

No one told him that being a god would be easy, but he still felt like he got the short end of the stick when it came to housing. Surely, at some point, one among their “greaters” would have looked down at them and realized that their allotted abode was much too small for their current size... though, to be fair, both him and his mate had been significantly smaller when they first moved, with his better half being wholly responsible for neither of them really fitting in there anymore. It was for this reason that Tarn was so surprised when he walked through the door and didn't feel the familiar sense of pressure that usually came with attempting to squeeze through the dimensional distortions put there to house them, but rather a liberating sense of space, like he'd just woken up from a perfectly-rested night and stretched his limbs out in every direction.

The Obstagoon had maybe half a second to appreciate this before something big, fuzzy and extremely squishy hit him at high velocity, all-but toppling him over at the same time as the air was filled with a high-pitched squeal. Suddenly, he was being assaulted from every direction by the most grope-happy Glaceon this side of the pantheon's universal barrier, a Glaceon who was so excited about *something* that her whole body seemed to exude raw energy, so much so that she was literally glowing as she snuggled against his colossal body. He could've done something about it, but doing so would end up being a fool's errand, because Zera was not herself that day; Zera was a lot bigger.

Not that she hadn't been large before, but there was a certain amount of scale at play there; neither of them were anything like their “superiors” in the pantheon, and even Tarn's own growth had been exclusively the result of his mate's actions, who in turn had to abide by the restrictions imposed on the both of them by the rest of the gods they were supposedly peers with. The hierarchy was kept and maintained rigidly though; it didn't matter how much power one happened to wield or what one was even capable of if one didn't *also* go through the long, tedious process of being promoted through the ranks via some asinine trial or bureaucratic request that ended up meaning nothing at all. Zera herself had been trying to get something done about that for (literal) ages, and seeing how much larger she was compared to her usual self, it was clear to the Obstagoon god-consort that she'd managed to do... probably something of worth regarding it.

Only after the tackle-hug abated could he get a good look at what he was dealing with; the Glaceon's body was still recognizable, even if its proportions had been *seriously* affected, clearly a sign that it had a heaping number of limitations removed from it. Not only had Zera grown herself to upwards twenty feet, or at least the closest equivalent in that oddly-distorted realm the two inhabited, but her assets were engorged to such an egregious extent that the only reason she could move at all was *because* of her divine powers; no one else would be able to handle a bust so large that it easily dragged on the ground even when she stood up, or a pair of asscheeks of dimensions so exaggerated that it was a wonder she wasn't pinned down by them after throwing

herself and her hubby down onto the ground. Then again, this was Zera he was talking about; if she set her mind to something, *it would be done*.

This was made blatantly clear by just how easily the two of them returned to a standing position, given the sheer size disparity that was now evident between them; the Glaceon's assets weren't the only thing that had been given an upgrade, with the goddess now sporting some *enormous* paws fully capable of enveloping her mate all on their own (and indeed, were the main reason he was so easily pushed to the floor), in addition to a great number of extra ribbons descending from her luxurious mane of hair, ones that seemed to shimmer in and out of reality as they swirled around her in impossible ways. There were thousands of them, *millions* perhaps, and yet there were never more than a handful at any given point, depending on how closely the Obstagoon happened to look; then again, he probably shouldn't be surprised that his mate was capable of outright abusing the laws of reality for her own benefit, given that he himself existed.

He happened to be mundane once, long ago, back when he was still mortal and not involved with a wonderful young woman who ascended to godhood through sheer determination. He used to be able to fit through doors and walk around places designed for people-sized people, not to mention being capable of engaging in more private activities without having to worry about flood warnings and coating entire lower dimensions in his seed. And most of all, he distinctly recalled a time he could afford to get aroused without a substantial chunk of his local pantheon promptly evacuating the premises in preparation for a disaster scenario that, much to his chagrin, inevitably happened, every single time, precisely because Zera was there to egg him on. Not that he cared, obviously; he wouldn't trade his new life for anything else in existence, not even when he was reminded of how massively over-endowed he was whenever he bumped into a random object and it was atomized by sheer contact with his physical frame. Sure, it made social gatherings a bit awkward when he had to be careful not to pec-check someone several miles away, but such was the price to pay for a body as glorious as his.

