

It was a simple rule of nature that whatever Andrew wanted, Andrew got. Whether it be through personal hardship, cooperation with others, or pure dumb luck, it seemed the fox was simply destined to receive whatever it was he ever wanted, no matter how far-fetched it might be, or how unlikely the chain of events needed for it to happen. Hence why he, who used to be an entirely unassuming young man fresh out of college with a degree that everyone told him would go nowhere “in this economy”, ended up living in a luxurious mansion on the outskirts of one of the most expensive cities in his country, having gone from a measly five-foot-nine and so weak he had trouble with his groceries to a towering eight feet of height with a musculature so well-developed that he could probably bend steel if he put his back into it properly. All of it because, as he liked to put it, he “set his mind to it”: all that seemed to be needed was Andy coming up with a goal, *determining* it to be a goal, and then work towards it via conventional means; eventually, unconventional results would make themselves known, such as him packing on significantly more mass and bulk than he should, or his investments paying off in a far higher manner than anticipated, or even his occasional forays into art apparently being recognized as masterpieces (or at least abstract enough to pass as ones). It was, in a way, only natural, in the most literal of terms, for him to be that way; whenever he *tried* to succeed, Andy would find that the results, while still positive, were downright mundane compared to what he achieved if only he did things as his intuition told him to. As long as he wasn’t thinking too hard about it, then the fox would be given everything he wanted and more, leaving him feeling like a god among men; hell, he even went so far as to joke about it, knowing full well that, rather than making everyone else around him uncomfortable, it ended up *inspiring worship* instead. It was, ultimately, just another facet of his seemingly supernatural ability to bend reality itself to fit his every whim, that he could afford to act like a deity and, rather than his friends and hangers-on slapping him across the back of the head and reminding him he was still very much mortal, they instead turned towards him and began heaping praise upon his every feature. It began turning into something of a habit, since Andy couldn’t help but feel a certain amount of *bliss* whenever he had those moments of blind adoration thrown at him; while at first he found it somewhat odd, even uncomfortable to some degree thanks to its sheer novelty, after a few more runs it became... normal. Expected, even, for him to sit down at a table and start regaling whoever was there with whatever had happened to him that day, there never being any real shortage of tales to tell, only to then inevitably veer into the “god talk” that turned the group of friends or business associates into a congregation. It had reached a point where Andy, rather than simply inviting people over because he *wanted* to have folks over, did so in order to deliberately steer the conversation towards that specific topic, which almost always resulted in several hours’ worth of active worship where his very body was treated like the single most precious thing on the planet, with all the tender love and care that came with that. He even went so far as to start working out again, rather than merely keeping his body the way that it was; as much as the Adonis-like figure he sported was tall and imposing enough for him to dominate whatever room he was in, it could always be *better*, and seeing as he only felt it was natural for that to be the case, it didn’t take long before he woke up one day, measured himself, and saw that he had reached the ten feet

