

Divine Musings

By Dragonien

I never would have imagined I'd end up dating a god. Then again who in their right mind would? Can you imagine trying to explain that to your friends? "Oh hey Greg hey Tyler this is my boyfriend. He's a divine being that can manipulate time and space at will!" They'd have me thrown in a strait jacket in a matter of seconds.

I mean it's not like he's hiding himself. He can just... make people not know. I don't really understand it. It's something about people's perception and manipulating it on a subconscious level. He could be doing things that are completely impossible on a well-lit stage in front of a crowd of people and if he didn't want them to notice they wouldn't even bat an eyelash! Then again that's just scratching the surface of the things he can do. He says he has limits but I've yet to see them. Maybe it's just because I'm some tiny little insignificant speck of a mortal and I can't perceive things on the same level as him.

Which is what makes it so mind-boggling, and so endearing, that he can show such love and affection for someone as insignificant as me.

Honestly, I don't even really remember how we met. I'm pretty sure he had something to do with that but I eventually decided it didn't matter so I never bothered to ask. I just remember coming home from work one day and he was there waiting for me. Waiting with that big toothy smile of his for me to step inside so he could scoop me up off the ground in a hug. It's pretty easy for him too considering his average self is tall enough that his ears brush my ceiling and, though he somehow gets through it just fine, I know damn well there's no way he can fit his bulky ass through my front door.

I mean, he's a god. What can I say? He's built like a god. His biceps are bigger than his own head and his pecs jut out farther than his chin. His thighs are as thick around as I am and his... well, let's just say there are some other just as impressive comparisons that I've made with other body parts that I think I'm going to keep in the bedroom. Don't like it? Go get your own god boyfriend.

Now if you've ever met me there's probably a good chance you don't remember. I'm about as bland as they come. I'm not even six feet tall. I'm not fat, but I'm not thin or muscular either. Oh, sure I've tried to make myself a little more unique by dying a shock of my hair electric blue to contrast the otherwise boring white and gray pattern of my fur. But even that doesn't seem to make me stand out much from any other husky you would see. Which, again, is what makes it so shocking that he's interested in me.

You're probably noticing a pattern by now.

If anything, it almost feels like he's obsessed with me. Not in a bad way or anything. I mean, good lord, it's amazing. Some of the things that he does just to give me a good time or to try to tease me I never could have even conceived of much less expected from my most ideal dream relationship.

Some mornings I'll wake up and he'll be snuggled up there in bed with me; arms nearly as big around as I am cuddling me against him like I'm his teddy bear. I don't complain. Other times I find myself sandwiched between him and... Well, another him. After that first time he saw how much it just about destroyed me when he cloned himself, he decided to make it a frequent theme. I know it's not actually cloning. he says it's something about manifesting multiple avatars from higher planes of existence or whatever but come on its cloning. It's him but there's more than one of him. And yes, I know somewhere you're probably listening to

these thoughts and I don't care what you say they're just clones! Don't be pretentious just because you can control time and space!

Anyway, like I said he loves the clone thing. Mostly because he knows I do. I mean when you're dating literally the perfect man what more could you possibly ask for other than more of him? And he gives it a different spin each time so it's never the same thing twice. One time he made a clone that was the exact opposite of him. Lean and thin like he had a twink twin brother and we spent the whole night in the bedroom together and... Well, you can fill in the details.

Another time he got really out of control with it and I swear I thought I was going to have a heart attack. I was at work and he showed up in my office on the 23rd floor saying he wanted to take me out for lunch. Before I even had a chance to respond the light from the windows went out. When I looked behind me I saw another one of him, or at least a single one of the eyes of another one of him, crouching down to look in the window of my 23rd story office! Oh yeah, he can do the giant monster stuff too with his size. But that wasn't even the worst of it. The 'little' him scooped me up and opened the window so we could step out onto his big self's palm. And that's what I looked up and saw a third one of him with his face filling the sky laying on his front and looking down at the entire city. I'm not too proud to admit I had a little bit of a panic attack. I mean, don't get me wrong, holy hell was it hot. But it can be a little terrifying when your boyfriend's big enough to lick your city up off the ground and you're not ready for it.

