

## **Ascendant Anniversary**

**By: RaddaRaem**

"Come now! I..." Lady Emerald huffed as she daintily bunched her arms against her sides. "Surely you must know by now that this is wholly unnecessary! All this pomp and ceremony i-is entirely superfluous!"

Heartfelt snickers escaped the lips of the knight who kneeled before her. His scaly nostrils flared as the chef at his side gingerly knocked her soft elbow against his own in protest. "Lady Emerald," the armor clad dragon spoke. "We do this because we are honored, if not delighted, to do so. Not because you command it!"

"Granted, it practically is a habit at this rate but it's one we enjoy indulging!" The pleasantly plump snake, adorned in a tightly fitting apron, answered. Her soft and swollen fingers idly fidgeted with the rolls of fabric that pinched together atop her pronounced tummy as she wiggled nervously in Lady Emerald's divine presence. "There's no need to apologize!"

Emerald scratched shyly at one of the imposing saber teeth poking out from between her lips. "I know you well and truly mean that but...oh very well." She relented with a shrug of her shoulders. "If we're being honest, my politely ignored protests are just as habitual as your deference is!" The saberyena's flowing ponytail, which sparkled beneath the muted starlight filtered through the stained glass windows behind her, brushed against her broad back as she surveyed her otherwise empty throne room. Save the knight and chef's company, who knelt beside the ruby red carpet unfurled before her, not a soul was to be found in the tranquil chamber. "By chance, Ergarthos, would you happen to know where Sir Ethan has disappeared to?"

The dragon's horned head nodded at the inquiry. "Aye. I awoke this morning to a missive from him informing me that I had been relieved of my duty. He all but voluntold me to enjoy a day of rest as thanks for my tireless service patrolling the kingdom's ever expanding borders." Behind him, Ergarthos' spiked tail recoiled shyly at a certain snake's repeated attempts to interlock limbs. "My lord is far too kind to me," he decreed as he placed his clawed and monstrous hands against the velvety soft carpet fibers and prostrated himself before Emerald.

"Nonsense! Ergarthos you have more than earned this reprieve. Myself and Sir Ethan were wrought with guilt at what we allowed to transpire to you. We never intended to forcibly uplift you, physically and mentally, and bestow upon you all the terrible burdens that knowledge brings with it. Please, by no means are you obliged to-"

Ergarthos held his beastly, what struggled to qualify as a hand, up before him and motioned to interrupt her.

With a gentle sigh, Lady Emerald acknowledged his request.

The uplifted dragon flashed his dagger like teeth. "I recognize I am not obligated to you, Lady Emerald. Nor am I bound to Sir Ethan. But, whether willingly or not, you granted me opportunities the likes of which my former self would have never been capable of grasping out at, much less perceiving!" As he spoke, Ergarthos timidly embraced the snaky chef's sneaky overtures. Stifling a flustered cough, he spoke once more. "For that, you have my eternal thanks and loyalty."

"Asssssss you do mine, as well!" the flustered and flirtatious snake chimed in. A ruby red hue flared upon her cheeks when she realized she had cursed within her Lady's presence. "M-m-my sssssssssssincere sssst apologies, Lady Emerald!"

Laughter, rich and pure, rumbled free from the saberyena's divinely proportioned chest. "Heavens no, there's no need to apologize! Rssst, I know you meant no ill will! Although... are you certain you do not wish for me to remake the very alphabet so that it lacks the letter s? That or create a new one entirely for us to make use of? I know how terribly you struggle with it so!"

Rssst replied with an emphatic shake of her head. "Lady Emerald, much like Sir Ergarthos, I chose to slither by your side! That you would welcome a retainer of a foreign pantheon as one of your own and without question was... was.... wasssssss..." The snake cupped her hands against her soft and scaly cheeks and tucked her snout against her heaving bosom. "Humbling," she meekly clarified as her forked tongue poked out between her lips. "I-I vowed to make the effort to learn your language and your customs so as to serve you like no one else ever has!"

Emerald conceded to Rssst's wishes with a toothy smile that strained at her cheeks. The saberyena's lips parted and pinched back together repeatedly as her words failed her. After much hesitation, she opted to snuffle. Claspings her gargantuan fingers together, bloated with muscle and chafing against one another, she nodded intently.

Reluctantly untangling herself from Ergarthos' covert embrace, Rssst undulated over towards Emerald's plain and simple throne that had long since been stripped of any and all pretentious

ornamentations. Arms tossed out to her sides, the chef was so brash as to approach her beloved and surrogate ruler by offering herself up for hugs.

Clouds of dust shook free from the rafters when Emerald so much as shifted her weight and rose to her gargantuan paws. Descending down a series of steps, each one collapsed into a cloud of finely ground gravel beneath her broad soles. "Oh... oh... come to me, Rssst!" Deafening claps echoed throughout the throne room as Emerald advanced upon the snake and the shattered steps left behind in the princess' wake magically reformed behind her. Little attention was paid to the miraculous restoration as smoke had since taken to engulfing Lady Emerald. Her unseen thighs, chafing against one another, had generated enough friction to set her dress aflame.

"Lady Emerald!" Rssst happily hissed back with tears in her eyes.

Ruinous quakes, that threatened to pop panes of glass free from the stained glass windows looming overhead, accompanied Emerald's every footfall. The saberyena paid little heed to her wardrobe crumbling apart into smoldering tatters while she embraced her soft and smooshy chef. "D-do please forgive me for such unbecoming affection!" the impossibly proportioned monarch pleaded as she excitedly growled and cuddled Rssst close. Bloated arms packed densely with muscle, and sporting biceps that could only be described as mountainous, wrapped around the snake and cuddled her squishy and scaly form close.

"Uhhhhhhh is now not a good time?"

Her wardrobe still aflame, Emerald ceased nuzzling a snake snoot just long enough to greet her newest guest. "Guild Master Morgan!"

The raccoon, clad in a loosely fitting white robe, exchanged uneasy glances with Ergarthos. Still kneeling, the dragon simply offered her a smile and a shrug. "If I'm interrupting something I can always come back later," she offered.

"No no no! Please, do join us!" Emerald excitedly declared.

Brows arched, Morgan's lips pulled flat. "Join the.... the spontaneously combustible hugging or the reverent reception or...?"

After sneaking in one last boop, Emerald and Rssst broke off their enthusiastic snuggles. Her cheeks flushed and burning bright, the saberyena coughed into her clenched fist. The tornadic winds that roared free from her lungs at the simple gesture proved to be a convenient, if not disorienting, segue way to change topics.

"My sincerest apologies, Guild Master Morgan!" Emerald exclaimed. With her every ruinous footfall, Emerald's description defying bosom threatened to bounce free from what few shreds of burnt clothing remained to contain it. Wisps of smoke continued to trail off of the saberyena's swollen form as she excitedly approached the raccoon.