mark. Yet, that still wasn't enough. As much as anyone else would say it was, and as much as his ever-increasing amount of supplicants would constantly remind him that he was perfection incarnate, the fox felt that something was *missing*... and not something that he could just *get* like he could everything else. It was a different sort of hunger, one that couldn't merely be sated via conventional means, not without him resorting to some truly eldritch and esoteric methods: a *need* for the worship. But not just any need, no, it wasn't *merely* the case that Andy wanted people to heap praise upon him like they were doing already, otherwise he'd be perfectly happy with what he had; he wouldn't need to invite increasingly high amounts of people only to then ask them to stay so he could have a whole crowd of little ones ready and waiting to follow him throughout the day, and he certainly wouldn't be spending small fortunes in golden accoutrements to really play into the role and aesthetic of a divine physical avatar. No, what he *needed* was for the worship to *do something*. It was a disappointing state of affairs, that while Andy easily managed to twist and turn people's minds into a state where they saw him as something of a godlike figure, this didn't really accomplish anything in practice when it came to himself; he could certainly work out and improve himself, he could change his diet and have his weight shift around accordingly, but no matter how many people he had around him constantly reinforcing the notion that he truly was a god among mortals, nothing really changed about him as a result of this, and Andy couldn't help but feel like this was... not right. It was a violation of the natural order of things, that he *felt* like the worship should do something, but it ended up doing absolutely nothing; after all, if every other time he believed in something it turned out to happen to him, then surely if he earnestly, *firmly* was of the opinion that such an achievement should alter his form, the fact that it *didn't* was nothing if not an affront, an insult to him, really. For he was, ultimately, something of a god, perhaps even a true one; who else could claim to do the things he did, who else could look him in the eye and proclaim that they had done the impossible purely because they felt like they should? Who else could stand before him and announce themselves as a *peer*, when none lived that could even remotely reach even his heels as far as Andy was concerned? And if that was the case, then he truly *was* a god, or at least one in the making, a gestating divine entity just waiting for the right trigger to emerge from their cocoon, to show their true form to the whole world around them... but how? The easiest solution was to try and look for one, but given how deeply engrossed Andy had gotten into the whole thing, it most likely had already fallen firmly into the category of "trying too hard" that would leave him without an adequate answer for his problem; then again, he couldn't really bring himself to just do nothing and wait for the universe to resolve things for him, not when he so desperately needed *something* in order to scratch an itch that grew more powerful by the day. It reached a point of absolute absurdity when Andy woke up one day and saw a group of ten people he'd never met before in his life waiting for him at the base of his bed, a representative for whom announced they had come in during the night and were let in by the "gentlemen at the door" who the fox assumed were some of the other supplicants running around the house. And yet, he still couldn't force himself to stop, not after tasting the beauty of worship, not after being made into a living god to be worshipped and loved and adored by all those around him... which was why,

after a certain point, he simply stopped caring. It was zen-like, in a way, since Andy knew that the moment he stopped trying, things would happen as they always did; the key was achieving that state of spiritual calm that always preceded the achievement of a goal, that prolonged moment of introspective enlightenment that came before yet another step achieved on the ladder to godhood. It was a perversion of the typical meditative method, but then again, Andy didn't have much use for the regular stuff; what mattered was getting himself into the right mindstate to maximize the odds of the universe working the way it usually did, delivering the answer right to his proverbial doorstep... or, in that particular case, his literal one. It came so much out of nowhere that, when Andy opened the front door after being told there was a package for him, he could scarcely believe it: there, wrapped in so many layers of wrapping paper and multiple further coverings of what felt like high-value silk, was a golden statuette. He didn't recognize it at first, but the longer he held it in his hands, the more its power seeped through to him; he felt hotter, fuller, as if his very body were being stuffed and suffused with a surfeit of power, some kind of energy that he desperately needed to externalize, yet *wanted* to contain and hold within himself. It wasn't until he turned around to see that someone was waiting for him that Andy understood, as he recognized the vixen's face as one of his "regulars", the few members of his personal harem (since he apparently had one of those now) that he actually enjoyed spending time with outside of worshipping hours. Granted, most of their interactions had been the normal "god talk", but the young woman clearly had more brains in her than he did, hence why he was even holding that statuette to begin with.

"I figured you might like it!" she happily declared, bouncing once in her spot, "It took me a while to find, and I *may* have used some of that money I borrowed to buy it, but here it is!"

Still confused, all Andy could do was look at the golden idol and then back at the smaller vixen, raising an eyebrow and hoping this would be enough to let her know that he had no clue what she was talking about; with a tut, the young woman thus went off on an incredibly long, convoluted ramble regarding the months she spent tracking down the artifact, starting with her reading an article about it online and ending with her being on the phone with multiple competing treasure hunters all wanting to claim the idol (and the associated reward) for themselves. Parts of the story seemed wildly unbelievable, but the sincerity in the vixen's tone was such that Andy couldn't bring himself to disbelieve her... and besides, the idol *was* there in his hands, so that was certainly evidence enough that *something* happened.

"I knew how much you wanted to feel like all of this meant something," she concluded, waving her arms around to signal to the rest of the mansion, "and I knew you felt down because of it, so... I got you this. To help fix the problem."

