

The day started off normally enough, with Emily having no clue what was about to happen. Typically, large growth spurts weren't something that just snuck up on her like that; it took a while for them to set in, giving her plenty of time to sense them coming and make the necessary arrangements. That day, however, everything seemed to be going just fine until the moment where she hiccuped. The cat was walking out of the kitchen after cleaning the dishes from lunch, and was ready to settle in for a lazy day playing video games in the living room, when, the moment she crossed the threshold into the hallway, her whole body flinched as a hiccup strong enough to leave her paralyzed for a moment erupted from her throat; somehow, her initial reaction was to put her hand in front of her mouth and apologize aloud, even though there was no one else in the house, the embarrassment at the sudden noise high enough that she failed to notice what had happened to her tail. The weight had clearly shifted, but it still took her a while before she noticed anything was off, especially since the second hiccup only came after she was already sitting down and going through her catalogue of games; at that point, Emily even jumped on her seat, landing back on the couch with enough strength that the springs audibly creaked. It was then that her eyes opened wide and the cat realized something was off, at which point she looked back at herself and *finally* took note of the fact that her tail was much, *much* larger than normal.

Emily was lucky enough that her tail had always been on the bushier side, enough that some folks liked to joke about the possibility of her having part fox or squirrel in her genes, depending on how she chose to style it on any particular day. Being at home though, and with nothing to really hold it in any one shape, the immense brush she normally carried everywhere with her was made even bigger, enough that she could probably use it as a full-sized body pillow... but that couldn't be it, because even all that extra fur weight wouldn't be enough for the couch to be sagging as much as it was. The answer came a few seconds afterwards, when a third hiccup revealed to her the extent of what her brain had been filtering out without her even realizing it: just a moment after the flinch, she heard her clothes ripping apart as her whole body burst free from their restricting confines, with the couch underneath her loudly complaining about the suddenly much bigger cat it was forced to deal with. A cursory glance downwards revealed to Emily that not only had she grown quite a bit taller, but her curves had been... enhanced, for lack of a better word. From a pair of breasts that already covered about half of her torso to a set of hips wide enough that walking through doors would be a slight issue going forward, leading down into a plush, pudgy butt that threatened to take over most of the sofa, it would appear that the hiccups had decided to grant her growth spurts whenever they made their way into the outside world. That was fine though, she thought to herself; at least now that she knew what was causing the growth itself, Emily could take steps to prevent it, or at least slow it down enough that it wouldn't matter in the long run. After all, she *wanted* to spend an afternoon playing video games, not filling up her entire house; with Kitty not being there for the whole day, it felt like a waste to be that big all by herself.

Her body, however, had other plans. The first attempt on Emily's part to keep her hiccups from growing her further was to just hold them in; clenching her muscles, she kept her mouth and eyes shut, patiently waiting for the next hiccup to rear its ugly head, and while she was successful in muffling it, this didn't do much in terms of stopping her growth spurts. If anything, the fact that she held it back almost made it "backflow" into her in some way, because rather than gaining in every single department, all the extra size went straight to her tail, which quickly enveloped her and turned itself into the warmest blanket she'd ever had the pleasure of being buried under. This caused enough of a distraction that, while Emily was busy trying to disentangle herself from the immense fluff storm surrounding her, the next hiccup crept up on her and left the bushy brush even *larger*, completely burying the poor cat underneath it and all-but forcing her to roll over and onto the ground just to be able to breathe properly. She could actually *feel* its weight now, bearing down on her and a chore to keep up, but for the time being managed to hold it far enough away that she had a large bubble of air to work with... even if she *was* still surrounded by her own fluff. Part of her wanted to formulate an "at least" thought, but Emily knew full well that the moment she jinxed it, the growthsplosion would immediately make her regret her decision to name the next body part to receive its blessing.