Other times he gets more personal with it. There was this one time he spent this entire week pretending to be my guardian angel or personal genie. Somehow, he made it so that I was the only one that could see or hear him. It was something that he shamelessly abused when I was trying to work and he's standing there in a speedo so tight it can only be born of divine powers casually flexing and showing off trying to distract me. Yeah, I'm mortal, Sue me. I got distracted. Thankfully he's

not the jealous type. Especially considering he can apparently read my mind whenever he wants so he knows every time I look at someone and feel even a little bit of physical attraction towards them.

Which is why he spent the next three days during his guardian angel phase keeping watch for every time I ogled someone I thought was cute and proceeded to grow them from cute into a hunk. No one else noticed the change; not even the person growing. Even when they were standing there in clothes that were half ripped off of them thanks to their new size they still went about their day as if everything was normal. I remember there was this one green dragon in particular he did that with at a bus stop and he made the dragon so big they couldn't fit inside the bus! So, rather than realize this and notice something was wrong, the dragon just crawled on top of the bus and rode it like that.

And yes, he was naked by the time he was that big. I stared. Again, Sue me. I'm mortal.

One time he even made me big. He made a whole big thing out of it, pun only kind of intended. It lasted an entire month. He kept acting like he didn't know what was going on and he did something to my head as well. It made me aware that something was happening but somehow I just couldn't put A and B together and realize that he was responsible. He's lucky that I'm okay with screwing with my head as long as it's hot.

But for that whole month he had me just slowly growing exponentially faster and faster. It started so slow I didn't even notice it for the first couple of days. Then I started waking up and noticing my clothes were getting tighter and tighter. It was about five days before I realized I was starting to gain muscle. Like I said, I'm kind of a twig. So, when I gained twenty pounds of muscle in less than a week it

really showed. As if he was going to stop there, though. I wasn't even working out and I was growing faster than any body builder could have with the most intense training physically possible. And even they can't train themselves to be taller. And again, somehow, he screwed with everyone else so they didn't see it as unusual but they did notice a change and kept constantly complimenting me or commenting on it.

He was trying really hard to build up my ego that month. There's no way that many cute guys would coincidentally keep bumping into me just so they could look up and realize how big and tall I was then getting flustered and complimenting me on it. I know you're still listening, and I know it was you! But that's okay.

It was kind of hot.

I didn't realize how far he was going though until we got to the third week. By then I was as big as his regular avatar was normally. My ears were brushing the ceiling and I could barely fit through any of the doors in my house. Unlike a certain cheater orange god fox I can't magic my way through doorways. So, I may have broken a few of them. One of them maybe on purpose when I got stuck and frustrated. But he didn't even stop there. By the time the end of the fourth week was coming around I couldn't even stand up straight in my own house and I was so ripped I look like I ate smaller bodybuilders for breakfast! During this whole time he made a point never to make a bigger than normal avatar. It was one of the only times I ever got to feel really big and strong around him and I'm not going to lie, I kind of liked it. It was pretty fun being able to pick him up for once.

And speaking of picking him up, good lord I was strong! I mean, I knew bodybuilders were strong. After all that's what all that muscle is for, right? I mean besides kissing on. But I never realized how strong it would actually make me. He

assured me a dozen times there was nothing supernatural about my body other than the fact it was growing but I still couldn't believe how strong I was. I went to the gym only once during that time and only really to test out my strength. I think I freaked out all of the other buff guys while I was there. I maxed out every machine and station on weight, sometimes even borrowing weights from other machines until the bars were maxed out, and I still couldn't get a good workout. It just felt effortless to me. I'm pretty sure I shattered every weight lifting record in the world that afternoon. Before I left, I got morbidly curious and tried bending one of the bench press bars just to see if I could. It was twisted into a pretzel within seconds. Oh, that's right; I owe them a weight bar. Need to remember to get them a replacement.

Then there are the nights that he turns off his powers, or at least that's how I see it. We'll spend an entire weekend together where he doesn't change a single thing and acts completely mortal. Or at least as mortal as someone who is eight feet tall and built like a Greek statue's older, bigger brother. Those more intimate times are some of my favorites. When we just indulge in each other in the most basic, mortal way possible. He loves me giving him foot rubs and I would be lying if I said that it wasn't a bit of a turn on massaging paws as big as dinner plates. Okay maybe they got a kiss or two as well. Other times it's something a little bit higher that's getting a few kisses. Again, I'll let your mind fill in the blanks on that part but let me just put it like this. You ever go to sleep cuddling a body pillow that you've got your arms and legs both wrapped around? Yeah. There's one specific part of him that's my body pillow.

