

For Kitty, the oddest adaptation to this new reality was just how small he felt in it, especially since it wasn't technically his fault as much as it was theirs. The rest of the universe was just as big as it used to be, but for whatever reason, neither Sierra nor Emily decided that they should go back to the way they used to be... at least not in terms of size. Their forms were identifiable as belonging to them, sure, and anyone looking at their faces could tell who they were, assuming of course they could even *see* their faces at all, and weren't left struggling to try and catch the smallest glimpse of them thanks to all the curves in the way. For the smaller cat, things progressed the way they usually did in those ascension scenarios: he saw one of those two gals grow, he got stuck on their bodies somewhere, and from there time ceased meaning anything as their very form outstripped the universe's ability to contain it, creating a feedback loop of sensations that, as far as Kitty was concerned, meant that the only thing he *could* do was hold onto the nearest handful of pudge and just hope that everything would turn out alright. After what felt like aeons of this, he would finally fall asleep and wake up exactly where everything had started, usually with him back on his bed with Emily by his side, ready to start a new day like she or Sierra hadn't just done the impossible purely because they were borned, horny, or, more dangerously, both. That time, however, was different, in that neither of the two women seemed keen on returning to what used to be their normal; rather than their bodies going back to the state they used to be in, that being utterly unremarkable and indistinguishable from amidst a crowd, both Sierra and Emily were... larger, for lack of a better word. So much so, in fact, that Kitty's first thought on waking up was wondering how their bed was even in one piece, that being before he rolled out of it and just barely managed to grab onto the ledge after realizing there was a good six-foot drop waiting for him if he hadn't; looking around after this rude awakening revealed to him that the rest of their bedroom had been similarly upsized, keeping everything's proportions identical, but upscaling them to better fit Emily's new, apparently *smallest* form. It took a while before Kitty came to terms with what he was even seeing, his brain thoroughly incapable of processing the vast amounts of cat that he was blessed with right there beside him when he crawled back into bed; rather than him being capable of spooning Emily like he usually did whenever they returned from their ascension episodes, mostly as a means of reassuring *himself* that things were back in place, he instead found that he could barely even begin finding a spot where he could hold onto... at least without smothering himself completely in the process. Rather than her usual self, Emily was still an utter giantess, easily over twenty feet tall and possessed of a set of curves that made Kitty's cheeks *burn* with the awkward embarrassment that always preceded a wave of thoroughly unrestrained arousal. Though difficult to tell for sure, since Emily still had sheets over her body, the smaller cat spied the unmistakable silhouette of *three* rows of breasts, each one colossal on its own right; it was even worse when Kitty realized that what he initially thought were full busts were, in fact, merely *part* of a *single* breast, seeing as the big cat in front of him was turned on her side... and he himself then noticed that he'd been pushed off to the very edge of the bed, betraying just *how* enormous those udders had to be. Further down below, the sheets tented as they hugged her voluptuous lower body, revealing the breadth and reach of Emily's hips, the sheer plumpness of her rear, and how