The smile on her face was far too devious, but the fox had no recourse but to adore it, for it brought to mind thoughts of schemes hatched in the dead of the night, dreadful plans whose consequences would resonate throughout the whole world, shockwaves criss-crossing one another with one, perfectly identifiable epicenter: Andy himself. The implications of what the vixen had said were obvious, though the giant fox had some trouble believing them, at least at first; as much as he *wanted* to take the idol and use it to grow bigger and more perfect off of the

very worship of those around him, that just wasn't something he believed possible. It was a pipe dream, a fantasy he had that he'd convinced himself was possible... or, perhaps, this line of thought was merely the last line of defense for the one remaining part of his mind that yet advocated for moderation. In truth, he had nothing to lose from accepting the gift: either it didn't work, and absolutely nothing changed, or it *did* work and he would thus be granted everything he had ever dreamed of... for the past couple of months, but still. All he had to do was accept it, at least according to the vixen, who told him that the only action truly required of him was to act as he always had, right after mentally welcoming the power granted by the artifact. That much was simple, really; Andy almost immediately walked back to his office to leave the idol in his wall safe, lest it be damaged in his soon-to-be ensuing growth spurt, then left to find the biggest concentration of worshippers he could find, convinced that he was about to learn what it was like to feel like a *true* god amongst lessers. Perhaps the best part about it is that it didn't even need him to do anything radically different; apart from an understanding that his form was now ready to surge outwards with the worship it received, nothing had really changed. Really, the vixen was right: all that was required of him was himself, and the ability to act as if his newfound bounty was already his by right, something he was happy to play along with. Thus, Andy walked out of his office, down a couple of flights of stairs, and into one of the larger living rooms, where most of his closer friends and acquaintances usually congregated; he'd find them there, watching television or playing video games, content in a life full of free time, dedicated entirely to the adoration of the vulpine as a true fox god. No sooner had he made his way in that Andy found himself surrounded on all sides by the little ones, jumping up and down as they begged for him to look at them, for them to be the ones to receive the full, undivided attention of their living deity; Andy himself was spoiled for choice, given the sheer breadth of body types and personalities there for him to pick out, but that was the beautiful part: he didn't *have* to choose. He wasn't there to take one person back to his room, or demand that they line up and service him, he was there to *bathe* in their collective worship, to allow his body to sink into the ocean of adoration that his supplicants created for him. In fact, picking one out of the crowd would've been a disservice, both to himself *and* to those around him; had they not come from all around the country to see him? Had they not come to marvel at his own magnificence, to see how true the stories told about the burgeoning fox god were? If he were to do anything other than his utmost, then he'd be disappointing dozens upon dozens of hungry souls, eager to give themselves up to the furnace that was the giant vulpine, knowing they would burn eternally by his side. They were as batteries, made to give him the boost in power he so desperately craved to become that which he was destined to be... and as batteries, they dutifully lined up by Andy's side, waiting to receive their orders, whatever they might be. For the fox himself, watching as an entire room's worth of supplicants all gathered together and threw themselves upon his feet, only to then awkwardly shuffle off to the side as if they hadn't just rescinded all of their dignity, was the most fun he'd had in years; really, just the ability to walk into a room and suddenly change its entire atmosphere through his sheer presence alone was what he *lived* for, especially now that he could feel the idol's warm presence in the back of his mind. It wasn't something he'd notice if he

