

After her initial ascension, Mithora's power continued to grow. If not for her benevolence and the work she started putting into helping Layron keep stars in check, other gods might have feared her. But no, her can-do attitude combined with her serious outlook on her newfound duties made her a suitable candidate for a goddess.

In fact, some even were starting rumors that she would become an elder goddess before long. Her powers grew far faster than even most of the experienced gods. When other gods would bring the topic up to her, Mithora would just brush it off without much care. She had all the power needed to do her job. Everything else she was getting was simply excess.

Yet Mithora couldn't help but find her growing power exhilarating. It was exciting to feel so much power constantly welling up within her. She had potential to do so many things, and she wasn't one to waste potential. With her power, she was able to locate many more dimensions where stars were gone haywire than Layron was able to on his own, thus streamlining his work.

Occasionally she got randomly attacked by Vanessa, who occasionally attempted to keep her power in check by sucking up some of it herself. It always left her drowsy and made Mithora more of a gnat to Vanessa, but the Gliscor insisted it needed to be done. In case Mithora went rogue, she said. The Fennekin could see through this - they were both aware that either party wanted the edge over the other: Mithora for the sake of teaching Vanessa a bit of a lesson for her chaotic means of causing her ascendance, and Vanessa for the sake of simply being the dominant goddess.

Mithora didn't see why Vanessa had to siphon her power though. Whilst her own doubled every day, Mithora could tell Vanessa's power was growing far far faster. A brave few let her in on the rumor that she was an avatar of an elder god, which would explain how her power could grow so intensely.

Mithora couldn't help but be annoyed by Vanessa. She was very... perhaps blunt was a proper term for her. Vanessa often liked to play around with the other gods, pulling pranks on them for a laugh. It was mostly harmless except for the fact that it was downright annoying. More than once Mithora was interrupted in her work due to the Gliscor goddess deciding to change her species or make her super tiny or super huge. It was all very aggravating and Mithora, along with many other gods, craved the opportunity to prank her back. Alas, Vanessa was too powerful and too clever to be fooled.

A few gods started to show support for Mithora becoming an elder god after some time. While Mithora certainly didn't actively support her own further ascension, she wasn't against their words. If they thought she would make a good elder god, then so be it. She wasn't planning on ascending further though, if it was within her power.

To her later surprise, though, she found out that it was much more within her power than she realized. Multiple gods started distracting Vanessa from siphoning Mithora whenever she would attempt it. Mithora paid little mind to it other than friendly gestures, but she started noticing something over time. The longer she went without being siphoned by Vanessa, the sharper her growth seemed to become. Over the course of several eons, merely a few days by her perspective, Mithora's growth in power had increased in doubles to triples. Even more interesting was the fact that the next time she WAS able to be siphoned, the increase in power growth she had experienced did not wane at all. It was permanent

Mithora realized exactly why Vanessa was insistent on siphoning her energy - it was meant to keep her power from rising too sharply. Looking around at the many other Pokegods, many of whom were ancient and yet she had surpassed after barely a divine month of being a goddess, and saw good reason within this gesture. There was a statement to describe power - power corrupts, and absolute power corrupts absolutely.

Thus, afterwards she was more willing to let Vanessa siphon her power. She regularly looked for the Gliscor so her excess power could be removed, put into a more experienced being. Vanessa was able to confirm that she was an elder god, part of a whole being who had two aspects about her - chaos and time.

Life went on for Mithora after this revelation. Her power was going to good use, at least - keeping time running on all parts was a daunting task for even an elder god. Even after she started agreeing to be siphoned, through, Mithora couldn't help but notice her power was still continuing to escalate. She started visiting Vanessa more frequently, though even then she still grew more powerful much faster.

Four times, five times, and six times her power grew every day. On and on her growth accelerated. Mithora couldn't control it, but she didn't exactly seek a way to do so. The most she could do was keep going to Vanessa and offering her power to her. Vanessa found herself more and more gorged every time, and taking longer to gorge herself all the while. At one point she spent a whole day siphoning from Mithora.

Yet on and on her power grew. Many of the other gods started calling Mithora an elder goddess, to which she insisted that she had not ascended anywhere near that point. Yet when she got to the point where she was growing ten times more powerful every day, she started to wonder if she would become an elder god herself.

It only escalated higher from there. On and on Mithora felt her power grow, giving her new abilities she could have only dreamt of existing, and some abilities that she could not have dreamed existed. Vanessa's efforts to reduce her power were starting to become fruitless. Perhaps she would surpass Vanessa somehow... no, Mithora doubted that could ever happen.

Or so she thought. During one siphoning, perhaps the last she would receive from Vanessa, Mithora felt a sudden change in herself. The magic causing her power to grow, which had been slowly intensifying over the past few eons, started to react to Vanessa. After all that time having siphoned from her, Mithora's body decided to interpret it as a threat. Mithora's growing power started escalating visibly, forcing the Fennekin to grow before Vanessa's eyes.