There's just something about those moments in particular even though there's constant reminders that he is so far above and beyond me and everyone else I know, that just sweep me off my feet. Maybe it's just being wanted by someone bigger and more powerful than me that could have anyone they wanted. Maybe it's the idea that someone so beyond my limited mortal comprehension is

willing to reduce himself down to my level just to spend time with me. Or maybe he just has a really cute ass. I don't know, I'm not a psychologist.

And then there was the ring he gave me on our one-year anniversary. He explained he wanted to give me something to always remember him by even when he wasn't around. But he couldn't give me a normal ring, oh no. He had to show me how much I meant to him. So, he gave me a ring with a cute little blue and green gem in it. But when I looked closer, I saw the gem was moving. Eventually he explained that that gemstone was the planet. Like, the whole planet I was standing on at that very moment. I get a headache when I try to figure out the logic of it but the little thing set in the ring is a physical representation of the entire planet Earth. As in, like, anything that happens to it happens to the planet. But he assured me that it was perfectly safe and even demonstrated before I could stop him!

He grabbed my other hand and pushed my finger down on top of the ring's gem before I could even ask what he was about to do. It felt strangely warm to the touch but also felt like a solid half-sphere rather than the textured surface of a planet. When I looked really close, I could actually see the faint movement of clouds swaying across its surface. Clouds that I hadn't disrupted with my finger. It looked like there was some kind of invisible dome surrounding it keeping me from actually touching it directly. That didn't stop me from leaving a fingerprint on the near-invisible material, though. But it was when he dragged me over to the window to look outside that I had a mild panic attack.

Up in the sky, above the cloud line, there was a strange distortion in the light. It was like the sky had a smudge on it and it was distorting the view of the sun overhead. It took a solid four or five seconds before my brain let me actually accept what it was that I was seeing. It was a fingerprint. MY fingerprint! I had left

a fingerprint across the entire skyline! It made me a bit weak in the knees to realize I had done something like that.

Maybe I made a few super villain jokes and practiced my evil laugh a little bit afterwards.

He told me that he wanted to give the entire world to me in the most literal way possible. Both as a way to show how much he cared for me and how much he trusted me. He trusted me to have at least a tiny little fragment of the type of power he has over everything. Yeah, maybe I cried a little bit. So what, I'm mortal. I Cry.

He also used this as a way to try to explain some of his real power; something that he typically avoided going into detail about. I think he thought I would get an inferiority complex or something. That ship sailed a long time ago, and I've already gotten over it. He tried to explain that with that ring I could do whatever I wanted with the entire planet. That was basically what he could do with a galaxy. Made sense, visual aids work. But then he had to throw me for a loop. He explained how his avatars, the things that I talk to everyday that he absolutely insists aren't clones, aren't actually the real him. They're like some divine equivalent of throwing his voice but his everything instead of just sound. And he said he did that because he doesn't fit. When I asked him what he was talking about, what he didn't fit in, he told me.

“Your universe.”

So, it's not enough that I'm dating a god. Apparently, I'm dating a God that's so incredibly ridiculously powerful that they literally can't exist in our plane of reality. So they have to basically make a microscopic version of themselves to go

inside and interact for them. Okay, maybe the inferiority complex came back just a little bit. But that also was kind of what made it hotter when, after that thought had settled, I grabbed a fistful of the front of his shirt and I growled in the most assertive, demanding voice I could muster.

“Bedroom. Now.”

And he did as he was told.

I don't know if he's just humoring me when that happens or maybe he's just so genuinely surprised to have someone as tiny and insignificant as me ordering him around like that. But whenever I use that tone of voice he does exactly as he's told. That's also pretty hot. How many people get to brag they can boss around a guy that could sneeze and blow away a galaxy? One time I actually got him to spend an entire week wearing a collar with the name tag on it that read pet god while I paraded around town with my giant fox god boyfriend. Oh yeah, he made me pay for that later. but it was totally worth it.

