

It wasn't every day that Bethany had an excuse to put on a bikini and head to the beach. It wasn't every day she had to *order* a bikini either; the last one she bought had already become far too undersized for her, severely postponing her decision to catch some of that good weather and head to the seaside to refresh herself. Still, the new piece did eventually arrive... as did the multiple drones required to dress her properly.

Every day was a new challenge for her. It didn't seem to matter what she did; the tauress inevitably found that she was on an upward slope for size, and nothing ever managed to make it stop. Careful dieting and exercise had slowed it down compared to her physicians' initial projections, but a combination of congenital hypertrophy and something to do with an "uncanny predisposition for endocrine storms" had left her practically unrecognisable from how she had been just a couple of years prior.

Yes, she'd always had an equine half to her; exceedingly rare amongst vixens such as herself, but not entirely unheard of. In fact, she knew of at least one other that lived in the same city that she did! They were only two, but that counted! It wasn't like people around her were always seeing something like her for the first time, there was precedent there! Or, at least, there used to be; if it had only been her unique body plan, then Bethany would've dealt with it accordingly, but nature had a way of throwing curveballs at her that she didn't know what to do with.

The first sign that something was wrong was when her bust began growing after she hit the age of twenty-one. After a whole puberty where the only thing she gained were height and *far* too many zits, *now* she was blossoming properly, several years out of schedule. Still, she didn't complain; the vixen assumed she was just a late bloomer, as many others had a tendency to be, never quite thinking that "late" still meant teens, not early twenties. For her, just as long as she *grew* some tits, then she was fine with it.

Unfortunately, it did not end there. What began as some minor development in breast mass very rapidly turned into *major* development in breast mass, with the tauress having to go through multiple bras every month; not to mention how her body in general decided to start growing again, not only leaving her cramped in her own home, but unable to find clothes that fit her outside custom-ordered attire that cost a small fortune in the batches she was buying it in. And yet, it still didn't end there.

Bethany recalled her family doctor's expression when she shouted her response at his revelation that she was lactating. Half-falling off from his chair, the older pitbull looked like he was ready to piss himself as he shrunk away from his patient, trying, and failing, to explain to her the intricacies of her condition. Bethany herself didn't want to hear it; all she got from the initial reveal were the words "milk" and "lactation", beyond which she stopped paying attention and entered full panic mode.

It was almost quaint when she thought about it. Back then, she figured this was the worst that could've happened to her: unannounced lactation, *and* she had to start buying maternity bras? Just the looks on people's faces when they saw her getting those things off the rack, how was she supposed to explain it? How was she to tell the people at the front desk that she was the one who needed them, despite very clearly not being pregnant? How would she justify the expenses when she could barely afford to do anything with her free time already?

All very valid questions, none of which seemed all that important in retrospect. Back then, a few drops of cream every other hour was seen as the be-all end-all to her unknown condition; now, a couple of years and several more rows of udders later, it barely registered at all. To think that she used to be worried about something so minor was almost laughable; almost, since it still reminded Bethany of a time when she *could* afford to worry about them.

Nowadays, working off government subsidies and barely able to make a single motion without at least five different nipples grazing against some part of the ground or herself, the taurvix was... different. The first extra pair grew in once her initial one reached such a state that it had already gone through the alphabet a couple of times, and they didn't *stop* coming until everything from her collarbone down to her haunches was completely taken over by soft, almost perpetually-wobbling breastflesh. She was lucky a great deal of it was milk weight; as long as she kept herself properly drained, it was at least theoretically possible to keep her load to a minimum, seeing as she'd recently slowed down.

Not that Bethany trusted her doctors when they said her growth spurt was over. They told her she wouldn't be getting any bigger when she went to see an endocrinologist at age eighteen, thoroughly disappointed by the lack of development in her teenage years; now they were telling her she definitely wouldn't get any bigger *now*, after she already went through enough of a size upgrade that she had to move to state-assisted housing just to keep from breaking through to the lower floors whenever she took a step.

It wasn't all bad, to be fair. Being so gargantuan that a single one of her paws could easily flatten a family car was definitely an experience that the vixen had come to learn to appreciate, once the initial shock wore off; adapting to it wasn't easy, and she'd be lying if, during her worst and most productive days, she didn't think of the times before she had a milking quota. But, all-in-all, she used to be a pipsqueak of a taur who barely came up to six feet tall and had nothing special to her name. Now, she ranged twenty feet from paw to eartip, and all *nine* of her pairs of tits were so heavy and laden that their smallest size could still fit the old her inside... scrunched up, but still.

A different life, to be sure, and one that she wasn't at all prepared for, but as her late blooming came to a halt and eventually petered off completely (at least, for the time being), Bethany began having time to put her thoughts in order. Going outside had long-since been something other people did; not only did leaving her home require a special permit so the state knew where she was at any given time (seeing as the odds of an unexpected milkgasm were never zero), doing so, physically, was... a chore.

Involving several pulley systems, at least two cranes, and enough forklifts that she could probably open her own warehouse if she wanted to, the entire process lasted for well over half an hour, and even then only deposited her on the other side of her front door. She still had to drag herself over to the building's exit, and from there onto the outside world proper; only *then* would she have unfettered access to wherever had enough space for her to traverse.

