Sid stood in line with all the other acolytes and fidgeted nervously. This was it. He had come of age and all that was left was to officially ascend to adulthood. He just wished he could shake the overwhelming sense of dread that had plagued his mind all day. The dark, indigo skies did nothing to alleviate his panic.

“Hey. Relax. You’ll be fine.” Sid’s best friend, Zen said.

Sid glanced over at his pal and tried his best to smile, but his expression looked pained and forced. “That’s easy for you to say.” Sid replied flippantly. Of course Zen wouldn’t be worried. He already had a great body. There was no doubt that he was bound for greatness. Sid on the other hand was a total shrimp. He didn’t even come up to Zen’s shoulders. The tip of Sid’s head was just barely even with Zen’s exposed nipples.

Like all the acolytes. Sid and Zen were clad in little more than a ceremonial loincloth. The small cloth was enough for Sid, but it didn’t cover Zen’s goods at all. The tip of Zen’s huge, soft, cock poked out past the bottom hem of his ceremonial garb. Sid tried his best not to stare, but Zen was just so hot. Zen’s toned, firm muscles were simply spectacular, and his ashen grey skin looked fantastic in the purple light from the torches that lined the path of up the ziggurat. The light even seemed to make his shaggy, purple hair sparkle which just served to make him look even more handsome.

Zen put his hands on his hips and puffed up his chest dramatically. “You were staring so hard I thought I’d give you a nice view.” He said playfully.

“As if I was staring.” Sid sputtered indignantly.

“Whatever you were doing it looks like you enjoyed it.” Zen replied playfully. He gave a quick nod towards Sid’s crotch and gave his shorter, slimmer buddy a sly win.

Sid glanced down and saw that his dick was standing straight at attention. He gasped and shot his hands down to cover up – less because he was embarrassed about popping a wood in line and more because he was embarrassed about the size. Even hard his dick was nowhere near as big as his buddy’s soft cock. Sid could feel the heat on his face. He just knew that his cheeks had to be turning new and exciting shades of magenta of even indigo as the blood rushed to his cheeks. He was so embarrassed that even his pointy ears felt like they were burning.

Zen just laughed and gently rustled Sid’s green hair. “Just relax. Your size doesn’t mean anything. It doesn’t affect your ascension at all.” Zen explained in an effort to soothe his bud’s nerves.

“That’s easy for you to say. I’m already halfway to being an imp…” Sid grumbled.

Zen tried to keep a straight face but ended up laughing at his friend’s comment. “That’s just a story they tell acolytes to keep them from slacking off in their duties. I’ve never heard of anyone actually getting turned into an imp at an ascension ceremony.” He explained.

“What about that cage that the groundskeeper has outside his window. He says it’s the perfect size to keep an imp in.” Sid replied and shuddered visibly as he did so.

“He says a lot of things.” Zen replied and rolled his eyes. “I’ve never seen or heard of anyone getting turned into an imp. No one here is going to fail their ascension least of all you.”

“How can you be so sure…?” Sid muttered.

“He can’t.” Came a haughty voice from beside Sid.

“No one asked you, Vin.” Zen growled.

“You didn’t have to, but I knew I was needed.” Vin replied. He was almost as huge as Zen in every way imaginable, but what made him really intimidating were his two lackeys at his side. The two lackeys were every bit as big and as built as their leader. Zen may have been able to handle Vin one on one, but three against one would be nearly impossible. Vin and his posse liked to terrorize the acolytes throughout the course of their training. He was openly hated by most, but everyone knew there was no way to directly oppose him without it coming to blows which would end poorly for everyone involved. Vin had a remarkable ability to keep his nose just clean enough to stay out of trouble but still throw his weight around and boss others around.

Vin leaned down and peered menacingly at the much shorter, smaller acolyte. Sid recoiled in fear but for the most part stood his ground. Vin sneered and let out a menacing chuckle. “I don’t see why you’re so worried about becoming an imp.” He said darkly. He paused for a moment and stared down the cowering acolyte as he waited for his words to sink in. Sid didn’t know where he was going with this line of reasoning, but he sure it wasn’t good. When Vin finally finished his line of reasoning he proved Sid’s suspicions correct.

“You’re already such a shrimp that you won’t even notice when you inevitably become an imp. Why, I doubt you probably even add on a few inches in the process.” He said sinisterly.

“The only one who has anything to worry about is you.” Zen replied defiantly.

“Oh? You gonna do something about it?” Vin sneered.

“No. I won’t have to. Everyone here knows what you’ve been up to these past few years. Do you really think you’ll be judged highly when you take the trial?” Zen asked.

“You think I care about some stupid trial? Look at me. I’m fit to be a legionnaire. This whole ceremony is just a joke. I’m gonna walk up there and take my armor, and no feeble old git in a gaudy robe is gonna stop me.” Vin replied. He folded his arms in front of him and glared menacingly at Zen.

At first Zen said nothing in reply, but he didn’t back down either. He met Vin’s glare and stared right back at the would-be bully. “I wish you all the best in trying it.” Zen said after a tense moment.

“I don’t need luck.” Vin replied flatly. He then turned and marched his way back up towards the front of the line. His two lackeys made sure that the people who were in line in front of him didn’t get make any effort to deny their boss his rightful place.

“If anyone deserves to be an imp it’s that guy.” Zen spat.

Sid shuddered. “Even he doesn’t deserve that.” He muttered. Even just thinking of it made his stomach turn. He felt like he was going to be sick.

Zen clapped a hand on Sid’s shoulder and smiled down at his little buddy. “You’re the nicest guy here. They’d never make you an imp.” He said reassuringly.