Morgan allowed herself to crack a subtle smile while she bounced off of the stone floor to the rhythm of her hulking host's gait. "Apologize for what? Emerald, you know I wouldn't miss this." Ringed tail flitting behind her, Morgan playfully rolled her eyes and welcomed the incoming hug.

"I cannot thank you enough for taking the time out of your busy schedule to attend this celebration! Oh... Master Morgan, it feels like we hardly ever see each other anymore!" Lady Emerald bemoaned.

"I report directly to you on a daily basis." Morgan mumbled into her affectionate ruler's sternum as Emerald's celestial spheres came to rest atop her head. The raccoon simply patted at the dense musculature lining the saberyena's sides. Pulses of white magic, radiating out from Morgan's fingertips, traveled long the bumpy curvature of Emerald's obscenely muscular yet flexible form. What fires remained upon the saberyena's swollen form were extinguished as the lavish and extravagant dress was magically restored.

Lady Emerald shyly disengaged the hug. Hands clasped together and tail swishing behind her in delight, her restored dress exploded back into tatters at even those faint movements. The saberyena tucked her chin against her mountainous neck to peer down at Morgan. "E-even so! Please take a... umm... uhhh..."

"Knee?" Morgan finished for her.

The saberyena bunched her hulking arms and nervously took to tapping her clawed fingers together. "That just sounds so... so... callous and commanding!"

"Emerald, it's fine!" the raccoon insisted as she sauntered over towards Rssst. Where so ever her padded soles graced the throne room, saplings and flowering vines burst free from the very stone. Positioning herself opposite of snake, Morgan knelt before her monarch. "Lest you forget, you shed the title of Princess for Queen long ago. You're going to have to learn to give us orders sometime."

Lady Emerald huffed. "You're not wrong..." she uneasily sighed at the responsibilities she still feared to carry out. Lips pursed together, she twiddled her bloated toes at the vines now carpeting the stone floor. "Well, with your presence, we need only wait for Sir Ethan to make his arrival!"

Ergarthos dared to raise his beastly hand once more to speak. "If I may, your majesty. Knowing that Sir Ethan took it upon himself to patrol the furthest boundaries of our pantheon errr... kingdom, should you command it, I will seek him out. Though, given his unparalleled skill, and size, I imagine he will not leave us waiting for long."

"My Lord wished for you to take a reprieve, Ergarthos. And I shall honor his wishes," Lady Emerald softly stated.

The armored dragon bowed his head respectfully and returned to playing tailsies with Rssst as subtly as he was able to.

Rubbing a hand along the back of her neck, Emerald resigned herself to her throne once more. Hovering her prodigious rear above the expertly chiseled stone, she cautiously lowered her ample assets upon it. A raucous clack, accompanied by a shower of sparks, accompanied the simple plap of the saberyena's tail against the stone.

"Lady Emerald, we can always fetch you a new throne!" Rssst offered.

Ruinous rumblings preceded the clouds of chalk that belched free from the newly formed fissures that spread throughout the chair. Echoes that were felt, rather than heard, reverberated throughout the room once Emerald's rear settled into place.

"No no no, I wouldn't dare dream of burdening you with such a request! Just... b-but a moment, please!" Lady Emerald grunted as she struggled with the very act of sitting. With great trepidation she lowered her arms onto the throne's own and curled her fingers around its rounded edges. She sported a nervous smile when her digits cleaved through the stone and ground the debris that collected beneath

her gargantuan fingers into a molten slush. "There!" Emerald proudly declared even as she slowly sank into her crumbling and molten throne. The vaunted furniture actively continued to sag beneath her incomprehensible hips as Emerald's ambient restorative magics struggled to keep pace.

Shards of stone continued to jettison off of the crumbling throne as unfurling lengths of vine shuffled across the floor and crept up along the walls. "Emerald, would you mind if I... uhhh..." Morgan trailed off as she gathered ether within her palm. With a splay of her fingers the dense orb of magic bounced up into the air.

"I would not be opposed to hastening Sir Ethan's arrival, if that is what you're asking!" The saberyena replied with as polite a sense of urgency as she could manage.

The raccoon nodded and, with a flick of her wrist, pierced the conjured sphere with a clawed fingertip. Swirling her digit about in a clockwise manner, Morgan proceeded to hollow it out into an incandescent ring.

Rsst hissed in delight at the spectacle. "Guild Master Morgan, you simply must teach me Haste when you have the opportunity! I can only begin to imagine the kinds of culinary delights my kitchen could whip up, and in a hurry, with a spell such as that at my disposal!"

Retracting her fingertip, Morgan hummed at the smoky wisps of ether that trailed in to fill the hole she left behind. Roman numerals, one through twelve, gradually came into focus upon the conjured clock. "We'll see," the white mage teased as she booped an hour hand into being for the finishing touch. Resting a finger against it, she resumed twirling her digit about in a clockwise motion.

What little light that had managed to pierce the ivy choked stained glass windows abruptly faded and blanketed Lady Emerald and her attendants in a comforting darkness. Moments later, sparkling sunlight shone down upon them once more! ...Until that too faded, yet again.

The mesh of vines, now entangled amongst the rafters, exploded with growth as they hurriedly cycled through entire seasons in an instant. Pulpy stalks that had hooked themselves into the cold stone walls hardened into bark. Lush and leafy canopies spread out across the ceiling as the flowers gave way to fat and ripened fruit that smelled of cinnamon and honey.

"Ergarthos, just how long does it take to patrol Crocuta's borders again?" Morgan asked as her wrist started to ache.

The dragon shifted uncomfortably while his armor clacked noisily against the scaly flesh it struggled to contain. "That... depends. They are ever expanding after all. As are, well, we."

"You have no idea do you?" the raccoon sighed. A film of ether, which had been willed into coating her left hand, congealed into a soothing and translucent gel. She rubbed at her wrist with her free hand as it continued to turn the clock forward by the hour.

A cacophonous thoom mercifully shattered the awkward silence that had started to make itself comfortable. The knotted leaves and branches that consumed the throne room rustled violently and sent the waxing fruits dangling from them into freefall. They landed onto the broad and silky soft leaves, which now served as the throne room's lush green carpeting, with muted plops and tunks.

Wiggling in delight, Rssst' sprawling tail eagerly cupped the fallen harvest between her coils as the scaly chef's mind buzzed at the culinary possibilities that awaited her! Before she could get too far ahead of herself, she eeped when yet another meteoric impact threatened to loosen her grip on her newfound bounty. Hissing shyly, Rssst reeled her tail back in towards her and, one by one, deposited the fruits deep within the curved confines of her pillowy bosom for safe keeping.

