

Accidental Divinity

A Story Commission for ThickGreenFluff

Rain - Dragonien

Content Warning: Macro, Size Change, Ascension, Sexual Content, Reality Rewriting, Nudity

**This written work is intended
exclusively for audiences over the age
of 18**

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“I mean, but what if it actually is real? Think about what we could do with this!”

“One thing. If it's real we can do exactly one thing with it.”

Thomas's sarcastic response did nothing to diminish Jordan's anticipation. Despite the near-impossibility of something like this being real some tiny part of the otter's whimsical inner child squealed excitedly at the idea of having a real, genuine wishing stone. As much as he wanted it to be real even Jordan knew that buying a pretty green rock for \$50 off of eBay was almost certainly a scam. Particularly when said stone listed itself as a 'wishing stone' redeemable for one wish. But that didn't stop some part of him from hoping against hope.

“Don't act like you don't also hope it's real.” Jordan admonished his roommate. “And don't act like you don't periodically search Amazon and eBay for a shrink ray. I've seen your browsing history.”

That brought an embarrassed blush to the black and green-furred drox. It wasn't exactly a secret that Thomas was into those kinds of things.

However, such a secret being known and being said aloud were two completely different levels of embarrassment. Desperate to change the subject as quickly as possible the now slightly flustered drox posed a question.

“Well, say it is real. That note that came with it said you can only use it for one wish, right? The first thing you asked for after saying I wish while holding it is what you get, right? Means you have to be really careful. So what are you going to wish for?”

The orange-furred otter paused for a moment to consider. Unexpectedly, the first thing that came to mind was money. Jordan could wish for a billion or even a trillion dollars. That would have been the easy thing to do. Just take the money as a quick cash out. But he quickly shot that idea down. Even if the chances of him making that much money in his lifetime was extremely unlikely it was still something that was possible. If the otter had a real, magically wish he figured he should wish for something that wasn't possible without supernatural intervention. Maybe he could make himself taller?

Jordan had always wanted to be taller. A lot taller in fact! It wasn't uncommon for the otter to fantasize about being tall enough that his head grazed the top of door frames as he walked through them. And then, of course, there were the thoughts similar to Thomas's internet browsing history that left Jordan imagining himself much, much larger than was realistically possible. He thought JordanZilla had a nice ring to it. Then again if Jordan wished for something like that he might find it difficult to enjoy some of the more mundane pleasures in life like watching TV or playing video games. Hell, would anyone ever be able to make a pizza big enough for him at that size? Being a giant monster sounded fun in the moment but not necessarily fun to live the rest of his life as. Maybe if he had more than one wish and could wish for some appropriately sized amenities on top of his newfound giant status he would have been more tempted.

“You could always wish to be the size of a Barbie doll.” Thomas offered, interrupting Jordan's thoughts of a giant rampaging monster version of himself. “We could even get you a cute little dollhouse to live in!”

The intrusive mental image made Jordan's tail curl around one of his legs as his face flushed with embarrassment. He turned a withering glare on his roommate, silently thanking his brightly colored facial fur for hiding how red the otter's cheeks were. Even if a part of him did reluctantly enjoy that idea the last thing Jordan was going to do was admit it out loud.

“Or maybe I'll make you that small. Or smaller. Imagine spending the rest of your life the size of a grain of rice living somewhere on my body.” Jordan shot back. His tone of voice became more playful and mocking as he continued. “Start worshipping me and calling me God now and maybe I'll be a benevolent Lord when your new home country is one of my balls.”

That earned Jordan one of the couch pillows being thrown across the room and hitting him square in the face. Despite the aggressive response the otter couldn't help but laugh. While all of these ideas were amusing, and maybe a little more flustering than Jordan was entirely comfortable with, he was still no closer to figuring out what to wish for. When several moments of silence passed Thomas offered up another joking suggestion.

“There you go. Being a god sounds good! But you'll probably get bored with that kind of power. Make me a god instead! I'll be a benevolent divinity that brings prosperity to his people and lets you kiss my feet anytime you want.”

Again Jordan's cheeks burned at the mental image. Doing his best to hide his embarrassment under annoyance the otter snapped back at his roommate without thinking. “Why would I wish you were a God?”

Thomas was about to respond when something drew both of their attention. The stone was glowing. The small ping pong ball-sized, Jade-colored rock radiated a deep emerald light that seemed to somehow overlap the regular lighting in the room. At first, neither of the two understood what

was happening with the strange rock. Even if they assumed it was real they didn't know what had set it off. Thomas caught on first.

“Wait. Jordan I think you said-“

Before the drox was able to finish his sentence a sharp cracking sound interrupted him. The noise was like a gunshot; leaving both of their ears ringing afterward. At the same instant as the sound the green light abruptly vanished. When both furs looked down towards the stone they saw all that remained was a pile of gray dust in Jordan's hand where the rock had been moments before.

The two sat in silence for several long moments. Slowly they turned to meet each other's eyes as if unsure about what had just happened. Experimentally, Jordan ran his thumb through the pile of dust in his palm. As far as the otter could tell it felt no different from fine, gray sand. No visible remnant of the green rock could be found in the little pile of dust. When Jordan finally spoke he did so hesitantly as if he was reluctant to break the silence.

“Does, uh... does that mean it was real?” he asked nervously

“I'm not sure.” Thomas responded.

Still confused, Jordan ran back through the last minute of events in his head. When his mental review paused over his word choice moments earlier the otter's eyes widened as the realization of what he had said dawned. Specifically, what Jordan had said after carelessly saying 'I wish'. Apparently, the rock hadn't cared the wish was contained within a rhetorical question. All it heard was the activation phrase 'I wish'. When Jordan looked back at Thomas he saw the drox's eyes widen as they too caught on to what had just happened.

“Wait. Did it work? You wished for... and then it... does that mean I'm a god now?” the green drox asked, unsure if he should be worried, apologetic, or excited.

“If you are I'm going to kick your ass. You took my wish!” Jordan accused, glaring with increasing ire.

A worried look briefly crossed Thomas's face. He immediately felt bad at the thought of having stolen his roommate's wish right out from under them. He hadn't been trying to do it on purpose! Then the expression was replaced by a playful smirk slowly spreading across the drox's muzzle as the implications of his unintentional wish theft meant.

“If it did work, do you really think you could” Thomas challenged, grinning.

The question brought Jordan up short. He had been so confused at the situation then jumped straight to anger at potentially being robbed of a real magical wish that the otter hadn't actually thought about the ramifications of the wish itself. The possibilities tempered his outrage a bit. If it had come true, what exactly did that mean? What exactly could Thomas do?

“Try to do something uh... I dunno. Godly?” Jordan said, his words as much of a question as an order. The response was born as much from genuine curiosity as it was a deflection from Thomas's challenge. “See if it worked.”

“What does that mean? How am I supposed to do something Godly?” he asked, confused.

“I don't know!” Jordan shouted in frustration; throwing his arms up in the process. “You know. Something godly! Try to like, I don't know, walk on water or part a sea or something.” Jordan paused then quickly amended himself. “No plagues! Don't try to summon locusts or anything, good God.”

Thomas couldn't help but snicker aloud at Jordan's word choice. “Please. I know I'm good but, as a friend, you can still call me Green. Or Great Lord Thomas The Divine if you want to be formal. ”

That earned the drox another glare. Despite the otter's facade, Thomas had lived long enough with Jordan by now to recognize when they were

blushing. They always got flustered when these kinds of power games and fantasies came up. Which is why Thomas liked to casually slip them into conversations at random; to fluster Jordan. And that gave Thomas an idea.

“Hey. The word of God is supposed to be absolute, right? That whole let there be light and all that jazz? How about this?” The drox thought aloud.

Thomas sat upright on the couch and straightened his posture in an attempt to look as regal and imperious as possible. The drox puffed out his chest and raised his chin high and looked down the bridge of his muzzle as if trying to portray purely with his posture and demeanor that Jordan, and everything else, were beneath him. With every ounce of forced authority he could muster, struggling and failing to keep a smirk off his face the entire time, Thomas gave a mock Godly decree.

“From this moment forward you shall always and only address and refer to me as sir.”