Which was, precisely, why she was outside that day. Gaining the permit wasn't the hard part; the hard part was convincing herself to do it. It had been so long since she'd last been outside that an unknown part of her brain had coalesced into being; a different Bethany, one that thought things she normally didn't. Things like whether or not people would stare or *think things*, things like what she used to care about back when she had a body that wasn't so... well, *hers*. It had been so long since those doubts had assailed that, for those blissful couple of years, the vixen had legitimately forgotten they were ever there to begin with; now though, now that she was ready to face the outside world again, there came the intrusive thought spirals again.

It took some time to take care of them. While her old self would've at some point looked down and realised there wasn't much to be embarrassed about, the new her wasn't so sure; even with a world full of hyper, specific cases like hers with unique and rare genetic interactions weren't exactly commons. She herself, *her* body, was quite literally without equal for thousands of miles in every direction; while Bethany was housed in an apartment block designed for hypers, she needed to have two units linked to one another and restructured, since the building just couldn't handle her otherwise.

Thus, walking outside was a genuine issue. People would stare, people would ogle, people would actively lust over her, and there wasn't much that she could do to stop that; if anything, the only real way out of there was to accept that this was to happen and try to move on past it, which was more or less what the vixtaur tried doing. There was a certain beauty about it: attempting to *accept* herself, truly look at her body and accept it as being hers and *perfectly fine*, was not something she had to do before. It simply was; the thought of it interacting with outer reality had never crossed her mind.

Yet, in the end, what won was not reason, not self-love, not even a sense of worth. What won was *lust*: yes, she had a form that was both excessive, overendowed, and definitely not built for

any kind of activity in public, and that was *fine*. More than fine, in fact! She wasn't just huge, she was *enormous*, she was the kind of person that *other hypers* dreamed of when they had size fantasies! She was a gargantuan taur with so many tits she could smother a whole roomfull of people and not even realise she'd done so! Why was she even worrying about what other people thought?!

She'd *transcended* this. She didn't have a problem with the world at that stage, the *world* had a problem with *her*, and it would do well to adapt to the growing list of requirements if it knew what was good for it. Yes, people would stare; let them, since that was only further confirmation that she was a beautiful sculpture, a creature of divine beauty that needed, nay, *deserved* to be looked at and admired like a work of art. And yes, people would ogle; let them, because she had nine rows of milk-stuffed udders and that was fucking *hot*.

Thoughts like these kept Bethany going through the extrication process. At any point, she could've slammed on the big red button that would cancel the whole thing and send her back into her apartment for the rest of her life; but she'd made a decision not to, made the decision to go *outside* that day, and when she stepped through the apartment block's front door, when she heaved her immense form through the much-too-tight opening and audibly slorshed her way outside, it was worth it.

A beautiful summer day. Not too hot. Not too stuffy. Hundreds of people walking and running, sprinting and driving, cycling and occasionally skating, all of them going through their daily routines, unaware of what was about to happen. And then, herself: gargantuan, louder than a tropical storm, stomping on the pavement hard enough to open cracks, sloshing so much that even her cheeks were left red from it all.

Everyone stared at her. For a glorious moment, the world stopped, and she was the centre of attention. There was no trepidation, no fear, no regret; Bethany looked back at a reality that didn't know what to do with her, and for the first time in over two years, she felt *free*.

And it felt *good*.

There would come a point where the high came down and Bethany found herself in a state where she could appreciate just what she was doing, and she knew it; hence, the vixen made the conscious decision to get a move-on as quickly as possible, putting as much distance as she could between herself and her home in a deliberate effort to prevent a future her from going back on her plans. Predictably, this was where things began to go awry.

While she had enough space inside of her home to move about with some degree of freedom, it would be a lie to say that Bethany used said space with any amount of frequency. After a

certain point in her years-long growth spurt, it just became more convenient for her to start cutting back on just how much movement she indulged in on a daily basis; while she was fully capable of going from point A to point B using her own muscle power, at the end of the day, she was still a heavily laden foxtaur, and it was *tiring*.

Doubly so once she reached her end state and her growth began slowing down. She may be twenty feet tall, but her breast mass alone far outstripped the rest of her put together, making it exceptionally difficult for Bethany to really do anything other than to drag herself from one end of the living room to another. And, on a daily basis, this was all she needed: the padding on the ground made it easier on her paws to pull her immense mass off the ground, and the overabundance of mechanical struts she had installed allowed her to call on them for help if need be.

She didn't exactly have this on the streets. Other mobility-challenged hypers could at least rely on proprietary hard to keep them from becoming a hassle to other pedestrians, but for a case like hers, there wasn't much that could be done; no company produced levitation pads or anti-grav attire that could fit or work on her, forcing Bethany to lean on nothing but raw muscle power and her own determination to get her to do anything at all.

As a consequence, and as a result of her deliberately going out of her way to make sure she *could* move by forcing herself to do so at least once a day, she was *able* to take steps. This didn't necessarily mean she could do so without some level of strain, nor that the world around her didn't fight back, in its own way; back home she might've had padding to keep her from doing too much damage to her surroundings, but out in the streets, each of her footsteps was enough to punch a small crater into the ground and shake everything for several yards in every direction.

It became a rhythm. Lift one of her front and hind paws, move them forward, then plant them on the ground; this was complicated by her having to navigate the many cleavages in the way, and often resulted in Bethany having to squish her legs between so much tit that, by the end, they were practically ejected from the bottom from all the force she was applying. Inevitably, this caused cracks in the pavement and sent multiple people stumbling off their feet; then, lift her other two legs, and start over.