Lady Emerald's eyes lit up when the earth shaking tremors picked up in pace and intensity. Those bone rattling reverberations, that casual yet indomitable strength... why... why she'd recognize the gait of her lover in an instant! But of course! Growling excitedly, the saberyena clenched her fists and excitedly knocked her knees together. The shockwaves produced by the act prompted her throne to disintegrate even further.

With time, the deafening thooms became rhythmic before coming to an abrupt halt. Those in attendance were given little time to tremble in anticipation of Sir Ethan's entrance. Metallic groans screeched throughout the throne room as the vaulted doorway serving as the hallowed room's sole point of entry, which stretched from the floor to the ceiling, creaked open.

"Lady Emerald!" Ethan's molasses shaming voice called out. Blinding beams of sunlight poured into the room as the utter behemoth of a saberyena lumbered forth.

Emerald huffed. She could do little more than wiggle in her husband's presence.

"My love beyond compare!" Ethan decreed. Nearly wide as he was tall, the saberyena dropped to his knee and bowed his head. The princely colossus, wrapped with the finest silks and cotton that could be fathomed, could barely bring himself to gaze upon his wife's unparalleled and barely clothed beauty. "Do forgive me for my tardiness! I wouldn't dare dream of missing this most hallowed of days." Clearing his throat, Ethan tugged at the neck of his robe while he struggled to retain his composure before the light of his life.

Hands cupped against the sides of her saber toothed muzzle, Emerald couldn't help but blush. "The anniversary of our ascension," she dreamily mumbled.

Meaty fingers nervously clenched together, Ethan cleared his throat and dared to lock gazes with his lover. "Oh the... the..." Cheeks puffed out, he nervously coughed as his heart caught in his throat. "Oh the emerald of my eye," the princely saberyena began to serenade her.

Morgan and Ergarthos both stifled the urge to laugh while Rssst batted her eyes and leaned into the indomitable dragon at her side. In turn, Lady Emerald sniffed and snuffled as she teared up at the punderful exhortation of love and affection.

Head held high, Ethan wiped away at the tears welling in his eyes. "I cannot begin to envision my life, immortal or otherwise, without you. Why... even now I struggle, if not outright dread, to recall a time before we were together! You have given me a purpose, love, and eternal life! Even now you give and you give and you give... so boundless is your light and your love!"

Delighted growls roared free from between Emerald's bosom while she struggled to compose herself. An intoxicating warmth welled up within the saberyena as Ethan's every utterance came to cloud her thoughts. "That rapturous voice..." she wordlessly mouthed as his bone rattling spoken word pulsed through her. Every sumptuous syllable, dripping with praise, shored up the conflagration of passion burning within her chest.

Brushing aside a lock of hair dangling before his chiseled mug, Ethan shrank away in delight at the sight of Lady Emerald hungrily rolling her tongue along her lips. "T-to this day I can scarcely believe I am blessed enough to bask in your presence. Your beauty beyond measure is something that I, a god among gods, struggles to comprehend."

"Mmmfff!" Emerald whined as she bunched her arms up together against her breasts. It... it... it was too much! Toes curled, her chafing digits effortlessly plowing through the carpeted stone beneath her, the saberyena's form bwoomphed outwards and upwards in a barely restrained burst. Sitting naked atop a flattened slab of stone, her bountiful butt cheeks spilling off its sides, Lady Emerald bashfully tried to regain her composure. The very shifting of her arms, now actively ballooning with muscle, sent tornadic gusts roaring through the throne room.

Ethan paid little heed to the whirlwind of leaves and flower petals that circled around him. As he gazed upon Emerald, his lover's deific form unable to contain the praise showered upon her, Ethan found his heart aflutter all over again. "Your-"

BWOOMPH

Just the mere thought of being praised was enough to send Emerald's shuddering form surging. Her heavenly body sustained off of it, was empowered by it, and augh huff Eeeeeethan! Head buried amongst her mountainous neck and her shoulders scraping aside the rafters that adorned the ceiling, a handful of utterances were already putting the saberyena's hulking form at risk of growsploding free of her anniversary celebration. Fists clenched, her trembling limbs prompted the vaulted room to rumble ominously. Pulses of magic radiated out from Emerald as she clenched her muscles and vented out the obscene power welling up within her. Bricks, held back by masses of ivy, tumbled free as the saberyena simply willed the throne room and its inhabitants to keep pace with her. She... she wouldn't let this gathering go to waste!

Ergarthos urked nervously as magic, dense and deific, quietly rippled against his armor. "O-oh bother, I just had this fitted," he protested. The raucous screech of rending metal drowned out the dragon's complaints while he started to inflate. One by one the individual plates of layered iron that lined Ergarthos' arms, polished and adorned with the crest of a saberyena, popped off. Eyes squeezed shut, the knightly dragon pursed his monstrous lips when he found himself swallowed up in the shadow of his now hulking shoulders that consumed the periphery of his vision.

"H-how are you holding up, Lady Rssst?" the dragon inquired in an effort to distract himself. Ergarthos' spoken word faltered as his visage grew increasingly monstrous. Scales, pliable yet harder than any substance known to mortal or god, came to coat his body. The gnarled horns that rested atop his head, notched and scarred, curved in on themselves as magical flames came to concentrate upon their pointed tips. Jutting spikes sprouted along Ergarthos' spine and trailed along his tail. His errant movements, exacerbated by his continued growth, bore witness to their sharpness as the air itself was cut apart and, intermittently, a noiseless vacuum surrounded the dragon.

"Never better!" the snake happily hissed back as her sprawling tail came to fill up the leafy carpeting behind them and idly coil around Ergarthos' massive and muscular thighs.

"J-just checking!" he sighed with some relief. Uncertainty and embarrassment gripped at the enlightened dragon as his increasingly bestial countenance belied his surging intelligence. That and the sight of his breastplate bowing apart in a failed effort to hold back his bosom, which shamed all but the most ridiculously over-ample of maidens he had borne rescue to over his service, certainly didn't help. Nor did his swelling pecs triumphantly bursting apart his chest plates.

An errant and oh gosh s-surely an accidental bump of Rssst's vast breasts against his own pectorals put the dragon's mind at ease. With a roaring huff he leaned into and sank into the snake's soft form. Her heaving belly, so vast and bottomless that not even the most gluttonous of world eaters could fathom what could disappear into there, bumped against his thighs. Her scales, so smooshy and pleasantly soft compared to his own, just begged to be embraced and cuddled. T-t-then her bosom which, were Ergarthos not careful, he himself could disappear into!

Rssst giggled as she bumped her bare breasts against her, everything but in name, lover. Her petite apron had vanished, never to be seen again, into her vast cleavage long ago. Unwilling to indulge in subtlety any longer, she flirtatiously flicked her forked tongue out at him before leaning in to kiss his jagged cheek. Together, the two of them comfortably filled their half of the rumbling and ever expanding throne room.