And a body as glorious as the Glaceon's, who very much piggybacked off the mutual growth the two were creating for themselves in order to further advance herself up the celestial ladder. For *eons* she'd been looking for a way to move upwards, and as she very excitedly told him in between a multitude of squeaks and fits of joyous giggling, her overtures towards a promotion had finally been listened to, and her position elevated! Sure, it wasn't much, and she was still technically on the very bottom rung of the "higher" order of the pantheon of gods, but it was a promotion nonetheless... and one that came with its own set of perks in addition to her being able to let her body loose like she had already: a bigger, wider, more spacious house, better access to the lower dimensions in order to expand her worshipper base, and even an allotment for growth that she could offer to her very own, super-special, hyper-loveable Obstagoon consort who she so desperately wanted to see elevated to an even more perfect physical form.

Poor Tarn barely got a second to realize what this meant in practice before he felt that by-then familiar sensation of warmth and pressure building up inside of him, signalling that his body was being “upgraded” in much the same way it had been before; it was hard for him to even begin to consider what might be *left* to upgrade, but given the sort of mind that Zera had, he was certain she’d find something about him to make bigger, girthier, meatier or any unholy combination of all three. Or something even more; one never knew with her.

As it turned out, the Glaceon had decided to go with the classic choice: everything. Why bother picking and choosing what to improve and increase about him when she had the power and authorization to just pick “all of the above” several times over and then let him run wild with the infusion of divine might? She herself was already straining the very room they were in, so why even bother pretending they weren’t outgrowing their abode? Tarn couldn’t really tell, but that rumbling he was hearing *wasn’t* actually coming from Zera, but rather from the effect she was having on their home, which despite the distortions being put in place to house her physical form, simply lacked the strength to hold onto itself without fraying at the edges. The whole room seemed to tremble and quake simply from the goddess’ mere presence, as if reality itself was being churned away and turned to paste before being reassembled every other second, swimming in front of the Obstagoon’s eyes as he tried to make sense of anything other than the gorgeous beauty in front of him; he was vaguely aware of an aura that permeated everything, as if what he was looking at wasn’t the “real” body, but rather a projection of a place that was too big for him to truly understand; had Zera finally done it? Had she truly transcended and become something so great and unfathomable that even his own inspired mind couldn’t really process? He certainly hoped that wasn’t the case; after all, that’d mean she had left him behind, and the Zera he knew would *never* do that.

But no, that was definitely the Glaceon in there, very definitely the same one that he’d met all those years prior; it just so happened that she was so giddy about her new powers that she was having some trouble containing them, especially considering that the house was beginning to annoy her with how tiny it felt. Tarn was right in one thing: their domicile was just *not* big enough to contain her anymore, and even its current distended state was nothing but her own tampering with its dimensions for the sake of making her new station a surprise to her consort. What the Glaceon *really* wanted to do was break free of her old home, to fulfill those fantasies of becoming a true giantess of a goddess and to let everyone around her know that’s exactly what she was, to let loose the beast within, if only for a few brief moments before returning to her usual self. And now that her mate was there with her, that’s exactly what she was going to do.

Injecting power into him meant that some of it would inevitably rebound back to her, and seeing as she was entitled to a baseline that never truly ran out, this meant that Zera could effectively get something out of nothing. It wasn’t something she was *supposed* to do, nor was it anything other than a major oversight on the part of the pantheon above her, but if they hadn’t

fixed it in all the time the system had been in place, then she couldn't really be faulted for exploring all of her options; that was her logic at least, when she kept pouring more and more of her newly allotted divine power straight into the Obstagoon's body, all while drawing from the endless wellspring of existence to replace the one she had spent... and absorbing the excess being emanated from her loveable fuzzi-ball of a partner as he began to grow and expand in every direction from the sudden assault on his divine form.

Their home was suddenly filled not just by the sounds of churning cream and the audible complaints of whatever the construction materials were as they struggled against Zera's burgeoning power, but now also by the creaking of muscle and groaning of sinew as the goddess' consort was given the sort of body that he *deserved*; it was a pity that he didn't qualify as a god in his own right, or else he might very well have overtaken most of the local pantheon's fertility deities. Then again, that's probably why he wasn't allowed in; the existing gods and goddesses weren't exactly known for their willingness to abandon their statuses, hence why it took so long before the Glaceon herself was allowed to progress up the ranks, and even then only just barely recognized compared to her true power. But that was about to change; Zera herself didn't really *want* to start rocking the boat, but when one was as gifted as she was, not to mention blessed by a companion as absolutely ravishing and perfect as Tarn, it was hard not to push limits by sheer virtue of existing, so that's exactly what she set out to do. It wasn't her intention to break rules or ignore the limitations imposed on her by her "superiors", it was just hard to focus when the Obstagoon in front of her suddenly developed pecs and neck muscle big enough to completely obfuscate his head, leaving her swooning and desperate for a touch.