There was no roll of thunder nor ominous lightning outside the window. The drox's voice neither echoed with divine authority nor shook the ground with otherworldly power. Neither did Jordan suddenly throw himself at Thomas's feet and start kissing them in devoted worship. If anything, Jordan looked a little disappointed in addition to mildly annoyed. Though Thomas could still catch the telltale hints in the otter's demeanor that showed they were at least a bit flustered at what Thomas had said.

“Maybe you should have tried to start with something simple like turning water to wine, sir.”

Thomas snapped his head around to look at Jordan the moment the otter finished speaking. His eyes narrowed briefly, expecting Jordan to be grinning mockingly at the drox. To his surprise, Jordan looked momentarily confused at Thomas's accusing glare. Only then, as if it had just dawned on him what he had just said, did Jordan's eyes go wide in shock. Part of Thomas wanted to be suspicious but he knew Jordan wasn't that good of an actor.

“Wait, did I just call you sir, sir?” Jordan asked. His mouth snapped shut after the last word slipped out. The otter slapped a hand over his muzzle as well as if aghast the honorific had come from his lips and he were trying to physically restrain his own mouth. “I’m not doing this on purpose, sir. Oh God, it happened again, sir!”

Each time Jordan said something directed at him Thomas could see their mouth trembling as if they were trying to hold their lips shut before the end of each sentence. No matter how much they tried, though, that last word forced itself out automatically regardless of how much they tried to resist it. Thomas was still a little skeptical despite his confidence Jordan couldn't fake something like that so well. So he decided to test it.

The two had lived together for a couple of years and knew each other's quirks pretty well by now. In that time a running joke had developed between them. Whenever they both got comfortable on the couch on the weekends to watch a movie or play a game Thomas would ask Jordan to do something for him. It was always something petty and small; clearly a request born out of sheer laziness and desire to have Jordan do things for him he didn't want to do himself. And every time the drox asked, he always got the same automatic and rude response. One that, while endearing as a joke between the two of them, would have seemed insulting and confrontational to a stranger.

“Hey Jordan, go get me a drink.”

“Fuck off, sir.”

The words launched from Jordan's lips on automatically at this point. The joke had been running between them for years and the otter's response had become reflexive. Yet the third word, the one that wasn't supposed to be there, only made both of their eyes widen further.

“Holy shit, sir.” Jordan whispered in disbelief. “Does this mean-“

The otter never got to finish this sentence. Instead, he was cut off by the loud and excited voice of his roommate shouting at the top of his lungs.

“Holy shit, It's real! I really am a god!”



What a crazy dream. Jordan couldn't remember the last time he woke up so frustrated and horny at the same time. The idea of having been so close to literal godhood only to have it stolen away by a couple of misplaced words was so maddening that even after the otter had woken up it's still infuriated him. Yet at the same time the idea of his roommate being given cosmic power beyond belief was probably one of the hottest things his brain had ever contrived. Other than himself getting to be the god, of course. It was mostly because Jordan knew his roommate was the type who would shamelessly abuse such power. Not that he could blame them. Jordan would have done exactly the same.

It had taken the otter twenty minutes and a cold shower to calm himself down enough that he could go get breakfast without fear of embarrassing himself. The only kind of tent he wanted to be seen carrying around the house was one of the camping variety. Not that the dream memories of the increasingly perverse experimentation with dream Thomas's newfound divine powers left his thoughts. But the otter was at least able to make some coffee and toast with only a minor amount of squirming.

“Rrrf... gmornin...”

The familiar voice of Jordan's roommate caught his attention while pouring himself a fresh cup of coffee. But something sounded slightly off with Thomas's voice. A brief pang of concern welled up in Jordan at the fear of Thomas coming down with a cold or something like that. More specifically, the otter was worried that it was something contagious that he might have been exposed to. When Jordan turned around to face Thomas he instantly knew the strangeness of Thomas's voice had nothing to do with his illness. Jordan's eyes went wide and the coffee cup fell from his hand to shatter on the floor, forgotten. The exclamation burst from the otter's lips of their own accord before he could stop himself.

“Holy shit, sir.”

And if the sight of Thomas hadn't been proof enough then the compulsive addition to the end of Jordan's exclamation sure was. It hadn't been a dream.

If Thomas had tried to simply tell Jordan that last night had been real it would have been near-impossible to convince the otter. But the black and green-furred drox didn't need to say a word to prove the validity of last night's events. As the drox stood there in the doorway to the kitchen, wearing nothing but a pair of bright royal purple boxer briefs, his body was all the proof that anyone could have needed. Thomas's face was the same but everything below his neck was only recognizable as the drox thanks to the matching fur coloration and pattern.

The most obvious change was Thomas's height. The drox was so tall now that the tips of their ears brushed the top of the kitchen door frame they currently occupied! Strangely, Jordan struggled to remember how tall Thomas used to be. He was absolutely positive Thomas hadn't been that tall yesterday. However, trying to remember Thomas's original self was like trying to grasp onto the fleeting memories of a fading dream. Nor did either the changes or Jordan's inability to remember what state Thomas had changed from end with just the drox's height.

Thomas's new body was absolutely rippling with muscle. Thick, swollen bulges of flesh along his forearms and biceps connected to the two bowling balls that were his shoulders. The drox's massive pecs jutted out almost as far as his chin did! Far enough that his nipples were now angled to point slightly downwards. His stomach had flattened into a washboard six-pack that you could have grated cheese on! Each of Thomas's tree-trunk thighs now were nearly as thick around as Jordan's waist was! Even the drox's ass looked larger and more muscular! It was only made that much more tantalizing with how his backside had widened to the point that its edges peeked out around the girth of the muscular beast's thighs.

The drox didn't quite have the same proportions as the Incredible Hulk. But he still looked big enough that he could easily win amateur bodybuilding competitions and, bare minimum, place in the professional circuit. Mixed with the fact that the drox had so little body fat that he may as well have been one of those detailed muscle anatomy dioramas you could find in biology class. Really, the only word Jordan could think of to describe him with was huge. But the differences didn't stop there.

More than just his musculature and size, Thomas's whole presence was subtly different. A thousand minuscule little details, the majority of which Jordan couldn't possibly put words to, had subtly changed about the drox. His fur was sleeker and its coloration was a shade brighter or darker in all of the right places. His facial features seemed softer and more rounded in some places while being sharper and more angular in others in a way that made his face more eye-catching. It was like the drox's whole body had been uploaded into Photoshop and someone ran the auto adjustment settings to iron out previously imperceptible imperfections to create an idealized version of Thomas. Then, of course, there were his eyes. The twin orbs seemed to glow ever so slightly yet also had a strange gravity to them. If Jordan dared look into them for longer than a second the otter felt like Thomas's eyes were somehow pulling him in! They were forced to jerk their gaze away for fear of somehow losing themselves when they found themselves staring too long.

No one should have been able to look this idealized; this perfect. Thomas was alluring and beautiful to the point of it being blatantly unnatural. Yet it was unnatural in a way that you couldn't put into words what wasn't normal. In a way, it was almost terrifying for Jordan. He was intimidated by how much conscious effort it was taking not to be drawn in and lose himself gawking at his augmented roommate. It didn't help the otter that his morning wood had returned with a vengeance. Normally Jordan wouldn't be so riled up by the sight of the same royal purple boxer briefs Thomas typically walked around in each morning. However, they normally didn't visibly distend outwards with what looked like a pair of lemons and a salami stuffed into their basket.

“Wh-what happened to you, sir?” Jordan asked, only to wince when he noticed the verbal compulsion persisting from last night.

That last thought caused him to pause and try and recall the night before. After the initial shock had faded a bit Jordan looked his roommate over again and tried to compare the drox to how they looked last night. But he couldn't. Jordan knew, without a shadow of a doubt, that his roommate physically was significantly different from how they had been not twenty-four hours ago. But for some reason the otter couldn't conjure a mental image of Thomas from last night to compare. No matter how many times he tried, no matter how far back he thought, Jordan simply couldn't remember how his roommate looked before right now. Every time the otter struggled to pull up a mental image of his old roommate they would always show up in his memories as their current, larger self. But the memories were like a poorly done Photoshop job. Jordan could clearly 'see' the mismatching edges around the edited parts that made it obvious the memory had been altered. The longer the otter spent trying to recall the 'original' Thomas the wider the enhanced drox's grin became.

“What are you talking about, buddy?” Thomas asked coyly. God, even his voice was more powerful and melodic now. “I've always been like this.”

