

Upon the death of an old sun god, a tricky Gliscor goddess, Vanessa, was asked to pick out some Pokemon to have ascend to take his place. The one she chose, a Helioptile named Layron, was a bit crazy. He did his job well, it turned out, but he needed somebody to watch over him.

Thus Vanessa turned to the ascended Helioptile's friend, Mithora the Fennekin. She was completely unaware of her friend's godhood, as he had created an avatar of himself to take his place on their home world. She had experience dealing with the Helioptile and thus would be more than capable of being his caretaker.

There was a slight problem though. She did not approve of Layron's godhood at all back when he originally gained it and she was witness to it. The damages to the world as a result of his insane growth were repaired, and Mithora's memory of the event was removed with it, but that didn't change the fact that she still had disapproved of it and would likely disapprove of becoming a goddess herself.

Vanessa came up with an idea that would be both productive and fun - she would simply get Mithora used to being godly. She secretly wove magic into Mithora that would double her power, and her size, every day. Pretty soon all of that would add up, and it would be fun to see the results.

The first day Mithora didn't notice much of a difference in her size. She went through her normal routine of helping out at the cafe in which she lived. Somebody happened to comment how she seemed bigger than a normal Fennekin, but she just took it as a passing remark.

The next day went on same as before, only this time Mithora noticed that everything seemed smaller to her. It made things... somewhat easier. Keeping the furnace lit with her fire was easier since it was smaller. Carrying things out to customers was slightly less effort. She really liked it.

On the third day though, things seemed out of hand. Other than Layron, Mithora had been the smallest worker in the bakery. Now she was bigger than any of the workers. This included a big Kangaskhan who had been the largest of his siblings. It baffled everyone in the cafe, but none-the-less they carried on with their day. Nearly half the regular customers took notice of Mithora's sudden growth spurt, but they knew better than to make this girl the talk of the town.

Or so they thought. On the fourth day, Mithora couldn't fit through the doorway of her room. She'd grown far too big. Thus she was trapped in her room until they could get somebody to figure out what was happening to her.

The next day, a psychic showed up to a truly big surprise! Mithora had destroyed her room overnight, having grown more than forty feet tall. She hid behind the cafe the whole day whilst the psychic examined her for anything that might have changed. He couldn't find anything.

The sixth day, the Cafe nor any of the tall trees behind it could hide her eighty foot tall body. Mithora was quickly becoming a spectacle for the whole town, and many psychics and fairies were showing up to try and unravel the mystery. None of them could seem to grasp any changes in her, except that her power was growing immensely. Between at least thirty fairies and psychics, she was able to learn that her power had grown along with her, or perhaps that her growing power was causing her physical growth.

Either way, they needed to find a way to fix this fast! All the fairies and psychics were able to conclude that her size was doubling every day. The next morning saw her nearly 170 feet tall! Some of them began to notice that Mithora's growth was becoming a bit visible. Every few minutes they took measurements, they found she'd grown just a few inches bigger.

As the days went on, her growth changed from inches to feet to whole yards! Doubling certainly added up, as they realized. Five days passed with no advances in figuring out the cause of her growth. In that time, she'd grown a whole mile in total size. The little Fennekin towered over everything, even some mountains.

Mithora had been very concerned about her constant, seemingly unstoppable growth, but her worry was waning every day. She still had concern for her tiny tiny friends below her, who could easily be crushed by her giant paws as her growth advanced, but she was getting used to being this big. She didn't need to eat now, as she'd realized after having gone nearly two weeks without food. That was a big relief when she declared this to everyone, who argued about how such a massive Fennekin would get 3 meals a day without resorting to eating everything in the world.

After two weeks of this strange growing, Mithora was four miles tall and still growing. She could no longer see the psychics and fairies examining her, desperately trying to find a solution, but she could still perceive them. In fact, she could mentally see everything going on in the town, from Pokemon walking in the streets to those in their houses to her friend Layron being a silly derp like always. She couldn't help but relish this growing power of hers.

A day passed and Mithora decided to move further away from the town before her eight mile tall body crushed everything in the city without her meaning too. She allowed anyone who wanted to follow to get on her paw and she walked to a spot in a valley that could keep her massive self safe for the next few days. Mithora curled up and sighed, wondering if this growth would ever stop.