Mithora insisted to Vanessa that she wasn't doing it herself, nor could she stop it. Vanessa tried siphoning Mithora's power again and realized her body had completely shut her out - Mithora's divine energy itself was defending itself, making itself larger and larger to outmatch Vanessa.

Feeling challenged, Vanessa summoned her full power and grew herself immense - to her full size, in fact. She loomed over Mithora, bigger than all things. Everything in existence - even existence overall - wasn't even a speck in her eyes. Mithora couldn't see Vanessa... but she knew she was there. Her superior power allowed her to watch over Mithora, see her body's pitiful attempt to surpass her.

'Pitiful' wasn't the word to describe it, though. As the moments passed, Mithora's growth accelerated faster and faster. The Fennekin goddess clenched up as her power grew almost too fast for her to handle. As the seconds ticked by, her growth went from painful to calming to... almost blissful. Even as Vanessa continued to grow with whatever power she had, she slowly saw Mithora come into her view.

The Fennekin grew... and grew... and GREW!!! Vanessa's wicked smile dropped into a frown as she saw just how powerful Mithora truly was. Within a minute, not only did Mithora outgrow her, but she kept growing to a size where Vanessa was barely doll sized to her.

And even then she kept growing. Mithora watched as Vanessa shrunk to a gnat, and even further still. Existence itself could no longer be seen, so small as to be the tiniest speck in an infinite sea of white void.

Oh how the tables had turned, and this was slowly occurring to Mithora.

With a devious smile, she looked down at the bacteria-sized Vanessa and, with a swing of her legs, squashed her between her paws. The Gliscor goddess wouldn't be crushed, but it was fun feeling the tiny tiny Vanessa rubbed between her paws, unable to escape through any means. She felt Vanessa sting her multiple times, each one poisoned with a different shrinking magic, but her body simply absorbed the power and immunized Mithora to them.

Mithora felt exhilarated. Her power just kept growing faster and faster, making her bigger all the while. She felt powerful, undefeatable! This must have been what it was like to be an elder god! She loved it!

Or at least she would have, had she not learned of what an elder was truly like just then. Even in that infinite white void, Mithora felt a shadow suddenly loom over her. She turned to see a strange being floating before her. She could only describe it as a Gliscor crossed with a tree. An odd being of chaos, nature, time, other things she couldn't quite describe, floated before her. The whole being was an unfathomable size. THIS was Vanessa's true form. A word occurred to her - Ilvalisa. The elder's name.

It grabbed her with a strange, branch-like hand. Mithora struggled in its grasp as it brought her to its head. Opening its mouth wide, it began to siphon her of divine energy. Mithora felt her size dwindle - the Gliscor which she had held in her grasp seconds before towered over her once again, and she was restored to her true basic size - the one she should have been at by this point at her godhood.

Perhaps this was much better for her. It hadn't been Vanessa's intention for her to grow so powerful. Plus she had gotten a bit carried away at the last minute. Definitely not a good quality of an elder god.

A strange rumble could be heard above her. The Elder goddess was doing something strange... Mithora couldn't tell now that she had lost so much power, but... it felt like she was still being siphoned. Or... something felt different this time. A strange change in her body, in her divine power. Mithora... was siphoning the elder god! It took a while to figure it out but, much against her will, her body was reacting against Ilvalisa and not only was starting to take her power back but siphon the elder god as well.

Mithora started to struggle, trying to break away from the elder god so she wouldn't suck it dry. She didn't intend for this to happen, not at all! But the longer it lasted the less possible it seemed. Mithora's growth was incomprehensible. In an instant, she outgrew both Vanessa and the infinitely huge elder god.

And her growth just kept going on. Nothing could stop her, not even Mithora herself. Mithora felt the power of Ilvalisa flow into her, causing the elder god to crumble to dust. That was DEFINITELY not what she wanted to have happen, but... all this growing power, infinite amounts of it, she could feel new abilities. She could do things that were impossible for all others.

She could finally figure out her power, how she could control it. Mithora managed to reign in her endless growth, though her power still grew within her. She reached her paws down and recreated Ilvalisa, and Vanessa along with it. They turned and instantly pleaded with Mithora not to hurt them, but she had no ill will against them - they were just having fun and doing their job.

Mithora turned her attention to existence itself, which sat as an invisible speck in her eyes yet was known to her down to the smallest atom. Mithora was not merely a goddess now - she

was an elder god, and ascended even higher than Vanessa or Ilvalisa. The universe was hers to control.

There was no interest in hers in doing so, though. She simply put Ilvalisa back where she was, along with an avatar of herself at the proper power level she should be at. Everything in its proper place, as they meant to be in the first place. Fixing her own self was pointless, so an avatar would have to do - nothing Mithora or anybody could do now would allow her to reduce her power - she had transcended anything that could contain her divinity, and her endless growth.

Thus, what else was there for her to do but to keep growing... and growing... and growing...