deliciously oversized her thighs were as well; all in all, it was a frame that befit a true goddess, and in fact was how Kitty effectively imagined his mate to be like in his head, in their “perfect”, divine form. To see it realized, to see it there in front of him, was to have a dream made manifest, one that was only intensified once Emily realized her “little kitten”, as she called for him, had woken up, and proceeded to effortlessly grab him by the scruff of the neck, so she could raise Kitty in the air to a spot high enough that he could see her full glory. It was a testament to the bigger feline’s power that she didn’t even have to slide the sheets off of her when she turned around to show her mate what was in store for him; a simple snap of the fingers was enough for the universe to know what she desired, and to provide accordingly. For Kitty, this was the culmination of what felt like years of trying to get Emily to accept her more deific side; rather than going all-out in occasional universe-destroying growth binges, it would’ve been so much nicer if she simply got used to being... well, like that: excessive, self-indulgent, openly powerful enough to manipulate reality to fit her whims, simply *being* as her perfect self rather than going through cycles of denial and explosive lust. And there she was: vast, immense, plump, curvaceous, voluptuous, smiling at him as all those words went through his head, seemingly knowing perfectly well what he was thinking, at least if what happened afterwards was any indication. Acting as if it was entirely normal, Emily stretched her limbs, *apparently* to get ready for a new day, all while keeping her little kitten still held high above her, in just the right spot where he could watch as she *grew*... and she alone. For once, the rest of the bedroom remained the same size, giving Kitty front-row seat to the spectacle that was seeing Emily’s body take up more and more room on a bed that groaned and creaked ominously for every inch that was lost to the advancing mountain of warm fur and soft curves; the spectacle that was her hips flaring out further, her thighs thickening considerably, and her tits bloating outwards as if to promise to Kitty that, if he was a good little thing, he’d get to be deposited right in the middle of them, to be smushed in an eternal massage in marshmallow heaven. Alas, that was for another time entirely, at least judging by how he was plopped down the ground beside the bed, just far enough that Emily could roll over herself and practically hop onto a standing position... almost immediately afterwards swivelling forward as the weight of her tits pulled down on her, leaving the big cat with her hands anchored on the wall and her back bent thanks to the *heft* of her three busts. It wasn’t an accident though; oh no, those claws of hers, ripping lines through the wallpaper, made it very clear that she was deliberately enjoying herself, feeling as her six udders filled and bloated with milk, Kitty too watching as each breasts slowly swelled, cup size after cup size being blown through as the droplets of milk dropping from each teat thickened into a stream, Emily refusing to stop her growth as her eyes went half-lidded and her tongue lolled free from her mouth. Though she was at a forty-five degree angle with the wall, the giantess didn’t stop until her lowermost set was touching the ground, with comparable gains for the two rows above them, before finally straightening her back; in an instant, all lactation stopped, with the thick puddles on the ground being the only proof it ever happened to begin with, though the sloshing only seemed to get louder still. Each motion on Emily’s part made her body-sized titstack wobble and jiggle aggressively, its contents churning away as they crashed into one another, occasionally

prompting a couple of inches of growth before finally stabilizing a minute or so later; another snap of the fingers, and suddenly Emily was decked out in what appeared to be a multi-piece swimsuit just *barely* capable of holding her busts up, one that she hastily summoned a t-shirt over before turning around to look at herself in the couple's closet mirror. She must've been happy with the results, seeing as she turned around with a beaming smile on her face before unceremoniously picking Kitty up and just as casually dropping him directly into her topmost row's cleavage, pushing his limp form further and further in until he was completely buried, only his head left to see the world around him; she didn't even ask him if he was comfortable, mostly since it'd be an entirely redundant line of questioning, instead choosing to drop a smooch on his head and immediately head out the door, saying something about having to "take care of Sierra".

It was almost supernatural how easily she walked through openings that she should not be capable of traversing, given how her tits were far wider than she was, not to mention that ass she was carrying; and yet, despite the obvious impossibility, no doors seemed capable of stopping her, presumably because Emily, as the goddess of that world, had apparently decided that she would never be hampered by anything resembling a mortal-made obstacle ever again. This apparently extended to spatial dimensions as well, given that, rather than emerging into their apartment block's hallway once the front door was opened, the two instead found themselves already outdoors, the light of the sun forcing Kitty to momentarily close his eyes, lacking the free hands to shield them; he didn't notice how the "door" vanished into thin air the moment it was closed behind them, nor that Sierra was already waiting for the couple to arrive, sitting on what appeared to be the balcony for a high-class café that the smaller cat, on finally getting a good look at, was convinced hadn't been there before. That was perhaps his last thought before his mind was entirely subsumed by the Latias, because if Emily had become a behemothian sculpture of pure curves, then Sierra was... something else entirely. Her body in general was entirely identical to what it always had been, seeing as she had no pretenses of being some kind of fertility goddess, being far more focused on one singular aspect of her form: her absolutely titanic, positively *gargantuan* orb of a belly. It bordered on the absurd, just how enormous that thing was, so big that even Emily, already tall as she was, could barely even reach the halfway point to Sierra's *bellybutton*, let alone the very top of that sphere of pudge. It was soft, just as much as it had been during the Latias' ascension episode, and though Kitty couldn't hear it very well thanks to all the sloshing coming from the six tits he was imprisoned by, he was certain that it gurgled and churned just as loudly, if not more so given the right circumstances. It was, in fact, so positively colossal that it had to be slung out sideways, *away* from the establishment, completely blocking the road and still spilling several feet onto the pavement on the other side, *and* a sizable chunk of what used to be a small park. In sharp contrast, the rest of Sierra looked miniscule, almost comically so, and if it weren't for the aura of absolute confidence that the Latias exuded, Kitty might've been convinced that she was pinned down by the weight of her gut. He knew better though; this sort of display of excess would never take place unless Sierra was still perfectly in control of herself, and what use was there in having a belly that big unless she could carry it around and use it to impose herself upon the world at large? It'd be downright