So it was that she held herself in that position, kneeling on the floor with her back arched slightly, held up by her two outstretched arms and her hair falling onto her eyes. Emily took long, deep, calculated breaths, hoping that by filling her lungs properly and stabilizing her oxygen intake, then the hiccups could finally go away; she'd never had them for longer than a couple of minutes anyway, so apart from the sudden and inexplicably connected growth, there was no reason to expect those to be any different. Indeed, judging from how long it took to get to the next one, Emily began to assume that maybe it had just been a momentary growth spurt, something that happened because her body had some tension that it had to get rid of and just happened to do so in the most convenient manner; those were always the most annoying ones due to how unpredictable they were on showing up, but at least they were always temporary, and *very* quickly temporary at that. Assuming no more surprises, her body should go back to being the same size as before in just an hour or so, which perfectly explained why she just *had* to hiccup again right when she let her guard down. In the split second before the growth happened, Emily remembered to chastise herself for ever thinking her body would give her a break in a situation like that, *especially* when she was giving it every reason not to; in the split second after it, there wasn't a lot of Emily to go around, at least for the duration of her post-flinch upgrade.

The way she knelt down was the perfect position for the rest of her to be given some love. After her tail became this immense, room-dominating ball of fluff, it was time for her tits to balloon outwards, pressing against both of her arms for just a moment before they became so engorged as to force them to bow outwards and then fly to Emily's sides before she had any time to react, sending her into an inadvertent freefall... which lasted for a single instant, before those very same breasts cushioned the collapse by virtue of taking up all the space between her torso

and the carpet. At around the same time, her ass similarly burgeoned outwards with additional mass, so much more than on her bust that some of it seemed to melt downwards into her thickening thighs, leaving her with a pair of legs so egregiously oversized that the one thing Emily could think about was rubbing them together and let fate take the wheel. It all took place over the course of just a second or so, but by the end, it was clear that her body wasn't going to let up, especially given how yet another hiccup came around and, while it didn't further mess up her proportions, it *did* give her an extra five or so feet in height, taking those proportions along with it.

At that point, the only recourse left for Emily was to sigh and accept that this was going to be the rest of her day. No more games, no more deciding what to do; her body had taken the choice out of her hands (so to speak) and went in a completely different direction, so now the only thing she *could* do was try and enjoy the ride as best as she could. This was made slightly easier by the fact that, well, she *was* turning into a giantess with obscenely overengorged assets one hiccup at a time, with her body already being so exaggerated that she could sink her hands into her tits or asscheeks and see them vanish all the way up to their wrists, something she did *not* hesitate to do as she gave up trying to keep the hiccups from doing what they wilt. Her house wouldn't last much longer after making this decision; whether it be because the growth was exponential or because her own acceptance of it had unlocked some kind of multiplier, the next hiccup to course through her whole body and leave her feeling like she'd just teleported an inch upwards was powerful enough that the entire apartment complex suddenly turned into an impromptu egg from which a giant cat hatched, a cocoon for her giantess form to emerge from. With clouds of debris floating through the air and chunks of glass and concrete raining down on the streets below, all that Emily could do was shout at people to get out of the way before the weight of her butt tipped her backwards and she landed ass-first on the street outside of her home, the shockwaves reverberating not just through her, but through the very ground itself! Everything around the impact site rumbled for a couple of seconds before the quaking stopped... at which point it became obvious that the odd landing position had seriously compromised poor Emily's ability to hold her balance, and with her tits being as heavy as they were, the giantess began to tip over backwards. Thankfully, there was one thing in the way that wouldn't make the final collapse *nearly* as dangerous as the first one: her tail!

The explosive growth burst had taken so much of her focus away that Emily failed to notice that it wasn't just her body and the regular bits growing to absurd sizes, but her brushy behemoth of a tail as well; hell, by the point her back slammed against it, softening the landing considerably, it was easily big enough that she could probably wrap it around an entire city block and still have enough left for half a lap, and *all* of it was unbelievably soft. In that moment, where her body sank into its warmth, Emily's eyes struggled to remain open as her mind told her that this was it, this was what ultimate comfort felt like, and if she didn't fall asleep on that heavenly sea of floof, she'd be making the biggest mistake of her life. Sadly, it wasn't up to her;

as much as Emily would've loved nothing more than to go completely limp and simply drift away into unconsciousness on that colossal tail of hers, the hiccups still hadn't stopped, and with them came a growth that steadfastly refused to stop when it really, *really* should. Kitty wasn't there, and while Emily was certain that he'd eventually find a way to climb onto her once she grew big enough, it just wasn't the same without him there... and yet, despite this, she couldn't really ignore the very large part of her brain that was still a slave to its own hormonal secretions, and the ridiculous amount of serotonin coursing through her at neurons at that point told her to stop worrying about things and just enjoy stuff while it lasted. After all, she had no clue whether or not the growth would keep going until she loomed over the planet, if she'd stop at continental sizes, or even if she only had a couple more miles on her; it was a surprise, or so that part of herself told her, and one that she should be looking forward to, not dreading or regretting.