Rinse and repeat, until she made... some progress down the road. Bethany hadn't really stopped to think about how much space she had to cover before she reached the beach; in her mind, two miles down a straight avenue wasn't that bad, and indeed, it wouldn't have been back in the day, back when just taking a single step under the hot summer sun didn't leave her feeling like she wanted to just stop and lie down.

The insidiousness of it was that, if she wanted to, she could; with her many racks being as big as they were, her just stopped and lying on them like some sort of waterbed was not only possible, but something she regularly indulged in. It was but one of the many pleasures her form afforded her, with the vixtaur having become far too accustomed to letting her legs go limp and allowing her body to collapse downwards whenever she felt even remotely tired.

As a result, she had to fight that urge all throughout the walk to the beach, reminding herself at every point that she was supposed to reach her destination, not give up halfway through because it was more convenient. She'd made a promise to herself, and this meant following through with it whether or not it left her glistening with sweat, only increasing the intensity with which others stared at her.

It would've been a problem... had her mind not begun to grow accustomed to the notion. Slow at first, but by the time Bethany actually took notice of *just how many people* were looking directly at her, and the sort of expressions they wore, what she felt wasn't the stinging embarrassment she expected to have, welling up from the darkest pits of her insecurity. Mostly, she just felt horny.

No other way to put it really; she knew what being aroused was like, *good heavens* did she know what it was like, and had been there enough times before to know how to differentiate between different types and intensities without a second thought. And what she had, right there, was a seldom-seen form of horny that she had, in fact, spent a considerable amount of effort attempting to push back into an unused corner of her mind: the need for exposure.

The thought had crossed her before, though thankfully not enough times to influence her decision-making: the idea of, rather than staying within her home where no one could see her, to go outside and *deliberately* show herself off to the world. In retrospect, it was impossible to tell how much her decision to go to the beach was motivated by an earnest desire to feel the sun on her skin and smell the salty breeze, and how much of it had been that tumorous, festering growth pushing her into borderline exhibitionism.

On the other hand, it didn't feel like she was transgressing any rules; if anything, the longer she remained outside in full view of everyone, the more Bethany became convinced that it had been her inhibitions that were wrong. Rather than protecting her from just desserts after she stepped on a line she shouldn't have, they were holding her back from fully appreciating the majesty that was herself, and only now that she was outside and in full view of everyone did the vixen come to appreciate this.

It felt right. It felt like the realisation was one she should've had a great deal of time before, rather than at the last moment, literally in the process of deciding whether or not to turn around.

It felt like she had a weight on her shoulders that had just been discarded, a weight she *just then* noticed had been there, despite it having weighed her down for her entire life. All it took was her body ballooning into the monstrously oversized form it was that day for her to understand this, but, well, better late than never; if she could derive some pleasure from it now, then it was better than nothing.

Bethany smiled. For the first time since leaving her home, her nervous grin turned into a genuine smile... and then into a victorious one, as she felt her insecurities melting away into her, filling her not with a sense of dread and insufficiency, but warmth instead. Quite a bit of warmth. Enough warmth, in fact, that she began wondering whether, apart from all of her self-actualisation, she *was* actually at risk of heat stroke, given what sort of body she had.

A quick run-down through the proper checklist, however, revealed she seemed to be fine: no confusion, no sense of fatigue, she was still sweating properly, and at no point did she experience dizziness or anything of the sort; in fact, she felt perfectly fine, if *incredibly* warm. It took a while before Bethany realised that she wasn't feeling *hot*, actual *heat* like one would have under the sun on a day like that, but rather an internal form of warmth. And a very familiar one at that.

The sloshing began first, and the growth soon after. All Bethany could do was grit her teeth and wait for the worst to pass; she'd been there before so many times that, by then, it had become second nature to her. Indeed, that her body decided to undergo another growth spurt *then* of all times was entirely unsurprising; the universe had a way of fucking with her in entirely pointlessly dramatic ways. What *was* surprising was that she didn't feel the transition from warmth to pressure to pained ecstasy as her form stretched to accommodate for more mass out of nowhere; instead, she remained as she was, and everything else changed around her.

Or rather, she knew that she was the one being altered; the world wasn't shrinking, and it certainly wasn't going more distant from her. But it was fun to think about it in those terms: that what was happening was her true self escaping from within, and reality at large adapting to rise to the challenge. Then again, thoughts were cheap, and she could barely hear herself think over all the sloshing and low groaning of stretching skin; she sounded like a metallic container being overpressurised, filled to bursting and yet never quite making the jump over the line, only becoming heavier and more stuffed with every passing second.

Her paws left the ground, her whole body pushed upwards by the surge of titflesh and milk; with her legs locked between multiple cleavages, Bethany could *feel* as her tits grew, every inch compounding on itself until she was so far off the ground that the mere thought of ever walking again felt like a pipe dream, a fantasy that a more naive version of herself would believe in. This was it, this was the big one: the one growth spurt to end all the others, the one that outpaced

everything and left her too big to ever move again. And it was happening in full view of *everyone* around her.

As it should be. Her body was made to be seen, to be admired, to be *worshipped* even; and when she was done, when the spurt ended and her tits stabilised, it was indeed a form worthy of worship: though Bethany was in no fit state to make precise measurements, anyone looking from the outside could tell each of her eighteen udders had grown to surpass *thirty* feet in width, very easily big enough that the tauress' entire body could fit inside of it with plenty of room to space.

