

Waking up on a bed was a novel experience for Kitty; it had been a long while since he'd been small enough to fit *on* a bed, much less be able to sleep like regular mortals could. Still, he was there for Rizy, who still had a long way to go before they got used to the idea of existing like those who elevated them to begin with; they were still far too attached to their mortal side, needing some frame of reference to function before moving to anything more esoteric.

Kitty didn't mind. It was a call-back to simpler times, back when he still only existed in a limited number of dimensions and didn't have to worry about accidentally changing multiversal law because he was too horny. Plus, it was a chance to get away from Sierra's eternal, ravenous hunger, sharing a bed with someone whose tastes were *far* more contained and easier to process; for all that he was now a god in his own right, Rizy was yet to truly explore the boundaries of what he could do, preferring to hang around charted shores rather than plunge into the depths of the oceans of depravity he had at his disposal.

Ever since his ascension, the fox hadn't done much with himself; most of the time, he simply floated about in the great interstitial nothing, trying to make sense of what he was, who he was, *when* he was, as well as how much he could *do* with his newfound powers. He never went so far as to invoke the ability to create from nothing, as the very thought of it terrified him; as he had made sure to point out multiple times, what if he screwed something up? What if he accidentally created something that didn't want to be?

No, best if he stuck with familiar territory and only affected himself and no one else, much like it had been during his initial apotheosis. Then again, even here his reluctance became clear, as he couldn't seem to go past the stigmas he brought with him back from the mortal world: it was "scandalous" to do any of the things he wanted to do, never mind how literally no one who cared was there to watch, and those who watched didn't care. It took a long while before Kitty, being the one among the other three who could best understand the mentality, broke through to Rizy to let the fox know that it was fine to explore their form and expression... and even then, it *still* took long enough that the cat had the time to make a whole new universe just so the two of them could play around in it.

What better way to get Rizy up to speed on their powers than to provide a sandbox in which he could try them out, free of consequences? Kitty didn't even need to fill that instance of reality with more than just a single solar system: as long as he had a star and a planet to use as reference points, then the two of them didn't really need anything else. Beyond that, just a house to put a bed in, then enough room that the two could coexist within it, and they were set; once their avatars were attuned to that world, they were ready to let Rizy loose, however far they wanted to go.

Besides, it was a chance to experiment himself. It was only a matter of time, after all; spending literally uncountable epochs with both Sierra and Emily had left him in a state where he didn't feel like he had to do much at all, but there *had* to come a point when this changed. While his role was that of the tiny lover, that of the innocent little kitten who occasionally broke out into a cock larger than universal clusters, there *had* to be a point in time beyond which he had to try his hand at self-modification. And with Rizy there serving as his own personal Kitty, the real one felt as if he could afford to splurge out a bit.

Not *too* much; he was perfectly content being where he was, he just wanted to see how he'd look with a little something extra on him. Especially (and exclusively) below the waist: he had enough boob in his life with Emily, and didn't much need any belly seeing as he had Sierra, but between the three of them, *he* was the only one who could properly rock *that* sort of aesthetic: a little bit in the cheeks, a little bit more in the thighs, then throw more weight between his legs and repeat the process a few more times until he was satisfied.

By the time Rizy manifested into the house Kitty had prepared for the two of them, the latter's lower body had become a thing of beauty. The feline couldn't even go through doors anymore... at least, not the ones he made for that home, the same ones he remembered existing back on his homeworld. Really, he could let his arms fall to his sides and his ass would serve as an armrest for both of them, to say nothing of the juicy, positively gargantuan set of thighs he gave himself as well. A perfect, heart-shaped lower half, which was only made better when one looked in the front and saw a dick about as wide as Kitty's torso and long enough to reach the floor while still flaccid, with a pair of nuts to match.

Was it excessive? Maybe, but that was the whole point; both Sierra and Emily had gone *far* beyond it, but he couldn't afford to go completely wild until Rizy was at least somewhat used to the idea of modifying themselves. It wasn't as if Kitty could show up like he normally did when the two goddesses were horny, or else the fox would be terrified and scared off from ever trying even the simplest of things; his current form was, for the cat, a compromise, just enough to entice Rizy into trying it themselves, yet not enough that they would be too overwhelmed to do so.