Hard to argue with that logic, at least in the horned-up state that she was. Once her body flinched with the next hiccup, Emily had already given up trying to care; hence, when her tits received most of the boost, leaving her completely buried underneath a bust that was so heavy that it made it hard to breathe, the one thought in her mind was when the next one would come. And when it did, leaving her bigger in general yet not fixing the issue of her being pinned down by her breasts, she just wanted more: more bust, more butt, more size in general, but ultimately... more tail. It felt like such a specific thing to ask for, especially when her regular proportions were clearly receiving a large chunk of the attention as well, but Emily couldn't deny that, even underneath what might be thousands of tons of milk and fat, she'd *never* been quite as comfortable as she was in that exact moment, courtesy of a tail that kept on growing each time she hiccuped, until it created a soft shell around her whole form that blocked off most of the outside world. The cat couldn't even see anything on the other side, no matter how hard she strained her eyes; the coating of fur was too thick, too opaque to let her know what was happening just a few yards away, the muffling and cushioning so potent that she could be barreling through skyscrapers and she'd probably not notice. There was a certain amount of satisfaction to be had with that, a certain amount of... pleasure. Never in her life did Emily think she'd be so hot based only on her *tail* of all things, and yet there she was, rubbing her legs together and bringing her hands between them in order to do something about that rising warmth, the need for release that only got worse each time she flinched, each time a hiccup made her even more massive than before. At that moment, and as far as Emily cared, she could stay like that forever: wrapped inside a ball of fluff, growing forever in erratic spurts, buried underneath her very own warmth and softness, curves at the ready to explode with newfound mass, a veritable nirvana of growth. In that moment, she was *transcendent*.

It couldn't last forever though, and not just because her body was built to be even bigger than it already was; it just so happened that the universe would never be content with her *just* being content herself, even less so when Emily had the audacity of assuming that she could just stop there and not keep going. In just thinking about the fact that she was good the way she was at

that moment, the cat had invited the cosmos itself to come knock some sense back into her in the most dramatically ironic way possible, because reality had a twisted sense of humour and she had just willingly turned herself into the punchline. It wouldn't take more than a handful of seconds before yet another hiccup came around, then another, and another, until even the immense amounts of fluff surrounding her weren't enough to keep her from feeling the destruction wrought by her burgeoning frame as it advanced on the city, its surrounding suburbs and then the local geography, not particularly caring for the safety of anyone around her. Not that anyone would actually be *hurt*; the same tail that shielded Emily from seeing the consequences of her growth was just as comfortable to other people as it was to her, and just like she was still balled up in a cocoon of warmth and fuzziness, so too would anyone caught in the avalanche of growing cat be stuck to it, vanishing into a forest of fur so inviting and impossibly comfortable that any fear, anger or annoyance they might be feeling would be washed clean out of their bodies, replaced by an endless, perfect sense of *bliss*. This would be their heaven, to forevermore live out the entirety of eternity in their own little patch of paradise, forever holding onto the absolute fluffiest tail they'd ever had the privilege of encountering, their minds overwhelmed by the sheer softness of it all; and in the center of it, Emily, whose body had begun to reap some of the benefits from the hiccup growth spurts, straining the limits of the shell of fluff around her. It was one thing to hold her when she was still regular-sized (for a giantess, at least), quite another to keep her from bursting outwards when each flinch added what felt like dozens of yards to her tits or ass, even more so to her thighs and hips; it was the sort of body that she envisioned whenever she pictured a perfect version of herself, a body that she *had* experienced several times in the past, right before having to put everything back where it used to be. The resets were always the worst part; why *couldn't* she just enjoy herself for some time, truly live out the life of a goddess as she spent a few aeons rubbing herself all over and feeling her hands sink into the kind of soft pudge that most mortals could only dream of? It left her feeling incomplete at times... and it also made her want to seek out any opportunity she had to splurge out and *grow*, even if it meant causing a wee bit of destruction to her environs.