Well, a touch or a few thousand, to be fair. With no one else in the house and the promise of a brand new home should her old one prove "insufficient", there really wasn't any reason why Zera couldn't just... enjoy herself. She had countless new ribbons after all; why not put them to good use by wrapping them all around Tarn's body, squeezing and squishing at every single inch of his bulging, rippling musculature, taking special care to completely cover the full length of his colossal, body-sized cock and the pair of nuts he sported that had to be dragged behind him for mobility. Those got the deluxe treatment: full coverage *and* constant kneading as her ribbons worked to deliver a high-precision, high-energy massage designed from the ground up to provide as much possible stimulation within as short a timeframe as possible, purely so it could be extended for hours on end as a means of fueling the Obstagoon's own ascension; after all, what better way of coaxing his body to grow than to make the hunk feel like he was about to explode from how pent-up he was becoming, then keeping him there for as long as possible while his physical form struggled to keep up with the divine power being pumped into it?

It wasn't so much a science as it was Zera having a lot of kinky fun at reality's expense, but neither her nor her hubby really cared; what mattered was that the both of them were starting to fill up a room that had been expanded to be able to handle them, and the panelling on the walls,

built with materials that were nominally supposed to be indestructible, began to crack and shatter as it failed to hold them back. Anyone looking in from outside would be able to tell just where Zera and Tarn were, their forms' auras perfectly visible even through the bits of the façade that *weren't* falling to reveal the interior... and anyone even remotely close to their home, or at least what counted as "close" for those who lived in the pantheon's higher-dimensional plane, would be able to *feel* their power as it was magnified far past the point where it was technically allowed. Soon enough, the two lovers would burst free from their house, and then things would take a turn for the uncontrollable.

Not that that was a bad thing; after all, if there was anyone in that pantheon that'd be more than happy to spread the love and bring everyone with them on their course upwards, it'd *have* to be Zera. She'd already brought Tarn along, and the only reason she wasn't using the significant amounts of power allotted to her to help everyone else around them break free of their bonds was that, frankly, many of them didn't even want to; the Glaceon didn't really understand why that was, given how *good* it felt to allow one's body to be flooded by divine power to the point where it felt ready to burst, but who was she to start passing judgement on others? All Zera could do was hope that her peers would some day understand that there was more to their existence than just enforcing a strict hierarchy upon one another, one that was both entirely artificial and kept in place purely out of a misbegotten, rigid adherence to order that really didn't help anyone but the ones at the very top. An egalitarian sentiment, to be sure, but the Glaceon was quite certain she wasn't wrong there, especially with how much "punishment" was doled out in the form of depowering and banishment to the mortal realms for perceived slights and the smallest of transgressions. And she wanted to fix that.

She wanted to bring forth her new world so that all those around her could live without worry or concern, without having to look over their shoulders every time they wanted to do anything that might be misconstrued as "wrong" or "incorrect", living in fear of what their "betters" might do to them if they found them disobeying the natural order that was anything *but* natural at its very core. She wanted everyone to feel what she felt for Tarn in that exact moment: the raw, unfiltered love and adoration that one could only truly experience for another soul that one understood perfectly and could not do without, stretched to infinity and far beyond it, forever and always. It felt like nothing short of a waste to spend time restricting this when reality had so much untapped power to be used, so much raw energy that could be funnelled into improving everyone's lives and yet was so jealously kept by the upper echelons of the pantheon... but now that they'd given her the slightest of tastes, effectively just opening a pinprick-sized hole into the veil so that she might drink deeply and greedily, *now* Zera could work towards giving everyone what she herself had.

