

It had been some time since the two first met, and yet every single day since then, Andy found that he woke up just a slightly bit happier than the day before, knowing that he had that wonderful gal by his side waiting for him to turn around in bed to wrap his arms around her. The simple fact that she was *there* at all put a smile on his face whenever he truly thought about it, and her warmth, the softness of her fur, the little dimples on her face whenever she laughed or giggled, it all just added to the beautiful picture she painted with each passing day. He could very well lie there and listen to her talk about whatever random dream she had, which she somehow managed to drag on for ages while still keeping it interesting; her personal record stood at about an hour, where she went on a long-winded explanation of one of her favourite TV series before getting to the dream itself, even if the two things were only tangentially related. He couldn't bring himself to be bored though; there was something about the way she talked that just made it *interesting*, even if it was the most boring, mundane and uninteresting topic.

This extended to the rest of their life as well. One wouldn't expect a vixen that small to pack so much energy into a body that looked frail enough to be swept away by a particularly strong gust of wind, but the moment Andy opened the door to her, Rebecca took his house by storm and immediately placed herself in charge of the relationship. She was a force of nature to be reckoned with, filled with boundless excitement and near-childish glee for even the simplest of things, able to turn something as utterly unexciting as a crossword into a several-hour-long marathon of insanity that left them both unable to breathe properly from how much they were wheezing with laughter. Andy knew for a fact that he could count on *something* interesting happening every time he came home from work, be it a random recipe that Rebecca decided to try out, her putting up small paper decorations everywhere because she thought it'd look cool, or opening the front door to find rose petals, scented candles and scandalously lewd music coming from their bedroom, where the vixen would be waiting for him with a rose in her mouth and a wiggle on her eyebrows. It was heaven, and he wouldn't have it any other way.

Unbeknownst to him though, Rebecca was more than just fun personified in a fluffy form, but something far more, something *vast* and unknowable that just so happened to feel like being known for a while, at least until she found someone who would be willing to go back with her. It wasn't every day that something like her descended into the realms of mere mortals, much less acting the way that she did, but it was a necessity; not just anyone had the ability to keep up with the kind of manic pace that she was craving, and indeed no one ever had. Rebecca had already manifested herself a few times before without any results coming her way, leaving her empty-handed and thoroughly disappointed in both herself and the world at large for failing to provide an adequate suitor. But this time, she found Andy; an unassuming office worker who just so happened to bump into her at a random bar when she was on the way out, and whose awful pun about coats was just stupid enough to get her attention. Clearly, this was a man who didn't care how dumb he sounded, he just wanted to get that terrible joke out in the world so that

everyone else could have a cheap laugh out of it and enjoy it as much as he did... and she had to respect that mentality.

This was only confirmed when the two began talking and ended up hitting it off; the fox was just as upfront and open as Rebecca herself was, driven by a desire to help spread this odd sense of inner peace and self-assuredness that he seemed to exude from every pore. He looked just as much at home in that bar as he did in his *actual* home, and appeared possessed of an almost supernatural ability to blend into his immediate environment and just have *fun* with the world in general; if ever Rebecca had met someone who was truly larger than life, Andy was it. Now, the only thing needed was to make that expression about as literal as it could possibly be, and then maybe the two of them could start having some *proper* fun.

It was hard to hide it for much longer. Rebecca had already been seriously stretching out her time in these lower dimensions when she met Andy in the first place, and even the occasional trips back to her home plane when no one was looking did very little to help recharge her batteries. The months she spent with the fox, while absolutely wonderful and worth every single second, had nonetheless drained her of so much energy that the vixen would *have* to go back to where she came from sooner rather than later, at least if she wanted to bring her partner with her... and *that* bit was non-negotiable. She hadn't spent so long with Andy only to leave him behind, not when he was absolutely perfect and exactly what she had in mind for a divine consort. The only problem was how to break the news to him, because she doubted that even someone as open-minded as him would just swallow up what she had to offer without a metric ton of questions, and potentially a call to the nearest psychiatric hospital.