“I wish being nice counted for something. They don’t grade you based on how nice you are. They grade you based on how strong you are or how brave or how smart. I’m none of those things!” Sid lamented.

“Don’t sell yourself short. You’d be a great addition to any caste, and… you know… I’m still not saying it’s possible. I don’t think you have anything to worry about, but just for a second, let’s say the worst does come to pass, I’ll look after you, ok?” Zen said sweetly.

“You mean like your pet?” Sid asked.

“Well… I’d never think of you like that, but I’d do anything in my power to help you. So… stop worrying. I’ll take care of you, ok?” Zen replied.

Sid nodded silently and wiped a tear from his eye. He was still terrified, but at least he knew that his best friend would look out for him. Even being cursed to live as an imp didn’t seem so bad if he could spend it with Zen.

Sid’s gut churned again. He was so worried about failing his trial that he had completely forgotten about another serious issue. Even if he did succeed there was no guarantee he’d ever see his best pal again. He could get shipped off to any corner of the known universe. Suddenly failing his trial didn’t sound like such a bad idea…

A loud horn blast split the air. The sound announced the beginning of the initiation. All the acolytes returned to their place in line and waited quietly to be called up to the altar where four priests stood with their staved held aloft. Each priest wore a different costume to denote their status and the caste the represented.

Rah, owner of the red gem, had crimson robes and an iron mask to denote his ties to the worker caste. All who wished for a life of quiet fulfillment hoped for his favor.

Sin, owner of the purple gems, had on ornate, layered robes. Each layer was a different shade of purple, and on his head was a helmet of solid steel. He oversaw the warrior caste. Those who sought to prove themselves, bring honor on their families, or protect those closest to them sought out his blessing.

Next was Sol, owner of the blue gem. He wore simple, blue robes and a faceless, porcelain mask. He oversaw the caste of the learned; scholars, merchants, scribes. Those who wanted a more intellectual life hoped to earn his good graces.

And behind all three of them sat an old, faceless figure clad in threadbare grey robes. No one knew his name or his status, but it was clear he was revered by the other three priests. His gnarled staff had a black gemstone on the tip of it. There were more myths and rumors surrounding him than there were facts. No one knew for sure just what to make of him or what caste he represented.

The acolytes went up one by one to receive their blessings. Unsurprisingly Vin and his cronies were at the front of his line, but what was surprising was that Vin hung back and let his lackeys go first. No doubt he wanted to make a big show of getting a better result than they did.

His two cronies went up one after the other, and both received the blessing of the red gem. Rah signaled for an attendant to come forward and pulled out what appeared to be four earrings, but it was clear that that was not the intended use. Only scholars got their gemstones placed on their faces.

The attendants stepped and held the rings up to the lackey’s nipples. The rings instantly clamped down on the exposed flesh, but the two newly designated workers didn’t seem to feel a thing. There was no blood and no pain. There wasn’t even any irritation of the surrounding skin. Their brand new nipple rings looked as if they had been there for years.

The small red gemstones on their new rings began to glow brightly, and the lackey’s already massive frames expanded rapidly under the power of the red gems. Their already defined muscles grew and grew. Soon their chests were so broad and their pecs so large that even just one of those slabs of brawn could have been used in place of the ceremonial altar. Their abs were so deep and so thick that each individual bump of their eight pack abs was as large as a couch cushion. Their biceps bulges like beach balls. Their legs were as thick as tree trunks. Their pitiful little loincloths which were the only holdover from their days as acolytes were now so tiny on them that the cloth didn’t even dip low enough to cover the base of their cocks. Their huge, fat cocks were easily two feet long and dangled down to their knees. Their massive nuts were as large as basketballs.

Their huge, hulking bodies were now perfectly suited for the arduous lives that awaited them on the frontier mining colonies. They stood by and silently waited for the approval of their leader, but Vin hardly seemed to notice them as he walked by. It wasn’t until he reached the altar that he turned back and sneered, “Enjoy your lives as peasants.” His lackeys were saddened but not altogether surprised by his response.

The first priest stepped forward and held his gem aloft. The red gem did not react to Vin’s presence. Vin sneered at the priest and then waited for Sin to step forward. Sin came forth and held his staff up towards Vin, but none of the gemstones began to glow.

Vin was furious. “What’s the big idea. I’m destined for great things. I’m not some pencil pusher.”

“No…” came a raspy voice from somewhere behind Vin. Vin spun around quickly as if he was ready to fight whoever it was that dare deny him his destiny, but upon seeing the aged, faceless priest glaring down at him from behind his dark, threadbare cowl, Vin fell suddenly silent.

“You clearly lack the intelligence to be one of the literati…” the ancient priest rasped. His lifted his staff high. The jet black gemstone atop seemed to gleam and glisten, but it would be imprecise to say that it glowed. Rather it seemed to be sucking the light from the air around it. As Vin stared into the swirling, black vortex terror began to well up inside of him.

Vin tried to back away, but his two former lackeys stepped forward to hold him down. Vin thrashed as hard as he could as the ancient priest slowly shambled down the steps to the main altar. Soon he was standing mere feet in front of Vin. Even as close as he was, Vin couldn’t make out any features from beneath the cowl. It almost appeared as if he was gazing into the abyss as he tried to look for any sign of mercy under the ancient priest’s hood.

The old priest pulled a small, tarnished iron ring with a jet black gemstone from his robe and held it up to Vin’s neck. The ring was far too small for Vin to wear on his fingers, but he got the feeling that that wasn’t where he was supposed to wear it. Vin could feel the malice emanating from the ring. “H-Hey… Guys? Let me go, would ya? I mean, Workers. That’s not bad, right? You can take pride in your jobs and all that, right? In fact, I wouldn’t mind joining you. So come on? Give me some of those rings and let me join you. It’ll be great, right?” Vin pleaded nervously, but his former lackeys made showed no remorse nor did the wizened priest.

