

It was time. With their living arrangement being what it was, it was really only a matter of “when”, not “if”; as much as Athora and Aurora insisted that their relationship was purely one of friendship, it wasn’t exactly hard to see that the two of them harbored significantly deeper feelings for one another than they were wont to let on. It was obvious to anyone that bothered to take even a passing glance at how they interacted with one another, and though it was just as clear to the two of them as well, neither of them really dared to take a step in the right direction; it was too much of a commitment, they liked to convinced themselves, too large a step for them to take... that is, until Aurora finally caved in to her own rational side and figured it was time she had a talk with Athora about how she felt about him. Granted, a lot of it came down to just how radically different the two were from one another: Athora was your average young man whose sole claim to fame were the tall jokes that came with him being about six feet tall, while Aurora was... more. Significantly more, in fact, and even *more* so than she let on; an accomplishment, given that she presented herself as a twenty-foot dragoness with curves for days and a bust large enough to utterly crush anyone she could call a lover, to say nothing of her musculature being well-developed enough that it was entirely possible for her to bend steel girders entirely by accident. Most of the time, she justified this by claiming it was all part of her draconic heritage; other dragons were similarly massive, so it wasn’t that hard for her to come up with some nonsense excuse about coming from a “big family” or something similar. In reality, however, Aurora held within her a spark of power far greater than anyone could imagine, one that connected her directly to the divine, one that made her far *more* than she was to everyone’s eyes; were the dragoness to unleash her true form, the one she didn’t spend a significant amount of her energy maintaining, the end result would be a significant chunk of the planet getting wrecked by her physical ascension, to say nothing of the effects it would have on a populace being given undeniable evidence of the presence of a *goddess* among them. And while most of the time Aurora was content with hiding this facet of herself, Athora made her doubt her decision to hide who she was, at least from him; it felt wrong, in a deep and visceral way, for her to lie to him in such a brazen manner, every single day they spent together. It felt like a breach of trust more than anything, given that Athora himself had already shared a few of his deepest secrets with her in moments of confidence, while she had to carefully curate what she revealed about herself in order to keep her divine nature a secret... but not anymore. She couldn’t stand it, she *wouldn’t* stand it, and thus the dragoness resolved to get it done and over with: she was going to sit Athora down in front of her and let him know everything about who she was, *what* she was, and everything that she was capable of. She would let him know that the body he had grown comfortable enough to snuggle with was nothing but a fraction of her real self, and that it would be nothing short of an *honour* for her to be able to share a fraction more with him, and *only* him. Granted, none of it would be delivered in such grandiose and poetic a form; by the time the two of them sat down in the living room, Aurora was a nervous mess who could barely keep her knees from wobbling, needing to holding them down with her hands after sitting down cross-legged. Athora, for his part, was just confused about what all of the talk of a “big reveal” was about, though given the way they thought of one another, a large part of him immediately

picked up on what was about to happen; still, he said nothing, did nothing, and obediently sat there listening to the dragoness trying to start up what was supposed to have been an easy declaration of love. What followed were a confusingly paced ten or so minutes where Aurora tripped over herself so much that, by the end of it, all she'd managed to say was that she was very lucky to have someone like Athora in his life, and that she had something important to tell him, leaving her back at square one... until Athora asked a fateful question, that is:

“Rora, is everything alright? Did I do something wrong?”

That did the trick. How could that wonderful little guy even *think* that he'd done *anything* wrong? He was perfect in every single way, that much Aurora wanted to let him know; almost as if by instinct, she immediately picked him up and held close enough to her bosom that the poor man had to be released just so he could breathe, after which the dragoness broke into a series of apologies before taking a series of deep breaths, exhaling as slowly as she could, and finally laying it out in as obvious a fashion as she could: she didn't just *like* him, she was *in love* with him; she wanted to be with him for the rest of their lives, she wanted them to never be away from one another, and nothing would make her happier than him being by her side, as a peer, as a lover, as a better half. But that, on top of it all, he should know that she was not truly a dragoness, at least not in the sense that others were; rather, that her blood was divine, that her body was a fabrication, and that her inexplicable power came not from lucky genetics, but from her connection to the celestial realms. This was handily proven by having her unleash a fraction more of her true self, reaching a truly enormous thirty feet in height (forcing her to hunch over even more) while adding so much extra mass onto her curves and muscles that Athora was left red-faced and with his pants seriously tight. He didn't know what to say; it was so much all at once that the only thing he could think to do was nod along and let Aurora know that he'd known all along, and that yes, he was just as happy to be with her as she was to be with him. All he could do was open his big, stupid mouth, and through blubbering tears let his “precious ‘Rora’” know that he loved her more than he could properly express, and that her mere presence was often enough to make even the shittiest of days feel like the best ones in his life. All he could do was throw himself at her, so pathetically tiny in comparison yet feeling like an absolute colossus, to let her know that he didn't *care* whether she was divine or not; she was Aurora, she was *his* Aurora, and that was all that mattered to him, nothing more. For the goddess herself, the ensuing rush of emotional responses was... hard to process, to be quite honest. If on one hand she wanted to cry her eyes out for having Athora respond so positively to something that had left her so emotionally frazzled just thinking about, on the other the dragoness goddess wanted to *burst* with childish glee at having been so accepted so readily by someone who could've just as easily turned around and run out the door after being confronted with her true nature. It was a volatile mixture, to say the least, hence why the giantess' first reaction after Athora gave her his response was to pick him up again and unceremoniously shove him into her cleavage. There was too much energy inside of her, it *had* to be unleashed; given the sort of things that happened when she lost control of her more deific side, being stuck in between a pair of tits that were, by then, bigger than *he* was, was oddly enough the safest option for Athora, even the young man managed to get