Nothing indicated that it would. Each day saw her bigger than the last. It took merely two days for her to outgrow the valley she'd chosen to shelter in. Another day brought her right back next to her town. Some of the fairies and psychics had given up trying to fix Mithora, believing that her growth was going on forever. A few fanatical ones among them even started to

worship her for whatever reason. Mithora thought them crazy but did nothing to try and stop them.

At that moment in time she was thirty two miles tall. She started to worry about being able to breath if she kept growing. The atmosphere could only be so tall, after all. The blue sky that she'd always known started to thin into black as she continued to grow. Two days passed though and this worry started to fade from her mind as well. Somehow, along with her growing power, she was starting to believe that her body could survive in the vacuum of space - that she didn't really need to breath or anything of the sort.

The next day, her growing perception allowed her to perfectly measure her size: 260 miles tall. She didn't know why she knew this random power, but... in fact, she was starting to learn a lot of strange things with this growing power of hers. That was something she couldn't explain, why she was gaining so much power or what she could gain from it. The fanatics on her paw urged her to use her powers to control the world, but that was just silly. What use would she have for controlling others?

Vanessa felt pleased with her choice when she heard that.

Before the day was even halfway done Mithora realized her head was poking above the atmosphere. It was really lucky she didn't need to breath at this size, or she'd be really suffocating right now. Her growth just went on and on from there, and while she certainly worried about the world as she continued to grow atop it she couldn't bring herself to complain about this. It was almost fun in its own way.

At the end of three weeks of this strange growth, Mithora was more than 500 miles tall. Beneath her, most of the world was in panic over the growing Fennekin. Everything they knew and loved in this world would soon be inadvertently crushed by this all-powerful Fennekin. Benevolent as she was, Mithora started putting her growing powers to good use - she started picking up every Pokemon she was growing towards and putting them in her fur, where they would be safe as her growth advanced. She even found a way to rip up their business from the ground and transplant them onto her paw just so they could continue life as usual.

A day passed and a rather apocalyptic change happened - The crust beneath Mithora was starting to crumble, and to the Fennekin's surprise it suddenly broke completely under her. She fell into lava, but it caused no harm to her. In fact, it felt kind of good in there. A horrifying thought occurred to her, before she checked her paw and realized that, in the split second before the world's population would have been burned to death, she'd formed a ward around the Pokemon living on her paw. Seemed her thought process was speeding up along with her growth. She hadn't even realized she'd done that, but lo-and-behold she had.

The destruction of the crust had left much of the rest of the world damaged, so Mithora went ahead and brought the remainder of the world onto her paw. It was cramped there... for

maybe a day, but after three day's more, her paw alone was almost as big as the world itself. Mithora was nearly 17000 miles tall and counting.

At the end of the fourth week, miles along were starting to become a lacking means of describing her growth. Mithora was over a hundred thousand miles tall, and starting to appreciate her power. The solar system was witness to her power as she casually explored it, taking in its wondrous surroundings and occasionally causing damage to it by accident, but easily repairing any damage she caused with her god-like powers.

No, not god-like, as Mithora realized. It was safe to assume at this point that she was a goddess, through and through. What else could anybody call the Fennekin who had outgrown all the planets in the solar system.

Another week passed and Mithora met another milestone - she had outgrown the sun. Their race's beloved star, which had kept them warm and alive for many eons, was becoming nothing more than a floating ball in front of the Fennekin. A thought occurred to Mithora. She took a curious lick of the plasma ball and... surprisingly, she found it tasty. She took to drinking the whole ball of energy up in almost a minute, at the end of which she replaced what she'd taken away with a small sun to float above the Pokemon race which she was protecting.

It didn't occur to her until the next day that she had done something she couldn't have even imagined - she had created something from nothing. Truly she was a god if this was the case, and when this was realized by her Pokemon they accepted her as a god and started worshiping her. Mithora had no qualms against this.

On and on her growth advanced. Two weeks and two days passed before her followers informed her of another milestone - her body was now a light-year in size. A light-year and a half, actually! Curious, she stretched her tail as much as she could and looked at the end of it. She could still see it. It should have taken a year to do so. Perhaps the perception of light meant nothing to her now. Maybe she could just... see all things. That was a curious thought to the Fennekin goddess.