Not for long though. Even in her lust-addled, fluff-obsessed state of mind, Emily realized that she couldn't remain on the planet for much longer, if for no other reason than because she was becoming too big to even *be* on it to begin with; thankfully, as she maintained full control over that colossal brush enveloping her, it was as simple as flicking it to push herself into orbit, and in fact the feline had to exercise caution not to jettison herself *too* hard into the depths of the solar system! It was truly mind-boggling how little things actually changed from her being planetbound to flying towards the cosmos; it used to be that the transition signalled the first of many steps towards an ascension, where she saw the very world she used to live in become smaller and smaller with each passing second, the light blue sky deepening before becoming pitch black, the curvature of the planet itself on full display before its spherical nature became fully apparent to her. That time, however, she saw none of this, for she was too busy trying to keep herself inside the small bubble created by her own tail; it was stronger than her, in that

while Emily knew her body was quickly becoming too large to fit, her proportions screaming at her to let go and enjoy herself the traditional way, she still refused to leave that increasingly tiny space, that miniscule cage of floor inside which she felt like a butterfly waiting to emerge into the world... which, honestly, just made it even harder to keep herself contained for much longer. If she *was* a butterfly, then surely the point was to *emerge* from the cocoon, right? She wasn't meant to be hidden from the world, but be put out there where everyone could gaze upon her perfection and marvel at it, that they may delight upon her glory and be made so much better because of it!

Granted, this would've been a lot easier had her tail not become a behemoth of a tangle of fur and fuzz that even Emily herself didn't fully understand. She'd probably need some kind of advanced spacetime mapping in order to begin charting it properly, and even after disentangling herself from strands of fur that seemed to pull her into their tight embrace whenever she moved away from them, the cat still had to contend with *the rest*; rather than breaking free from her shell, all she'd done was crack the egg and move into a slightly bigger egg, albeit one where she could actually move around somewhat freely. Perhaps most worrying was the fact that the Earth was clearly there in front of her, getting smaller with each hiccup, and it too was surrounded on all sides by the backdrop of fluff that had become most of her body mass; in a way, it felt more divine than anything she had experienced before, almost as if her tail was turning into the very backdrop of existence itself the bigger it was allowed to get, but Emily still wanted to be able to *see* this reality she was growing into. After all, if things kept going like that, her tail would end up smashing into everything on the way from where she was at to the very ends of the cosmos, and that would be a hassle and a half to put back together after she had her fun; plus, it felt like a downright waste. This was... easier said than done, however, as no matter how hard Emily tried, she couldn't seem to find an end, or even a beginning, to the tail she *knew* was stuck to the bottom of her spine, yet couldn't precisely pin down the dimensions of; it had transcended physicality, at least in some level, making it increasingly difficult to get a hold of and leaving Emily feeling frustrated with failed attempt, at least until the next hiccup came around and took care of it. For her body had realized that its own tail had escaped it, become something far greater than it used to be as it seeped into the fabric of existence and became a constant of sorts; Emily herself was still a singular entity, and indeed on some level the tail was still attached to her, but as it outgrew the solar system, interstellar space, and encroached upon the vast emptiness between galaxies, all while the cat herself was still gas giant-sized, it became obvious to everyone but Emily that she was no longer in control of at least *that* part of her form... so, obviously, the growth spurts that came with the hiccups began to focus on other parts of her, with all of the uncontrollable moaning and yelping and groping and squeezing that came with it. She tried to hold back, she *really* did; but when the Earth became so tiny that she could hold it on the tip of one finger and her curves became so exaggerated that even this colossal body of hers looked miniscule compared to her tits, ass and thighs, it was practically impossible for her to focus on trying to *contain* herself. Why should she, after all, when clearly the universe *wanted*

her to keep growing, *wanted* her to impose her glorious form upon it? To deny reality its own prize felt downright criminal, and to deny herself the pleasure that came with it felt... wasteful, far more than whatever her tail could ever do.