Vin turned back towards the priest and tried to protest some more, but he couldn’t get the words to form. He felt sick to his stomach. His skin felt like it was crawly. His very bones felt weak.

The priest moved with a speed that belied his age. In one deft motion he sliced the string of Vin’s loincloth causing it to fall from his swole frame and fall to the floor. Vin was left completely nude in front of everyone, and he could do nothing to cover up. Vin whimpered pitifully as he saw the effects begin to take hold. His firm, rippling abs which he had spent years sculpting slowly began to smooth over. His big, beefy pecs began to deflate. His thick, muscular quads shrunk and shriveled before his very eyes, but perhaps what was even more terrifying was what was going on between his legs. His cock slowly pulled inwards. His balls slowly pulled inwards. With each passing second he could see his nuts get ever so slightly smaller. He glanced back up to plead one last time. It was then that he realized something else was happening. He had to stare up to even see the faceless priest’s hood. Just moments earlier he had been taller than the wizened old priest by a good margin, but now he barely reached the grey-clad figure’s shoulders. It didn’t stop there though. He was still dwindling be the second. With each passing moment he got smaller… shorter… slimmer… His muscles melted away to nothing, and his dick continued to recede. Before long he was so short that his feet didn’t even touch the ground. It was now pointless for the two newly ascended workers to both hold him, so Vin was passed off to just one of them to hold.

The worker turned and lifted Vin up for the whole crowd to see. Vin tried his best to cover up, but there was nothing that he could do. He didn’t have the strength to fight his giant captor, and he was quickly losing the will to fight back at all. Already he was so tiny that either of his captor’s giant hands eclipsed his entire arm, and yet he was still shrinking. He couldn’t figure it out. How tiny was he supposed to get? When would it stop?

It was then that he remembered what that shrimp Sid was saying before. Vin had made sure to tease the twerp about his misguided fears, but Vin now saw that he was the mistaken one. The curse did exist. It wasn’t just some story told to scare acolytes into behaving. He was being shrunken down to… an imp.

He remembered the tiny cage that sat outside the groundskeeper’s house. He remembered how he used to joke about how nothing could fit in that. He used to say it was obviously just decoration. Nothing could possibly be that small. Not even rats could fit in that cage, but as he continued to dwindle down to the point that he easily fit in the palm of his captor’s hand, he knew how wrong he was.

The wizened priest pressed the ring against Vin’s neck once more, but this time it passed clean through his flesh and locked in place. It was never meant to be a ring. It was a collar for a tiny animal. It was a collar for him. The jet black gemstone stuck out from the front of the collar and gleamed directly below his chin. It was so heavy that he could barely stand, but he refused to let them see him collapse. He mustered what resolve he could and stood shakily to his feet and stared of defiantly at the gigantic priest and his two towering former lackeys.

Vin had to be no more than four inches tall at this point. His muscles had all vanished leaving him with a slim, slender physique. His dick and balls had dwindled considerably even in comparison to his vastly shrunken legs. His once hefty, foot-long cock which once dangled over halfway down his thigh was now a tiny little nub between his legs which looked much like a small acorn, and his once massive, chicken egg sized balls which used to hand down nice and low were now as tiny as the tip of his shrunken dick. His tiny nuts now longer hung low. Instead his sack had pulled up tightly against his groin which just made his junk appear all that much smaller.

Vin was furious, but he knew he was powerless. His former lackey poked and prodded him with one meaty finger. Even just the tip of the hulking worker’s broad fingertip was as wide as Vin’s now slim and slender torso. Even just a soft poke from the giant was powerful enough to send Vin toppling over.

Even as he was herded into his tiny cage he glared defiantly at his captors. As far as Vin was concerned there was nothing more they could do to him, and there was no way he was going to give them the satisfaction of seeing him crumble.

One of the attendants took his cage from the priest and carried it down the main aisle. As he traveled past all of his former classmates Vin saw a multitude of glances sent his way. Some people were shocked. Some laughed as they saw the former bully being toted away like a mouse in a cage, but most of them had this smug sense of vindication. It was as if the overwhelming majority of them were glad to see him get his just deserts. Vin was not at all surprised by any of these. It was no secret that he made his fair share of enemies in his time as an acolyte. It was no surprise that many of them harbored ill will towards him, but there was one acolyte that amazed him.

There was only one person that shocked Vin. As he passed by Sid he could see the terror and sorrow in the scrawny guy’s eyes. Vin couldn’t help but gawk at the guy he once tormented mercilessly. Sid was now far bigger, far buffer, and far better hung than Vin, but Sid was still considered the smallest, weakest, and littlest guy in the class. Even though Sid was by far the smallest acolyte, his dick alone was now bigger than Vin’s entire body.

Vin felt a twinge of remorse. Just minutes earlier he had mercilessly teased the shrimpy acolyte about the curse. He had menacingly told Sid that he’d be doomed to live his life as a tiny imp, but Vin had not believed such a thing existed back then. He had merely been tormenting someone smaller than him to make himself feel bigger and stronger, but now that he knew the truth he would never wish such a fate on anyone else.