“No you haven't, sir!” Jordan protested, not even bothering to show his frustration at the continuing verbal compulsion.

The accusation only further amused Jordan's roommate. "Well, by all means. Tell me what changed."

Jordan narrowed his eyes accusingly at the drox. He was about to open his mouth and elaborate but was interrupted by Thomas suddenly approaching. The otter's accusing glare melted as Thomas took four lengthy steps to cover the width of the kitchen. Jordan found himself much more acutely aware of the more immediate ramifications of Thomas's increased proportions thanks to their sudden proximity. Specifically how, now that Thomas was standing directly in front of him, Jordan found himself at eye level with the top of Thomas's chest. With no signs of crouching down to even the size difference, Jordan was forced to crane his head backward to meet the looming drox's gaze.

All of the frustration, outrage, and accusation in Jordan was replaced by embarrassed self-consciousness. The otter had suddenly become acutely aware not just that his roommate had changed but how drastically inferior in size Jordan was compared to Thomas now. The otter found himself taking stock not at how big Thomas had become but rather how big they specifically were compared to him. Like how the drox's chest was almost twice as wide as the otter's own. Or how their thighs were nearly as thick around as the otter's waist. And of course, most embarrassing of all, how Jordan wasn't even sure that both of his hands would be enough to heft the impressive mound of flesh stretching out the front of Thomas's boxer briefs.

Thomas seemed perfectly content to give Jordan all the time they needed to fully take in their situation. He simply stood there, grinning as smugly as possible as he watched his now comparatively much smaller roommate struggle to find words. It would have been obvious to anyone watching that the drox was shamelessly soaking in the attention. Jordan could practically hear Thomas's ego inflating like a balloon. Swallowing nervously, Jordan did their best to answer. Although when they spoke this time their voice was far more subdued and less challenging than it had been before. The otter wasn't so distracted that he couldn't tell, even without divine superpowers,

Thomas was now big enough that he could twist Jordan into a pretzel without effort.

“You’re er... You’re-“ Jordan stammered, only to be cut off by Thomas’s smug voice finishing his sentence.

“Bigger. Yes, I know. I’ve been working out.”

To emphasize his point, the drox raised one of his arms and casually flexed a bicep that was now nearly as big as Jordan’s head!

“So last night was... um. Last night really happened, sir?” Jordan asked, unable to stop from staring as his roommate flexed for him. “You’re really a-“

“God, yes.” Thomas again finished for him. Then he grinned wider and continued. “Yes, I can really do anything I want. Yes, all of this is real; you’re not dreaming. And yes you can touch it. But only if you ask nicely.”

The last sentence in particular made Jordan’s eyes widen. Every one of the questions Thomas had just answered had been ones the otter had wanted to ask. Even the last one! Although Jordan probably wouldn’t have actually gone through with asking that one aloud. The first two questions would have been easy to guess but the last question’s pre-emptive answer gave Jordan pause.

“Wait, sir. Are you-“

“Reading your mind? Yes. I can hear every thought in that little head of yours. A lot more than that, in fact. No, I’m not going to stop. No you can’t make me. And yes I can see all of those thoughts. Yes, those ones you don’t want me to see.”

With each proactively answered question Thomas’s grin grew wider. And with each answered question Jordan blushed more furiously. The otter would have felt violated if he wasn’t so embarrassed and, simultaneously, more turned on than he had ever been in his life. Jordan didn’t know what

was more terrifying and enthralling at the moment. The idea that his roommate now had the ability to sort through every perverse fantasy that Jordan has ever had, including the ones involving Thomas specifically, like the drox was sorting through a card catalog left the otter feeling violated and vulnerable on a whole new level. Then there was also the realization that his roommate now, theoretically, could actually do all of those things in Jordan's fantasies! Including the things that otherwise should have been physically impossible. That is, if he wanted to.

“I know you're upset that you're not the one that got to be big god on campus.” Thomas all-but purred; his voice devoid of any trace of regret or sympathy. “But I also know how much it turns you on that I was the one that got them instead of you. I can see all those different ways in your head that you would have abused this power as well as the ways you think I will abuse it.”

As Thomas spoke he took a step forward. With them already being so close together the movement erased what little distance was left between the two. Jordan was forced to crane his head back to continue looking at Thomas face to face. If the otter had looked straight ahead Thomas was so close that Jordan's muzzle would have brushed against Thomas's pectoral cleft. Jordan could feel the enlarged drox's body heat radiating outwards and making the space around the otter feel like it was a couple of degrees warmer than the rest of the room. Jordan's nostrils flared and an involuntary shudder ran down their spine at the scent of the drox's powerful musk. If they hadn't been so distractingly flustered and intimidated the otter would have noticed that they were rock hard again. Jordan was so overwhelmed they didn't even feel it when the outline of their erection brushed against one of Thomas's thighs. Thomas, however, did notice.

The newly-minted divine drox continued staring down silently at Jordan for several long moments. He couldn't help but bathe in the look of nervous fear and excitement the otter was trying to keep off of their face. Thomas's own body began to respond to the sense of power, of dominance, that he felt over his now-smaller roommate. Mentally sorting through the myriad

fantasies in Jordan's head only exacerbated the drox's situation. Each imagined scenario that Thomas sorted through in the horny library of Jordan's head was more perverse than the last. When one of them in particular caught his attention, Thomas simply couldn't restrain himself any longer.

“Oooh... now here’s a good one...” Thomas growled under his breath.

Before Jordan could ask what Thomas was talking about he felt something push up against his stomach. The otter couldn't look down at the moment without stuffing his muzzle into Thomas's pectoral cleft but he didn't need to. There was no mistaking the feeling of Thomas's own crotch bulge swelling with arousal and pushing against Jordan. Before The otter could do anything about it Thomas raised one of his arms. For a moment Jordan thought the drox was going to start flexing again and the mental image alone made him weak in the knees. When he saw the drox, instead, press their thumb and middle finger together Jordan looked at him, confused.

“Sir, what are you-“

Jordan never got to finish this sentence. Thomas snapped his fingers and Jordan came up short mid-sentence. In response to the drox, with nothing more than the lingering sound of the snap for a transition, everything simply... changed.



No flash of light or blur of motion accompanied the abrupt transition. The moment Thomas snapped the otter was simply... somewhere else. Jordan hadn't even blinked! The transition had the same as if someone had simply flipped from one photo to the next in a digital album. The view of thickly muscled, fur-covered pectorals and Thomas's grinning muzzle had been replaced by a massive valley of white.

Jordan had no idea where he was. All he could see in any direction around him was an endless expanse of white. The material was hard and smooth underneath his feet but felt off. Something about the tactile sensation felt familiar but he couldn't quite place it. It wasn't natural like dirt or stone but it felt as solid as steel despite clearly being almost plastic-like in appearance. When Jordan looked up he noticed the sky had a strange Hue to it. It was a dull eggshell white color despite there not being a cloud in the sky. Even the sun was somehow wrong; looming overhead oddly shaped and brighter than normal yet not painful to look at. The otter didn't have

long to dwell on his predicament before he was distracted by something new: the ground shaking.

It was like one of his darkest nightmares and deepest fantasies had come to life simultaneously. The sun overhead was eclipsed and a dark shadow cast itself across Jordan. No, not the Sun. The ceiling light. The otter wasn't outside. He had never left his own home. That first earthquake, as well as the several ones that followed, weren't earthquakes at all. They were footsteps. And it was no moon or cloud that blocked out the light overhead. No, it was something far more terrifying. It was Thomas.

Jordan watched as the drox strolled into view with footsteps that left the little otter stumbling to keep upright. Jordan still couldn't see Thomas from the knee down over the edge of the white cliff between the two of them. He didn't have an accurate way to judge how big Thomas was compared to him now! Or, rather, how small he was compared to Thomas. But when the otter looked behind him, up towards the sky, the sight of some concerningly familiar silver fixtures let it dawn on Jordan where he was. That realization explained why Jordan was now watching the living mountain of a roommate bend over to take off his underwear.

Jordan was in their bathtub.

The otter had no chance to call out for the behemoth looming overhead. Even if they had been able to hear him, Jordan wasn't sure if they would have done anything about it. Instead, Jordan watched as Thomas reached over and turned a few of the fixtures in the distance to turn on the shower. A second after Thomas did Jordan was assaulted by the most intense downpour the otter had ever experienced in his life! The fine mist showerhead that he enjoyed using so much was now pouring water down on the minuscule otter like he was standing in the middle of a hurricane!