At the moment the thought crossed her mind, already her body reacted by having Emily relax all of her muscles, openly embracing the waves of growth spurts that was sure to wash over her. In that instant, she looked down to admire what she already had: an ample bust, big enough to cover her whole torso and still hang below the waist, filled with delicious, thick cream and waiting to give it to the whole universe; a plush, plump butt of equal size, a perfect seat that she could turn into her very own throne, leading down to a pair of legs that she was already hard at work squeezing and marvelling at how her fingers vanished into the softness of it. All around her, the tail that had always been just ever so slightly larger than it should be for her species became something *beyond* gigantic, the cat vaguely aware that somewhere in the vast reaches of the cosmos, she was already pushing entire galactic-scale structures away from where they should be, if not outright subsuming them into her fluff. In some part of her mind, Emily *knew* that her fluffy self was turning into a perfect paradise for countless sentients, bright souls whose light shone so powerfully as to nearly blind her, a true constellation of uplifted, ascended little ones who could now forever experience heaven as it was meant to, no strings attached nor effort required. To think, that it all started as a regular day, with her honestly thinking that she'd be able to spend it playing video games and doing nothing of worth, to *think* that she believed the hiccups to be a momentary thing that would just pass, leaving her to shrink back down after a while; how naive she was to believe such things, and how much *wiser* she was now that she knew the truth! Sure, everything would have to be put back in its place after she had her fill and reality began to fray at the edges trying to comprehend just what in blazes she was doing to it, but that was something that could be done some time later; it was a problem for future Emily, the one that had her fun and would have to worry about the clean-up, not the *present* Emily, whose only concern was to maximize the amount of pleasure she felt at any one given time. And so she looked down at herself, waiting for the next hiccup, knowing that it would leave her even more beautiful than before, ever more glorious and worthy of worship... and she waited, continued to wait, and kept on awaiting for something that seemed intent on not showing up.

Part of her wondered whether or not her perception of time had been altered, another bit of her mind began to question whether she was due for a "big one" that would leave her so massive that even her tail would look small next to her. Only a very, *very* tiny voice knew the truth, and Emily made sure to stifle and ignore it for as long as she possibly could; it felt almost wrong to assume that this had to be it, that she'd gone *that* far only for the growth to unceremoniously stop without any explanation or ceremony. Of course the last hiccup hadn't been her *last* hiccup, there *had* to be more coming! All she had to do was wait some more, be patient about it, and surely the universe would reward her with an even bigger body, fatter tits, plumper ass, wider thighs,

everything! Even her tail would burgeon outwards even more than it already was, taking the whole universe by storm!

... until it did nothing. It didn't seem to matter how much she waited for "it" to come, because "it" never did; no final growth spurt, no glorious expansion, no destruction of all things that were as she popped free from her universe and became as unto a goddess again before resetting everything, just... herself, there, floating in the cosmos, her tail surrounding herself, the Sun and the Earth like some super-sized, fluffy Dyson Sphere, creating what was perhaps the best visual representation of what she was compared to the planet itself: an oversized, impossibly well-endowed caretaker, one whose sole concern was to make sure that, come what may, her homeworld would *never* be harmed, and those that still resided upon it and not on her tail could live long, fulfilling lives, knowing that whenever they wanted, they could hop aboard and experience the rest of eternity in an endless semi-slumber in their own little patch of paradisiacal softness. Emily sighed, a small smile adorning her lips as she went limp and allowed her body to just *be*, like floating belly-up in a pool; there were no concerns for her at that moment, no worries about what she had to do or obligations about returning things to their place. Her tail might still be growing, and at a rate so incomprehensibly quick that even Emily herself had absolutely no idea of when it would stop, or if even *could* stop; at some point in the future, and not even a distant one at that, it was quite likely that she'd end up pushed into a cocoon again, forced to deal with a fluff density that rapidly approached infinity, thus forcing her to snap her fingers and reset things to before they started going out of control... for everyone else's sake, obviously. But again, that was a problem for a future Emily, not her; *she* had nothing to do other than float there, lazily rubbing and kneading at whatever part of her curvaceous self she felt like pleasuring at any given moment: maybe her breasts, to stimulate some lactation and knock-off growth, or sink her hands into her butt yet again, just to feel what it was like to have *that* pillowy of an ass, maybe pass by her thighs and shiver all over at how silky her fur felt on them. She was perfection incarnate, and for once in her life, though Kitty wasn't there with her, she felt *satisfied* with herself; she could do with her mate, but for the time being, things were fantastic.

And then she hiccuped again.