Ergarthos chuckled nervously at the open display of affection. "Guild Master Morgan, how... are... is now not a good time?"

The raccoon, her head lost atop a mountain scape of muscle, sighed as she came to entirely fill her half of their increasingly cramped quarters. "...It's fine. I mean, we all knew what to expect when we accepted the invitations here anyway. Not like I came here to be a wet blanket," she smirked as her sprawling black hair, once shoulder length, brushed against the back of her calves. "Although... uh..." Brows furrowed, Morgan hrmmed as she continued to seethe with energy. Her hair, now aglow with magical energies, hovered behind her. "Anyone know how to turn this off?" she waved a meaty hand in front of her masked face and vaguely gestured at the wisps trailing off of her eyes glowing white hot with unrestrained, and primal, magics.

"It uh... well it doesn't! I'd be more than happy to instruct you on how to restrict the heavenly glow to just your irises though!" Ethan timidly bellowed. His sound barrier shattering voice stripped the walls free of their leafy foliage and left their crumbling façade, barely held together by the bark and bare vines that remained, exposed. "Emerald, might we consider relocating our avenue for our anniversary

celebrations?" he nervously implored as his hulking form, the definition of mass and muscle made real, encroached upon and threatened to swallow up Morgan, Ergarthos, and Rssst.

"B-but you spent so much time and effort rebuilding our castle from memory!" Emerald answered crestfallen. Her melodic cries, booming and thunderous, sent cracks throughout the stained glass windows that pocked the teetering structure. As the wall behind her bowed out, bricks popping out of place the instant her broad back swelled into it, the saberyena clenched her eyes shut and resumed radiating magic. She... she did not wish to merely ogle at mementos and facsimiles from her past life. What she wanted was to experience them! Through sheer force of will, Emerald forced the crumbling throne room to embiggen along with her. Bloated biceps pressing against opposite walls and her clawed toes towering above, for the moment, her speck sized attendants and husband, the stubborn saberyena continued to hold out.

Emerald became consumed with her own thoughts. To this day, which... okay fine, sure, time had become an irrelevant construct to her ever upon achieving immortality. But the point still remained that, even after all that had transpired to make her into an existence that the people she once lived among could no longer possibly fathom, she hesitated to think of herself as a god. Emerald was... Emerald! The radiant princess of Crocuta who desired nothing more than for her subjects to live free of strife and worry. Though... Emerald's shoulders, on the verge of enveloping the tectonic plains of muscle that now served as her neck, sagged.

Crocuta had changed a great deal lately. Almost... almost as much as she had. The once negligible little landlocked kingdom had since expanded into a sprawling empire spread out across the stars. Hulking guardians, Ethan and Ergarthos among them, patrolled the void and guaranteed the safety of nigh incomprehensible planets and the populations that resided upon them. ...To be frank, it was little more than a charade. Anything to convince herself that she still ruled over a kingdom and not a pantheon.

"Guild Master Morgan, you were right. I do need to come to a decision. While I wish I could live like I once did, free from the responsibilities that come from encompassing existence, it's foolish to play pretend. I'm a Goddess now and I ought to act like it!" Her tensed composure relaxed as she came to, at the very least, allow an utterly insignificant amount of her welling power to flow free. With a reluctant BWOOMPH the saberyena growsplored free from the now shattered remnants of her facsimile of a kingdom.

Eyes squinted, Emerald held up gargantuan hand before her and collected what remained of her throne within the wrinkles on her palm. "Oh bother. E-Ethan, my love! I truly am terribly sorry for rendering all your hard work to rub-oh! Goodness, love, you've rebuilt it better than ever!" she

furrowed her brow at the site of the majestic structure, brick by brick, rebuilding itself into an impossibly pristine state.

"That wasn't me, love!" a baritone squeak rumbled up from somewhere within her vast grasp. "It appears that your latent powers rebuilt it so you wouldn't actually need to apologize! And. Umm. Speaking of..." Ethan meeped as he himself came to fill the remastered castle. Morgan, Ergarthos, and Rssst alike pressed against his thighs as their swollen forms, seething with magic, bowed out the walls no sooner than they had been restored.

"Emerald, could you do us a favor and quit being infallible for a little bit?" Morgan mumbled as her ballooning breasts and shoulders pinched against the side of her muzzle. The castle simply refused to be torn asunder after Emerald had expressed such shame at the possibility she may have damaged it. Its walls, the melded combination of brick and ivy, stretched to impossible proportions as its occupants continued to swell.

"B-but I don't wish to... wait." Emerald inhaled deeply, her nostrils briefly becoming a pair of black hole consuming voids, and calmed herself. She was a goddess now and she needed to make an effort to act like it! "Hmm... can't I just will you outside of it?"

A pronounced poof, accompanied by sparkling clouds, sent the exaggeratedly bowed out castle walls bouncing back in on themselves as its original dimensions were restored. Sprawled out among her palm, lost in the cavernous wrinkles that lined her padded flesh, were her beloved attendants and husband.

"Oh, why I can!" Emerald giggled. The excited, if not unconscious, embrace of what her newfound powers were well and truly capable of sent tremors throughout her cosmic countenance as she continued to inflate with layers of muscle upon muscle upon muscle.

Jaws agape, Ethan, Ergarthos, Rssst, and Morgan couldn't help but stare up at Emerald's radiant visage spread out across the sky. Until they found themselves lost so deep within the faintest creases in her padded flesh that they were unable to perceive anything beyond the rising walls of pad, anyway.

"To be fair, it took us a lot longer to get to this point than I expected," Morgan casually noted as she found herself hovering in midair. Her long black hair, now coated with a sparkling sheen, sprawled out behind her as smoky wisps of magic trailed off of her hulking biceps.

Arms held out at his sides, Ergarthos grunted in disbelief while he familiarized himself with his increasingly limber yet bloated body. The monstrous dragon found himself clad in scales so impossibly dense and hard that his coat of arms, if it could fit him anymore, was now purely a cosmetic afterthought. "This is... different," he tried to growl out. He hmphed at the realization that his obsidian obliterating teeth cut apart the very air and trapped his spoken word in a noiseless vacuum. Nostrils flared, he grappled with the dissonance between his obscene intelligence and increasingly ferocious appearance. Clearing his throat, he took another crack at conversing. "This is... different," he eloquently pronounced via his newfound telepathy.

"Not that I'm complaining," Rssst delightedly hissed. Hands pressed against her heaving bosom, spread out beyond her vision and resting atop a smooshy stomach, the eater of world-eaters nearly limitless tail happily flicked behind her.

Running a hand through his flowing mane of hair, Ethan sighed. "Now how did this go last time around? First we ascended. Then we nearly flattened oh right. What of the Crocuta?" Swiveling his head to and fro, the saberyena took to patrolling his landscape of a lover for what, if anything, remained of their kingdom. Rapturous giggles thundered overhead as Ethan's lumbering gait teased at Emerald's digit.