Within seconds not only was Jordan soaked to the bone but the water was already rushing around his ankles and collecting into rapidly-growing streams. The otter had been made so small that even those thin trickles of water threatened to pull his feet out from under him! He struggled to even see Thomas beyond the downpour; the titanic drox looming in the distance like some ancient storm god barely perceivable through the typhoon they had summoned. However, Jordan didn't have to worry about struggling to see the drox for long. Moments after turning the shower on Thomas joined his roommate in the shower.

The giant drox's foot lifted itself over the massive porcelain cliff that was the side of the shower tub like it was nothing. That massive foot crashed down a moment later with such force that, even with it landing what seemed like blocks away, Jordan was sent sprawling to the floor of the shower by the tremor that Thomas's footstep caused. The otter didn't even have a chance to get back to his feet before Thomas's other foot landed on his opposite side. It too sent Jordan to the ground. By the time he crawled back to his feet the downpour had abated significantly. It wasn't because the water had been turned down or anything. Rather, Jordan suddenly found himself standing in the eye of the storm.

The massive, now muscular form of Jordan's roommate loomed overhead like a living mountain. Each of Thomas's monstrous legs loomed to either side of the otter like a skyscraper in their own rights. With the titan looming overhead and a foot nearby Jordan finally had a gauge for his size. When he realized he wasn't even half as tall as one of Thomas's toes he began regretting being able to put a more accurate measurement to himself. The downpour of water was being partially blocked by Thomas's behemothian body and legs; leaving only a drizzle able to make it past to continue soaking the otter. However, that also meant that the water not flying freely around Jordan collected on Thomas's body. So, instead of a constant uniform downpour, now Jordan was surrounded by a half-dozen deafening waterfalls crashing down at random points around his little safe zone. Jordan could look up and watch what seemed like, to him, tens of thousands

of gallons of water collecting in the grooves and canals of Thomas's muscular definition like tiny creeks that fed into turbulent streams. It was majestic for the beauty of the natural curvature of the drox's body directing the water; causing several different areas to sprout small rainbows where the overhead light reflected off the water. It was humbling and terrifying that Thomas was so massive compared to Jordan now that they seemed like they could literally redirect rivers and storms with just his presence.

Jordan was so distracted watching the wondrous and intimidating scene that didn't even notice that Thomas had begun to wash himself. At least, not until the ground started to rumble again. However, this time the shaking wasn't from the titan's cataclysmic footsteps. It was like a roll of thunder from a lightning strike hitting far too close to your home. The kind of thunder that rattles the walls of your house and seems to linger longer than it should. It took Jordan a few seconds to realize it was no thunder accompanying the artificial downpour the otter found himself in. No, that deep thunderous sound that was loud and powerful enough to literally shake the ground beneath Jordan's feet wasn't any natural weather phenomenon? It was Thomas humming to himself.

Soap-suds the size of cars began dropping down around Jordan around the same time the humming started. Tiny little collections of soapy residue to the drox were almost solid masses to Jordan. They rapidly filled with bathtub with the intense scent of a fruity body wash that left Jordan spontaneously fantasizing about burying his muzzle into Thomas's new, massive chest. Fantasizing about stuffing his nose right between those thick pectorals so that he could inhale the scent directly from Thomas's fur when they were still damp and fresh from the shower. Then Jordan realized that, at this size, it wouldn't be his face buried between those pecs. At this size, his entire body wouldn't just fit but would wind up lost between those enormous pectorals. Somehow that just made the otter squirm even more.

The whole situation had been so overwhelming for Jordan that he hadn't even paid attention to the specifics of what was towering above him at first. When it finally dawned on him what was looming in the sky overhead it left the otter terrified and intimidated. It inspired awe on a whole new level as he finally took stock of the monolithic cruise liner that was Thomas's still mostly flaccid cock hanging from between the behemoth's legs. Jordan couldn't even wrap his mind around how big the titanic organ was to him now. Or rather, how small he was to it. The otter held no illusions that he was even a fraction as tall as its girth, much less its length! It was enough to make Jordan feel more emasculated and inferior than he ever had in his life. How could any man not feel their ego and pride deflate like a balloon when they found themselves in the presence of a dick big enough to crush an entire neighborhood?

Even when Thomas shifted one of his legs and the resulting quake sent Jordan sprawling once again the otter didn't take his eyes off of the drox's massive dick. He simply couldn't stop staring at the terrifyingly enormous shaft nor the two warehouse-sized testicles dangling underneath. It was only when Jordan noticed that the water in the bathtub was now coming up well past his knees that he realized something had changed. A quick glance behind him confirmed what the otter had feared. Thomas had plugged the drain. Suddenly the hurricane-like downpour was collecting around Jordan and rapidly turning into a flash flood.

In less than a minute the water level had risen up past Jordan's neck and he found himself forced to tread water. Despite already being deep enough to rival a public pool, Jordan couldn't help but notice that the water had yet to even reach the top of one of Thomas's toes. Yet with each passing second the water level rose higher and higher as the bathtub filled. When the tub was about a quarter of the way full, a little bit past Thomas's ankle and now the equivalent of a small pond to the otter, the drox moved again. But it was no longer earthquakes that Jordan had to worry about from his giant roommate's repositioning. Instead, the otter found himself struggling to

keep his head above water as Jordan was assaulted by turbulent waters and massive waves crashing together from multiple directions.

Jordan couldn't even keep track of what Thomas was doing at this point. It took everything the otter had not to simply get dragged underwater and swept away by the never-ending barrage of miniature tidal waves. Multiple times Jordan found himself pulled under the water despite his best efforts. Yet, even beneath the water, he could still feel the powerful currents caused by Thomas's tiniest movements dragging him back and forth as the otter struggled to get back to the surface. It was just when Jordan surfaced again from another of those turbulent struggles that he was confronted with the largest wave of them all. It wasn't even so much a wave as it was like the entire horizon from Thomas's direction surging upwards in a massive swell. Luckily for Jordan it didn't crest overhead and pull him under. Rather the sheer amount of water moving simply lifted him up along with the surface around him what seemed to his perspective like over a dozen stories higher! If the movement had been any more violent and the swell had become a true tidal wave Jordan wasn't sure he would have survived.

Finally, the turbulence began to settle after what seemed like an eternity. Jordan found himself near the far end of the lake-sized bathtub. If the waves had kept going much longer they would have smashed the exhausted otter against the porcelain wall of the bathtub! Jordan was glad he hadn't needed to find out what that would have been like. Now that things had calmed down enough the otter was no longer at immediate risk of drowning he was able to take stock of his situation. He soon began to question if the change really was better or worse than the threat of drowning. As Jordan looked out across the expanse of water still peppered with mounds of soap suds he was finally able to take in the visage of his roommate again. The massive, godlike drox who was jutting up out of the bathtub like a living island where he had set down.

As if the lingering realization that he had nearly been drowned multiple times simply by the act of his roommate lowering down into the bathtub

wasn't overwhelming enough Thomas still found a way to make Jordan feel even smaller. When the otter looked to either side of himself he could see the titanic drox's legs stretching out under the water like submerged sandbars. Each ended with feet big enough that Jordan could have built an entire subdivision of homes on the underside of that casually pressed against the far end of the tub. The giant's torso rose up out of the soapy water like a literal cliff-face. The definition of Thomas's individual muscle groups were like crevices and canyons for a daring explorer to use to scale the mountain they were to Jordan. The drox's face loomed high overhead like the distant peak of said mountain. Steam rose from the warm water and made a decent facsimile of cloud cover that partially obscured Thomas's grinning muzzle. Jordan probably would have been petrified realizing that this titanic monstrosity was still somehow locking in on and looking straight at him despite the otter's hilariously minuscule size. However, Jordan was far more distracted from even the titan's direct attention by the other landmass poking out of the water.

Like a submerged skyscraper from some post-apocalyptic flooded world, the ebony flesh of Thomas's erection rose from the water's surface and towered into the sky. Jordan could see waves crashing against the shaft like turbulent sea waters fruitlessly assaulting the coastline. It was that moment that Jordan realized those turbulent waves, so minuscule that Thomas probably didn't even notice them, were being caused by the drox's heartbeat pulsating through his monstrous erection and disturbing the water nearby with the normally imperceptible vibrations.