She had invaded the street, forcing cars to swerve to the side and perform emergency braking maneuvers, all-but smushing multiple pedestrians onto walls and causing the whole road to start cracking under the weight of her. She was too much for the pavement and asphalt to handle, but what was she to do? Tits bigger than most people could ever hope to have, but she was still just as big as ever: twenty feet tall, now with plenty of clearance space between her paws and the ground, leaving her stuck on her bed of tits and unable to move.

... and that wouldn't do.

Not that it wasn't good, because it absolutely was. Were Bethany to still be indoors, she'd likely have been satisfied by this last growth spurt, even if it meant having to move again. But here? In full view of everyone? It just felt wasteful for her to do nothing other than sit around doing nothing; besides, she promised herself she was going to the beach, so *she was going to the beach*.

And for that, she needed to grow. Not her tits, those had grown enough; her *body* needed to be bigger: torso, taurso, legs, paws, everything had to be scaled up so she was proportional to her new racks. Not in any way bigger than she was before: it was still important that her overall body plan make it so she had to squish her legs between her tits and quite literally force herself to move. It was part of the experience, part of the *branding*, and she wouldn't throw it away for convenience's sake.

Plus, if she was going to commit to being that big, then she might as well go all the way; it wouldn't do for her to become a stationary fixture in the middle of downtown if she had the option to just *be bigger*. How exactly she forced herself to grow was anyone's guess, but it just made sense that this was something she should be capable of; thus, as soon as the thought was formulated, Bethany felt herself surging in every direction, a sense of fullness and pressure spreading through her at the same time as her limbs stretched outwards. Along with her spine and two torsos, everything *but* her tits rapidly filled up to take up far more space than before, until, with a thundering boom, all four paws landed on the ground with enough power to crash through the pavement and into the piping below.



Not that this stopped the vixtaur, who by then had her perspective of the world shifted so heavily that she could barely make out anyone on the street; not just that, but with her tits being as numerous and large as they were, a body designed to carry them all was, by necessity, much too big to fit into a simple *road*. She was cramped, for the first time in *years* truly cramped, having to keep her arms above the rooftops of the buildings corralling her, trying to find any spot solid enough that she could use for leverage.

Down below, what used to be a crowd had become a series of tiny dots, indistinguishable from one another, each one nothing but a spot marking where a little one was. So miniscule, so insignificant... and yet, they still had the spine to climb onto her. It came as a genuine surprise; the vixen was so busy trying to disentangle herself from a mess of far-too-tight facades and crumbling chunks of concrete to notice that a few of her admirers down below had the gall to actually *climb* onto her!

Not just that, but given what she was feeling... a few of them were doing something more than just climbing. There was a blush to her cheeks, though not to the degree of before; frankly, in the state she was in, even Bethany had to admit that it made perfect sense for people to somewhat lose themselves when close to her. And, there being plenty of space to choose from, all she had to do was occasionally rub one of her paws upwards to make room for new onboarders; which, not-so-coincidentally, gave her an excuse to rub herself down without it being immediately apparent.

Which was odd, given she didn't need to hide it, but habits were habits; the goddess within had yet to hatch properly, leaving Bethany with a handful of unwelcome thought patterns she had to spend time expunging. No matter; by the time she was at the beach, most of the old her will have been dead and buried, along with any hopes of the city ever making use of that street ever again. She didn't enjoy the *destruction*, so to speak, but the giantess would be lying if the fact she *could* cause said destruction didn't leave her feeling the best she had since her growth started years back. This was *her*; *she* did that.

And she could do so much more: she just needed to get to the beach. She needed to heave herself through what remained of the street, pulling her body through the constricting embrace of the urban jungle, toppling buildings with about as much ease as she would make a house of cards come down. She wasn't the biggest *thing* around, but she was definitely the most massive; in between her expanded body and the multiple milk factories she called breasts, putting her on a scale would require placing the city's tallest skyscrapers on the other side before it tipped over.

Just how she liked it... for the time being. There came a thought to her, when she was about halfway to her destination and so tall she could make it out over the skyline, a thought pertaining

to what had just happened to her, and the potential contained therein: what if she grew bigger? It seemed like a silly thing to ask; her mind was still stuck thinking about her growth as something that happened *to* her, nevermind how she'd forced her main form to get bigger along with the more uncontrolled size boost to her tits. She was still used to thinking like her old self, as if she had no control over her body whatsoever.

But, looking down, the taurvix had to question that assumption. If she truly wasn't in control, then how come was she walking? Coincidence? Her legs and torsos just *decided* to match her breasts at the same time as she figured they should? Or, perhaps, they had obeyed the commands of their mistress, a goddess in the making who alone held full authority over that world and all things that happened on it... or, maybe, something in between; Bethany had to snap herself out of her power fantasy before realising she was actually stuck between two commercial buildings.

Slightly embarrassed, she offered some minor apologies before planting her two hind paws on the ground and digging in, using all of her muscle power to force herself forward; there was a great deal of grinding and cracking of steel and glass, not to mention a fair share of screaming and oddly-aroused moaning, but after a couple of minutes of trying, the giantess extricated herself from her latest bind... only to realise she'd grown bigger still.