"What do you mean?" Ergarthos tried to say. Rolling his eyes, the dragon puffed out his cheeks and gave it another go. "I mean to say, should we be concerned, my Lord?" he thought aloud.

"If this is anything like our last ascendance then it's all but guaranteed we outgrew it. Again." The saberyena nervously chuckled as he reached down to pinch the indestructible castle between his fingertips before it could disappear from view.

"My Lord, surely you must be mistaken! Crocuta is as vast and endless as the stars themselves," Ergarthos gestured. Lips pursed, he still struggled to familiarize himself with the act of speaking without moving his lips.

"And so are we," Ethan answered. Brows arched, he watched on as the sand grain that once passed for their pantheon turned castle keep dwindled out of view into irrelevance. "Ergarthos, we have yet to cease swelling ever since Lady Emerald's initial burst of power. Directly compared to one another it's all but impossible to gauge any discernible changes to our herculean statures! After all, we all but outgrew our ever expanding pantheon."

Reality itself wavered and wobbled while Emerald cleared her throat. "Must we call it a pantheon, dear? It sounds so... so stuffy! I understand we're divinity but I never was one for pomp."

"Regardless, I don't think we'll be fitting into our cute little cosmic castle anytime soon!" Ethan teased back at his all-encompassing wife.

"Oh dear," Rssst hissed worriedly as she cupped her hands against her pudgy cheeks. "We didn't accidentally smoosh it did we?"

"Emerald's infallibility would never allow it," Morgan answered while she awkwardly took to swimming through the air. "She seeks to safeguard Crocuta and its prosperity above all else. If anything, she probably just misplaced it wherever she subconsciously deemed it would be safe and sound."

Saber teeth biting down into her lips, Emerald hummed as she nodded along. "Oh Guild Master Morgan, you're so wise! If I didn't know any better I'd say you're better at this whole deitydom business than I am!"

"Please don't," Morgan urfed as her behemoth body, aglow with energy, came to span the gap of a single wrinkle in Emerald's fingertip. Eyes wide, glowering with the intensity of nascent stars, the white mage peered down helplessly at her companions as she was willed into an existence that dwarfed them all. Or at the very least one that threatened to rival even Ethan in raw power.

"Emerald, honey, you're forcibly ascending your advisor," Ethan called out as violent tremors that rattled all of creation quaked from the raccoon's inflating form.

Nervous laughter gracefully tumbled free from Emerald's throat. "M-my apologies, Guild Master Morgan! Uhh... I don't say that? I must admit I still have yet to grasp just how effortless this all is. I well and truly must be more careful!"

Morgan's ascendance petered off to a halt. Shoulders wedged firmly in place against the padded walls of flesh that scraped at the sky, the raccoon breathed easy. "...Anyway," her booming voice echoed throughout existence. "As were saying about Crocuta."

"Oh, right!" Emerald exclaimed. Her excitement was quickly tampered down when she came to grasp, not only the gravity her celestial body now exuded, but the very weight of her thoughts and spoken words. Lips parted, she haltingly began to speak. "So we know that Crocuta is safe because I would, and do, wish for it."

Lost in the shadow of whatever fraction of Morgan they could perceive, Ethan, Ergarthos, and Rssst all nodded.

Stroking at her chin, her flowing ponytail lit up with the glow of trillions of stars, Emerald chose her next words carefully. "Now I... could... b-but won't... simply wish Crocuta before us. Because doing so..."

"Risks resulting in the ascension, if not absurd embiggenment and empowerment, of untold populations," Morgan finished for her. "We're struggling as it is keeping just the few of us under control. Let's not do that."

"L-let's!" the incomprehensible queen heartily agreed. "I... well more than anything I want to know where our beloved Crocuta is! Would it be cheating to just... oh bother... to simply know where it is?"

Sparks flared off of Ergarthos' scaly cheek as he scratched a clawed finger at it. "Nooooo?" he thought. "Limitless knowledge is a given when one is omniscient, no?"

"I suppose that's true!" Emerald hummed. "I just feel rather silly simply deciding myself to be all knowing is all!"

Ethan hummed and hawed as he shook her head side to side. "To be fair, things have tended to turn out rather poorly for our prior rulers who saw fit to arbitrarily declare themselves as such. Though uhh... our circumstances are rather unique."

"How about..." Hmmphing, Emerald resisted the urge to arbitrarily decree, and make herself, omniscient. "Maybe instead of knowing where Crocuta is I can wish it somewhere near and dear? Somewhere safe and sound where our loving subjects need not fear or fret or want for anything!"

Rssst hissed shyly at a gentle pulsing tingle nestled deep within her bottomless bosom. "I-I-I suppose that fits the bill," the soft snake acknowledged with a bashful wiggle. The thought of entire populations amongst her pudgy scales and scutes, lost within her generous warmth, was an ermm... appealing one.

"An unorthodox choice to be sure," Morgan casually commented.

"Oops," Emerald mumbled with her cheeks burning bright. "F-forgive me, Lady Rssst! And f-forgive me only if you wish to and not because I may have accidentally commanded you!"

Rssst wiggled side to side while her breasts bounced against each other. "T-that it may be but... I will be happy to provide for them and always having them within arm's reach certainly makes it easier to do so! There's no safer place to be than within the embrace of Crocuta's preeminent chef!" I think," she quietly trailed off as she struggled to take in a pair of breasts that threatened to billow past the stretches of her vision.

The saberyena sighed in relief as she brought a hand up to the side of her head. She had acknowledged her newfound role as a deity and within a matter of moments, or what she perceived to be as such, she was already grappling with balancing the utter finality that accompanied her very thoughts and the free will of her attendants. She'd never realized just how great the challenges that came with simply possessing so much power were!

Kneading her fingers against her temples with her free hand, Emerald would not allow herself to overthink this. The risk of her thoughts running wild was simply too great! For now, she would defer to the judgment of her beloved attendants. "If you're absolutely certain, Lady Rssst, I will leave Crocuta in your capable cleavage!"

"Knowing that, I would be more than happy to remain at Lady Rssst's side!" Ergarthos asserted. Mentally clearing his throat, the monstrous knight struggled to bat away the flustered and flirtatious thoughts buzzing around in his head lest he accidentally give voice to them. "While I do not doubt Rssst's unquestioned ability to provide our people succor and sustenance I... I..."

Rssst giggled and leaned her portly form into the bashful dragon. Her soft scales smooshed and effortlessly molded around the jutting spikes and spines that protruded from his arms and shoulders. "Well, erm, s-someone will still need to protect Crocuta! Ever at my beck and call to guarantee not just our kingdom's safety but my own!"

"I volunteer!" Ergarthos immediately answered as he clasped the firm and beastly digits of his forepaw around Rssst's fingers.