Thus, she resolved to show it to him, rather than just telling; specifically, Rebecca waited for their six-month anniversary before making her move, an otherwise unremarkable date that she would've been glad to completely ignore, but now served as the best possible opportunity she had to put her powers on full display. Granted, she could do that at literally any point, but theatrics demanded that she at least *try* to put on a bit of a show; she was a goddess, after all, even if one in disguise, and what was divine power without a little bit of flair to it? It was for this reason, and this reason alone, that Andy returned home after yet another day at work to find the whole house had been redecorated; this time, the vixen had resorted to her own powers rather than her physical hands to do so, snapping her fingers to put everything in place.

The apartment had been made to look more like a royal court than the frankly mundane and unassuming house it had been previously, lavishly decorated (at times excessively so) to the point where some sections were effectively unnavigable without bumping into *something* or pushing something else out of its place. The poor fox could only look around him with wide eyes, trying to understand how exactly his mate had managed to transform their domicile into something that looked straight out of some opulent stage play in just under eight hours without

him having noticed any preparations for it. This wasn't made any better by his turning around and staring right into their bedroom, where he saw someone who very clearly *looked* like Rebecca, but couldn't possibly be her: this vixen was *significantly* larger.

From a mere five-foot munchkin to big enough to take up the whole bed and still manage to have her paws hanging off the edge, lying there on her side with one hand holding her head up and her eyes half-lidded as they scanned the hallway waiting for her mate to show up, that was definitely Rebecca in there, though how exactly she had transformed into something of such immense beauty was something that Andy couldn't really explain. Hell, he could barely even process what he was seeing at all; he was so used to the vixen being so much smaller that the one thought in his mind was that this had to be some sort of illusion, visual trickery meant to entice and allure him into a state where he then wouldn't care if she turned out to be just as small as ever. And yet, as he walked closer to her, each step only served to confirm what he had seen when turning the corner; Rebecca didn't shrink over time, the "illusion" didn't shatter, and her stare became increasingly and almost irresistibly sultry the more he dragged his infatuated self over to their bedroom. By the time he crossed the threshold, Andy was no longer in control of his own body; muscle memory had taken over, and there was only one way all of this could end.

Being so close to the vixen let him know for certain that he had to be dreaming. Not only had she grown to occupy their entire bed, easily taller than even he was if she bothered to stand up, but her curves were accentuated as well: wider, flared hips, thicker thighs that beckoned him to place his head between them so he could have it squeezed in their softness, and an ample bosom that promised a marshmallow heaven that would last for all eternity if only he were to bury his face in it. Her fur was silken soft when he dared place a hand on it, and a quiet, almost imperceptible murr filled the room, emanating from within her chest. Everything about that vixen seemed custom-made to break his willpower and bend it to hers, but that was hardly the case. Rebecca had better plans for him than to just keep him around as a fucktoy; it just so happened that those plans required Andy to be *incredibly* horny and ready to throw himself into a marathon of lovemaking unlike any the couple had ever shared before.

There were no need for words, nor was the fox capable of producing any; with his hands working by themselves, he removed his shirt and tie while haphazardly trying to hop his way out of his pants before climbing onto the bed, desperate to approach that veritable goddess he was seeing in front of him. Rebecca seemed to *glow* with power the closer he looked, but Andy wasn't in any fit state to try and understand why; all he could think of was how much he wanted to bury himself in her warm, soft self and just surrender himself completely to how comfortable her body was... at least until his more animalistic side began to rear its ugly head and the vulpine's mind was assaulted by thoughts of a more decidedly carnal nature. It was inevitable; Rebecca herself *wanted* him to go there, and as much as he enjoyed being a hopeless romantic, Andy's libido inevitably won in the end. Always.

This all fell exactly in accordance with Rebecca's plan, seeing as the vixen very much wanted her mate to experience an ascension through his own effort, rather than simply being given it with a snap of her fingers. So, contrary to what her immense new form might have indicated, she *didn't* take the lead that time, in sharp contrast to her usual self; rather, she simply rolled onto her back and gave Andy full access to every part of her body, trying her best to be as responsive as possible to the fox's roving hands, squirming and writhing and readjusting every inch of her to give him the best possible tactile feedback she could muster. It was important that he feel in control, that he feel like everything he did resulted in her own arousal being heightened ever higher... which wasn't exactly that far from the truth, given that the vixen was allowing part of her divine power to seep back into her form, intruding upon the mortal world in a way that flared every neuron in her physical brain in *just* the right way to get her moaning and mewling within seconds. Every touch, every press, every squeeze and knead was enough to get her body to flinch as if it had been burned by a hot flame, before relaxing into Andy's grip, eager to taste more of that most forbidden of fruits; Andy himself instinctively knew that something was different about Rebecca, even beyond the obvious, but couldn't bring himself to care, not when he had his own personal giantess there for him to play with.