wasteful for her to not be capable of walking around, especially when that meant she could poke and prod at Emily for being the smaller one for once in their life; this much was obvious in the way that the Latias looked at the approaching cat, a near-malicious glint in her eyes as they analyzed every inch of the feline's curves, attempting to ascertain just *how* big they truly were... only to then cackle when they realized that their gut was far, *far* larger than it really needed to be, which as far as Sierra was concerned, was precisely how it *had* to be. Emily, meanwhile, was clearly flabbergasted with what she was seeing; it was clear that she'd expected her friend to be larger than normal, hence why they had to "take care" of them, but from the look of utmost shock stamped on her face, the goddess cat had obviously underestimated her friend's penchant for unrestrained growth. For a moment, she felt tiny, insignificant, even powerless, so much so that the old Emily, the one that advocated for some measure of restraint, began banging on the bars of her mental cell, hoping perhaps to be heard... at least until the cat's confidence came roaring back into action, giving her the strength required to push forward and make a few demands out of Sierra; clearly, the belly with a Latias attached to it didn't understand just how many fundamental laws of existence it was breaking, nor did it seem to care about the tenuous balance that was being kept between the two of them. Sure, they occasionally lost control of their growthlust and had to destroy a couple of multiverses before getting it back, but that was all part and parcel for creatures such as themselves, and indeed was entirely expected and accounted for; now, this sort of blatant disregard for limitations and restrictions, where Sierra just fattened herself up for all to see, carrying a gut too large to be real, too imposing for the world around it to function, would just not do. Emily didn't stop to think how the same could be said for her, how her own stature had cleared straight through a line that no one else had crossed, how her many breasts had become a legitimate hazard for people around her; as far as the cat was concerned, *she* had earned the right to be that big, because *she* wouldn't just abuse that power willy-nilly to satisfy her own urges the way that Sierra was doing so... at least, in her own mind. There were a few confusing thoughts floating around in there that made it difficult for her to focus; something about whatever she did that morning that didn't mesh that well with this sudden ideological position she took... but, clearly, that wasn't important. No, what mattered was reminding Sierra *not* to abuse her size for no good reason.

In Emily's mind, this should've been easy: just like every other, she would walk up to the Latias, give her a harmless dressing-down and remind them that, ultimately, the power the two of them wielded was such that it should never be used *purely* for personal gain like that, not without taking the rest of the world into consideration. They might have a spark of divinity within them, sure, but they kept their growth spurts contained to rare occasions for a *reason*; if not for their self-control, then the entire universe would simply cease to exist thanks to the strain it was placed under on a regular basis, and if that happened, *then* what would they do? Most of the charm from their ascensions came from the fact that they *were* ascensions to begin with, and, by definition, they couldn't exactly take place if there was nowhere to ascend *from*; thus, it was important to take things in moderation, and critical not to overuse their powers to prevent reality from fraying at the edges. Very few times did Emily even have to *think* about issuing this speech,