"Oh thank you, the both of you!" Emerald graciously answered with a bow of her head. "I cannot possibly express how at ease I'll feel knowing our people will be safe under your watchful eyes."

Chin tucked against her soft and swollen neck, Rssst hissed and hummed. "Speaking of eyes... ummm..." The snake squinted to no avail at her vast cleavage. The tell-tale magical tingle that had pleasantly pulsed against her breasts had faded along with Crocuta. Rssst continued to swell imperceptibly and the kingdom threatened to become next to nothing upon her.

"Oop! Emerald, my dear, I fear we may have granted Ergarthos and Rssst deific statures but none of the perks that come with it!" Ethan called out as he cupped his hands around his muzzle and tried to shout past Morgan's sky filling form.

Emerald huffed at having overlooked such an obvious boon. "You have my apologies, and my blessings, Lady Rssst and Sir Ergarthos!" she boomed. An uneventful pause followed her deific declaration. Brows furrowed, Emerald spoke once more. "I... I think that's how it works? Do I just declare someone has a boon and that's it?"

"That's how it worked out for me," Morgan shot back as the muscle laden white mage continued to wedge herself deeper into the ridges of Emerald's vast and unknowable wrinkle as she made herself comfortable. The raccoon would have expected herself to be rendered immobile by her nearly unfathomable heft. Yet here she was, contorting herself with a grace and limber flexibility that not even the most practiced of performers could manage!

"And that's how it worked for us! Many thanks, Lady Emerald!" Rssst happily declared. Her irises aglow, the snake peered deep into the warm and inviting curves of her chest. There, lost in a galaxy sized gap between her scales, lay Crocuta. Wait. Or was that a universe sized gap? Omniverse, maybe? It was hard to tell at this size.

The all-encompassing raccoon hummed aloud and sent thunderous shockwaves crashing against her fellow attendants and lord. "That's all well and good but what about the logistics of sustaining and providing for them, Rssst? Where will your ingredients come from?"

Morgan's misting breath promptly coalesced into planetoids of pure sustenance. Perfect spheres of pristine water, some crackling with carbonation while others wobbled placidly, simply came to be before her jaw gone slack. "Okay. Well. They won't ever be wanting for drink but..." Entire constellations of sparkling planetoids spread out before the raccoon goddess. With a twinkle of light, bubbles frothed and boiled up from the sparkling cores of the casually created celestial bodies. Flowering lily pads, lost among the billowing columns of captured air, pierced the surfaces and rapidly multiplied when exposed to the vacuum of space. Nestled amongst the ridges of their petals, easily mistaken for tufts of pollen, lay every fruit and vegetable that could be fathomed.

"That answers that I guess," Morgan mulled aloud. "Though I wonder... if we're going to play the part of all powerful deities shouldn't we look the part as well? With some, oh, you know, clothes?" The raccoon's obscene heft only continued to inflate, sans clothes, at her rhetorical question. "It was worth a shot," she sighed as countless new planets were unconsciously created.

"Oooh! Guild Master Morgan, would you be so kind as to let me sample some of our supplies?" Rssst hollered up at the rumbling and dark furred mass that was Crocuta's most accomplished white mage.

Lips pursed, Morgan puffed a pinch of ingredients towards the speck of a snake. Rssst eeped timidly at the horizon spanning petals that landed before her. Shivering at the ferocious yet soothing breeze that wafted from the raccoon's lips she hurriedly slithered on over towards the pink expanse. Undulating up along a single petal, hissing in delight at the sensation of her smooth belly brushing against it, Rssst stopped to scoop up a staple of any respectable Crocuta dish. An apple, firm to the touch and pink in color, rolled about in her palm.

"Guild Master Morgan? A word err... thought, if I may?" Ergarthos asked.

"Shoot," she thought right back.

"Oh! I... well you have been endowed with obscene and unheard of levels of power so I suppose it shouldn't surprise me you would become capable of telepathy. A-anyway! Is it wise for Lady Rssst to sample so freely of your bounty? None of us appear to have a firm grasp on the range of capabilities our ever evolving statures afford to us yet."

Ripples shuddered through reality when the raccoon shrugged. The mere movement of her world bearing shoulders was enough to bunch up the fabric of space into pinched rolls. "None of us know what we're doing right now if we're being perfectly honest with ourselves. Better to experiment and sort out our potential among ourselves before we tackle anything else. I mean, for starters, it's pretty hard to serve as an advisor to a kingdom I constantly have to grant myself the ability to even perceive."

Ergarthos timidly wrapped his spiked tail, its heft and thickness literally rivaling him in size, around his legs. The dragon's limb, lined with spines that surgically cut apart the fabric of space around him, swished heavily through the pools of dark matter that poured out from the tears in space his every errant movement produced. As dark energies collected between his scutes, Ergarthos bashfully scratched at the mountain range of a neck his head was slowly sinking into. "You're not wrong, I just fear for Lady Rssst and what may happen to her!"

Blissfully ignorant to the thoughts trading back and forth above her, Rssst gingerly nipped at the apple of her eye. Beads of juice collected upon her lips as the snake's pointed teeth delicately pierced the waxy skin wrapped around the fruit. Rssst's eyes went wide as her mind reeled at the thought of processing the sensations that graced her forked tongue. Words like 'sweet' and 'tart' were but muted and tasteless descriptors that couldn't even begin to describe what the chef was experiencing.

Her body rumbled as the ambrosia, and calories, packed within the faintest beads of juice overwhelmed her already corpulent form. In an instant, Rssst came to spread across the entirety of the petal. She urfed when it, and the space around her, sagged beneath her black hole shaming density and mass.

"Lady Rssst! Are you unharmed?" Ergarthos called out worriedly as he lumbered after his not so secret lover.

"We might as well just let this run its course," Morgan passively replied. "Let's be honest. It'll play out the same way regardless of whether or not we voice our protests."

"Ooooooh!" Emerald's incomprehensible countenance exclaimed. "Guild Master Morgan, are you omniscient too?"

The raccoon's cheeks burned brightly as she cleared her throat. "N-no. I have a penchant for picking out patterns, is all. Speaking of..."

Rsst bit into the apple, her chubby tail wiggling in delight at the perfect amount of crunch, and mmmphed as torrents of juice forced their way between her plump lips. Cheek puffed out and filled to the brim with sloshing nectar, she swallowed, glurked, and gulped noisily. Every one of Rsst's hearty swallows echoed against the padded walls of Emerald's fingertip and drowned out all but the almighty spoken, and thought, word of Lady Emerald.

Ergarthos' arms hung limply at his side while he hummed and hawed and melted at the sight of his lover bwoomphing beyond even his otherworldly comprehension with every swallow. Rsst's limitless tail surged out and across and effortlessly came to fill every inch of free space around her.