The view was so overwhelming It made Jordan feel like his brain was backfiring. The otter couldn't organize his thoughts enough to even figure out how he actually felt much less what he should do. Part of him was utterly terrified that this enormous parody of a sea monster could end him not even with little effort but without even noticing. Another part of the otter was more turned on than he ever could have imagined being. Jordan only barely registered after that fact that, at some point, he had blown his load into the water below. The sheer overwhelming sense of size and power

that Thomas exuded by the simple act of existing in Jordan's vicinity at such an extreme size had set Jordan off completely hands-free. The poor, terrified, lust-crazed otter had never truly understood what it felt like to be scarroused until that moment.

When Thomas finally spoke for the first time since the otter's shrinking Jordan was forced to cover his ears out of self-preservation. The overwhelming size difference between the two of them made Thomas's voice so thunderous and overwhelming it was physically painful to listen to. Not to mention completely indecipherable. Despite the inconvenience at Jordan's obvious inability to understand their words, this only made the drox divinity grin that much wider. When Thomas spoke the second time the words, again, thundered incomprehensibly through the air with all the coherence and controlled volume of a low-flying aircraft. Yet, at the same time, Jordan heard an all too familiar voice at a perfectly normal and understandable volume mirror the terrifying verbal rolls of thunder. And, as they spoke, the behemoth that was Jordan's roommate turned to God lifted a hand from the water and slowly curled his fingers around the titanic spire that was his shaft.

“Already gotten off without me? I think you owe me some reciprocation, little otter germ. How about you swim your way over here? Your God demands worship and I've got your altar right here.”

In his terrified, aroused, overwhelmed state of mind Jordan only had one thing he could say in response. There was no possible way Thomas could have heard the words audibly. Not with the sheer difference in scale between the two of them. His voice would have been as quiet and unnoticeable as Thomas's was thunderous and overwhelming. But the grin spreading across Thomas's lips made it clear drox knew, if not heard, exactly what Jordan had said.

“Yes sir... “



Things only got more extreme for Jordan over the next couple of weeks after that first bath together. Every day he would wake up to some new change to Thomas, to his life, or to the world around him. It was obvious things the first few days. Every day Jordan went about his daily routine and Thomas would walk into the kitchen having grown even larger in some way than they had been the day before. By the second day of Thomas's godhood they had to duck under the door frames throughout the house and their ears brushed the ceiling. By the third day their body had bulked up even further with muscle to the point that their musculature was borderline disproportionate. And by the fourth day the drox's junk had grown so large that, even wearing custom-sized underwear, the sheer girth of their dick pulled the waistband of the drox's underwear away from their waistline and exposed the first couple of inches of their ebony shaft. At that point Thomas's dick, soft, was thicker than Jordan's erection was long!

But these changes didn't happen alone. Jordan experienced his own changes every day that Thomas did. It was apparent on the first day that

Thomas didn't just get their new size out of nowhere. Obviously what the drox gained was wildly disproportionate to what he took. But that didn't make it any less obvious that each of Thomas's improvements corresponded with a matching change Jordan experienced as well.

The day that Thomas grew to reach the ceiling Jordan woke up several inches shorter. The otter had nearly fallen on his face when he stumbled out of bed only to find his feet having to travel several inches farther than he was used to before they touched the ground. On top of that Jordan's pajama pants now hung several inches past his ankles and the collar of his shirt sagged over one of his shoulders. Everything else around the house was bigger to Jordan's perspective as well. Door knobs and countertops were higher up. All of his clothes were now slightly too big. And, of course, his decreased size only made Thomas look that much more enormous when they confronted the otter that morning.

The following day Jordan woke up to his clothes fitting even more loosely than the day before. When he got up to move around he felt weaker. He was now lighter on his feet but also felt like he had less energy. It wasn't until Jordan got to the bathroom to take a shower that he really noticed what had changed. Where Thomas had bulked up with herculean amounts of muscle that would have put any Greek god to shame Jordan had lost what little visible muscle definition he had once owned. The otter had never been particularly beefy but he had enough muscle on him to at least be seen; especially when he flexed. No one would have called him muscular but Jordan could have passed for an amateur athlete or a casual gym-goer if he sucked in his gut just a bit. Now, though, that was no longer the case. While he didn't look malnourished and frail he had lost any visible show of muscle that once had existed. The otter also noticed that his hips and backside seemed just a little bit wider than he was used to. Although Jordan couldn't tell if Thomas had actually changed his proportions or simply his loss of

compensating mass elsewhere had accentuated his hips. Either way now the otter looked much less like an athletic swimmer and more like a short twink.

And then came the third day. Jordan had never been hung like a horse as some might call it but he had been respectably endowed. Enough that he'd never felt reluctant to undress in the locker rooms. But that fourth morning, when he woke up with the same raging morning wood he had experienced every morning since this whole situation had started, the otter noticed it didn't strain against his underwear nearly as much. Jordan wasn't undersized, Thomas wasn't that cruel, but it was obvious within seconds that he had lost a good portion of size below his waistline. What had once been impressive enough to be confident of now was nothing to brag about whatsoever. Jordan now found was very comfortably within the average size category, if on the lower end of it. This only made him feel that much more inferior and intimidated when Thomas lumbered their way into the kitchen wielding a cock thicker around than Jordan's leg contained within a crotch bulge that Jordan could have used as a pillow!.

And it wasn't just that Thomas was making purely physical changes. Every change that the drox made warped the world around them to make the changes seem normal. And it got worse with each passing day. The first day Jordan's driver's license had changed to reflect his new height and even his picture was a little lower; showing that the camera hadn't been angled down far enough when his portrait was taken. On the second day several of the decorative pictures around their house had been replaced with massive framed poster-sized printouts of magazine covers featuring Thomas in various bodybuilding poses. History had been rewritten to match the drox's new monstrous physique and Thomas was now one of the top bodybuilders on the planet@ And then came the fourth day. The day when Jordan woke up to find the entire house saturated in a subtle but constant cloud of Thomas's musk. The entire house reeked of his masculine scent and left Jordan almost constantly hard even when Thomas wasn't around! It was like

his musk wasn't just more pervasive but was amplified and was now like a low-grade aphrodisiac!

Yet of these were just small, passive changes. At least, in comparison to what was to come. It was the second week that Thomas really started getting more indulgent with his rewriting of history. Every day that Jordan woke up that second week their house seemed to have become bigger and more elaborate overnight. It went from a modest rental home to an impressive middle-class house to a full-blown mansion! And by the end of the week it wasn't a mansion, or even a house of any kind, anymore. From the elaborate marble carvings and the multi-story high ceilings in every room, not to mention the carvings depicting Thomas in any number of fantastical fictional situations, the only word Jordan could think of to describe the lavish living space he woke up to that Saturday was a temple. He soon found that was, in fact, the most accurate term. This was because, by then, Thomas wasn't just playing around with the powers of a god like a normal guy with unnatural power. He had proclaimed, and inserted, himself as the world's genuine God.

Jordan woke that weekend to the sound of chanting. When he peeked out of his bedroom the otter found men and women in robes colored similarly to Thomas's fur coloration bustling down the corridor with purpose. When he got dressed and went to investigate what was going on Jordan found their living room had been replaced with an enormous marble-sculpted chamber big enough to fit in multiple planes inside of! A gigantic chamber with hundreds of people literally bowing down to press their foreheads flat against the ground in worship. Worship, specifically, of a certain drox who sat in a house-sized velvet throne at the end of the room.

All through these changes Jordan was cognizant of the differences. Every day when he woke up and something was different the otter could tell right

away what had changed. He could remember the new version of reality if he stopped to think about it as if the memories had always been there. But he also remembered how things originally were just as readily. It was like he had two separate sets of memories: one for his original life and another that matched the radical changes to their reality and history. Yet no matter who Jordan talked to none could be convinced that things had once been different. The otter seemed to be the only person in the entire world that knew that their history, their very lives, had been rewritten. Well, the only person except for Thomas.