At the end of eight weeks, Mithora was of course 48 light years across. The galaxy was starting to look like a work of art from her view, and she appreciated it so much that she shared the vision with some of her more devoted worshipers. It was very calming for Mithora to watch these scenes, not that they would exist before too much longer. She kept unintentionally putting stars out with her tail and... the rest of her whole body. It was quite the dilemma, especially as she kept growing.

Mithora was forced to flee the galaxy to keep it in one piece. She managed to float well above it and watched as it shrank away with the days going by. Another week passed and the masses of stars became more clear to her, the colors merging together in her vision and yet being able to perceive every one of them so perfectly.

Some things about her were changing, mostly in her perception. Firstly, she was gaining a deeper understanding of the mechanics of their universe and that their universe was one of many instances of reality. Secondly, she could feel the influence of many gods and goddesses over their universe, tending to many things like mortals, life, and even stars. Stars... those in particular made her feel a sense of attachment. Like they were a friend to her. Mithora sometimes felt lonely at this size, with all this power. She didn't know how to shrink herself down, or if she even could. Her priests had somewhat of a connection to her, and sometimes talked to her, but she craved companionship like any other being.

The other thing she had come to learn was that this sudden onslaught of growth had been the work of another goddess. Somehow she could make out the specific gender, as well. Perhaps as her power grew she could learn exactly who it was, and maybe get back at her for this unexpected growing spurt. Not that she had any qualms - she was starting to love her power - but it was a bit rude of her to do this without her permission.

After another week had elapsed, she'd more than outgrown the galaxy. In fact, it was many times smaller than her, about as wide as her paw. As she continued to watch the galaxy shrink away before her, she opened her mouth and chomped it down. Again, it tasted good, but there was substantially less of it at her size. It felt a bit... disappointing. At the very least, she recreated it amongst her followers so they could continue to enjoy the sight of stars. They all thanked her very much for that gift.

Time started to lose meaning to Mithora, and she lost track of how big she truly was. It was hard to tell now that there was almost nothing to compare it to. As time passed she found it more difficult to avoid destroying galaxies with her fur. At one point, she gave up avoiding them and started eating them to get whatever flavor she could from them. She felt a bit guilty for consuming everything in the universe but her constant growth still showed no signs of stopping and... well... there was no point letting stars go to waste.

At some point, Mithora found herself being forced to curl up. Some strange force was pressing down on her. It was as if she was trapped in some sort of ball, or maybe an egg, or perhaps... it dawned on her that she was outgrowing the universe entirely. Quite a feat, indeed! The space around her grew more claustrophobic as she continued to grow, but Mithora didn't worry. She could feel this feeble barrier starting to give way under the pressure her body was presenting on it. In one swift motion, she ripped the barrier open and freed herself from the cramped up universe.

There she was, floating amongst the dimensions of the multiverse. Merely seconds after she'd outgrown the universe, something tackled her from behind. It turned out to be her friend Layron, who she learned was a god of stars.

Then she was introduced to Vanessa, a chaos goddess who had given her this power in the first place. She explained that Mithora's purpose here was about the same as it had been in her mortal life - watching over Layron as he did his work. Making sure the little lizard stayed sane enough to make sure the stars of the multiverse were created properly.

Mithora smiled and thanked the Gliscor for this amazing experience, and for reuniting her with her friend. She'd wanted a companion for quite a while now that she was a goddess, and now she had her old one again. At that point, she had enough power to recreate her universe entirely, placing her fellow Pokemon back on the planet they'd originally inhabited.

Unfortunately, she was forced to remove their memory of the event and create an avatar of herself down there to replace her, but at least she had enjoyed it while it lasted, and it wasn't like she craved worship.

At that point, Vanessa ended the spell that was making Mithora's power increase so dramatically. Or so she thought - what happened in reality was her body had imbedded this power into her very spirit, and what Vanessa had removed was just the old power of this spell. Mithora's power was still increasing, and before long she could easily play with the Gliscor.

They'd see pretty soon.