And then there was this one time, I don't know how the hell he did it, but somehow he gave me his powers or imitated them or something like that I don't know. Either he actually gave them to me and he couldn't do anything himself anymore or he was just pretending that he was powerless and doing everything I wanted to do for me. But yeah for a week I got to be God.

That was scary.

It took an entire day before I figured out how to stop accidentally manifesting things I thought about. You know how I told you about his whole

guardian angel growing guys I found cute thing? Yeah, that started happening spontaneously. And a lot worse than when he did it to tease me. I actually saw that same dragon again, the one that rode the bus literally? Yeah, I saw him and immediately remembered that. Then my dumb brain decided to make a connection between his coloration and Godzilla. That bus that he had ridden on just a few weeks before? Now he was picking it up like it was a twinkie. Eventually I figured out how to control it... And maybe I chose not to turn the dragon back until a few days later

So, I created my own Godzilla so what.

Even when I got that under control there were a thousand other little things that just kept happening the moment my mind wandered. I never realized how strong he was before I had his powers. I don't mean like changing time and space with a whim strong I mean actually physically strong. Yea I'm sure there's some quantum nonsense explaining its not actual strength but more imposing his will on whatever or what have you but to me it was the same as if I was strong. And I mean, stupid strong. Like, tie Superman into a knot strong.

The first time I tried to open my bedroom door I crushed the brass handle like it was made of playdough and tore the door right off of its hinges! A couple of days later I dropped my keys and they slid under my car. Without even thinking about it I just grabbed the bottom of my car and lifted it up over my head and bent down to pick up my keys. When I looked up and realized I was holding my car overhead like it weighed about as much as a paperback book I kind of panicked and dropped it. Yes, I did use super turbo god powers to fix it afterwards. You think I'm gonna let my insurance premiums go up with a claim like that? "Hi Mr Insurance Agent. Yea no I totaled my car by picking it up and tossing it across the street so can you get me a new one?"

Yea, I don't think my coverage for 'acts of god' applied there.

I think what he was more surprised about though is that I kept using the powers on him; but not in the way that I think he was expecting. I bet he was totally expecting me to use them to assert myself over him and get the feel like the large and in charge big boy for once. And yeah, the thought may have crossed my mind. But then I thought about Alice in Wonderland and how hot would be to see him out grow my house like Alice did the white rabbit's house.

You should have seen the look on his face when his head popped up through the ceiling and his arms tour through the side of the house. He was trying so hard not to move too much and bring the whole house collapsing around him. I may have neglected to grow his clothes with him, and I may have put a little bit of effort into specifically making the growth feel really, really good. The whole neighborhood got an eyeful that day.

I think I felt a little more comfortable with his more drastic sizes when I was the one in control. I kept experimenting with bigger and bigger versions of him until we got to the point that I was standing on the bridge of his muzzle when he was as big as he was that day he picked me up from my office. You know, the one where he could lick the city up off the ground. Standing on top of his muzzle was like standing on top of an open field of orange fur. Even though I was the one in control, knowing full well that with a snap of my fingers I could make him the size of an ant or make myself ten times bigger than he was, it was still intimidating. But then I looked up and saw those two pretty eyes literally filling the horizon to either side of me and I may have swooned a little bit.

Yeah, I know he's built like a tank and even at his normal conservative size he's taller than anyone I know. Not to mention he's hung like a... well hung like

none of your business but yes, I know he's the physical ideal of masculinity. But honestly? The thing that I was most attracted to was those beautiful eyes.

Eventually though I did have to give the powers back. Again, I don't know if he was just pretending or he actually did give them to me but he did make a bit of a show about me having to willingly give them back to him. Maybe he was testing me to see if he could trust me with that much power or maybe he really did trust me with literally the power of the universe. Either way I don't think we ever were closer with each other than we were that night.

I don't know if he's messing with my perception a lot of the time. He very much could be! With what he can do it's hard to tell what is and isn't actually his doing. Whether that be if my neighbor across the street was always twelve feet tall or even if my feelings for him are completely natural. But, at the end of the day, it doesn't matter. Because, regardless of how it came about, I love him. He makes me happy. If it's truly natural feelings then good. But even if he somehow made me feel like this, is that really so bad? He makes me happy, and that's enough for me.

Yeah, it can be pretty crazy dating a God. But honestly, I wouldn't trade it for the world. In fact, I don't have too!

He already gave me that.