Jordan remembered that there were temples all over the world dedicated to the worship of the one true God: Thomas. He remembered that children in school and adults at work said a daily prayer to 'Lord' Thomas before starting their school or workday. He remembered that Thomas was now somehow multi-local. Which meant he existed simultaneously in hundreds if not thousands of places all at once. Every day every temple across the world that held a mass worship session for the drox always had Thomas, or at least A Thomas present. Thousands of the drox existed simultaneously and listened to tens of thousands of people praising and praying to them in a thousand different locations all at once every minute of the day. Jordan even remembered being picked as Thomas's high priest seemingly at random. He remembered one of Thomas's robed elder priests, a lion whose piety to Jordan's former roommate was only rivaled by their dedication to bodybuilding, appeared on his doorstep one day informing him he had been summoned. He also remembered the flood of texts, calls, and emails proclaiming how jealous his friends were that the scrawny little twink of an otter got to be so close to their God when the announcement was made on the news a week later.

He should have been terrified. Every day Thomas got more and more out of control in his self-indulgence and there was nothing anyone could do about it. No one besides Jordan even knew something was wrong! The rest

of the world thought it was completely normal for the only religion in the world to expect its follers to work out at least three times a week and whose churches were as much gym as a place of worship. That it was normal to have a gigantic black and green-furred drox lounging on a monolithic throne carved out of Mount Everest. That it was normal for that impossibly huge drox to stroke an erection nearly as big as they were as it flooded the countryside with lake-sized droplets of pre. Eventually, though, Jordan had little choice but to join them. There was nothing he could do, after all. His former roommate could do literally anything they wanted. So the otter did the only thing he could do. He did exactly as Thomas wanted.

The booming sound of the high temple's silver bell called Jordan from his contemplation just as he finished getting dressed. The sound, easily heard through the entire temple complex, acted as a signal that it was time to go to service. He, like dozens of others, filed their way through the stone-carved corridors of the temple carved deep into the rock of Mount Everest. The otter, along with a procession of other robed priests and monks, all shuffled through the beautifully sculpted temple and into the main hall. At the far end of the main hall Thomas sat upon a throne bigger than a warehouse. A throne that was still barely big enough for them. Jordan's roommate turned god grinned when he saw the otter walk into view and look in his direction. Even as a titanic multi miles tall version of Thomas set upon the throne of Everest they stood within the knowledge of their larger self outside did little to make the drox before them seem any less immense. Despite his powerful, intimidating presence none in the room acted with anything other than awe and deference to the behemoth. Upon entering the main hall, those around Jordan took their places along the floor and bowed their heads towards their god; leaving Jordan the lone person in the entire hall still standing.

The otter made his way towards the throne, towards his building-sized roommate as he knew was expected. Despite the otter's best efforts, Jordan found himself blushing at the smug grin Thomas wore as Jordan

approached. Upon arriving at the house-sized feet of their God, Jordan took a deep breath to steady himself. Then he began to climb. Thomas could have lifted the otter up and put him in place with no more effort than someone would reach down to pick up a piece of popcorn. But he didn't. Because they didn't have to. It wasn't their job to get the high priest in position. It was Jordan's job to get there, himself.

Everyone in the hall watched Jordan's climb with rapt attention. Many wore expressions of awe and reverence. Others glared in envy and jealousy they were not in Jordan's place. Yet more still simply stared with naked sexual desire; completely without care to the obvious signs of arousal that would show on their faces or through their clothes. Jordan was like a bug trying to climb up the side of a tree as he struggled to scale Thomas's leg. Somehow, that made him the envy of the entire world.

Finally, Jordan made his way to the top of one of Thomas's thighs and stood to survey his surroundings. Behind him, the otter saw the massive audience chamber hundreds of feet tall and stretching so far back he could barely see the exit. The enormous room was filled to the brim with what had to be thousands of people crammed together practically shoulder to shoulder. Trying not to think about all the sets of eyes on him, Jordan then turned to look back in front of him. Turned to see the wall of fur-covered abdominal muscle that was Thomas's stomach.

“Go on, little one. Worship at your altar...”

The words filtered into Jordan's mind. They dripped with excitement and desire. Yet they were delivered in a quiet, encouraging tone. One that was inside of Jordan's head rather than spoken aloud for all to hear. Thomas was a God. They could have said anything They wanted; made Jordan do

anything They wanted. Thomas didn't ask. he commanded. But that gentle tone of voice that tickled through Jordan's mind wasn't a command.

Despite himself, Jordan's cheeks flushing in embarrassment. The otter's heart fluttered at the idea of being spoken to so directly, so intimately, by their God. Even though Jordan clearly remembered not a month ago kicking Thomas's ass in some video game and making them give him a foot rub for losing their bet. Yet Jordan could also clearly remember that divine, all-encompassing manifestation of perfection that was the God Thomas had become. The being he had become that existed before Jordan's ancestors had been born and would exist long after his descendants were gone. It was quite literally a divine experience to have something so great, so beyond comprehension deign to speak directly and personally to him and him alone. And that heavenly voice hadn't commanded the otter to do what Thomas wanted him to do. It had encouraged the otter to do what *HE* wanted to do.

So Jordan did. Reverengely, he lowered down onto his knees and scooted forward across the expanse of hard muscle that was the drox's left thigh. Leaning his head down, Jordan took a moment to prepare himself. Then he stuck out his tongue. Thousands of people were in attendance watching every move the otter made. Millions more watched through the cameras that broadcast the high priest's worshipping session all across the world. And all of those people watched as Jordan began to lick along the base of their God's enormous cock.

Jordan started slow but gained fervor as he let go of all of his reservations and concerns. His gentle licks escalated into kissing and eventually the otter pressing himself up against the pillar of flesh that was rapidly swelling and hardening in response. The stimulation elicited a thunderous growl of arousal and approval from the massive drox. The whole mountain temple shook simultaneously as the much larger version of Thomas, still sitting

atop the temple throne they resided within growled their own lusty approval as if he were sharing the same sensations with his smaller counterpart.

Not that any of that mattered the Jordan at this point. The otter was too frantic to stop his attentions to the monstrous cock he clung to long enough to speak. Thankfully he didn't have to. As Jordan lost himself in the throes of his desire Thomas heard the delayed response to their offer ring out in Jordan's mind despite already having taken action. Jordan's mental voice called out as clear as if the otter had shouted the two now-familiar words from the top of his lungs; filled with every ounce of unrestrained lust and desire the otter had been repressing for weeks on end.

“Yes sir.”



It had been a couple of months since the globally televised broadcast of Jordan worshipping his roommate's cock. Things had, thankfully, mostly gone back to normal. As much fun as Thomas had spending a couple of weeks as an almighty deity it wasn't something he felt like doing forever. So, eventually, he undid his changes to history and the two went back to being everyday roommates in a lower-middle-class house in the suburbs. Save that Jordan now proudly wore a leather collar at all times with a name tag hanging from it reading 'God's Boytoy'.

That's not to say everything went entirely back to normal. Thomas still very much had all of his divine powers and could change the world around him with a whim. They had also kept all of their physical improvements up until he had proclaimed himself God. It might have been a bit inconvenient for the drox to live inside a house where they were nearly as tall as the ceiling. Or inside a house where they were nearly twice as wide as the doorways. But all of that was inconvenience Thomas was willing to live with. Jordan, on the other hand, had been returned to his normal self. If

anything, the otter had been enhanced a little bit. It wasn't very noticeable. At least not visually. But the otter was definitely more durable and had more energy and endurance than he had before all of this began. Thomas still occasionally got into moods where he indulged in abusing his powers, if not quite as ostentatiously as rewriting himself into the god-king of the world again. But, considering many of the things they were both into, the extra endurance certainly came in handy.

Today was one such day.

“Heya, short stuff!”

The deep, baritone voice was not that of Jordan's drox roommate. Instead, it belonged to a hefty, heavysset red dragon who was currently ducking down and squeezing their way through the front dDrago of their house. Dragonien had been a friend of theirs for a few years now and, unlike Thomas, hadn't needed divine intervention to reach his lofty height of eight feet and four inches. Or, at least, Jordan didn't think they had. For all Jordan knew Thomas could have changed the dragon and simply not let Jordan remember the original reality. Now that Thomas had chosen to keep his physical improvements the two found themselves roughly eye-to-eye with each other. Which left Jordan the only small one in the house; stuck down below somewhere around lower chest height compared to the two beasts.

“H-hey drago...” Jordan greeted a bit shyly, trying not to let it show how flustering Dragonien looming over him was.

Thomas, on the other hand, was much less shy and reserved with his greeting. “There's the big guy!” he called out boisterously while slapping the dragon on the back. “Go ahead and kick off your shoes. Get comfortable! I'll go grab us some drinks!”