"Hooooo boy. I... guess I don't know MY own strength either. Let's uh, let's just swoop the rest of those out of here," Morgan mumbled as she poofed away the remaining fields of fruit that had either been flattened beneath or started tumbling towards the swollen snake. "That and while we're at it..."

Shuddering in delight at the flowering tastes, diving deeper and deeper into culinary experiences her mind could not have fathomed, Rsst paid little heed to the fact that the remainder of the apple had disappeared from her grasp. Or that Ergarthos had conveniently been relocated atop her sprawling tail rather than smooshed underneath it. Stepping up to the edge of a scale, the dragon could only watch on in awe as the boundless gap separating one scale from another stretched further and further past his vision with every deafening gulp.

"Worry not, Sir Ergarthos!" Ethan teased. "While it is rather humbling at first, to be nigh incomprehensible when contrasted against your beloved, it's... well... there's something special knowing the love of your life truly is your everything!" Comparable in size to Morgan's unfathomable heft, the saberyena leaned over and brought his face close to Rsst's tail.

The ruinous glurks, which had long since ceased to be anything other than violent distortions of the air, tapered off as the eater of world eaters finally finished sampling but a single bite of her meal. Cheeks puffed out, Rsst stifled a pronounced and very unladylike burp. "E-excuse me!" she shyly followed up as she bashfully swallowed down the pocket dimensions that had been torn open before her.

"Lady Rsst! Are you unharmed?" Ergarthos frantically thought once more at the landscape that was now his lover.

"Sir Ergarthos?" Rssst's husky voice responded. "Is that you? Oh, I..." Wedged firmly within the mountains of padded flesh that rose up at her sides, she wriggled side to side to make herself comfortable. "I didn't inconvenience you did I?"

Ergarthos found himself overwhelmed by Rssst's reply. Her power, size, and stature, all condensed into a mental musing directed solely at him, brought the hulking knight to his knees. Her thoughts, not his own, filled his head. Panting, the dragon's mental faculties slowly returned to him as Rssst's raw power, and her unbridled feelings of love and concern, receded. "N-not at all my love! I-I mean. Umm. Well. Maybe a little bit but a-anyway, fear not! For I am safely situated upon your incomparable and incomprehensible magnificence!"

Brows arched, Ethan's sky filling lips grinned down at his loyal knight. "Incomparable, huh?" the saberyena teased.

"I-I meant no disrespect to Lady Emerald!" a flustered Ergarthos hurriedly thought back.

Rssst came to rest her hands upon her bosom. Her breasts, having ballooned well past hyper proportions, jiggled together joyously as the kingdom of Crocuta vanished ever deeper into the snake's bottomless cleavage. All of it resting upon a stomach that could, and would, consume anything placed before it. "G-goodness, Sir Ergarthos! It's one thing to know you think that but another entirely to say... errr... well. Think... that." Forked tongue poked out between her lips, Rssst huffed in embarrassment.

"You two lovebirds can work this out at your own pace," Morgan boomed with a smirk. With a snap of her fingers she oh so conveniently relocated Ergarthos once more. This time upon his professed love's bountiful breasts. "As for you," the raccoon nodded at the similarly sized saberyena. "This is your big day! Wouldn't want to keep you and Emerald from your anniversary celebrations now would we?"

Rubbing his broad and horizon spanning shoulders side to side, Ethan sheepishly acknowledged her point. "I suppose it is. What of you though, Guild Master Morgan? What will you occupy yourself with?"

"My newfound deitydom, for one," she snorted back. "That and... I may or may not have a little lover of my own to attend to."

"Ooh ooh!" Emerald squealed. "Is it by chance that foxy apprentice you were-"

"Shooshooshooshooshooshoosh!" A furiously flustered Morgan blurted out. "E-emerald, please! It's unbecoming of our ruler to be so prone to gossip..." the raccoon quietly trailed off. "I. May have. Sort of kind of covertly been flirting with him once I realized I had become capable of telepathy. Annnnd teased him about how he was always in my thoughts. Which may have accidentally transformed him, body and soul, into the faintest of thoughts residing within my head so...uhh... yeah. I-I'll be a little preoccupied sussing him out of there is what I'm getting at."

Clapping her hands together, Emerald couldn't resist the thought of doting on the otherwise secretive love life of her most cherished advisor. "Why didn't you say so? I can, no, I will fix that right up!" A nod of her head, accompanied by a toothy saber toothed grin, was all it took for Emerald to casually rewrite the existence and state of being of one of her subjects.

A faint, nearly imperceptible, fwip of magic tingled against Morgan's palm when her lover was restored to a physical form once more. The fox, lost on the magic laden and alien landscape that was Morgan's palm, could only gawk at the... at the... existence that he was currently dating.

"Anywaaaaaay," Morgan huffed as she struggled to properly establish a psychic connection with her crush without subsuming him into herself and losing his adorable insignificance in the sea of her soul. "Today is about you two! S-shoo! Go flirt and do whatever it is that married couples do!"

"Very well then! Lady Rssst, Sir Ergarthos, Guild Master Morgan, if you'd be so kind as to excuse me!" Chuckling heartily, Ethan waved her off and steadied his breathing. Twiddling his toes at the snakey speck and even more diminutive dragon before him, Ethan began to inflate as he relaxed the self-imposed limitations he had set upon himself. Head tilted back, the behemoth saberyena peered up at the shy and sky filling raccoon. Sporting a monstrously toothy smile as he brushed against and squeezed past Morgan, ominous and reality rattling rumbles emanated from his form as he climbed out from the faintest of wrinkles upon Emerald's fingertip.

"Ethan, my love!" Emerald all but squealed as a fuzzy speck slowly came into focus atop her digit.

"Emerald, my everything!" The blushing saberyena bellowed back. His wife's radiant visage, spanning well beyond what existence ought to have allowed, nearly brought him to his knees. "Let us celebrate our anniversary in earnest!" Ethan's voice cratered while his true power, more than capable of tearing reality apart, leaked from his billowing frame. Spilling out wide as he was tall, head lost among

the mass of muscle that was his neck, which was in turn buried between his shoulders, the dignified deity was power anthropomorphized.

Licking her lips, Emerald growled in delight as she ogled her husband's assets. His chest sported pecs that could not be matched in terms of size, thickness, and firmness by any entity alive! Save Lady Emerald, of course, but it just wasn't fair comparing or contrasting anyone to the proportions that defined perfection! Biceps, that even when relaxed and unflexed, towered over him. Then there were his abdominals, so chiseled and taut, that the comforting fabric of space that warped around him was simply shred to tatters upon contact. Those glutes, those thighs, those loving lips... Emerald wanted it all!