wasn't paying attention, but if he focused, he could tell it was there, lurking, waiting for the right moment to strike... and it wouldn't have to wait for long, given the sheer level of dedication expressed by those around Andy. Really, it was only at that exact point in time that the fox came to understand how ludicrous it was for him to have a house filled with people who wanted nothing more than an excuse to grovel at his feet whenever he felt like flexing, but he wasn't going to look a gift horse in the mouth, *especially* not when he could feel the idol's power already seeping into him. It was subtle at first, easy enough to miss, but as soon as the sense of pressure built up properly, as soon as his frame bulged out just enough to start pushing against the limits of the seams on his clothes, that's when Andy knew that he hadn't been the victim of a cruel prank. All he could do was hold onto himself, even if only mentally, hoping to keep enough of his conscious side intact that he wouldn't just black out and wake up several hours later, having missed all the fun; his *physical* self, however, was free to do whatever it wanted, its instincts allowed to run free to engage in whatever depravities it saw fit, along with a whole host of little ones who would be more than honoured to be that night's fucktoy. There was never a shortage of those, and now that Andy was outright inviting as many of them to come pay worship unto his very form, there wasn't so much a line as there was a whole mob, a crab bucket of hopefuls all trying to be the ones to get their hands on some part of the fox's body. Thankfully for everyone involved, there was plenty of vulpine to go around, and as soon as Andy managed to lie down on the ground, the true size difference between himself and his guests became apparent: even the biggest among them, who would've towered over the burgeoning fox god before they began their journey, barely managed to fill out the entirety of Andy's torso, and as the giant kept getting larger, so too did this difference become more accentuated. Soon enough, no one would remain that could so much as compete with a single *pec*, giving the dozens of little ones around Andy plenty to work with as they clambered onto his frame and did their best to try and pretend like they weren't desperately horny for more. Yet, no more was required than this arousal, this very affirmation that they were, indeed, wanting for something beyond mere touch; it was precisely this attitude that fed directly into Andy's growing mass, even if he himself wasn't directly aware of it. All that mattered was that at least one person around him *see him* as a god, a divine figure to be worshipped and loved with all one's might, for that reality to impose itself upon the more mundane baseline version of it; there was no more space in existence for a timeline where Andy was anything less than an omnipotent deity, and if he had to grab that opportunity and earn it, inch by painful inch, then that was exactly what he was going to do. Not that it *would* be painful, obviously; his test run using only a single room had yielded results far beyond even his wildest dreams, as all he had to do was lie there and let the little ones do as they wilt for his body to grow big enough that he was, effectively, stuck there. He could probably smash his way out, if he didn't care to keep his walls intact, but at that point, he no longer cared to do so; there was a whole house outside that door in front of him, and a whole world outside said domicile, but why should *he* go to *it* when he'd eventually just grow big enough to be everywhere at once? Besides, with the amount of people running around him, not to mention all the noises being made, it was only a matter of time before the rest of the guests in his manor

came rushing in to see what the big fuss was all about, only contributing further to the explosive growth process that Andy was experiencing. All *he* had to do was close his eyes and let things happen... which, in his mind, was the most that a god like him should be expected to do. Being as superior to everyone else as he was, surely reality wouldn't mind serving itself on a silver platter to him, depending of course on whatever whim crossed through his mind; surely, if the universe knew what was good for it, then it wouldn't hold out on him whenever he decided he wanted something. And in that moment, he wanted *more*: more of himself, more worship, more worshippers, more power, more *everything*, again and twice over, until his cup ran over and spilled forth onto the world around him. At no point did he stop to think that what he was doing was dangerous, that he was being fed by the powers contained within some unknown golden artifact that could very well exact a toll on him at any given moment; rather, his only concern was to grow, was to absorb the endless worship of those around him, elevating him higher and higher still with each passing moment, until he could barely even recognize himself. Barely ten minutes had passed since he first walked into that room, and in those ten minutes he had become so immense as to be able to feel two opposite walls at the same time: head on one, paws on the other... at least until he became too big even for that, leading to plenty of cracks forming on either side the longer he tried keeping his body fully extended. It was on purpose of course; Andy *knew* that he was too big for the room, knew full well that in just a moment's time, he'd find himself a foot or two larger than before. He knew the whole manor would be falling down on him before the hour was over (far before, in fact), so why not enjoy it? Why not throw himself fully into the growth, the size-based self-indulgence, the sensations that came with literally outgrowing a large rec room that had once been so wide that he genuinely wondered whether he had splurged out too much on it. "Too much," he thought to himself, such an absurd notion in his current state; to think, that at any point he considered *anything* he did as excessive, rather than the purest manifestation of a divine entity waiting for a chance to burst forth and show the world what it was capable of. To think that he had once denied his own deific nature, to think that he had once looked upon his entourage of dozens of followers and thought of them as nothing more than temporary guests, rather the hard nucleus of what would eventually be a globe-spanning religious movement, one that would elevate both him and everyone else to the heights of divine splendour... though perhaps a bit more literally in the latter's case. It was true that they would come with him, but that was hardly for him to decide; if anyone wanted to try out their luck by hanging onto his body as he outgrew everything, he wouldn't say no, but he wouldn't waste any time helping anyone either. As he broke free from the room at long last, the one thing on his mind was the certainty that, if anyone *wanted* to test their mettle, they were free to do so, but only those who truly put their all into it would be permitted to experience him as he would be in his full glory. Through everything, through the crumbling walls, the collapsing ceiling, the terrified yelping as the whole structure came crashing down on them, they were to hold on and never let go; if they could do that much, if they could sink their fingers into Andy's hardening flesh and manage to hold onto it even through what could be considered a patently ridiculous set of trials, then they'd be worthy of being closest to him. If they failed... well, there