a single exclamation out to complain about it before being muffled by marshmallow. No sooner had Aurora managed to secure her beloved than her body began to change of its own accord, the rush of positive emotions tapping into some primordial reservoir of divine energy and unleashing it into her form, *flooding* her very being with it. She could sense it: it was her true self, the one she kept hidden away from the world, the same one that held most of her power, now finally breaking through and forcing its way back into the same plane of existence that her smaller avatar inhabited... or, rather, she was *becoming* her true self yet again, unable to resist the allure now that she knew Athora would stand by her side. It was hard to tell what was truly the case; what with her being too happy to care, it was easier to just go with the flow, even if this meant crashing through the ceiling in her biggest growth surge yet, turning most of their home into rubble in the process. It hardly mattered, given that Athora could just live on her if so needed; she was already too big for most places anyway, so really, the two of them having to make do with one another was an upgrade as far as the dragoness cared. That, and it was undeniably *ecstatic* to finally be freed from her proverbial larval stage; having to walk around being only twenty feet tall and *merely* having a bust of a size large enough to crush a large van might be more than most people could take, but for her? For her it was a constant disappointment, a reminder that she couldn't truly be herself, for fear of being rejected. Now though, now she had Athora; granted, he was too busy being smushed in her tits to really do or say anything, but he was there, he was alive, and his love for her was *palpable* (and quite literally at that, given how grabby his hands were being). So why hold back? Why not unleash her full form upon an unsuspecting world, bringing her height soaring close to the triple digits while the rest of her frame engorged in a similar fashion? A heavier bust for sure, larger and fuller tits that she may carefully safeguard her beloved Athora from any danger; he would be kept in between them, within a lullaby of warm, silky softness and loud, rhythmic sloshing, and he would experience blissful heaven. Add to that a bit more pudge to her rear, really pad out her figure just to make sure she wasn't *too* top-heavy; plus, it gave her an excuse to thicken her thighs out before readjusting their muscle tone, and now that she had Athora to play around with, a little bit of thickness was sure not to hurt her. Besides, once that was done, it was child's play for the dragoness to once again re-sculpt her form, such that it not only matched her old one in terms of muscle tone, but *surpassed* it, all without sacrificing her distinctly curvaceous body plan. It was the perfect combination, as far as she was concerned... it just wasn't big enough. Not yet, at least; she might be over a hundred feet tall, but that was nothing compared to what she was *truly* like. Athora deserved nothing less than her all, nothing less than herself at her full power, and for that, she needed to unleash every ounce of might she had kept away for all those years. Nevermind the fact that this turned most of their neighborhood into a combination of sawdust and pulverized plaster, or that most of its inhabitants found their way onto her body in one way or another; Aurora was, after all, a merciful goddess, and not about to sacrifice anyone upon the altar of her own ascension. *Anyone* being the key-word, as property was fair game as far as she was concerned; why bother with houses and cars and highrises and office buildings and *whatever else* happened to be in her way, when there could just be more of her? Why bother with towns

and cities when there could be Aurora, when there could be dragoness, so much of her that she didn't so much compete with the local landscape as she *became* the landscape, transforming the local geography from a series of hills into one colossal, hyper-curvaceous dragoness leaking copious amounts of milk from a bust too large for her to carry around, yet one she effortlessly hefted regardless. Sirens were blaring from every direction, the sheer panic of the little ones at this inexplicable growth spurt driving them to do such silly things as send fighter jets to try and bring her down, needing Aurora to gently swat them down from the sky while plucking their pilots from their fiery dooms, giving them a place to stay for however long they wanted. Entire cities would be uplifted onto her form, a paradise for any humble enough to accept her offer; though, of course, always reserving the best spot for Athora, for her beloved, for the one who had helped her realize she was so much better off simply being herself. Only for him, her everything, her all, the one who so happily accepted her for who she was rather than turn around screaming or drop to his knees in worship; *he* would have the place of honour, right between her warm, milk-filled tits, for as long as he wanted to be there. He wouldn't even need to eat or drink anything; she was a goddess, and as such she decided whether or not those around her had to consume anything in order to remain functioning. In Athora's case, having to take breaks from being doted on in order to have a snack or a bottle of water would be a waste of time, thus, Aurora decreed that he should be able to stay there for however arbitrarily long was necessary; it was only fair, after all, to give her better half the best treatment she could think of. It was only fair, that if *she* got to ascend and take so much of the world along with her as her form approached planetary scales, that the reason for her newfound confidence be given the best treatment possible. And when she reached her apex, when her form became that which it was meant to be, even when Athora was so tiny compared to her that the two wouldn't be able to engage in more "traditional" intimacy... it wouldn't matter. Because they had one another.

And that was all they needed.