the moment, what Kitty had in front of him was a gluttonous goddess and the first of apparently twelve dishes, one that she dug into right after giving it a tentative lick; perhaps it was her way of giving herself permission, or maybe the taste was such that it was too much for her to handle properly. Maybe planets just tasted *really* well for divine beings; it would certainly explain Emily's penchant for absorbing the universe when ascending, and Sierra's insistence on physically consuming everything in her path when she did the same. Thus, the small planet in Emily's hands didn't last for more than a minute when the cat-taur began eating it; though the crust was the worst part, being an outer, harder shell surrounding the gooey interior, the goddess made short work of it in no time at all, leaving behind huge chunks of the surface gone entirely and exposing the molten inner layers. Kitty could only hope that no one was alive on there, when Emily raised the broken planet above her head and tipped it over, almost like it were a wine glass: the tiny spheres might be dense, but *she* was the one who decided where things went, and at that time, what she wanted was for the endless quantities of molten rock and metal to pour out into her mouth, drained from the planet's center as if it were little more than a bowl from which to drink. And while normally Kitty would be terrified at something like this, the way in which Emily acted, the way she made it feel so *natural*, was rather... awe-inspiring. There was a goddess, eating a planet, and turning its mass into more of her own as well; he didn't notice it at first, but Kitty being Kitty, and being stuck underneath someone who was a good five feet taller than him *and* had a tauric carriage taking up most of their living room, it'd be impossible not to note how much the cat goddess' bust was *growing* before his very own eyes. It wasn't anything *new*, but it was *different*, and that alone made it so much better than before; for previously, Emily had simply made herself bigger, willed her body into becoming larger through sheer exercise of her powers rather than any more direct cause. Now, however, she was *devouring* a planet, one she most likely stole from wherever it had once been and shrunk down so she could hold it in her hands; now she was drinking from its molten core, the warm glow of magma visible from within her throat for just a handful of seconds before it flowed directly down, not into her stomach, but into her tits, forcing them to swell as they radiated enough heat that the air around them practically became hazy, enough heat that Kitty could almost *feel it* coming down from above. Soon enough they would be nearly half again their size, enough to start intruding upon the sides of her torso, the faintest of sloshing leaving the

smaller cat wondering he was hearing the magma, or something a lot sweeter and creamier. Whatever the case, the taur goddess certainly wasn't done there, because it wasn't *just* her tits bloating: her belly, too, had taken some of the consumed mass, though clearly less compared to what was happening up above. Just enough to round out the underside of Emily's tauric body, and certainly more than enough to catch Kitty's attention when he realized just *why* he had been positioned underneath her in the way that he had. Not that he was going to move; being smothered by an increasingly large, soft, and warm belly? Enveloped on all sides by his partner's pudge? He couldn't ask for anything more, especially when the selfsame magma going down Emily's throat made itself known in the way that gut radiated enough heat to make Kitty feel like he was covered by a thick blanket on a cold winter's night. It was all he could ask for... which, of course, meant Emily had to provide more. It was part of her nature, after all, to go above and beyond when it came to satisfying her urges and giving her beloved kitten something to think about at the same time, hence *why*, as soon as she was satisfied with the size of her bust, she redirected the mass directly underneath it, to a *new* pair of breasts. Once again, not necessarily a *new* trick up her sleeve, but a spin on an old one, inventive enough that it counted as something novel: every gulp she took, her second row was bumped forward a couple of inches, with her matching her consumption to the rate of growth in an entirely unnecessary manner, *purely* so that Kitty, whenever he could be bothered to look up, would be hypnotized by the rhythm. Indeed, as soon as he wrenched his eyes away from the belly directly above most of his body, the smaller cat could only ever have eyes for the second swelling set, so thoroughly mesmerized by it that his mouth was left wide open, his tongue kept from lolling out only because he was lying down. It didn't take more than a few seconds, not even a full minute, before this additional row was the same size as the original one, leaving Emily's chest a bit more cramped than before, and giving her ample reason to just swallow the rest of the planet she was still holding, which by then had grown empty like a spent eggshell. A crunch, a crack, the adding of a cup size and further handfuls of belly, and sooner still, the goddess cat was already grabbing another one of her summoned planets with the widest grin on her face. It was hunger unlike any she'd experienced before, the sort of mindless need for consumption that would characterize the absolute worst (best?) moments of her ascension; she was no longer Emily, the caring mother goddess whose main motivation was to bring elation and joy to all (but mostly Kitty), rather she had become Emily, the destructor deity who saw in herself perfection and incarnate and yet insisted it could be made *better*. She was Emily, the goddess that *Sierra* saw and insisted on bringing out, the one that wasn't concerned with anything she did on account of very easily being able to snap her fingers and reset the proverbial playing board; no point being worried about anything when it was so easy to have time be rewinded to the precise moment before anything of note actually happened. Hence *why*, when she took the second planet into her hands, Emily decided against taking that one in particular; returning the rocky sphere to the halo above her head, she instead took the one gas "giant" in the collection, her eyes wild, her tongue already lapping at the nearly-congealed layers of gas just inches away from her. Giggling, she waved one of her hands and produced a straw out of nowhere, before plunging it directly into the stolen planet like it was