Plus, he felt hotter that way, and he wasn't about to let go of an opportunity to have his own buttons pushed. Honestly, the more he looked at himself, the more he added: a couple of inches to his cheeks or thighs here and there, the true treat being the ability to watch as his lower body was fattened in real time, Kitty biting his lower lip as he saw himself surge further, only stopped when the door to the bedroom opened and Rizy stepped in, almost *immediately* stopping once he saw who was there.

It was hard for the fox to say anything, but the red on their cheeks spoke for itself. The two weren't even meant to be up and about; their avatars needed some time to attune, so it was off to

bed with them, where Kitty could offer *himself* as a mattress, giving Rizy a chance to feel what it was like to sleep on someone large enough to serve as a living bed. Hopefully, this way he could be convinced that it was both perfectly natural *and* an expectable part of being a deity... that, and perhaps Rizy could be led to adopt a form that best represented what Kitty *knew* were their inner desires.

Thankfully, the answer would come first thing in the morning, when the cat woke up to find that there was no one on top of him. This was fine; he himself had a hard time “sleeping”, if he could call it that much, so perhaps Rizy just “woke up” before he did and decided to go have a walk somewhere. Nevertheless, there was something... enticing, about him waking up, looking down, and seeing himself taking up most of the bed, enough so that he had to exercise a great deal of willpower not to just *outgrow* said bed there and then. Clearing his throat, Kitty opened his eyes properly and looked around, finding Rizy almost immediately.

Standing in front of the wardrobe mirror, one that hadn't been there the “night” before, the fox had their back turned to him, their hands doing... something in front of their chest. Kitty's mouth broke out into a wide smile; if he knew anything, it was how much the fox wanted to experience *that* out of all things, so for them to be positioned that way could only mean that Rizy had finally broken through their own embarrassment and decided to do something about themselves.

But he didn't say anything; indeed, Kitty barely made a noise at all, taking extreme care to keep the bedsprings from creaking as he maneuvered himself onto the ground. Harder said than done; with an ass as massive as his own now was, and a pair of nuts so dense that he already felt like he had to empty them out, Kitty's new body was... unwieldy. He had to wonder how Emily went about just being so *big* all the time when the two of them were still planetbound, *or* how she managed to walk around the house without causing the whole structure to come down with every footstep; just *walking* without creating tremors was bad enough.

At least, until he stopped thinking about it. It was something of a momentary epiphany, when Kitty remembered that he was, in fact, *a literal god*; he had created that house, the planet it was on, the star it orbited, and the empty universe it inhabited, so why was he worrying about *making noise* when he could simply decide that he... didn't? It felt so silly that he had to stifle a laugh; he still wanted to surprise Rizy, but could barely hold it in after he realised he was severely overthinking things.

He could just declare that his steps were perfectly weightless, his motions entirely silent, and reality would agree. That way, he managed to sneak up on Rizy, only then truly seeing the size difference between the two of them: while Kitty's *upper* body remained the same, he was so caked up below the waist that he had a good two or three feet on the fox, allowing him to quite

literally *loom* over the little one below as he came closer and closer. His hands were on the read to move down and see what Rizy had to offer as well, though Kitty didn't manage to get there before his companion noticed his presence.

Silent or not, he *was* still huge, and Rizy *was* standing in front of a mirror, so it was altogether unsurprising that the fox saw him coming. What actually came out of nowhere was how the smaller of the two, rather than shrinking away from the encroaching mini-behemoth, outright *leaned back* onto him, his head facing upwards with a smile. Only then did Kitty notice just what Rizy had been working on: a pair of breasts that were actually there, ones that seemed to be on the upper end of the first half of the alphabet... and ones that were very clearly full to bursting.

They weren't so much lactating as they were *dripping* with the stuff: thick droplets of milk fell from each of the fox's engorged nips at a quick enough rate that it practically became a full stream, endless, bottomless, all without ever sacrificing any of the size Rizy had gained for themselves. They were obviously proud of it, judging by their expression; they couldn't go a second without breaking out into a grin, their hands moving to meet Kitty's own so they could drag them over to feel how soft that bust had become.

Kitty, wanting to be supportive (and enabling), did nothing to resist; it was odd, being the bigger of the pair for once, but being literally led by the hand gave him enough of a familiar setting that he could easily fall into the rhythm. Plus, once his fingers found supple breastflesh to sink into, he wanted nothing more than to do just that... and Rizy, sensing the *pleasure* that could come from such a simple action, allowed themselves to react in the only way a divinity like them could: by growing bigger.