With that, the massive drox lumbered towards the kitchen; each footstep eliciting a heavy thump that vibrated through the floor. With his roommate

momentarily gone that left Jordan all alone with the grinning red dragon. For Thomas, the best descriptor for their body type was ripped or beefy. The drox was a towering, hulking wall of muscle pure with not a single visible ounce of fat on anyone on them. Dragonien, on the other hand, was simply *BIG*. Thick, meaty arms and firm, well-defined pectorals accompanied a hefty, bulging gut that gave the dragon's body a rounded silhouette. While they may not have been quite as muscular as Thomas was in his new body, Jordan had no doubts that Dragonien weighed at least as much as the beefy drox did. Whatever advantage Thomas might have had in overall strength Drago more than made up for in sheer mass.

“ So. What's on the agenda tonight, squirt?” Dragonien asked with a grin. “ playing a video game? Watching a movie? Or do you want to do something else?”

The way the dragon waggled his eye ridges suggestively at his last suggestion left the otter blushing. Jordan knew good and well that the chances of the three of them sitting down and quietly watching a movie were next to nothing. The fact that Dragonien took a heavy step forward with each of his suggestions until he was looming right in front of Jordan just proved the point. Suddenly so close, Jordan found themselves staring straight ahead at the dragon's chest. Particularly, the lower portion of it. Even returned to his normal height Jordan was still so short compared to the dragon that he could almost rest his chin on the top of Drago's stomach even at his full standing height! The stomach that was now so close that whenever Dragonien exhaled it expanded outwards just slightly and brushed against the otter.

Jordan started to take a step back but was stopped by a heavy, red hand casually coming to rest on his shoulder. The dragon wasn't even trying to hold him in place but the weight alone of that huge hand, and the implication of what the casual grip meant, made Jordan freeze in place. He was just opening his mouth to say something when he was interrupted by Thomas speaking up from the kitchen doorway.

"Oh, I see how it is. Going to start messing with the small fry without me. How rude." Thomas accused jokingly.

Any chance of escape that Jordan might have had vanished after four heavy footsteps left a familiar shadow looming behind him. Suddenly the otter was closed in from both sides with a hefty dragon in front of him and the hulking drox God behind him. The drinks Thomas had grabbed were already left, forgotten, on the coffee table as the two beasts crowded around the much smaller otter.

"Oh man, Green. I haven't seen you in weeks! Glad to see you're doing well." Dragonien complimented conversationally.

"Yea I know it gets busy. And same to you! I like the new shirt! Blue really does look great on you." Thomas replied with a friendly smile.

As the two spoke in an obviously forced attempt to feign casual small talk they slowly shuffled themselves closer to one another. In the process, they closed in around Jordan so that the dragon's stomach pushed up against the otter's front while his back was pinned against the wall of Thomas's abs and pecs. The two miniature giants continued casually conversing for a couple of minutes like old friends catching up. They acted completely oblivious to the fact that Jordan was now trapped between them even. Neither deigned to acknowledge Jordan's presence even when the otter started to struggle and try to squeeze himself free. When he tried his only reward was both of his 'captors' pressing it a little tighter to ensure that he couldn't escape. Other than ensuring his inability to escape they didn't react to his presence at all. If it wasn't for the slight upturn of a grin at the edge of both of their muzzles that they were clearly struggling to suppress anyone watching might have thought neither of them even knew Jordan was between them.

Before long the two of them started to get physical with one another. It was little things at first. A forward move by Dragonien to reach out and rub their hand across one of Thomas's biceps. As they did the dragon gave a casual compliment to how beefy the drox looked and asked if they had been bulking again. In response, Thomas raised both arms and casually draped them across the dragon's shoulders as he bragged nonchalantly that he had, in fact, been putting on mass again lately. All the while, the poor otter was squeezed between them; just barely able to angle his head upwards so he could see out from between the two. Jordan was able to look up just in time to hear the two beasts feigned casual conversation trail off into throaty, wordless breaths right before their lips pressed together in a kiss.

Conversation was replaced with the soft, wet sound of saliva slickened lips and tongues pressing against one another. Low rumbles and growls of approval and excitement resonated around the poor otter trapped between the two. Their playful actions became more aggressive towards one another and the pressure on Jordan increased. With each moment of increasing passion, the two of them pressed together more eagerly without regard for the otter trapped in the middle. Any protests that Jordan tried to voice only came out as muffled grunts that would have been indecipherable even if the two had been paying attention to him. With nowhere to go and no way to call for help, Jordan had little choice other than to simply stay trapped and ride things out until the two parted. However, considering the swelling flesh pressing against Jordan from the front and the back as the two beast's arousal grew, he knew they were going to get more intimate with one another before they got less so. And Jordan had no doubt he would be trapped between them, or at least involved somehow the entire time.

Before things between the two behemoths became too heated salvation presented itself for the overwhelmed little mustelid. It came as a knock at the door.



Reluctantly, the dragon and drox pulled away from each other. Neither of them looked both very happy with the interruption. Jordan, on the other hand, was awash with relief even as he collapsed to his knees; panting for breath. Unlike the two bigger guys whose panting was born of arousal, Jordan's struggled breathing was an attempt to replace the air he wasn't able to get enough during his time smothered between his roommate and guest. Although it was clear from the tent in the front of the otter's pants the two big guys hadn't been the only ones being turned on by the whole situation.

When a second knock at the door came, Thomas made his way over to answer. The drox showed no shame whatsoever in answering the door with the clear outline of a partial erection straining the front of their shorts. Despite their obvious irritation at being interrupted Thomas still couldn't but be amused to see the visitor's brain backfire when they saw the drox's hulking form filling the entire door frame and then some.

“Uh... H-hey, big guy...” Justin stammered nervously. He was clearly flustered by Thomas's presence and their visibly aroused state. “Is uh... is Jordan around?”

The otter looked up at the sound of his name and the familiar voice. Justin was one of the friends Jordan had met at the gym shortly before Thomas's divine elevation. Justin was a well-built, muscular brown wolf whose presence easily dominated any room he was in. Every room, that was, except for this one. While the wolf was huge by normal standards being well over six and a half feet tall and built like a dedicated athlete they were still nothing compared to the two behemoths already present. Before Jordan could walk over to respond to Justin's call he saw Thomas's lips twist into a grin. One that sent a chill down the otter's spine. Jordan knew that look. Thomas was up to something.

“Yea, of course! Come on in, dude. Justin, right?” Thomas greeted sociably; stepping aside to let the wolf inside. “We were just going to hang out together for the night and you're more than welcome to join us.”

Immediately upon entering Justin's ears flattened nervously against the top of his head. The wolf was used to being the big guy in the room but being around Thomas always brought out their more passive and submissive side. Finding themselves confronted not just with Thomas but someone else equally as huge let the brown wolf practically shrinking in on themselves. They nearly jumped out of their fur when Thomas's heavy hand suddenly came to rest on their shoulder.

“In fact... We would love to have you over for dinner! Thomas proclaimed before turning his attention to the nearby dragon. “Wouldn't we, Drago?”

As Jordan followed Thomas's gaze to the red dragon he immediately knew something had changed. Despite his best efforts, it was hard for Jordan to put what he noticed. Yet the moment that Thomas had finished

speaking Dragonien's body language and posture changed ever so slightly. The moment Thomas had finished asking his question the dragon's posture hunched forward slightly and unconsciously came to rest a hand on their stomach. As they did a deep, rumbling growl echoed through the room. However, it wasn't the sound of one of the predators in the room growling in challenge. Rather, it was the growl of Dragonien's stomach. The red dragon's eyes narrowed slightly and their pupils shrank down to points as they stared at the comparatively small wolf now among them. The dragon didn't even seem to notice that there was a dribble of saliva now leaking from one side of their lips and dripping down their chin.

Before Jordan call out a warning Dragonien lunged forward with unexpected speed from someone as large as he was! At the same instant, Thomas gave Justin a shove forward that sent them stumbling into the dragon's grasp! Thick, powerful red hands wrapped around Justin's biceps and pinned them against their owner's torso. Justin's eyes went wide with fear and he began desperately struggling to escape! But it was hopeless. The sheer difference in size and strength between the two of them meant that, now that he had a hold of Justin, there was simply had no way to escape. Justin let out a single, scared whimper as the wolf looked up at the near-feral expression on Dragonien's muzzle. Then, with neither hesitation nor taunting, Dragonien shoved them face-first into their mouth!