some kind of weird, extra-green coconut like one saw in the movies. The difference, of course, being that she didn't merely slurp up the interior while leaving the outer shell intact; rather, every pull on the straw made the gas ball smaller and smaller, until all that was left was the inner hydrogen core that, very rapidly, was turned into one last mouthful before the former giant was consumed completely. And, just as before, the effects this had on Emily's body could not possibly be understated, for it seemed as if the goddess cat-taur had finally decided to stop playing around: not only did the second planet add even more size to her already-prodigious busts, each one ending up large enough that they could individually cover most of Emily's torso, but it too helped to sprout yet another pair of its, that one too very quickly reaching the size of the two rows above it. How exactly she kept her back straightened out with so much weight tugging on it was anyone's guess, not that Kitty was in any position to wonder about it; the second planet had *also* done a number on his partner's belly, which, while not technically touching him *yet*, was close enough that all he had to do was breathe in more than usual for his heaving chest to touch the low-hanging, prodigiously rotung gut that Emily was sporting. Not just that, but the *warmth* of it was such that he no longer needed to touch it, as mere proximity was sufficient to help smother him in the welcoming heat, begging him to reach out and smush his hands against the taur-cat's divine form. Yet, he chose not to, precisely because he knew that such a thing was Emily's and Emily's alone to do; she had kept him there so *she* could lower herself onto him whenever *she* decided it was time, and while it was certainly more dominant on her part than usual, Kitty couldn't bring himself to complain. Far from it, in fact, as he quite enjoyed this new aspect of hers, as now that the full goddess was unleashed, he could be certain that this sort of debauchery would become commonplace. As if on cue, Emily let loose a long, rumbling, throaty moan as soon as she was done with the second planet, trying and failing to lift a single one of her tits... and only ending up making herself moan louder, which joined in perfectly with the sounds of creaking flesh and slorshing milk as all six of her breasts began to grow outwards without the addition of any planetary mass. It took a few seconds, as well as Emily letting out a short and squeaky "*Fuck!*" before Kitty realized what was happening, and by the time that the taur-cat stopped whatever she was doing, panting and gasping for breath, her three busts had become so gargantuan that the bottommost pair was squished against the floor while the topmost was high enough that Emily could use it as an armrest. All of her front had been taken over by her titstack, a proportional size that she very rarely reached, yet from the look on her face, it clearly wasn't enough. Kitty recognized that expression, knowing full well what sort of *gluttony* was held behind it, and thus wasn't surprised when his beloved plucked a third planet from above her, not even stopping to think about the consequences before digging in immediately. There was no more room for foreplay, not now that her body had reached such absurd sizes, and no matter how much a part of Emily herself insisted that she should be more careful about what she was doing, there was a far larger aspect of her that superimposed itself upon all others: Emily the *goddess*, who didn't well care about anything other than her own self-indulgence and the pursuit of purest pleasure. Thus, the third planet went down in just a handful of bites, with Emily licking her fingers after being done despite there being nothing on

them; it was so quick, in fact, that her body took a few moments more before it reacted to the snack's constituent mass... at which point, the entire room quaked as all of Emily *surged* outwards as a result of her reprocessing her third meal. Not just her bust, as well as the complementary *fourth* appearing where her "waist" met with her tauric half, but her whole frame in general, going from merely looming over Kitty to outright *covering* him completely, all before that belly of hers bumped out even more and pushed her tauric half upwards as a result. With her head thumping against the ceiling as her nipples either smushed against the floor or pressed against the far wall in front of her, it was time for Emily to snap her fingers and resize the room completely, giving herself more space into which to grow, and leaving Kitty feeling ever so insignificant... assuming he could even see the outside world anymore, being buried underneath his lover's soft pudge. Pudge that only grew heavier and fluffier as a result of Emily's feeding frenzy not being far behind the first spatial augmentation; not only did she get a taste for eating her lovely little planetary treats, chipping away at whatever self-restraint she still had, but having more room around her meant that she could *afford* to grow even more, despite the fact that she knew full well the distortions would only go so far before she burst into the outside world. Then again, even if that were to happen, then why should she care? She'd already reset the universe multiple times, on occasion with Sierra alongside her, so turning herself into a city-sized boobtaur was, if nothing else, quite *tame* compared to her usual fare... and it was precisely this mental image, of herself as this colossus of soft curves, of her new body overwhelmingly colossal, of her frame as being visible above the horizon while resting upon a bed of her own breasts, that encouraged Emily to dig her heels in deeper and forget anything she might've once known about self-control, moderation, or any such synonyms. She was there to *feed*, to gorge herself upon planetary bodies that she herself had taken from the heavens, chosen for no particular reason beyond simply being *there*; and as she took the fourth into her hands, as she cracked it open in half like a piece of candy and proceeded to drop the molten innards of it right down her throat again, she couldn't be happier. Not only did this grant her even *more* size, with her home shaking uncontrollably as the dimensional distortions keeping the room together spread out further, not only did this give her a *fifth* row of udders, this one already using part of her tauric undercarriage, not *only* did this make said tits, along with the other eight, significantly larger... but it left her hungrier as well. At that point, even Emily could recognize it: the precise sort of ravenous desire for food and sustenance that characterized her more "deific" moments, when she lost track of what it was like to exist as a mortal entity and was subsumed almost entirely by her divine half. She'd gotten somewhat better at controlling herself when in that mode, so much so that, on realizing that was what was happening, Emily *could* have simply stopped; it was entirely within her power to turn around and end things before they got too out of hand, but that would require her wanting to quit her fun while there was still *so much* of it to be had, and that just wasn't something she was all about. She had, after all, taken *twelve* planets from where they had once been, and had only gone through four; it'd be a downright shame if she was "forced" to return the other eight just because she randomly decided that she was "big enough", a concept that made absolutely no sense whatsoever when put next to the simple fact