She wiggled impatiently while a thick tongue rolled over her saber teeth. "Oh, Ethan! Forgive my impatience but must you tease me so? To not feel your gargantuan arms wrapped around me, those ravishing eyes peering into my own, those warm lips pressed against me... oh how can I hope to resist my handsome and hulking love?" Chin tucked against, or more accurate to say resting upon her massive neck, Emerald could do little more than pine and moan for her husband to hurry up with the huge!

"Erk!" Ethan puffed out while praise, which he was used to doling out but not receiving, flooded him. As a deity he sustained, nurtured, empowered himself off of it. But to receive such pure praise, and so much of it, from his almighty wife? His body creaked and groaned... before exploding out into proportions which seemed unfathomable to even Emerald herself!

Groaning, Ethan shuddered as he grew. And grew. And continued to grow until he filled all there was. Until he became all there was. "Emerald! Emerald, where are you?" he called out worriedly to his wife as he was remade into an existence that exceeded even hers. He turned his head every which way. All that there was to see, all that there was to perceive, was... well... him! His neck, specifically, which stretched beyond the furthest reaches of his vision. Ethan's shoulders, pectorals, biceps... all of them existed far outside the range of his perception.

"Oh no no no..." he groaned. "This was to be the anniversary of OUR ascension. Not just yours. Not just mine. But ours!" Ethan bit down into his lips while power, beyond what could be described as omnipotent, continued to overwhelm him. "Emerald!" he called out. His voice, having transitioned into pure reality and reader rattling bass, quaked through the entirety of existence that was now a certain swollen saberyena. "I don't know if you can hear me, or perceive me, b-but if you can! If you can..."

Ethan sighed and mulled the futility of it all. Or he was about to until he eeped as his pleas, pleasantly enough, were answered! A pair of arms, that he could feel but not perceive past his own gargantuan neck, wrapped around his torso. "Emerald?! How?"

"You're not the only holding back too, you know!" Emerald teased while she leaned forward and buried her husband's head between her breasts.

"B-b-but the amount of praise you infused me with. You just... overcame all of that in an instant!" he sputtered in between nuzzling and growling in delight at the celestial spheres that pinched against his cheeks.

Emerald cuddled her beloved close before hoisting him up. "I know that you'RRRRRRRR..." Lustful growls rumbled out from between her monstrous teeth as she felt a tongue timidly lap at her breasts. "W-well... I suppose Lady Rssst, Sir Ergarthos, and Guild Master Morgan wouldn't mind..." she reassured herself as she took to groping at her husband's pecs while he anted up the affection by nibbling at her bosom. They were deep enough within her fingertips that they probably, hopefully, wouldn't be caught up in all this!

Ethan blushed when he found himself in the unusual, yet desirable, position of being groped. Thick fingers brushed along the curves of his pectorals before squeezing at their firm and muscle laden mass. "E-Emerald!"

"What? I don't get to enjoy that my husband is gifted with, sans my own, the most generous chest in the kingdom?" Emerald teased.

"I-I never said that!" he sputtered. As he reached out to clasp his hands within her beastly palms, and guide their gratuitous fondles, Ethan hrmed. "But, umm, back to the topic at hand. How? Just how much were you holding back? Or maybe I should ask how much ARE you holding back?"

Emerald quietly pondered to herself while she took to spooning her husband in between gropes. "Hmmm. I just now realized how... how... how difficult it is to describe! When you're blessed with limitless power it's all but impossible to quantify it. But I'll try! Soooo... on your day to day patrols I imagine that you have to do everything in your power to hold yourself back? Your every last thought dedicated to restraining your limbs, the muscles within them, and every single last fur strand upon them from manifesting the unbridled power brewing within you?"

Ethan mmhmed into her breasts. "I'd risk ballooning into a mass of muscle and smothering Crocuta with my generousness if I didn't!" he mumbled.

“And I’m no different,” Emerald growled as her hands slid down along her husband’s curves. Her clawed fingers scraped back and forth along his chiseled abs. “Now it’s true that I’m not holding back quite as much as I was before! It’s just that... I guess you could say I let my attention lapse a teensy tiny bit! Enough to oh say overlook a single fur strand surging with power.”

“T-that’s it? A single fur strand’s worth of power was enough to eclipse me?” Ethan eeheed shyly as his wife’s grabby hands gradually slid down towards his thighs.

“Mmph. I... y-you promise not to be cross? I do not wish to fib but I don’t want to make you feel bad either!”

“Emerald, I’m well aware you’re far more powerful than I! There’s no need to feel ashamed!”

“O-okay! If we’re being honest then maaaaaaybe just half a fur strand?”

“Half?!”

Emerald idly squeezed at the inside of Ethan’s thighs while she rubbed against his rear. “You promised! And umm... oh please don’t be offended but it was probably, maybe, greater than a single atom’s worth of a fur strand at least! I think.”

Laughing wryly, Ethan’s mind reeled at how effortless it was for his wife to overwhelm him.

“Oh don’t be like that!” she teased. “I know darn well you’re doing everything you can to hold yourself back too. Be honest. How much of all this...” Emerald took to fondling at her husband once more, “is you letting loose?”

Ethan shyly nuzzled the back of his head deeper into the vast crevasse of his beloved’s cleavage. “...Not much. If any.”

Plucking him free from her bosom, Emerald swept her hulking hubby off his feet and shot him a shy yet monstrous smile. “Maybe j-just this once, since it is our special day and all, we could relax all

these self-imposed limitations on ourselves?" Ethan's answer, which was to press his head against her lips and kiss her passionately, sent her cheeks ablaze.

"Crocuta will be fine, I'm sure." Ethan mumbled before spilling out, most of his muscle groups larger than the rest of him combined as he matched his wife in stature.

"Of course! Lady Rssst, Guild Master Morgan, and Sir Ergarthos will make sure of it!" Emerald shot back as she instantly resumed boob hatting her husband with a burst of growth.

Tongue poked out between his lips, Ethan returned the gesture by bwoomphing enough to easily pec hat his wife in turn. "The neighbors won't mind if we outgrow and overwhelm their pantheons will they?"

"I might have sort of already asked for permission and preemptively apologized for doing so," Emerald shyly growled.

"You always think of everything," the bashful saberyena hummed as their continued growth synchronized with one another.

Lips locked together, Emerald and Ethan embraced one another.

"Mmfff. We're not... we're not going to outgrow whatever it is that exceeds existence are we?" Ethan pondered aloud between kisses.

"No but..." Emerald could barely resist macking passionately on her husband. "We did shoot past the word count limit."

"The what?"

"Oh it's nothing," she waved off with a giggle before pulling Ethan close as could be.

The loving continued on for however long they felt like a day should last. Ethan knew she would overtake him, eclipse him, dwarf him in due time. But until then, with lips locked together, Emerald and Ethan embraced one another as they inflated into infinity and eagerly reaffirmed their boundless love for one another.