and fewer still where such a thing was even needed at all; though Sierra was far more enthusiastic about outgrowing everything than she herself was, the big cat could at least be reassured that, at the end of the day, the Latias was still on the same wavelength that she was, preempting any need for special containment or reprimands. This particular incident stood out as the exception, not the rule, and as such Emily figured that it was time to remind her friend of what their duties were... which was exactly what *should* have happened, had her mind not tripped on some sort of wire and been sent down a flight of stairs lacking any ability to control itself. For all of her divinity, for all of her godlike power, the moment that Emily stepped forward to waggle her finger at Sierra, she instead verged off to the side, planting herself bodily onto a small stretch of Sierra's belly; in a single instant, she was surrounded on nearly all sides by the Latias' warm form, their gut being surprisingly malleable for something that was clearly stretched to capacity, inviting even Emily's engorged self so far into it that the only thing passers-by could see was the feline's tail... that is, until said feline began to grow again. It was impossible to resist the allure, impossible to say no when her mind demanded that she unleash her transformative powers; it felt as if physical contact with Sierra had left Emily without the means to hold herself back, like some unseen hand had reached into her head and turned off the switches that dealt with her inhibitions, leaving only raw, primal desire in its wake. The goddess cat didn't even think about what her growth spurt would do to Kitty, nor even that Kitty was there at all; for her, being subsumed into that enormous amount of pudge was tantamount to having reached her personal paradise, and being there, the only thing she *should* do was... indulge. Indulge, and let her body grow, bloat, swell; indulge, and allow her six breasts to fill up with milk, her ass to fatten, her thighs to thicken, her body in general to billow outwards as she gained yet more feet. Indulge, and welcome Sierra's warmth into herself, using it as fuel for the raging furnace fire that was her own growthlust, indulge and simply *forget* about the fact that she was technically still on a planet with billions of other people, and should therefore think twice before letting loose like that. But she wouldn't, of course, because why should she? Why *should* she spend even a moment considering what the little ones around her wanted, when she could merely take whatever it was her whims dictated and then put it back harmlessly at literally any point? If hers was the power to control existence itself, to the point where she had literally lost track of the amount of times she had rebuilt the cosmos, then why *should* she bother? Such thoughts coursed through Emily's mind as if carried through with a current, unable to hold still for more than just the most fractional of moments, yet still strong enough to leave a lasting impression; all the cat could do at that point was hold onto whatever portion of Sierra was closest to her and *billow outwards*, taking up so much space that there were some panicked yells once the giantess' body began to plow through the pavement and push back some parked cars. It took no more than a minute before Emily found some semblance of satisfaction, but a minute was all that was needed; once she finally pulled back from embracing the Latias' soft, inviting belly, she was left so enormous that, on attempting to lean onto a building for support once she stumbled backwards, she instead landed her ass squarely on top of a five-story apartment block, all without having to take her paws off the ground, it being a miracle that the whole structure didn't simply

collapse from the weight! Not that she had much time to consider this, as almost instantly afterwards the goddess cat arched her back forwards, jutting her breasts out in front of her; they had grown *tremendously* huge during her short hugging period, owing not only to the influx of milk but also the fortuitous amount of additional mass summoned up by Emily's lustful mind, but clearly, this much wasn't enough. Though the titstack was already taller than she was, the giantess bade it grow *bigger*, her already-strained clothing, barely capable of holding back the size she had already gained, ripping apart at the seams as *dozens* of cup sizes were blazed through, each second that passed adding a good foot or so to Emily's immense set of breasts; the churning was deafeningly loud, the sloshing of milk heralding the waterfalls that poured out of her six teats just a few seconds later, and still those things swelled, still she kept her chest pointed as far out as she physically could, her mouth wide open and her tongue lolling out. Emily was clearly no longer in control... but something else was, perhaps a different version of herself hidden deep inside of her psyche; for the giantess *did* stop, even if it took until every inch of space between herself and the line of buildings on the other side of the road was fully occupied by her six gigantic milk factories. Only when her lowermost nipples pierced through the facades of the apartment complexes (un)lucky enough to be her targets, with the topmost four too busy spurting milk in wide arches far above everyone's heads, did Emily's eyes come back into focus, and the growth stop... only for her to then hiccup. Those things were *devastating* to her figure, even in the best of times, and seeing as she was easily over eighty feet already, the building she was using as an improvised seat didn't last for much longer; thankfully, the first thing the shockwave did to her was leave her ass big enough that it barely even fell down at all, utterly demolishing the (mercifully empty) structure underneath her while leaving Emily with plenty of padding to comfortably sit upon her new throne. She would need this, considering the next upgrade came to her breasts nary a moment later, when the hiccup's power poured into her bust and very easily *tripled* it in size! In an instant, an already colossal set of mammaries became utterly disproportional to a body that was, itself, gigantic beyond reason, and if it weren't for Emily's ass being so wide that she could use it as a means to balance herself, she would've very easily tipped over and been buried underneath the weight of her many busts; to call this catastrophic would be an understatement, considering her tits were roughly three hundred feet tall... each. It was a spectacle, to be sure, and yet despite this, it wasn't Emily who was in charge there, not when the sound that imposed itself above all others came not from within the gargantuan milk factories attached to her chest, but from *Sierra*, who for some reason was *yawning* at the sight of her friend completely losing control over their size!

"You done?" were her only words, issued in a tone that made it quite clear who she believed to be in charge in their new power dynamics, quickly followed by a demonstration that made it exceedingly obvious just what the Latias' plans truly were. For clearly, it wasn't enough for her to just be *big*; she had to be the *biggest*, and it wasn't going to be Emily who stood in the way.