It was here that the power transfer began in earnest. The vixen goddess' body wasn't *merely* sensitive as much as it had turned itself into a highly-reactive gateway for her own power; it wasn't even day that her true form almost literally *leaked* onto someone else, much less in a way designed to uplift them to divinity themselves, and the sensations it roused in her were... hard to describe. Being as close to the personification of lust and fertility as she was, Rebecca never thought she'd be lost for words when it came to explaining how much she wanted what she was having a million times over, yet there she was, unable to control her physical avatar as everything it felt fed back into her mind and overwhelmed it to the point where her eyes began to roll upwards and her drooling tongue lolled freely from her open mouth. All of her muscles relaxed simultaneously, some even going fully limp as Andy continued to work her over like moulding clay, a pair of hands and a tongue that seemed to know her own body better than she herself did; truly, her decision to stick with that fox had been the right one, because these were sensations she'd never experienced in her entire *life*.

Meanwhile, Andy began to feel the effects of his ministrations firing back at him, though not necessarily in a way that he was aware of. Being so focused on pleasuring that gorgeous giantess beneath him, it was easy for him to miss the fact that the size difference that he was so fond of had begun to even out, with his own body growing outwards to compensate, his muscles slowly swelling to prepare him for what was to come. The bed the couple lay on had started to creak gently, the springs groaning ominously as they were pushed down by the burgeoning weight of a *second* giant being created right on top of them; not that either of the vulpines would care much, but at least it added to the pleasurable symphony of noises that made the room and what they

were doing within it feel like a fantasy come true; Andy wasn't even thinking of what he was going to do next, content in letting his body take the wheel while his mind focused on simply enjoying what it was seeing and feeling.

And there was plenty to enjoy, especially seeing as the amount of power flooding him from Rebecca's direction only grew higher the longer the two of them were together. It was an escalating process really; the more Andy absorbed, the more his body *could* absorb, thus giving his beautiful vixen an excuse to open the floodgates just a tiny bit more, again and again until the trickle turned into a rivulet, and the rivulet became a river, and from there... well, from there, to call it a flood would be an understatement, as reality itself had to be readjusted to prevent the two from ripping it apart with their rapid ascension; the goddess knew for a fact that trying to go up too quickly would end up requiring a universal reset, so she focused (or tried to, at least) on containing the both of them, though not by holding them back. Rather, she opted to expand the room the two were in.

It was a genius move, especially since she could do it without having to worry about the outside changing, simply distorting the dimensions of their bedroom while giving Andy's body time to burgeon outwards and acclimate to what it was going through. It was the least she could do, and in many ways the *only* thing available to her; hard to do anything else when she was being speared by a lover who only grew stronger each time he bucked his hips towards her, with each grunt that escaped his gritted teeth or each squeeze of her ample breasts. The fox atop her had turned into a beast, a rabid animal driven more by instinct and raw desire than any kind of conscious mind, and that's *exactly* what she was looking for: someone who could surrender to this wilder side of their psyche, taking her and using her like a fucktoy until she couldn't help but squeak and squeal with how hard she was being pistoned into. Andy himself seemed intent on giving her the most energetic fuck she'd ever experienced too; it was a wonder how his muscles even worked anymore now that he'd given up trying to be gentle about things and skipped straight to having his cock plunge deeply and greedily into her folds, his knot inflating and ready to keep him well and truly stuck whenever he climaxed... which, all things considered, was probably quite a way's away.