Or, rather, filling, if the amount of milk spilled was any indication. Just as Kitty squeezed down on the fox's bust, so too did said bust erupt into a much greater, thicker flow of cream, while simultaneously swelling the two milk tanks responsible for the spill. Not *too* much, to be fair; Kitty was so used to Emily being Emily that he half-expected Rizy's tits to be on the floor by then, but the fox was significantly more restrained. In fact, not only did they grow much slower than the other cat ever did, but they only allowed themselves to reach a certain size; a large size, big enough to cover their entire chest and end up just below the waist, but still *just* that size and nothing more.

No matter how much Kitty offered to knead or massage those clearly-stuffed udders, they refused to grow any bigger, and while at first Rizy was happy to moan and squirm and mewl under the attentive care of their partner, eventually they turned to something else entirely; a familiar sense, one that Kitty was very much acquainted with, and one that let him know he had finally taught the fox properly: teasing.

From the way Rizy was leaning back, deliberately slowing their motions and rubbing Kitty's hands over their tits, it was beyond obvious that they were trying to get a rise out of the big cat behind them. For his part, said cat couldn't be happier; not only had the fox learned to step out of their shell, they were confident enough to do so *and* flaunt it, at least to a certain degree. Now it was only a matter of scale; if Rizy was willing to tease up to that point, then, surely, they wouldn't mind going further, would they?

No need for words of encouragement though. Kitty merely did what he always did: find where Rizy's mind began and touch upon it, melding their two senses of self together so they could feel what one another felt, creating a perfect little melting pot where both their libidos could feed off one another until they were both far too insatiable to ever control themselves. Not that Kitty himself would go beyond what he already had; the two of them were there for *Rizy*, not himself. It was *their* turn to shine, *their* turn in the spotlight... and, considering what happened right after, Rizy themselves seemed to think so too.

At first, the fox was noticeably still smaller in stature than the feline that had brought them there, though not necessarily because of *height*; all that ass left Kitty in a wondrously overbearing position from which to lean onto Rizy, letting his own weight be known in the most direct fashion possible. His true self was still just as tall as before though; hence why, when he noticed the fox's head begin to approach him, he smiled: clearly, Rizy was at least comfortable enough to make themselves bigger like they had during their ascension.

It wasn't until Kitty felt something bumping against his package that he noticed it wasn't a regular sort of growth. To be more precise, something *wrapping* itself around his dick... or, to be even more accurate, him finding his shaft suddenly beset on all sides by enough cake that he didn't want to move it. Easy enough to miss initially, but as soon as he realised those were two cheeks pressing on his cock, Kitty *refused* to take a step back; if Rizy wanted to give *themselves* an ass worthy of a pair of tits like theirs, then his job was to provide a working model: the fox could look at *him* for ideas!

Of course, it very quickly became clear that Rizy wasn't going to stop at *just* making them be the same size as one another; quite the contrary, as the previously-shy vulpine seemed intent on not just matching the two's height, but on carrying on beyond it, not only ending up higher and closer to the ceiling than Kitty, but *wider* than him as well! All the cat could do was watch as what had previously been a perfectly innocuously pair of legs fattened and thickened to the point where he himself could sink his hands into them and have them vanish up to the wrist... then grew even more on top of that, until they became so thunderously massive that just *looking* at them was enough to draw drool from the cat's mouth.

And, that being the case, Rizy had already won. Having achieved that reaction, there wasn't much the fox needed to do beyond what they were already doing: just keep making their rear plumper, their legs thicker, and their overall self *bigger*, adding proportionately onto themselves while forcing their lower half to still run ahead regardless.

It was a return to their apotheosis, with the notable exception that they were *deliberately* surging outwards that time around. They weren't merely reacting to an infusion of power, they weren't standing there barely able to understand what was happening to them; they had made a conscious decision to take the power given to them and wield it in the most self-indulgent manner, to reshape themselves such that none would ever be able to recognise them. They had made the decision to *grow*, to *swell*, to *improve*, to *perfect*, until nothing remained but themselves... and their little Kitty.

*Their* Kitty, because he was theirs. Only then did the fox truly understand the vague notions of ownership that they'd felt coming from Emily and Sierra, this idea that Kitty was "theirs"; only then did the vulpine truly understand what it was like to look at someone and *want* them, in every sense of that word. Only then did they accept that if they truly wanted to achieve dominion of the cat, they had to actually *do something* about it rather than just stand there waiting for it to happen.