were plenty of other supplicants in the house, and as soon as he broke free from it, plenty more in the rest of the world, just waiting to be lifted up in rapture upon seeing the fox god in all of his glory. Granted, there were probably more respectable ways of presenting himself to the world than exploding out of his home, flailing somewhat as he struggled to get all the debris off of him; his manor *was* quite large (or had been, at least), and even with his body's growth accelerating as the little ones atop him became increasingly more fervent in their worship, there was no way around the sheer amount of construction materials that had to be pulverized before he was ready to stomp on down the hills, towards the city center barely ten minutes away. Even from his position, lying down and just barely heaving himself upwards with one arm on the ground, he could see it: the city's skyline, haloed by the light of the setting sun, promising so many more souls for the furnace, so many little ones whose lives could be finely tuned to devote themselves fully to him, himself, and absolutely nothing else. It hardly mattered to him that he had a multitude of worshippers already clambering onto him, many of whom were covered by piles of rubble that were bigger than they were; as soon as Andy figured out where his new center of gravity was, and as soon as he recalibrated his mind to be able to withstand the sight of his own body, he was ready to take on whatever may come. Sure, he was left slightly dazed and confused when he saw the ground beneath him drift away at speeds he'd never experienced before; even as a god, he assumed that one's first experience with being massive in general would inevitably leave one grasping at straws for any kind of frame of reference. But as soon as he was accustomed to it, as soon as the initial impact wore off and Andy could fully take in everything that was happening, he couldn't help but grin. There he was, over a hundred feet tall, covered head to toe in resplendent, near-supernaturally silken fur, his form immaculate and unmarred by even the smallest of scratches, even after breaking free from within a large mansion; sculpted and chiseled to perfection, no ounce of mass in any place that it shouldn't be, all he had to do was flex slightly for his entire body to tense up and reveal a musculature that, truly, only a god could sport. His was a physical avatar designed to overwhelm on pure sight alone, while still being capable of effortlessly bending the hardest of steels without so much as breaking a sweat; his was a frame that could walk miles in but a fraction of the time that others would take, not a single word spoken, as the sounds emanating from his mere act of existing were more than enough to alert everyone for miles around that he was coming for them, that the world's newest fox god had ascended... and he demanded worship.

It was no longer a case of wanting it, nor even one of desiring it. As Andy grew larger, as every step he took infused him with yet more power as a result of the golden idol channelling all the worship thrown his way into extra mass, he came to understand something: what he had, he had because he *deserved it*. He was a deity, and as one, supplication and devotion weren't something he should *want*, they were something he should *expect*; those around him *owed him* their worship, for what else were they meant to do when confronted with perfection given form? And it was precisely this certainty, this sense that what he was doing was fundamentally right, that drove Andy further; perhaps, if he were still his older self, he might've objected to the idea of treating the world as his personal playground, but that was just that: his older self. One that

was long-dead, buried underneath an avalanche of divinity, one that had been subsumed into the new Andrew, the new vulpine overlord of that world, never to return... as it should be.

Andy stopped, looking out at what he recognized as his domain. A whole world, ready for the taking, filled with billions of souls all clamoring for something decent to worship. None of the old deities, whose presumed existence was felt only through suspiciously hard to explain miracles, but rather a new one, one whose very form and presence was felt *very* directly on the physical plane of existence. Why bother turning to something that *may* exist when one had evidence of something that *did*? That, at least, was Andy's own logic, and given the amount of cars speeding towards him, having left the city the moment they saw him emerge from his manor, most likely everyone else's as well. And, just like before, things had fallen into place, all without having had to lift a finger more than he had to.

As it should be.