Of course, such wanton disregard for protocol and basic decency wouldn't go unnoticed by the other gods, who immediately proceeded to try and stop what was happening from going any

further. Unfortunately for them, the Glaceon had accounted for this; her home was still in the “outskirts”, for lack of a better word, of the higher plane where divinities made their home, surrounded on all sides by divine entities that were, at least as of a couple of hours back, of a lower rank than her. And while titles were meaningless when it came to cutting down a rogue element to size, they did come with a series of perks attached to them; specifically, so much more power to wield that there really was nothing that anyone could do to stop either Zera or Tarn in their ascension towards the center of their higher-dimensional home.

Energy was poured into the Obstagoon, who grew and swelled and bloated and expanded until the very air seemed to rumble with the vibrations coming from their burgeoning musculature, and while most of it would remain within it, a substantial amount would escape back into the aether in an attempt to dissipate back into the background fabric of reality... an attempt that would be frustrated by Zera herself harvesting this energy and making good use of it before it went away forever, adding it to her own body in a way that could only really be described as self-indulgent. It was a bit of a gift to herself; she *was* going to share the bounty with everyone else after all, so why not have a little bit of fun before doing so? Adding a few more tons to each of her breasts, multiplying the amount of ribbons she had until even the perception filter keeping them hidden began to break down, improving her aura’s strength to the point where she could probably be seen on the other side a mile-thick sheet of lead, all while continuously dumping more and more of this borrowed power straight back into the Obstagoon beneath her, intensifying the physics abuse and multiplying how much energy she was “stealing” from, effectively, nothing.

It was a free lunch, and not one that any god around them could do anything to stop after the couple’s house exploded into tiny, shredded bits of whatever it was that made up its construction materials, the clouds of thin powder settling everywhere for a few moments before the two individuals responsible for their existence barrelled over everything around them. It was hard to contain themselves, not when they were enjoying one another’s presence so much; even when Tarn’s body became so engorged that he was having trouble moving his arms around, courtesy of his overengorged biceps and raw muscle power making it difficult to execute any motions without shattering large parts of the landscape, it was still nothing short of utter bliss for the two of them. Besides, Zera was more than happy to take the initiative and lead the way when it came to their private time together, and that occasion would be no different in that regard... just in every other.

She could feel them in the distance, the very same gods that had granted her access to this new wellspring of divine energy, all of them looking in her general direction as the power spike alerted them to a rogue ascension they all had to do something about. While normally they would go out of their way to mobilize all members of the pantheon to halt it before it could go anywhere, this time it would be different; none of them truly realized just what they were dealing

with when it came to Zera, just what sort of impossibly resistant willpower they were marshalling their forces against. This wasn't some two-bit minor god who happened to be birthed into existence because a planet somewhere all collectively agreed upon their existence, this was a perfectly unassuming Glaceon who *made herself* into a goddess through sheer grit and determination. It was a case so rare that they didn't want to accept her at first, but figured that it'd be best to give her some leeway before she did something stupid like physically walk into their hallowed halls and try stealing their power for herself.

Not that she'd ever do that... the second part, at least. It demonstrated a profound lack of understanding on the senior deities' part that they'd ever think Zera would *steal* anything from anyone, even stuffy old codgers like them, rather than simply trying to make them understand how much better it would be if they just shared some of their power with others. Even now, when she *could* very well forcefully take everything for her before giving it back, she didn't want to; it was a matter of personal pride and ethics, and Zera was not about to compromise the latter just because it was somewhat convenient. No, best if she and Tarn simply grew to mighty and powerful that reality itself would be unable to hold them back anymore, which at that point would result in every artificial veil being ripped open and every last bit of power that had been held back from her peers rushing in to bless everything to whatever degree they felt like being blessed. It'd be true freedom, which was only made sweeter by the methods used to get there.

Truth be told, much of this was only running on backburner in the very deepest recesses of Zera's mind, because the Glaceon was too busy having fun with her mate to really put any of her more complex plans into words... or even think about them too much, to be quite honest. They were still there, guiding her every move in ways that defied explanation and common sense, but her body was more or less running on auto-pilot with these vague instructions telling it where to go, seeing as her mind was too concerned with sharing this everlasting moment of intimate love with Tarn to really truly "think" about anything else. Why waste time and brainpower on complex power dynamics when she could put them to better use making the Obstagoon even bigger than before, his muscles rippling and bulging to such a degree that he was becoming a landscape unto himself? It was one thing for her to improve and engorge her own body until she had to start using distortions in order to keep herself in one piece and not scattered across the backdrop of existence, but her better half would suffer no such indignity; he was, after all, not a god like her, but a "mere" ascended mortal who just so happened to be given special passage thanks to the Glaceon's unique condition. But not anymore.