The fox's entire body had begun to bulk up, the divine power seeping into him multiplying his muscle mass until he was left looking more like a career bodybuilder than the average vulpine he used to be, his height shooting upwards as the bed just barely kept up with both his and Rebecca's growth spurt, for the vixen too had to start opening her pressure valve to return to her true self. And yet, Andy was the one who kept in front, his body insisting on remaining on top as it continued to pack on mass and muscle, granting him renewed strength and stamina that would inevitably be put to use jackhammering his cock directly into the vixen goddess' nethers, spreading them open and slamming so harshly into them that the sound of wet thwapping grew to dominate their bedroom, joining with the groaning and grunting of both burgeoning giants and

the complaining of the bed to create a wondrous cacophony that served little purpose but to further egg Andy on. It was proof positive that what he was feeling at the time was true, that he was god, a *breeding* god, one possessed of so much power that he could fuck that beautiful giantess underneath him for eons on end and still have energy left to keep going; he didn't really know where that energy had come from, nor how he came into it so suddenly, but did that matter at all? Rebecca was nearly bent in half, her paws were close to her ears and she was screaming for his name; those were the only important things at that point.

Their environment began to suffer as well. With the goddess going back to her proper form and the fox beside her being uplifted into a new, more glorious one, it was only a matter of time before the house was brought down, even *with* Rebecca working double-time to keep it expanded and capable of holding them. After a certain point, it just stopped mattering altogether; why bother going through the trouble of distorting the dimensions of the bedroom any further when the two of them were going to break free of it anyway? Why spend energy delaying the inevitable? Why not, instead, appreciate how Andy's claws, sharp as could possibly be, dug deep gashes into the ceiling when he placed his palms on it for leverage, or how he so effortlessly ripped apart chunks of the wooden bed frame by just holding onto them and pulling them upwards as he thrashed about trying to make sense of the endless currents of pleasure coursing through him? This was exactly what Rebecca had always wanted, and by her own name, she was going to *milk it*.

Not that she had to work too hard for that, seeing as Andy was more than happy to give her every last drop of his potent cum and several gallons more on top of that, even if most of it spilled onto the sheets with how much he was moving his hips about. That rod he was sporting had grown to the point where he could probably hug it and still have the tip of it reach the top of his head, and yet he moved it with such grace and ease that it might as well be completely weightless; it *definitely* wasn't though, and Rebecca was being reminded of this every half-second or so when that titanic shaft plowed into her at maximum speed, not only ramming straight through her cervix to thoroughly paint her insides white, but leaving a clear bulge on her belly with each thrust that Andy executed. The vixen was *lucky* that her mate was pulling back at all, or else her gut would've been stuffed full of so much seed that it would've been several times its regular size by that point; hell, even then it clearly had a roundness to it that it hadn't previously, letting her know just how much spunk was sloshing about in there... and how much more she desperately wanted to be stuffed with.

Soon, neither of them were in control anymore: Rebecca gave in to her cum-stuffing fantasies, Andy was too busy being an animal driven purely by muscle memory, and the house was starting to crash all around them, unable to contain the energy of the two deities as they carried on growing in every direction. Foundations groaned, roof tiles creaks, walls crumbled and dust flew everywhere as their bedroom was filled, quickly followed by complete structural

collapse once the dimensional distortions were overpowered and the couple's true size was revealed to the world, Andy's apartment *exploding* outwards along with most of the building that it was in. The streets below were showered in bits of concrete as the two giants fell down towards them, their rough landing causing such an enormously destructive shockwave that every structure in a city block radius promptly lost whatever windows it might have, and several cars were outright flipped over or projected several feet away from them.

Soon, the whole world would be made privy to them, aware of their presence as their godlike avatars ascended towards the heavens in perhaps the most animalistic way possible; not that either of them cared, given the state their minds were in, but they were certainly making it hard for those around him to remain indifferent given how much damage they were doing to their surroundings: if the apartment building hadn't been enough, the streets were next on the list, with the amount of cum drooling and spurting from within Rebecca making sure to clog up the storm drains within minutes, followed right after by those structures directly next to the one the couple broke free from collapsing as they were pushed outwards by their constantly-growing forms. And if it wasn't for the two vulpines simply expanding each time Andy slammed himself as deep as he could possibly go into Rebecca, it was the howling the cracked glass and deafened all those who were too close to the epicenter, or the low, rumbling moaning of the vixen that somehow managed to vibrate even the sturdiest of steel in just the right frequency to make it buckle and bend like it was made of brittle clay. Theirs was a symphony of destruction that would see the whole world crumble around them, but that hardly registered with the two lovers; after all, they had one another.