that one, she was a goddess, and two, she had already destroyed and remade the universe in her image dozens of times before. It felt silly to stop when her body could still be contained by a single room, even *if* this room was distorted to be bigger on the inside than it should be. Therefore, with eight planets to go, Emily had already turned that number to a seven before she had a chance to react to it; her body was working on its own, leaving her in the dust when it came to making her own decisions, transforming her into little more than an automaton led entirely by her desires, her urges, her base needs, and little else. But, while others might find this a pitiful state of affairs for someone as powerful as Emily purported to be, Emily herself thought of this as her own personal apotheosis. Being a goddess meant being in control, at all times, regardless of whatever happened; even her moments of madness still allowed her to retain *some* semblance of sanity and sentience that she merely chose not to use, being far more content with merely enjoying herself. Yet, to truly lose herself, as she did on the sixth planet when her seventh pair of body-sized udders sprouted from underneath her tauric self, *that* was what she was looking for. To lose herself, to lose track of what she was, what she was supposed to do, how powerful she happened to be, until all that was left was a facsimile of a goddess, a creature that, while possessed of *power*, lacked the mental capacity to use it beyond getting off and pursuing greater heights of carnal bliss. This was, ultimately, Emily's goal, since she knew that even *if* she was successful, this would be a temporary state; eventually, her conscious self would return and leave her stuck dealing with the consequences of whatever she'd done during her growth spurt-slash-rampage... but even if it was a temporary state of affairs, that didn't mean she couldn't enjoy it thoroughly. And, as the seventh snack, eighth pair, and third room expansion came around, Emily could no longer find herself in her own mind. Perhaps she was there, stuck in some remote corner from where she couldn't escape, kept jailed by the almost ludicrous amounts of pleasure she was going through at the time; perhaps, once her brain was done processing all the sensory input it was getting from her truck-sized tits, then Emily might find herself once again, pulling back her sentient half from its prison so it could come help fix the mess that was made. But until then, she had better things to do, things like eating more planets, growing bigger, growing bustier, growing more numerous, growing *fatter*; poor Kitty was, at that point, trapped underneath literal tons of cat belly, his face kept locked in a permanent broken grin as his entire body was ground underneath so much pudge that he was literally convinced he had died and gone to heaven. No such bad luck, but it wasn't hard to figure out why he thought this was true: it would be, after all, impossible for someone to be smothered by so much cat-taur and *not* end up suffocating; hence, he was trapped underneath Emily's belly with such force that he abandoned the mortal coil. Luckily for him, he was very much alive, and still very much ignorant of the lengths his lover would go to in order to make the experience that much more enjoyable for the both of them; granted, Emily wasn't exactly thinking of anyone in particular beyond herself, but whether through a combination of factors that just *happened* to leave Kitty riding the wake of the pleasure wave, or some part of the goddess cat's mind that, even in its broken state, still remembered her better half stuck underneath her, the changes brought about were never *quite* just for her. That might be the primary motivator, but there was really no reason for Emily

to make her belly fatter and warmer beyond the person stuck underneath it, yet she did it regardless. There was no reason for her to radiate heat as much as she did, or for her paws to try and dig at whatever was stuck under her gut, but both of those things took place regardless. Even as the remaining planetary snacks were devoured, vanishing down her gullet and straight into her tits, body, more tits, and belly, *even* as Emily was lifted fully off the ground by a bed of breasts so gargantuan that the room, despite her best efforts, was starting to feel cramped, there was still that one little nugget in the back of her brain, calling out to her and telling her to remember Kitty. Of course, past a certain point, there was very little she *could* do beyond just exist, given how stranded she was on her own body... but, at the same time, all she had to do *was* exist, for by existing she gave her beloved everything he could ever want, and by existing she gave *herself* everything she could ever want. It was a win-win scenario of the highest caliber, and as her head bumped against the ceiling yet again, heralding the end of the line for both the binging *and*, conveniently, how far she could take the space around her, Emily was, at least for a moment, truly satisfied. Thirteen rows, a body to crush a house, and a belly to hold her dear Kitty for aeons if required.

Thus, she snapped her fingers.

And twelve more planets appeared.