As Vin was carried out of the ascension hall he heard one last comment sent his way. Sid turned towards his bigger, stronger protector and softly uttered, “He didn’t deserve that… Nobody deserves that…”

“Yeah…” Zen murmured awkwardly. He felt sick to his stomach after what he had just seen, and he felt even worse because he had been secretly wishing that it would happen. Even as he watched the black gemstone suck the light from the air around it Zen had felt his pulse race. He had to fight back his own arrogant sneer as he watched the terror well up in his former tormentor’s eyes. Zen had enjoyed watching the tables turn. He had enjoyed watching the bully plead for mercy, but as the inches melted away and Vin’s cock and muscles receded away to next to nothing, Zen felt a pit form in his stomach. The curse was worse than he had imagined, and he knew more than anything he could not let that befall his best friend. He’d do whatever he needed to.

The rest of the ceremony went off without a hitch. The acolytes all went up, received the blessing of the gems and were given their new body. There were quite a few acolytes who got sent to the worker caste, a few scholars, and there were even a lot of soldiers. All but three of these had been given the blessing of the deep, purple gem which denoted that they’d be low level soldiers. The other three received the blessing of the lavender gem which meant that they were destined to be leaders and generals. There was much rejoicing and congratulation as these acolytes took on their new forms, but never once did anyone notice the third purple gem glow.

Finally it was Zen’s turn to take the trial. Rah waved the red gem in front of him, but nothing happened. Nobody was surprised to see this. Everyone had figured Zen had the makings of a general so when Sin stepped forth with the purple gems an expectant hush fell over the ascension hall. As most people suspected, the deep purple gem did not light up.

There was some muttering amongst the crowd. Even some of the attendants were baffled. The gemstone on the tip of the priest’s staff was glowing brightly, but none of them had seen this color before. A resplendent magenta glow filled the altar.

“I have not seen this in centuries…” Sin muttered. It was the first time anyone had ever heard him speak. His voice sounded frail and feeble, but he moved with the speed and vigor of a young man as he marched away from the altar and into the ziggurat behind them. He returned a few minutes later with an ornate jewelry box. Another hush fell over the crowd. All the acolytes recognized the seal on the front of the box. It was the emblem of the royal guard.

“No way…” One of the recently ascended acolytes muttered.

“A Praetor?” Another gasped.

“I thought they were only fairy tales!” Another murmured.

Sid was excited for his best bud, he really was… but there was something gnawing at the back of his mind. Praetor was such a rare and powerful position. Even though it was purely symbolic since there hadn’t been a monarch in centuries, Zen would no doubt be shipped off to the capitol to stand guard over some official location. Sid had no doubt that Zen might even be sent to oversee the senate itself. The secret meeting grounds of the high council was strictly off limits to all but the elite of the elite. Even if Sid managed to get a good ranking and a good gemstone and a position somewhere on the homeworld, his chances of every seeing his best bud again were slim to none, and even if he could somehow keep in contact with Zen, the chances they’d have to actually visit one another would be few and far between. They might even go years without seeing each other. Just thinking about it made Sid feel incredibly sad. He almost found himself wishing that he’d fail his trial. At least then he could stay by his best friend’s side… even if it was confined to a small cage like some sort of exotic pet.

Sin reached into the box and pulled for a small, silver ring with a glowing amethyst set into it. Sin then knelt down before Zen and placed the ring against the exposed tip of Zen’s cock. The platinum ring passed through the soft skin of cockhead like a warm knife passing through butter. The ring left no marks as it passed. The flesh reformed behind the metal just as it had been before. If not for the band of silver which now protruded from the underside of Zen’s glans it would have seemed like he had never been pierced at all.

Zen felt the effects immediately once the ring was in place. It was a strange yet familiar sensation. He could feel his cock chubbing up as it had so many times in the past, but it felt far more intense than it ever had before. The blood rushed to fill his cock, but it seemed like no matter how much blood flowed to his loins it was never enough. His cock just continued to chub up indefinitely.

He glanced down at his dick and saw that what he was feeling wasn’t far from what was actually happening. His already sizeable dick was swelling before his very eyes, but it wasn’t just plumping up from the rush of blood and flood of arousal. His cock was literally growing by the second. It stretched longer, swelled fatter, grew heavier with each passing second, and it wasn’t just his cock. His already full, chicken-egg sized balls were growing too. Soon they were the size of baseballs and his dick dangled down past his knees. The plump, meaty shaft was already as thick as his huge, muscular forearm and showing no signs of stopping anytime soon.

Zen was used to people seeing his dick. It was no secret that he was hung before, and his acolyte garb rarely covered the entire thing, but this was different. He was usually able to keep his arousal in check, but his cock was chubbing up in front of everyone that he ever knew. It was a little embarrassing. Especially once pre began to trickle from the tip of his huge chubby. The clear liquid dribbled across the silver ring that stuck out from the bottom of his slit as it oozed out. Zen felt like he should do something to stop it. The ring was so pretty that it seemed a shame for it to be laminated in his juices like this, but there was nothing he could do. The growth felt too good. There was no way he could get his libido under control at a time like this.

Zen felt another rush flow through him, but this time the energy coursed through his entire body. His already firm, sculpted muscles grew and expanded before his very eyes, but the change was nowhere as severe as it had been with the workers earlier. His pecs grew thicker. His abs grew deeper. His biceps bulged farther. His lats flared out from under his arms. His quads grew larger. He was definitely getting bigger and stronger by the second, but his form was more built for speed and grace than it was for manual labor.

Zen was so excited that he wanted to rush towards his best friend and gush about his good fortune, but as he glanced down at Sid he realized something was very odd. Sid was always on the short side, but now Zen’s best buddy barely reached his thigh. Sid now stood eye level with the base of Zen’s cock although it didn’t look like Sid was complaining. Sid was staring straight at Zen’s cock with a look of out and out lust and awe, and Sid’s little dick was standing straight up at attention. Sid was so hard that his loincloth couldn’t even hide his arousal. His rigid dick had lifted the cloth out of the way so that his dick and balls were clearly on display.