Despite the raw, carnal aspect of their near-mindless descent into lust and self-indulgence, there was no doubting that the love they felt for one another, the same one that had sparked their ascension to begin with, had only grown stronger with each second that ticked away, with each inch they grew closer to breaching the dimensional layers and returning to a state more befitting divine creatures such as them. Andy might be too focused on bucking his hips and making sure his hands were properly anchored on the vixen's breasts to really express it, but being an open faucet of emotions as he was, it was easy for Rebecca to pick up on what he was thinking; or, more accurately, *feeling*. It was yet another facet of this new relationship they were building with one another, that they would be able to simply *know* what was on one another's mind on an instinctual level; and while most of the time it would merely be used as a way for them grow ever closer as they spent aeons expressing their adoration for one another in the most intimate of manners, right at that moment it served as more fuel for the fire that had consumed the both of them. There was no tenderness there, at least not on the forefront; merely a bestial desire for rutting that only grew stronger as Andy himself did, though one very much directed at Rebecca and *only* Rebecca. If, by some miracle, the fox were given a vixen of similar size, proportions and power, he would never pick them over *his* precious mate; he was hers, only hers, and she

was his and only his, a relationship that would stand the test of time and anything else that happened to be thrown their way.

It just so happened that he was a tad too horny to really say or do anything about that apart from just ramming his cock into her as quickly and powerfully as he could, roaring like a deranged animal as he did so in between long bouts where the two would bring their lips together and unashamedly wrap their tongues around the other's. The city around them had already begun to crumble, given that they had completely lost track of how big they were and just stopped caring about it altogether; the only important thing to them was their other half, the other vulpine with which they would spend all of eternity. For Rebecca this was especially rewarding, doubly sweet, as she could finally stop worrying about destroying everything in her pursuit for a mate; she had found him, the one other soul in all of existence that could ever possibly complete her, and now she was free. It was as if a weight that she never even knew was there had been lifted from her shoulders in addition to the one she was painfully aware of, and suddenly, keeping things in their proper place wasn't so bad; what was a reset or two compared to forever spent with someone like Andy?

More and more power was dumped directly into his body, forcing the fox's form to burgeon outwards and continuously improve upon itself, ascending him from a mere giant to something truly *divine* and eternal. Rebecca was a gateway more than anything now, her physical avatar being shed as her true self came into focus, just as it became time for her mate to also give up their old self, even if they chose to present themselves in the same way; they couldn't just hold onto their old body, that'd be too limited, too *constricting* for a brand new god such as him! But it wasn't horrific or painful, or even slightly discomforting for that matter; it was apotheosis, it was glory, it was unlike anything his mind could truly fathom, for his mind too had to be brought to an entirely new level as he reached for the heavens with the vixen by her side. It was as if everything around him simply faded away, and rather than him outgrowing the entirety of existence by brute force, he had... transcended it. He could feel it still, all around him in some way or another, but with each motion of his body, with each thrust and bucking of the hips, it grew more distant, less relevant, while a brand new reality made itself manifest, the one where Rebecca belonged and mostly inhabited whenever she wasn't trying to find someone to bring back with her. Someone... like Andy.

There would be no stopping now that they were back home, now that Andy's prior life had been disposed of and the fox god could begin anew, with his consort by his side and eons of forever ahead of him to explore this new "life" together. There would be no stopping now that they were in their personal paradise, one that could be shaped and moulded at their heart's content to meet whatever demands they might have of it, be they wholesome or... not so much. The possibilities were endless, and they were theirs to explore at their leisure, for the two of them, as undisputed rulers of all that was, had all the time in existence to do as they so desired;

there were no responsibilities to attend to, no jobs to be done, no earthly concerns to worry about, just themselves, one and the other, forever together in a dance that would wax and wane in intensity over the course of their eternal, blissful existence. One that they would spend in one another's arms, forever bathing in their endless love, one that would only grow more powerful and bountiful. Why even bother about turning their attention to the very world they had just wrecked a large chunk of inadvertently when they could just... not? It was a choice they had, to just ignore it and carry on, to focus on one another and let it end there. And it was a choice that they would pick, that they may hold their forms in each other's arms and feel their warm breath rolling down their necks and backs, forever and always.

After they were done rutting of course. Should only take a few more ages.