The choice was obvious: they had to sit on him. The size difference was already established, so all they had to do was tip backwards and let gravity do what it did; Kitty certainly didn't seem to want to do anything to stop it, preferring to break out into a wide, goofy smile the moment he saw that gargantuan fox rump approach him. Only when he was completely buried did the kitten deign to perform any action: stretch his arms out, just to make sure he had as much of that ass in his grasp as possible.

For Rizy, it was an... enlightening experience. They'd gone from merely developing a set of breasts to growing a butt so massive that it made them several feet taller, to now literally sitting on someone as if it was par for the course. It should be, was the point: they were a god now, and this was (apparently) the sort of thing that gods got around to doing whenever they were bored or horny (or both, in their case). It *felt* right, and it was precisely this that made it so weird.

Being still somewhat attuned to their old life, Rizy distinctly recalled a point in time when they were nowhere *near* that level of self-indulgent; a time when they just went through life one day at a time and *didn't* have to worry or wonder about the terrible truths of existence. A time when they were just a fox, nothing more, and a time when, in retrospect, their potential was dreadfully unfulfilled; they could see, now more than ever, that they had never been more than a chrysalis, a cocoon ready to burst open to reveal a far more grandiose Rizy, one that was worthy of their title as a deity.

And it just so happened that this involved growing an ass so wide that they could sit on Kitty. It just made sense; enough so that the fox was left giggling at it, feeling silly for not having come up with the idea sooner. They could feel the tiny cat wriggling underneath their enormous mounds, squirming as the two colossal cheeks holding him down only grew larger still; Rizy *could* have stopped the growth there, but it was just so *good* that it felt like a waste to do so. It was *so* good, in fact, that they felt their body failing to deal with the pressure.

They didn't break. Rizy *did* fear they might, but there was no moment beyond which her psyche was upturned and cracked into pieces; rather, she hiccuped. A simple gesture, one likely born out of an equal mixture of stress, anxiety and sheer enthusiasm, but an effective one regardless. She knew, in an unconscious sort of manner, that hiccups had some degree of significance; while Rizy wasn't aware of why, not being attuned enough to Emily or Sierra to know all the juicy details, she *did* understand that they were important for her position of a goddess, and thus, she should perpetuate them.

The reason for it became obvious as soon as she felt both walls of the room at the same time. She didn't want to look back (or up... or slightly to the sides) to confirm what she already knew, but that hiccup had undeniably left her far bigger than before, enough so that the house Kitty had constructed for the two of them was likely to fall apart some time soon. Or rather, explode into a million little shards of wood and a cloud of sawdust; but that was fine, because it was how it was *meant* to be.

While Rizy couldn't yet access the thoughts of the other goddesses in her pantheon, she could glean some basic information out of them: that their collective focus should be on the pursuit of pleasure, that one should always strive to increase one's enjoyment of eternal life, and that if something wasn't being destroyed by one growing too quickly, then one was doing something very wrong. And while the told Rizy might've found these pseudo-commandments to be hogwash at best, the new Rizy was *entirely* on-board; in fact, she *wanted* to prove how much they resonated with her by making her house disappear.

It wasn't that much of a magic trick: if she made her ass big enough, pretty much anything that tried to contain it would "disappear". Of course, it was never ultimately about the specifics of size: it was about the excess, it was about her deliberately making it so that her body couldn't be contained by any structure that tried, no matter how spacious it turned out to be. And for that, she needed a *much* bigger ass.

It was the simplest solution! If Kitty was already pinned down underneath her, then all she had to do was tap into his conscious arousal and make something out of it; it was what Emily and Sierra did, after all, and if she wanted to go anywhere with this new position as a goddess, the

fox might as well take a few lessons from people who knew far more than her: hence, her main goal became not to just enjoy herself, but to make sure Kitty didn't walk out of there without wobbling hard enough to stumble every other step.

Of course, all this did was cause her to hiccup again once the horny hit her in earnest and she actually thought about how she'd have to look to drive Kitty to *those* lengths... thus giving that universe a good reason to readjust variables so she *would* be exactly like that. The house didn't last much longer beyond it: having nothing but the vague notion of "bigger" in the brain was a good way to ensure one's growth spurt didn't end at what one would deem "enough", something Rizy very quickly learned the hard way.