Sid stared on in awe as Zen continued to grow and grow. Sid had seen a few ascensions before. He had watched the rest of his graduating class take their trials already and he had even served as an attendant for one or two in the past. He had seen acolytes grow up to be sentinels or legionnaires, but nothing compared to what was happening to Zen. The tallest Sid had ever seen anyone grow was almost ten feet tall, but Zen had already passed that mark and was still growing by the second.

Up and up he went. It wasn’t until Sid barely reached halfway up Zen’s shin did the growth finally taper off. Zen’s stood completely nude. His loincloth had snapped loose and fluttered helplessly to the floor early on in his transformation, but he was hardly worried. He was so overcome by huge and powerful he felt, and he could tell from the look in his best friend’s eye and the stiffy that Sid was sporting that he looked hot as hell. His changes weren’t even over yet. His muscles and frame had stabilized, but his dick was still growing. It was now almost as thick as his hips and almost as long as his legs, and still it kept growing. His massive nuts already dwarfed the altar beside him. Either immense orb was almost twice as tall as Sid and far, far wider.

Zen’s massive nuts continued to grow by the second. Soon his enormous orbs rested solidly on the ground. His massive, fat cock draped over his nuts, and even then his dick was still long enough to rest solidly on the ground. The tip of his dick came to a rest mere inches in front of Sid. Sid stared on in awe at the cavernous maw of his best bud’s cock. The slit alone was taller than he was. He had never seen anything so hot in his life. He could feel the heat emanating from it. The scent of Zen’s pre flooded his nostrils.

Sid took a moment to soak up every inch of his pal’s cockhead. It was so massive that it blew his mind, and the ring had grown right alongside the dick. The silver band was now every bit as wide as Sid’s slender shoulders. The glowing amethyst was now larger than Sid’s whole head. It blew his mind to think that just a minute ago that ring was small enough that he could have worn it on his finger if he had wanted to.

“So what do you think?” Zen asked playfully. He even went so far as to puff out his chest and put his hands on his hips as he posed for his best bud. Sid couldn’t respond – at least not vocally anyway, but his awed gaze and rock hard, dribbling boner said more than enough.

Zen chuckled as he watched his tiny pal eyeing him up. He couldn’t wait to see what changes the crystals had in store for his little buddy, and since Sid was next in line, all that was left was for him to undergo the trial and get his own crystal.

Sin returned to his post alongside the other priests and beckoned for Sid to come forward. Sid felt like his stomach was about to go supernova. He was so caught up in watching his pal transform that he had almost forgotten that his turn was next. He was so nervous he felt like he could puke and was visibly shaking as he slowly made his way up to the altar. Zen tried to cheer him on, but even the towering, twenty foot behemoth of a best bro wasn’t able to sooth Sid’s nerves.

The ritual began as it always did. Rah held forth his staff and waited for the crystal to react. There was a tense moment as everyone waited for some sort of reaction, but no one was surprised when the crystal remained dormant. Nobody thought Sid to be the worker type. He was too much of a daydreamer to be expected to focus on manual labor for extended periods of time.

Sin took the stage next. He raised his staff high and waited for some reaction. A tense silence fell over the crowd as they waited, but it soon became apparent that none of the military gems saw him suitable for their service. No one was really surprised by this though. Sid was too gentle for a life in the military, and it wasn’t that he was weak. The gems had the power to alter his physical stature any way they saw fit. Sid was far too kind to be expected to raise arms against another. He would never be able to carry out his duty as a soldier.

Sid fidgeted excitedly as the third and final priest made his way forward. Sid never thought of himself as the intellectual type, but it was sure a better fit than the other two roles, and plus there was always the slight chance that he could get assigned as a scribe in the capitol. As he saw it, it was the best possible outcome.

Sol raised his staff high. Sid closed his eyes involuntarily. He was so excited and nervous that he couldn’t bear to look. He was already imagining how he would look once he ascended. Scribes didn’t get much growth, but he hoped he could get a few inches of height and some more length downstairs at the very least. He was tired of being so short and tiny.

An unearthly silence fell over the crowd. Sid felt like his gut was doing flips. This wasn’t right. Someone should have said something. There should be some cheering or something. Sid still couldn’t bring himself to open his eyes, but the reason was different this time. His excitement gave way to fear. He couldn’t have failed the trial, could he?

He slowly worked up the nerve to open his eyes. He started slowly. His right eye slowly inched open, and he gazed out at the staff through his half-open slit. His jaw dropped. His gut lurched. The stone was still inert. There wasn’t even the faintest glimmer of light in it.

“There must be some mistake!” Zen shouted. Sid could feel the ground around him shuddering as his titanic pal stomped towards the altar.

“There is no mistake…” Sol said solemnly.

“I… I failed…?” Sid murmured softly. He still couldn’t quite believe it. He felt sick. He had seen what happens to those who fail. Is that what awaited him as well? Would he get to be as small as Vin? He was already so small to begin with… what if he shrunk down even smaller than Vin? He shuddered just thinking about it. The thought terrified him, but try as he might he couldn’t shake the image out of his mind. Already his imagination was running wild. His mind’s eye replayed the scenario again and again, and each time he shrunk down smaller and weaker. Even if Zen agreed to take him in what kind of friendship could they even have if Sid was too small to speak too…? Too small to see?

“I can’t allow this. I won’t let you turn him!” Zen shouted.

Sid could hear the arguing going on around him, but it all seemed like it was miles away. He was still too in shock.