It came so suddenly to her that Bethany had to stop and think back to what had happened since she started moving again: had she *just* grown, or had she *been* growing the whole time? She'd like to think she would've noticed her tits getting bigger, but at the same time, she *did* spend quite a bit of time with her head in the clouds wondering about whether or not she should officially take the title of goddess before coming to her senses about how silly that sounded.

The result? From thirty feet per tit to a whopping *fifty*, and somehow her body had grown alongside them without her needing to consciously bump it up; this, above all else, lent more credence to the idea that she *had* been growing and just not noticing it, her physical form having somehow decided it would be a great idea to make itself larger overall to fulfill its owner's innermost desires. Because, ultimately, wasn't this what she wanted?

Looking back at the trail of destruction she caused, as well as all the people she had dragged along with her (making themselves *far* too comfortable on one of her many breasts), Bethany had two choices: she could accept that she liked herself as she was, and every last extra inch of her new body was one she'd spent years denying she desired, or she could lie to herself. And frankly, she'd had enough of the latter option; two years stuck inside telling herself that it'd be a terrible idea to show herself to the world, and what did she have to show for it? Two years where she *could've* become even *better* and hadn't, for no good reason!

There was a smile on her lips, one that toed the line between being genuine or a red flag, a smile that she turned towards the ocean and the beach its waves were lapping. It was so close; she just had to take a few more dozen steps, and with her growing at the rate she was, she'd be there in no time. In fact, why even leave it to chance? If she knew she was growing, Bethany reasoned, then she should be able to determine *how much* she was growing, just like right outside her home!

And if that was the case, then it also stood to reason that she *shouldn't* have to determine how much she grew; only that she *did*. Standing there coming up with individual numbers to throw around might've been fun when she was still room-sized and could spend a couple of hours imagining herself with a progressively large number of zeroes attached to everything, but this was the real world. She *was* growing, she *was* taller than most structures around her, and there didn't seem to be anything there that could stop there.

If there were police, Bethany wasn't seeing any; nor anyone from the local fire department, or state troopers, or any kind of military presence whatsoever. Indeed, the only people she could see were the ones that were stuck to her tits and rubbing themselves down with a vigour that bordered on the manic, along with all the extra little ones that rushed towards her body from every direction. The whole city was coming towards her, but not to stop her, not to tell her to shrink; no, to *exalt* her, to *glorify* her, and to, no doubt, beg for her to grow bigger still.

It would be a shame if she were to ignore her little ones' wishes; she was a merciful goddess, yes, but a *generous* goddess above all, and if her worshippers wanted for her to grow and become larger still, then she should do so. It was only fair, and it was only fitting for her divine nature that she should devolve into a series of self-indulgent decisions that served no purpose other than fulfill her kinks. Devolve? No, *evolve*; she wasn't degrading herself, she was unlocking new and more potent forms of being, how silly of her! This wasn't about her inhibitions anymore, it was about shattering the very concept of them, no matter where or what it may be!

So she told herself to grow. Nothing too specific, just *grow*. Not with every step, not with every anything, not through conditionals or specific triggers; just *grow*. A continuous, slow build-up, kept at a regular and somewhat leisurely pace only because Bethany herself enjoyed the notion of being able to savour every last tiny inch of it, every handspan gained on the terrain around her, even as she flattened it into a perfectly smooth field.

Moving alone had become a source of destruction, as her body grew so insurmountably heavy that the city's floor just couldn't handle it anymore. Everything down below the piping, beyond the sewage tunnels, all the way to the bedrock upon which foundations lay, *everything* was pressed together into a single, perfectly uniform geological layer; beneath it, stone, and above it, *the vixen*, spreading this phenomenon to the rest of the city.

Maybe, once she reached the beach, she'd be compressing the sand into glass; that'd be fun, if somewhat ridiculous, with Bethany having to stifle a giggle once the thought crossed her mind. Still, stranger things had happened; hells, stranger things *had been* happening ever since she left her apartment! An apartment she could make out from *above*, as soon as her head crossed through the first cloud layer and she had to start waving her hands around to disperse all the wispy formations trying to cluster around her. It was bad enough that her milk geysers had already begun ejecting their first load, she didn't need *more* white in the way!

Speaking of, when *did* she have milk geysers? The last time she checked, her productivity was high in the clouds, but never quite *that* pressurised; at best, she had maybe a couple of spurts to her name before the flow smoothed out and it became one long, but most assuredly calm and constant stream, rather than... whatever was taking place in front of her. Then again, Bethany supposed it couldn't be helped; when it came down to it, she *was* a growing goddess, and that meant her milkiness had to go up along with her size as well. It only made sense.

Now, in all fairness, she hadn't expected this to mean that her teats, engorged to the point where she could probably fit a whole tanker truck in them, would be bursting like a broken fire hydrant; in all fairness, she hadn't expected herself to be *capable* of such levels of expression, at least not until she turned slightly to the side and *one* of her milk jets cleaved through the top layers of a skyscraper like a hot knife through butter. She was lucky the only things that came off were a lightning rod and those stone decorations that no one liked anyway; it at least served as a warning to watch where she pointed those things.

A warning, but also something else entirely. There she had them: a set of tits so unbelievably productive that their internal pressure rose to create literal *geysers* of milk, each nipple erupting with enough cream that she was carving out entire canyons on the ground where her tauric rows were pointed towards. Not only that, but if her sense of bodily self-awareness hadn't just stopped working, Bethany was decently sure that she was actually producing *more* the harder she output, which *would* have been an impossibility for her back when she was still a lowly mortal.