Then again, suddenly being big enough that a single one of her cheeks was so large it could flatten the entire house was definitely an experience she wasn't going to say no to. That it only led to Kitty becoming ever more aroused, his shaft hardening and growing further in preparation for the coming debauchery, was the cherry atop the proverbial sundae... and, once again, enough for Rizy to start developing a serious blush, which itself only led to another hiccup as she failed to contain herself, and yet *another* round of mass being manifested within her rump and thighs.

It was impossible to stop now. Rizy knew it the moment she felt it: the selfsame sensations that Emily and Sierra were no doubt *very* acquainted with, the idea of invincibility, of power, of being untouchable, of being a *goddess* with full and total dominion over all of reality. Of having the ability to determine what was and was not Law, and yet abusing this power for the sake of raw sexual pleasure; no working to improve on anything one than her own carnal needs, and absolutely no regrets about it either. What she had there was the purest expression of what she, as a raw animalistic beast, *desired*; and, as it turned out, what she desired was a *great deal* of ass.

The planet wouldn't be enough to hold her, that much Rizy knew; Kitty knew as well, or must have, given that he preemptively moved the two of them to their own planet in their own universe. Had Rizy undergone that mental metamorphosis somewhere with actual life, she would've had plenty to regret afterwards when she came down from her pleasure high; as it stood, lacking anything in the way of potential guilt given that the reality she was was *mostly* empty, the vixen was free to grow as much as she wanted.

And that, *that* was what she truly wished for at the end of the day. Not just the growth itself, but knowing that she could *just do it*, regardless of whatever consequences might be. The simple fact that, whenever she was aroused enough, her body would react by forcing a hiccup out of her, which would itself lead to *so much more ass* to her that it didn't long before most of the planet was carpeted by her rump and similarly-fattened legs... and yet, this still wasn't enough.



For most people it definitely would be. Once they reached a point where they could see the curvature of the planet while still sitting on its surface, when they achieved a level of dominion that only true gods could dream of, they'd *probably* think it was too much, or at least enough. Rizy, meanwhile, considered it nothing but step one on an endless ladder; she had a taste, and now she wanted the full meal.

It was addictive, in a way: the bigger she became, the more the sensory feedback left her insensate, and the more her brain demanded she feed herself further. It didn't matter to Rizy that she'd soon end up too big to fit on the planet at all; in fact, if that *did* happen, it was just yet more evidence that she *deserved* to be that big, that she was *meant* to grow so large that not even stellar bodies could hold her.

Was this what Emily and Sierra felt? This overwhelming sensation of fullness and accomplishment? This sense of innate superiority, that she was so self-evidently more powerful than anything and anyone else around her that it wasn't even a question, let alone anything worth debating? If so, she could understand why their forms were as excessive as they were nowadays... and why her own was rapidly encroaching on something similar as well.

The vixen was still nowhere close to the absurdity of Emily's full form, nor was she encroaching on the roundness that was Sierra, but she had her own signature, her own *style*. It might not be as off-the-wall as the other goddesses, but it was no less impressive; after all, who could claim to have an ass big enough to smother an entire planet? Certainly not herself; *stopping* at just a planet wouldn't be nearly good enough for someone with her ambitions, not when she could go further still!

Maybe the hunger should've alerted her to something being wrong, but there was something so undeniably pleasurable about the hiccuping growth spurts. A single spasm would escape from her body, followed by most of her surging to several times its prior size, her ass and thighs following suit several times over; this would only cause her to grow even *more* aroused, leading to another hiccup, leading to yet more growth; an endless spiral, cascading into a physical form that would soon be too grand for the universe to handle.

Well, *that* universe at least. She could make another one if she wanted to, that was the beauty of it: she was a goddess, she could snap her fingers and just make things *be*. She was no longer the same Rizy that used to live a humdrum, monotonous existence on a single planet inside a single reality; she was something far greater now, a vixen goddess with the power and might to alter reality as she saw fit!

Sure, she might be using that power mostly to give herself a fatter ass, but Kitty liked it, *she* liked it, and that was the end of it. Selfless creation could come later, *after* she was done

indulging herself and finding just where her limits were meant to be. Then, and only then, would the vixen turn outwards, to create new and *better* universes where she could continue the cycle Emily and Sierra had kickstarted.

And who knew? Maybe, at some point, she'd find a Rizy of her own...