“You will stand down…” The ancient, faceless priest rasped.

Somehow the audience fell even quieter. It was as if the air itself froze in time and space as the wizened priest stood up from his chair and stomped down towards the altar.

“I swore I would protect him.” Zen replied defiantly.

“And you will.” The grey priest replied.

Zen was taken aback. It wasn’t that the priest was menacing… far from it. He sounded almost amiable. It was as if he found Zen’s defiant attitude enjoyable and even endearing.

“Yes… I see now why you were chosen. You’ll make a great Praetor.” The old priest mused aloud as he placed his hands on the box from earlier. Zen watched intently as the ancient priest opened another compartment on the side of the boy. The seal of the royal guard folded away to reveal another, more ornate emblem emblazoned on the side.

Those who were close enough to actually see the emblem turned to whoever was nearby and started muttering amongst themselves. They had seen this seal before, or rather, they had seen a close facsimile of it. It looked much like the emblem of the ruling council, but crude X that made up the council’s emblem was replaced with an ornate set of wings. There had long been rumors of an older emblem that predated the council’s seal, but no one had seen it in centuries and even the records of it had been erased from history. Everyone was wondering if this could be it, and if this was the ancient emblem then what did that mean for Sid?

The faceless priest strode over towards Sid and gestured over to the altar. “Please. Have a seat.” He said gently.

Sid was still shaking like a leaf, but at least it didn’t look like he was going to be shrunken down into an imp in the immediate future, and it seemed the best way to ensure that that didn’t happen was to play along so he did just that. He obeyed the priest’s suggestion and hopped up onto the stone altar. The smooth stone felt cold against his exposed ass which did nothing to alleviate his shivers.

As the priest stepped forward and stood directly in front of Sid, Sid became aware of something different. The gemstone atop his staff was glowing! It wasn’t like it was with Vin. The gemstone atop the ancient priest’s staff was emitting a brilliant green light. Even just seeing the warm light put Sid at ease. He steadily began to relax, and as he did so he became aware of more changes that he had missed before. The priest’s staff was no longer the warped, sinister hunk of rotting wood it had been before. Sid could see small sprouts of fresh vegetation cropping up along the staff.

“Here. Put this on.” The priest said gently. It wasn’t so much a command as it was a suggestion. It was almost as if he was offering Sid a gift. Sid nervously held out his hand and waited for whatever it was the priest had to give him. He was surprised when he saw the circular medallion and the platinum chain that it was attached to. The medallion bore the same strange emblem that he had seen on the box.

Sid glanced nervously over at his pal as if pleading for Zen to give him some advice. Zen merely nodded silently. He was as confused as Sid was, but for the time being it seemed best to keep doing as the priest asked.

Sid swallowed in an attempt to clear the lump that had formed in his throat, but it didn’t help much. He was so nervous he could barely keep his fingers steady. He almost dropped the medallion more than once as he tried to put it over his neck.

The chain was the perfect size for him. It slipped neatly over his head and rested comfortably around his neck, and the medallion itself rested directly against his chest. The fit was so perfect that it was almost surreal. Sid glanced down and marveled at the small, circular piece of jewelry. It just felt right.

He gasped as he saw the small gem in the center light up. It glowed with the same brilliant green as the priest’s staff. The glowing light spread outwards until the wings on the medallion sparkled with emerald light.

It was then that Sid first felt something was wrong. Something was different. He could feel his body changing. It didn’t feel bad per se, but it certainly didn’t feel good. It felt as if he was being re-written from the inside out. He could feel his body adjusting and shifting. His bones moved. His muscles shifted. His shoulders felt like they were about to pop clean out of his body, and there were these two odd lumps forming on his back. He wanted it to end, but he wasn’t ready for what he would become when it was over. He glanced pleadingly over at his best bud. He figured if anyone could help him it would be Zen.

“What are you doing to him?” Zen asked the priest. His voice was even and metered. He was polite enough so that the priest would not have reason to be upset with him, but he had just enough force behind his words to make it clear that it was in the old priest’s best interest to answer him.

“Consider this another trial.” The priest said dismissively.

“What if he fails it?” Zen asked.

The priest shrugged in reply and said, “That would have been a pity, but it’s best not to dwell on what might have been. Look.” He then pointed over to Sid who was now sitting bolt upright atop the altar. He had a look of shock on his face that was slowly giving way to relief.

Sid had been holding his breath for the entire process. When he finally felt the changes begin to subside he let out a long, relieved sigh. Right as the breath left his lungs, the two lumps on his back cracked open, and his new wings began to unfurl like sails in the wind. The sheer, emerald material billowed out behind him and slowly began to take form. By the time they had fully formed Sid’s diaphanous Papillion wingspan was easily five times as wide as his shoulders, and his wings were over twice as tall as he was. Two long, ribbon-like tails flowed from the bottom of his wings. Attached to the bottom of either tail was a sparkling green gemstone that was every bit as resplendent as the one glowing atop the priest’s staff.

“What happened? What am I looking at?” Zen asked the priest.

“That…” The priest replied with a pleased chuckle. “That is a Monarch. The first one we’ve seen in over a thousand years.”

“So… what now?” Sid asked.

“Now… you receive your gems.” The priest replied.

Sid glanced down at the pendant around his neck and then back up to the priest. “You mean this wasn’t it?” He asked as he held up the pendant he was referring to.

“Just one stone wouldn’t do for a Monarch, and that medallion you wear is the royal seal.” The ancient priest explained. He then reached into his robe and pulled forth a handful of small, platinum rods and a platinum ring.

“These…” The priest explained dramatically. “These are your personal gems.”