Now though, it was just par for the course... or at least, it was *meant* to be par for the course; of course she was becoming milkier the more milk came out of her, that made perfect sense! It meant that no matter how much she drained from her tits, regardless of how much cream was made to be pressure-hosed out of her, she would *always* be full, she would *always* be at maximum production, and she would *always* be growing further.

Because that was the main prerogative, the imperative of that day and all days beyond it: to grow. To force her body to overproduce such that it *grew*, and uncontrollably so, swelling and bloating and spilling over all of her surroundings, as she became impossible to contain by any

means, divine or not. She was becoming what she deserved to be, and what she deserved to be was a taurvix with the biggest and most numerous set of milktanks the universe had seen, could see, and ever *would* see. And for that, she needed *more*.

Bethany didn't know where she found within her the strength to grow as much as she did in that one instant, only that it was there, and she drew it out with a gusto that should likely be rendered illegal for the sake of future generations. All she knew was that she wanted to be *bigger*, and in that desire, found in her soul the means to do so. In her soul, there lay the mass required to not just make her bigger, but *more*.

She'd had nine racks for a while by then; in her mind, at least before stepping outside and learning better, this was already too much. As far as she was concerned, three up and six down was her magic number, not the least of which because the vixen found it difficult to process how she'd even fit more of those things on her without seriously affecting her body plan. The new her, however, had no such compunctions; in fact, if the change *required* her body plan to be altered, then all the better for it as far as she was concerned, it was just another display of her power!

So she closed her eyes, and pictured herself not as she was, not as she *could* be, but as she *should* be. Bethany saw herself in the future, as glorious and resplendent as she was excessive, and from that future dragged back the idea of it, the core *concept* that she could apply to herself in the then, the *now*. And with that, with that one nugget of divine being, she unleashed her next true form.

For it would be just another in a long line. The goddess-vix wasn't even thinking about the beach anymore; hells below, she'd grown so much that a single one of her udders was big enough to cover most of it *and* spill out into the ocean beyond! It seemed silly to worry about such simple goals when she could accomplish much more: something such as pushing the soft flesh of her breasts inwards, creating a seam around the midline of each rack, almost like a thin, invisible wire were being pushed into her.

It would be macabre for some, but for Bethany, it was *sublime*. It was watching as her breasts were split into two, their mass equally redistributed as each rack became two, every couplet becoming a quad, leaving her with *double* the amount of tits she had just moments before. With a mighty, near-deafening slorsh, and a gush of milk so terribly powerful that it painted both the ocean and the city white for a good mile in every direction, nine became eighteen.

Eighteen solid, milk-packed rows of breasts, all of them just as sensitive as their progenitors, all of them eager to start overflowing on their own. Her taurso, extended backwards to give her more room to work with, her torso stretched up to avoid any cluttering; within her, lactic

production rates skyrocketed to meet the demands of *nine* more busts, and in her mind, there could only be one thought: equalisation.

It didn't seem fair that she was smaller. In absolute terms, she hadn't gone a single inch down, of course; if anything, the time it took for her tits to split was enough to leave her noticeably larger compared to when the process began. But by redistributing her breast mass between a whole double number of racks, Bethany had inadvertently caused each row to be *far* smaller than it had been before... far smaller than it should be.

A thought occurred to her. A dangerous thought. The thought that maybe, she should make herself grow such that every single breast on her was back at the size it had been a few moments ago, *before* they were repurposed to make more of themselves. It was risky: she didn't have nearly enough space on her, not to mention this was likely to cause so much damage to her surroundings that it would be it, a line she couldn't step back across once she stepped over it.

So, naturally, the first thing she did was make herself *bigger* still.

With a cackling loud enough to be heard far beyond the horizon, the taurvix didn't *just* force her breasts to swell back to their original state, nor did she allow them to grow as they were meant to along with the rest of her upward surge. No, she needed *more*; with a rumbling so powerful it caused surface quakes that were felt the next city over, with so much milk expelled from her that there was no longer water until the very horizon far off to sea, Bethany *grew*. Her breasts swelled outwards, creating a shockwave from the force alone that knocked everyone not already clinging onto her backwards... only to be bowled over by the advanced wall of tit, as they steadily climbed back to their old size, then onwards to double, triple, and forwards still!

She didn't want to stop. There was a point in the past when Bethany still had the ability to put a brake to herself if necessary, a point when she still had control over what she did, how she did it, and how far she went before had to deliberately stop it, lest it reach the dreaded stage of "too late". Then, however, was not that point; then, at the beach, growing ever bigger without any control, was the time for her to let loose and forget that anything close to limitations. Then, right there, in that perpetual instant of bliss, Bethany wanted nothing more than to *become bigger*, and unleash everything she could.

The results spoke for themselves. The goddess ascendant only "awoke" some few minutes later, the fog over her eyes lifting, the haze clouding her mind thinning until she could think again... not that she could hear said thoughts, given that she was surrounded on all sides by her milk factories; or, at that point, perhaps even *that* moniker was insufficient to truly describe them. Luckily, she *was* a goddess; the vixtaur could only smile as she closed her eyes and allowed her consciousness to expand outward, trying to get a bead for what she'd done to herself.