Jordan watched the dragon's jaws, then throat, distend and stretch unnaturally to fit the overly large snack that was the wolf down the dragon's throat. The room echoed with the audible slurping and gulping sound of powerful esophageal muscles clenching and flexing around the wolf as Justin was forced, head-first, down into Dragonien's stomach. It took only seconds for nothing but the wolf's feet to be left sticking out of the dragon's mouth. Then, with a final slurp like the six-and-a-half-foot-tall muscular wolf was little more than a piece of spaghetti, Dragonien forced them the rest of the way down with an audible gulp.

Jordan was frozen in stunned silence as he watched the spectacle. The dragon's gut visibly distended outwards more than twice its normal size to make room for its new occupant! A satisfied, borderline lusty growl welled up from deep within the dragon's throat as they reached down to rub their distending, and ever-so-slightly squirming, gut. When Jordan turned his shocked gaze from the dragon to his roommate, Thomas returned the look of disbelief with a wide, cheshire grin.

“This is gonna be good.” Thomas promised eagerly. Before Jordan could ask what the drox meant Thomas answered before he could open his mouth. “I was suddenly hit with inspiration and thought this was the perfect opportunity to experiment with giving normal people supernatural abilities. You know, for fun! Maybe I'll call them God's blessings.”

Jordan had no time to unpack that ominous declaration. A moment after Thomas finished speaking the otter's attention was drawn back to the dragon by them releasing a thunderous belch that literally shook the walls of the room! When Jordan looked over Dragonien again he stared in disbelief as he saw that the dragon's gut had visibly shrunk down almost to its original size. But that wasn't what left Jordan's mouth hanging open in shock. Dragonien was changing right before his eyes!

The dragon's lips pulled back in a feral snarl and, as they did, their teeth visibly lengthened to almost half again their previous size! Multiple fangs hung now over the edges of Dragonien's lips even when they were closed now. The claws on the tips of their fingers and toes lengthened and sharpened to deadly points that looked more at home on a velociraptor. The dragon's hair rapidly thickened and spread out behind them; gaining multiple inches of length in a matter of seconds. More than just growing longer, though, their hair expanded around the sides of the dragon's head almost like a mane and now hung almost halfway down their shoulder blades! The edges of Dragonien's hair also took on a slightly brownish tint that was concerningly reminiscent of Justin's fur color. As all of these

changes happened simultaneously with other changes. Namely; the dragon growing.

Dragonien's upper body in particular bulged with newfound muscle mass! Their biceps swelled multiple inches thicker while their pecs ballooned out words until they jutted it out farther than their own chin did! Dragonien's thighs bulged and swelled until they tore the seams of the dragon's shorts open as they thickened to almost half again their previous size. Even the dragon's stomach seemed to bulk up as it seemed to shrink down ever so slightly then firm up and swell back outwards. There was still plenty of fat in the hefty bulge of the dragon's middle; more than enough to leave it soft on the surface and let it jostle slightly when the dragon moved. But now there was just as much muscle mixed in with the fat and made the bulging appendage as much a muscle gut as hefty paunch. All of these changes, both to his appearance and proportion, accompanied the dragon's entire body growing overall larger as well.

Their clothes, whatever wasn't torn open by their expanding muscle mass, shredded into pieces within seconds as the dragon soared upwards in height! Dragonien grew taller so quickly that their head made a visible dent in the ceiling as it impacted the drywall overhead. Even when the dragon began to hunch down their body only seemed to greedily drink up the extra space until their shoulders, too, were pressing up against the ceiling! Jordan could actually hear the floorboards creaking and groaning under the growing, mutating dragon's weight. Then, abruptly, all of the changes stopped. It was as if someone had simply flipped a switch and the changes were no more than a ceiling light abruptly going dark. No longer transforming; Dragonien was standing there, panting and struggling to recover.

"What... what did you do?" Jordan asked Thomas with wide eyes; unwilling to look away from Dragonien.

" I thought it'd be cool if Drago could absorb the size and even physical traits of people if he ate them! Although, maybe I went a bit too far when I

cranked up his hunger trying to encourage him to try it out. I kind of wanted to watch him draw it out more but he just went for it!” Thomas responded as if rewriting their friend and letting them eat another friend was the most normal thing imaginable.

Jordan was about to ask another question but froze when Drago turned his now far more fearsome-looking head in his direction. The dragon-wolf mutant's eyes narrowed as they stared down at Jordan as if sizing them up as a meal. The otter could still see intelligence in Dragonien's eyes but it wasn't the same playful, devious intelligence he was used to seeing from the dragon. It was like all the intelligence and sapience was still in there but it was pure instinct in the driver's seat instead of the dragon's own personality.

Before the dragon could make a move they simply... vanished. Like Jordan had come to expect when Thomas moved things around there have been no transition or indication of a change at all. It was simply that the dragon was there one second and then wasn't the next; like he had been edited out of the scene in a movie. Jordan swore he could actually hear a faint whoosh of air filling the suddenly-empty space that the dragon had occupied a split second before. Before he could voice another question Thomas was already answering it. Sometimes Jordan really hated when Thomas read his mind.

“Oh, don't worry. I just sent him into the middle of the city. He should be able to find plenty to eat out there. We can just give him half an hour or so and then I'm sure we'll be able to see the show from here. And no you don't; you like it when I read your mind and preemptively answer you. I know you see it as a power play that you don't get to keep secrets from me. And even if I couldn't read your mind I could still tell how turned on you are right now.

Jordan reflexively crossed his hands in front of his crotch to hide his erection even as his cheeks burned in embarrassment. Before long, the otter's panic over the situation had calmed down a bit and he could think

more rationally. Realistically, Jordan knew there was nothing he could do about these things anyway. Not if Thomas was set on them happening. He also knew that anything bad that happened Thomas would just undo. Not so much out of responsibility but, rather, to have pristine toys to play with the next time he wanted to have some fun. When the otter stopped thinking about the consequences, he found himself blushing profusely at how much he enjoyed imagining what kind of monster Thomas had just unleashed on the city. One of their biggest friends had come over to hang out and Thomas had just turned them into a plaything at the drop of a hat and then fed one of Jordan's other friends to them. A plaything that was probably in a feeding frenzy right now; swallowing people whole and growing into a literal monster. Now that, Jordan had to admit, was hot.

When he finally turned his attention back to Thomas the drox was grinning ear-to-ear once again. Their expression was as much smug satisfaction as it was pride. Clearly, the drox approved of Jordan finally relaxing his obsession with consequences and simply enjoying things in the moment. Now that they had Jordan convinced to go with the flow, Thomas casually strolled his way towards the couch and collapsed down onto the middle of it. The massive beast of a drox draped their arms across the back of the couch and spread their legs wide. There was no subtlety from Thomas in drawing attention to the erection was still on full display; threatening to tear through the underwear and shorts struggling to contain it.

“Like I said: we probably got about thirty minutes before the show really gets good. So, while we're waiting, why don't you come over here and give your God some attention. The altar is eager for your worship.”

Despite still being flustered at having Thomas's expectations laid out so bluntly Jordan couldn't help but let out a needy whine. It wasn't fair that his formerly nerdy roommate turned God knew how much it riled up Jordan to see them presenting themselves and demanding adoration and worship like that. As much as the otter was embarrassed and rebelled against admitting it he could help but be turned on by the whole situation. Jordan only then

realized that it had been weeks since he had been angry or truly upset that Thomas had gotten these powers instead of him. The confidence and casual use and abuse of such power came so naturally to the black and green drox that Jordan struggled to imagine his roommate *NOT* having these powers anymore. Maybe his new 'normal' wasn't so bad after all.

With a nervous, flustered smile spreading across his lips Jordan reached up to finger the dog tag hanging from the collar around his neck. The faint sounds of sirens heading towards downtown leaked through the walls and echoed through the otherwise silent room. Then, Jordan finally made up his mind. Still blushing furiously, the otter slowly knelt between Thomas's legs and gave his roommate, his god, their answer.

“Yes, sir.”

Hey there, reader! Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story!

Keep in touch! <3

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<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/dragonien/>

<https://twitter.com/BigDragonien>

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Email: Thedragonien@gmail.com