“Woaahh…” Sid murmured as he stared at the array of jewelry. The ring itself was very similar to the one Zen had had implanted into the tip of his cock. Even just the thought of having matching rings with his best bud got him excited, but he had never seen anything like the small rods before. He could only imagine what kind of effects they could have, and since it looked like he was no longer in danger of being turned into an imp, his mind was free to race with erotic ideas of just how huge and sexy he could grow to be.

It wasn’t long before his dick was fully boned. Sid could barely contain his excitement. His body trembled with anticipation. His rock hard stiffy shuddered with arousal. Beads of pre cascaded down his dick as the priest knelt down before him.

The wizened priest’s hands steadily drifted towards Sid’s cock. Cid was so excited that everything seemed to be moving in slow motion. He just wanted to shout at the ancient figure to hurry it up, but he knew better than to sass such an ancient and powerful sorcerer.

The priest slid the first rod through the front of Sid’s cock. Sid gasped in shock and sat bolt upright as he felt the narrow metal bar slide into the soft underside of his rigid dick. It didn’t hurt – quite the contrary. He felt a small bit of pressure as the rod broke the skin, but for the most part it just tickled. He could feel the bar slowly sliding through his dick. He could feel the metal grazing past the puffy ridge on the underside of his cock.

He soon felt the gentle nudging of the rounded tip of the bar poking against his exposed flesh and knew that the first bar was all the way in. The priest then placed a similar sphere on the other side of the bar effectively sealing it in place.

The process continued again and again. The priest slid a third, a fourth, and even a fifth rod into the underside of Sid’s rigid, shuddering cock. Sid was so excited that he felt like he could burst at any moment, but the suspense was killing him. Despite all the jewelry he now had adorning his dick, he hadn’t seen a single inch of change.

The priest raised the ring up high. Sid tensed up. He knew this was it – the final piece. Once this was in place he would take his true form. He was as excited as he was nervous. There was no telling how he’d look when it was done. He wasn’t even sure he’d see much change at all. He didn’t necessarily want to be as big and bulky as one of the workers, but he knew he was tired of being so small.

The priest slowly and methodically placed the ring against the soft, spongy flesh of Sid’s flared up cockhead. Just as it had with Zen, the metal band sunk into his flesh. Sid watched intently as the ring slowly sifted into place. It wasn’t long where the black gemstone on the tip of the platinum band poked out directly above the slit of his cock. The thin, sparkling metal band looped back around and then sunk into the underside of his cock directly before the lower ridge of his cockhead.

Nothing happened at first. For a brief moment Sid was sure it was another dud, but what did that mean? He was already a Monarch. Could he really fail his trial at this late of a stage?

Then Sid noticed a small glimmer. He was so fixated on the ring that he had forgotten to even look at the bars. The lower rung on his Jacob’s Ladder began to glow with a dazzling green hue. Then the next rung lit up as well… followed by the next… and the next… Finally the top rung lit up, and the gemstone atop his ring began to steadily stir to life.

Sid was so excited that he was leaking pre like a faucet. The beads of clear liquid rolled across the gemstone atop his cock, washed over the narrow, platinum band, cascaded down his cock – zigzagging across the parallel ridges of the consecutive bars which were buried just below the surface of his cock as they did so, and finally oozed over his balls and pooled on the cool, stone altar directly below him.

Sid could feel the changes welling up inside of him. He didn’t feel anything in his body or his muscles, but he wasn’t too worried about that. He could feel the unbridled energy coursing through his cock and balls. He stared on with a look of manic glee plastered across his face as he watched his once small cock steadily creep up in size. The changes were slight at first; just a few inches in length; a little bit of thickness; his balls grew from the size of ping pong balls to the size of avocado hearts, but the changed soon ramped up. The inches rapidly turned to feet.

His cock soon reached a foot long. The tip of his dick reached all the way up past his belly button. The shaft was every bit as thick as his wrist. His once small balls grew to the size of chicken eggs, but that was not the end of his changes. His cock continued to grow and grow, and his piercings swelled right alongside his growing dick.

Soon the tip of his dick stood at eye level. He stared in awe as he sat face to face with his own cock. The pre-oozing slit was as long as his own currently agape mouth. His thick dick was as wide across as his shoulder and far, far thicker around than his lean, slender torso. His nuts had reached the size of beach balls, and still his growing showed no signs of slowing.

It wasn’t long before his towering cock was so huge, so thick that he could no longer straddle it. The girth was simply too huge for him to spread his legs far enough. He quickly pulled his knees in close to his chest and watched on in awe as his cock continued to surge up in size.

It had already outstripped even Zen’s own cock in terms of size. Sid’s towering boner stood well over ten feet tall. It was easily twice as tall as he was, and far thicker around. The thick, meaty cock was as wide as a set of double doors. His balls had already reached the size of sofas, and still there was no end in sight.

Up and up his cock surged. Out and out his balls swelled. Sid soon realized that he was no longer seated atop the altar. His nuts had grown so large that they lifted his small, slender figure off of his perch. Sid stared down at the ground as he watched the ceremonial grounds grow ever further away. From his perch atop his swelling balls he could see for miles. He could even see past the outer walls of the ceremonial grounds.

When he had first visited the grounds, he never understood why it was so far removed from civilization. There was nothing within the walls save for one lone ziggurat and a small altar at the base of it. Empty fields spread on for miles and miles in every direction. Towering walls surrounded these fields. The walls were so high that not even Zen at his new towering size could have peered over them, but now Sid was higher than those walls while perched atop his own growing nuts. His balls had already exceeded the size of average houses and were closing in on the size of mansions. His cock towered hundreds of feet into the air.