The only thing separating a mortal from godhood was, frankly, a bunch of old coots deciding that the latter was now their state of existence, and even then it was nothing more than the end result of enough divine energy being pumped into one's body until it began to dissipate into reality at a base level. That's the state that Zera was at, actually, with her "real" body being more accurately described as an all-permeating universal constant gifted with sentience and a certain

degree of control over how it manifested itself. Tarn though, Tarn was *physical* and very much solid, hence his issues with controlling his own immense power, especially when the two of them got too frisky and flooding happened for several days straight. Now though, now he wouldn't have to worry about that anymore, because that thin trickle of empowering manna that had been provided for Zera had begun to widen from how much she abused it, the sheer amount of raw, unfiltered power being siphoned from it enough to start tearing dimensional veils, even those that weren't her own! All around their divine plane, "minor" deities suddenly found themselves growing and bulging out as well, with even some "major" ones discovering it was getting hard to control their own immense might. The natural order was being upended, and all because Zera really, *really* wanted to share her state of being with her loveable Obstagoon.

He wasn't about to complain though; hell, at that point, Tarn barely had a mind left to complain about anything at all, what with it being monopolized by the onslaught of incomprehensible sensations he lacked the ability to process. He still called for Zera's name, still begged her for more, unending, unstoppable, still pleaded for her to never stop even when part of him believed he was about to pop; and the Glaceon never *would* stop, not until the giant began to melt into everything. Not literally, of course, but that's the closest analogy she could think of; rather than exploding and painting the landscape in a gruesome colour, or simply outgrowing everything the good old fashioned way, Tarn instead began to "disappear", his body seemingly vanishing for a few seconds as it began to fade away into the currents of reality itself... right before something clicked in his mind and the Obstagoon-shaped pile of muscles willed himself back into reality with the body that he'd just left it in, almost as if nothing happened. But both of them knew better; both of them knew that, despite everyone seeing them as two colossal titans obliterating every structure in the eternal city of the gods on the way to the palace at the very center, the *real* lovemaking, the *real* intimacy shared between the two had moved to several dimensional layers above *and* below, as their true selves stretched that perfect moment for all of eternity, again and again, through countless universes that weren't their own. It was perfection, it was bliss, and above all, it was *fuel*.

From there, it just wasn't possible to hold back any longer. The two of them weren't even trying, obviously, but as soon as their selves were extended throughout existence as two mutually dependent constants, the *moment* that the Obstagoon's sense of self was stretched throughout the whole of time, space and every other dimension that mortals yet failed to grasp, was the same one that their fates were entwined and neither Tarn nor Zera could really exist without one another. It was something that other gods refused to do, as it was seen as a sign of weakness, but those two knew better; to surrender themselves to one another, to put their very existence in the hands of their partner, their other half, was to enshrine their love as eternal, enduring, everlasting, capable of withstanding anything that reality might throw at it and only grow stronger because of it. It wasn't weakness, but the greatest of strengths, and they were going to show that to everyone.



Power was overwhelming, barriers were broken, laws and rules utterly destroyed as the Glaceon and Obstagoon couple continued to grow, or at least their avatars did. Their true selves occupied more and more of the multiversal harmony of strings that composed meta-existence itself, and soon enough the two would emerge into the interstitial not-space between realities, outside the bridges created by the gods themselves, filling it with more of themselves until all of everything was bathed in their eternal love for one another, as opposed to the dreadful emptiness that had been there before. They would continue to grow until even their pseudo-physical selves became too large to exist and they too had to melt back into the fabric of existence as a sort of double-ascension for which no one really had any words to describe. And they would do this again, and again, forevermore and never stopping, until they were satisfied that everyone, every last single soul in the whole of reality and all of its outskirts, felt the same amount of bliss and happiness that the two of them did, intertwined in one another's arms and unwilling to let go for any reason whatsoever. It would be a new golden age, a paradise so unfathomable that even the "greatest" of the extant gods would be unable to understand it; as they should, seeing as how they too had to broaden their horizons a little bit, get away from their places of comfort and see the ascension of their "lessers" for what it truly was: not an act of rebellion, not hate or spite, but something far better.

Love.