The first thing that struck her were *numbers*; she couldn't believe it at first, but it did seem like her many rows had, in the process of her allowing them to billow outwards uncontrollably, multiplied once again, and not in any small form either. These were somewhat worrying news, considering what she picked up on immediately after: without her mind there to keep things even somewhat contained, her many, *many* breasts had ballooned to reach... well, she couldn't quite put a number on it, but each one was definitely about as big as the entire city she once lived in. Definitely bigger, now that spent time thinking about it. And now that was just the size of one nipple, given her ascent hadn't actually stopped.

Really, it wasn't enough that she'd split twice more: from nine rows to eighteen, to thirty-six... and then each rack decided to multiply horizontally, turning every pair into a self-contained quad before the whole thing just bwoompfed outwards with enough force to turn a significant chunk of the state underneath her into featureless flatland. Or, well, she said featureless; surely, becoming a veritable ocean of creamy, lactic bliss counted as a feature, as did the presence of her very body!

The thought of trying to keep up with herself was a bit too much for Bethany to handle; not that she couldn't do it, but what would be the point? Once she made her body big enough to lift that gargantuan arrangement of tits up from the ground, they'd be so much larger that she'd be stuck in an eternal loop! It'd be far more convenient, not to mention *significantly* more enjoyable for her, if she just... let it be. If she accepted that her udders had outrun her, and focused on other things, like how the planet was becoming cramped.

Bethany would be lying if she said she'd never entertained the notion of outgrowing her entire homeworld. She was a big girl, it was only natural; when one's smallest state involved nine tits wider than most people were tall, it was more or less impossible not to allow excessive sizes to contaminate one's fantasies. And with an imagination as hyperactive as hers, it was inevitable that, at some point, *that* line of thought would form; she just never imagined it might actually come to pass.

Yet, it seemed like it was well on its way to doing so. While she couldn't *see* herself in relation to the planet, Bethany knew how big she was, how *numerous* her body had become, and she understood simple math; given that she was still growing, it was only a matter of time until she became too large to fit on her home planet, and from there... she legitimately had no idea.

She was still a living, squishy, organic being. A divine one, one that existed beyond the bounds of other, lesser mortals, but the vixen was still reasonably certain she needed oxygen to breathe and actual pressure in an atmosphere to keep most of her body from suffering a horrible death from exposure to vacuum. At least, she *assumed* that was the case; as it turned out, there

were a great many assumptions made about herself that just weren't true when put to the test. So it brought to mind a possibility: what if *that* assumption was wrong as well?

What if she *was* destined to ascend to the literal heavens? To grow so much that her body was unable to be held by a singular planet, forced to find purchase in the emptiness of the cosmos, the only place in all of existence that could hope to hold her vast self without running out of space... at least, for a time. For Bethany didn't intend to stop growing at any point; that much was out of the question. Thus, if there was one certainty she could have, it was that, in some distant future, *everything* would be her.

But for that, she needed to get off the planet. For better or worse, that world was no longer enough for her, nor for her little ones; the vixtaur wasn't really thinking on whether or not her congregation would *also* be blessed with immunity to the harshness of outer space, but those were questions for beings that didn't wield the powers of Creation itself. Plus, her mass was enough that she'd rip the atmosphere clean off her homeworld, or... something or other, she wasn't a physicist. Or anything less than a *goddess* in her own right.

Therefore, if she *decided* that it was fine, then it was fine. If she *decided* that the entire population of the world should be summoned to her side, quite literally teleported from wherever they were so they could reside upon some miniscule fraction of her glorious self, then it would be made true. If she *decided* that her body should immediately, and instantaneously, grow to thoroughly outsize the entirety of the Earth, a single nipple eclipsing the entire planet, then reality had nothing else to do but to make it so, stop complaining, and get with the program.

It was liberating. Bethany didn't even feel any individual spurt of growth anymore; it all just blended together into a sort of warm, pleasantly tingling sensation, not unlike what one might experience having some hot chocolate on a cold winter night. It wasn't orgasmic (though definitely close), but merely... right. It was supposed to happen, so it did, and it felt the way it should; no other way to explain it without resorting to overly flowery descriptions of righteousness and divine authority, so Bethany left it at that.

Beyond that point, it was no longer in her hands. She had issued a command for her body to grow and *not stop*; without any kill command, so to speak, her hope was that her physical avatar would continuously iterate upon itself, not just adding more and more rows onto an increasingly lengthy tauric form, but making the ones already there bigger and more productive. She already had a ring system forming around it: pearly white and occasionally broken up in places where her constant flow abated just a fraction of a second, the rings quickly reached the total mass of her home planet, then rapidly surpassed it tenfold and promptly reached a state where they disrupted the orbits in the rest of the Solar System.



Not that it mattered. By then, nothing other than the Sun itself could compare to Bethany's size, and she was *well* on her way to making sure even this didn't apply; so what if her gravitational field, or even that of her lactic rings alone, was pulling in every other planet in the vicinity? They were all destined to be absorbed into her, swallowed up by one cleavage or another in her continuous, inexorable advance towards the most distant of stars.

And the one closest to herself, that one had nowhere to go but directly into the middle of her tits too. Really, everything would suffer that fate, though "suffer" was perhaps the wrong word to use; "be blessed with", "be granted the privilege", or any number of other, far more appropriate expressions could and *should* be used, especially as she herself became ever more grandiose and impossibly excessive.