Sid was so overcome by the rush of growth and the amazing pleasure that coursed through his cock and balls that he hardly noticed the other sensations against his exposed nutsack. It almost felt like he had ants crawling all over his balls. He soon found out that that wasn’t too far from the truth.

The first person to come into view was Sid’s best friend, Zen. Zen had the faceless priest perched atop his shoulders and Sin and Rah clinging to his back. He had scaled the sides of Sid’s ever-growing nuts while carrying all three of the priests. One of Vin’s former lackeys had helped carry Sol, the fourth and final priest up and out of the way of the expanding wall of ball flesh that had rolled over the ziggurat and the surrounding ceremonial grounds.

Slowly more and more of the graduating class and the attendants came into view. Soon everyone who had attended the ceremony was gathered atop just one of Sid’s swelling nuts. His balls were so huge that there was far more room than they all needed to be able to spread out, and he was still growing.

By the time his growth had tapered off, the walls of the ceremonial grounds pressed against his nuts on all sides. The walls were easily hundreds of feet high, but his monolithic nuts were so massive that they even spilled over the top of the towering walls.

Sid stared at his cock in awe. His dick was like a solid wall of flesh that stood before him. He glanced left and right and tried to see the edges of his dick, but his cock seemed to stretch on to infinity. It wasn’t until he looked up that he could see the shape of his titanic cock slowly coming into focus.

His dick was now so massive that only the lowest rung of his glowing green ladder was still beneath the clouds. His colossal, glowing jewelry shone so bright that it made the very sky itself shine a brilliant green.

Somewhere far above the skyline, up in the outer rim of the planet’s atmosphere, the colossal crystal atop Sid’s cock shone like a second, dazzling green sun in the sky. The gleaming beacon could be seen across much of the planet. Even neighboring colonies could see it sparkling in the night sky.

Sid slowly began to catch his breath, but it was but a brief respite. He soon began to feel something new welling up inside of him. He could feel bristling energy surging from his nuts up into his body and out through his back. There was no way for him to turn around and witness the effects firsthand, but he knew instinctively what was happening… His wings were growing and at a surprising rate.

Soon his wings blotted out the entire skyline. The shimmering, green appendages flowed like billowed like banners in the afternoon sky. Sid’s entire body felt light as a feather. He felt like he could just float away at any second. He couldn’t help himself. Even though he had hundreds of passengers along for the ride, he had to try it out.

He flapped his colossal wings. The gust of wind blew across the plains with the force of a typhoon, and his body ever so slightly rose up. Sid was too amazed to stop at just that. He had to test his limits. He had to see if he could really fly.

He pumps his wings again and again. With each flap of his massive wings, he rose ever further from the ground. Soon even his mountain size nuts began to lift from the ground. Sid was ecstatic. Despite the immense size of his nuts he could traverse the whole world if he wanted to. He could soar through the skies atop his flying fortress of phallus, his floating continent of cock, but for the time being he was satisfied. He slowly coasted to a landing right back where he had lifted off from. The ground beneath him trembled as his colossal balls made landfall beneath him. Once the trembling stopped and once the spunk pent up in his massive balls stopped sloshing, the four high priests made their way forward and all knelt down before their new ruler.

Sid was suddenly feeling very awkward. “Um… what do I do now…?” Sid asked nervously.

“That is up to you. It is your right to rule if you so choose it.” The faceless priest explained.

“Alone…?” Sid asked.

“No. Not alone. You have your Praetor. He will serve as your personal guardian and closest advisor, and should you need anything of us, we will do whatever we can to assist you.” The ancient priest said.

Sid was excited to say the least, but not because he was now de facto ruler of the planet. He wasn’t sure he was ready for that kind of responsibility, but this meant that he never had to part with his best pal. Zen would be by his side for eons to come.

“I… don’t know if I’m ready for that. Can I just start with a few simple commands?” Sid asked.

“If that is what you wish. What would you have us do?” Sol asked.

“It’s Vin… Is there any way you can undo what was done to him?” Sid asked.

Sin shrugged. Rah shook his head. Sol merely bowed his head silently. The nameless, faceless priest was the only one to speak up. “What you ask is beyond our power.” He explained. “It is the will of the crystals. Only they have the power to undo what was done.”

“Oh…” Sid murmured dejectedly.

The priest could tell that their new leader was distraught. “…but….” He began to say. Sid perked up instantly and listened intently to what the wizened, grey priest had to say.

“But it is possible… in a future ascension that he could be judged anew. Maybe in a year or two he will be ready to join the castes.” The priest explained.

“Really?” Sid asked excitedly. “Then… bring him here. I’ll look after him. I’ll see that no harm befalls him before the next ceremony.” He said.

The priest nodded and then gestured for one of the acolytes to come forward. The young trainee stepped forward with the small cage still in hand. He had not had time to go anywhere before Sid’s growth had caused his balls to envelope the countryside and was camped out with the rest of the ceremony attendees.

Sid gingerly grabbed the cage and held it in his hands. He stared down and marveled at what had become of his former bully. “You’re safe.” Sid said softly. Vin seemed to relax ever so slightly at even the mere words.

Vin was so tiny that Sid could hold him in the palms of his hands, but even so, Sid’s shrinkage was nothing compared to the changes that had befallen Zen or even Sid himself. Sid now had the population of an entire town now camped out atop his mountainous nuts and had a cock that pierced the heavens. There was no doubt in his mind that life was going to be interesting going forward. Sid wasn’t sure he was ready to protect someone else’s life let alone lead an empire, but he had his best friend by his side. He was sure he could manage.