The cat was enormous, that much was clear, so large in fact that Kitty, stuck as he was on the very top of the topmost row, capable of seeing his mate's entire body from a perfect vantage point, feared that a new universe-sized growth spurt might be coming their way, and that Emily

had utterly lost herself to the madness of self-indulgent expansion. Despite the fact that she very much *wanted to*, however, the feline was still in possession of enough of her mental faculties to deny herself that one last pleasure, and to force herself to sit down and not push her limits any longer; it was bad enough that she was going to have to spend *days* shrinking back down, the cosmos did *not* need yet another ascension event... though clearly, Sierra thought differently. For a brief grace period, Emily did genuinely believe that perhaps the Latias was simply being snippy for its own sake, that they didn't have any ulterior motives beyond poking fun at her own inability to contain the obvious arousal she felt; in this gloriously blissful moment of ignorance, the big cat convinced herself that she'd merely had a slight hang-up, and that given enough time and effort, things could go back to the way they used to be... only to then turn aside and, instead of the local landscape rolling down onto the urban jungle, see what was, unmistakably, Sierra's belly. It had appeared so quickly, so unexpectedly, that once again Emily was saved from being buried beneath her own heft by way of her curves being so exaggerated that they served as their own means of grounding her, though she *was* pushed aside with enough force to carve a path of destruction through a series of residential areas, unable to stop herself as the enormous gut by her side kept getting larger and larger still, seemingly with no rhyme or reason. Sierra wasn't just one-upping her, they were going above and beyond with how massive they made their stomach, and judging from the way it was rumbling, their hunger was spiking to dangerous levels as well. Oddly enough, despite the fact that the sudden and explosive growth burst only ended when Emily was just as comparatively smaller to the Latias' belly as she had been when the two met just minutes before, Sierra herself was just as unassumingly calm and chill as she had been; in sharp contrast to the big kitten, whose mind had to refrain itself from breaking free from its self-imposed shackles, in a way that was *very* obvious to anyone paying attention, the Latias was the picture of serenity, slowly and gently patting her her own tum with one of her wings, seemingly unaware of the sheer amount of destruction her wanton disregard for others had caused. To her, she might as well have just added a couple of inches to herself, and seeing how she was looking upwards at the giantess beside her, or at least the parts of them that she could see, it would be clear to all that Sierra was seeing this interaction (for lack of a better word) as a *contest* of sorts; Emily had shown up far larger than they had any right to be, and yet still smaller than her own gut, as things were supposed to go in this new world the Latias was creating. Yet, upon making contact, the other giantess' inhibitions were *shattered*, leaving behind only a creature of pure lust who knew nothing but the notion of growth, of excess, of *more*... and, in return, Sierra had graciously shown Emily where their place was: underneath her on the size ladder. Truth be told, the Latias hadn't expected her fellow goddess to go down that route, at least not so quickly; it was almost insultingly easy how she succeeded at using her psychic powers on the feline, how simple it was to use that moment of distraction during the universal reset to rearrange a few variables and teach the big cat a few things about body positivity and self-acceptance. Sierra had expected a literal goddess to be more resistant to attempted interference on that level, but perhaps it was a case of Emily already *having* those thoughts in there somewhere, and only needing a little push to get them to the forefront of her mind... a push

that Sierra was more than happy to provide, if it ended up with the two of them locked in a contest for size dominance. After all, she *did* leave the cat's self-restraint intact, creating a perfect storm where they would be at odds with themselves while *she* was free to grow as much as she very well wanted; and what she *wanted* was to only grow as much as absolutely necessary, not only to serve as a means of reinforcing her superiority over Emily, but to *entice* the big cat into growing just a little bit more, again and again, in a cycle that would never truly end while the two of them were still alive and well... and seeing as they were both literal goddesses who existed on a plane of being far above that of the tiny little creatures scurrying around them, with the two of them wielding a power so great and beyond mortal comprehension that they could literally make and unmake Creation itself at the drop of a hat and with a snap of the fingers, that wouldn't be any time soon. As far as Sierra cared, Emily worried too much; if they accidentally ripped reality to shreds, they could just make a new one, a better one, one that *wouldn't* fray at the edges just because its attendant goddesses decided to have some fun, one that could *last* properly without the need for a reset. And Emily herself would see this, in time, and with proper motivation; after all, she was already eyeing that colossal belly by her side again, her hands outstretched, ready to pull herself into a tight hug.

Goodness, it was easy to get that cat stuck into vicious cycles.