After all, her body was impossible; it shouldn't exist. People, no matter how well-developed, were not meant to reach literal astronomical sizes. They weren't meant to sprout dozens upon dozens of *rows* of hyperactive milk factories, each mound more than capable of smothering an entire *star* and only becoming bigger with every passing second. They weren't meant to produce so much milk that they were *very definitely* violating basic conservation of mass. And they most certainly weren't meant to do all of this on a *whim*, because they *wanted it*, because they *ordered* the universe to do it.

And yet, this was what Bethany did, and it only proved her case further. That her physical form was a living impossibility, nay, a living *conglomeration* of impossibilities stacked together in a way that was, itself, impossible, was undeniable evidence that she was a *goddess*, perhaps even *the* goddess of that reality. After all, if there was any other deity out there who was meant to protect that plane of existence, it certainly didn't show itself to her, nor do anything to prevent her overtaking the whole of reality.

Which could only mean, at least in the type of brainless, pleasure-infused logic that Bethany was operating from, she had inherited that universe. If no one else wanted it, then obviously it could only go to the first person who claimed it! In the absence of anyone else, that someone was herself; though, it was less a matter of claiming it and more just... growing so much that most of it would end up *being* her eventually. Not that it mattered, of course; just more Heaven for life around the cosmos.

At least Bethany *hoped* that was the case; it'd be a depressing thing indeed if it turned out her homeworld was the only one that contained life in the entirety of the universe, not just because of the philosophical implications, but mainly due to how much of a *waste* that would be. There was so much of her that the thought of most of it going unused was just... wrong. Sure, the little ones she brought along with her might eventually proliferate to the point where they took up all of her body, but how many aeons would that take?

No, she needed more. Not just more of herself, but more of *others* as well; if there was no life in the universe anywhere, then there *had* to be more life, and she would make *sure* of that. She would burst forth with more and more power, allowing her divine flow of energy to explode outwards in concentric bursts, overtaking all of existence at several thousand multiples of *c*; the speed would only grow along with her, until the kinetic impact of her blessing alone would rip layers from stars, and tear planets asunder... leaving behind their inhabitants, uplifted into glorified forms.

The goddess wasn't *quite* thinking about what would happen to those on the receiving end of her "blessing"; as far as she was concerned, the blessing existed, and thus that was all anyone ever needed to know. She didn't consider the possibility that, in her head, the only thing she could think of as being good enough for a "blessing" was to become more like herself; as clearly, she was obviously perfect in every way, and thus the only fair way to "bless" her little ones was to have them approach her in form and being.

Thus, it shouldn't have come as a surprise when, as one, those who were closest to her when the energy waves began, those who had *come with her* from back on her homeworld, were jettisoned from her form... only to immediately be captured by its gravitational pull, several thousand times larger than before and growing. Taurified, each and every last one of them, rendered into semi-equine forms with their assets engorged and multiplied beyond what any of them believed possible; merely by existing next to their goddess, they partook of her blessing, and became as her.

And as they did so, so too did said goddess grow in return, for the worship of her little ones fed back into her as the most potent of fuels. Bethany could hear their thoughts, their prayers, resonating within her into a grand and magnificent choir, creating a cacophony of glorification that only she, the one goddess above all others, could *hope* to understand. She could make out every individual member of her divine congregation: their hopes, their desires, their thoughts, everything down to the most minute of detail. She Knew them, and as she did, so too would they Know her... and Know perfection.

The closer each individual soul came to the taur goddess, the more they became like her: more of everything, bigger everything, a closer connection leading to a faster growth spiral, all of it colluding to create a civilisation of cosmos-dwelling hyper-giants who knew nothing but endless bliss and eternal joy. And to them would be joined so many others: worlds with peoples of every tech level imaginable, from simple tribesfolk to those building shells around stars, all of them transformed into something new, something bigger, something *better*. No achievement was too great that it could compete with simply existing next to their new goddess, no megaproject too fantastical that it would compare with a fraction of a speck of her body.

And that was fine. They couldn't be expected to compete with someone like her, that was ludicrous; they were lucky enough to be alive, and thus, worthy of receiving the blessing of the greatest deity in all of existence and beyond. And as the number of those such uplifted grew, and the universe itself began to become cramped, as physical law was broken down and rendered into little but suggestions at the whim of the goddess in the centre of it all, then, and only then, was Bethany satisfied.

A great shockwave coursed through the cosmos, sometime after her ascension began, one that... didn't sound. There was no constant blast of milk, nor the stretching of skin, nor even the endless groaning of quintillions of bodies growing in unison. Rather, silent, spreading from the goddess in the middle of existence towards the outer reaches of her cloud of glorified souls, all of them, at once, knowing peace.

For that blissful moment, none of them knew want. They were as big as they could be, as big as they wanted to be, and for the life of them, they could not imagine a reality in which they would be different. But, in the centre of it, where the incalculably gargantuan vixen lay semi-dreaming, something else took place: a realisation.

She, Bethany, was herself. One of many. One of a great number of possibilities. This one had ascended: she had become a goddess, truly the ruler of her reality. Others had not; still others had gone further still, become overladies of entire dimensions of universes, while a select few had turned themselves into the supreme rulers of all that was, could be, and ever had been, in that order. And for Bethany, *this* Bethany, the one that had just then understood the depth of her self-imposed eternal recurrence... this wasn't good enough.

She should be the biggest one. Not the other herselfes, not the other versions of her that existed in some not-reality that wasn't hers; only her. And if that was not the case, then the solution was clear:

She had to *make* it be so.