

Neither Spikes nor Tim were convinced that the plan was going to work, but it was either that or do absolutely nothing for the rest of the day, so they both powered through a not-insignificant amount of trepidation and apprehension, quite odd for two people that had told themselves nothing would happen, and turned the modified Digivice back on. Amazingly, it *didn't* immediately catch on fire, a surefire sign that, if nothing else, it was at least sturdier than the previous attempts. It didn't actually turn *on* at all, but considering what had been happening until then, this was a genuine improvement.

“No, no, I got this,” the lynx mumbled before the Rena could say anything, “just gotta... gimme a second...”

Fiddling with the device for about five minutes, the feline eventually gave up completely. As much as he tried, there was simply nothing there for him to interact with, his attempts at modifying the actual hardware apparently having bricked the whole thing. His irritation reached a peak when he *did* manage to get the screen to flicker, only for it to bluescreen almost immediately afterwards; was it any surprise, then, that the cat immediately threw the thing at the ground?

Perhaps not. What *was* surprising was how such a destructive act, rather than ending in a pile of disjointed wiring and circuit boards, instead produced an immediate effect on *Spikes*, whose body flickered in and out of existence for a few brief moments before settling back in, the Renamon looking at himself with an alarmed look on his face. The Digivice, despite having looked to be entirely broken, turned on without any sort of input, the words “*DATA DOWNLOAD INITIATED*” displayed on the tiny monitor. Almost immediately after this took place, Spikes doubled over and clutched at his stomach, groaning loudly enough for Tim to flinch and take a few steps back; did they just do something wrong? Had they stepped over an invisible line? Their roommate-cum-occasional lover certainly seemed like they were going through some kind of... discomfort, to say the least, but this illusion was only maintained for as long as it took for him to look at his own arms.

Being too busy holding a stomach that seemed intent on making his life miserable, Spikes barely even noticed how his body had begun to change all around him. He failed to realize how *heavy* he suddenly felt, or how much his arms appeared to take a lot more effort to move around. It wasn't until he opened his eyes again and looked down that the Renamon understood why: what used to have been a couple of limp noodles were now suddenly rigid, rippling logs worthy of a career bodybuilder! It took him some time before the reality of it set in, at which point the growth spurt had already begun to spread to the rest of his body: first his shoulders, bulking up in order to let him even *hold* his arms there to begin with, heading down his torso and up his neck,

until he felt his upper body inflate like some kind of balloon... one that felt significantly weightier than air.

Tim, meanwhile, got to experience the full breadth of the transformation from his seat on the ground, having tripped over themselves before they could find anywhere else to sit. From down there, they had a front-row seat to the show, to Spikes slowly rising to his feet and straightening out his back, exposing his bulging pecs, his solidifying abs, his rippled physique and thickening legs. Every inch of that Renamon seemed to glisten with either sweat or something else, muscles building on muscles, height multiplying onto itself until he reached seven feet. Poor thing was so taken aback by what he was going through that he had to lean onto a table for support, only for it to shatter completely and have him collapse onto the floor, coughing and spluttering as his lungs failed to provide enough air for him. The lynx reacted the only way they could: rushing to the Digivice to try and turn it off.

Amazingly, it did just that, the bulking up stopping right afterwards. Spikes was still the same size, still gasping for breath, but after being given a few more minutes to rest and recuperate, he seemed to find some semblance of balance within himself. He sat back up, craning his neck backwards in an attempt to give his nose some room, what with his head now being significantly tinier compared to everything else on him. He'd gone from scrawny to something *beyond* strong, his whole body having become a sculpture of manhood unlike anything Tim or Spikes themselves had ever seen before. Usually, muscle-leaning hypers had a tendency to become nearly-grotesque masses of sinew and bulbous curvature, whereas the only word that came to the lynx's mind to describe their roomie was... tight. Years and years of dedicated, daily bodybuilding had been compressed into just a few seconds, leaving the Rena with the kind of body that made his partner want to splay themselves all over it and just trace its contours until they grew tired of it, assuming such a thing would ever happen. From the Renamon's broad, rock-hard pecs to his trunk-like legs and the bulging biceps on each arm, to say nothing of how his neck was starting to bulk up around his head, Spikes had become something akin to *irresistible*... and neither of them wanted to let such an opportunity go to waste.

Tim in particular was shaking all over when they grabbed the Digivice again, mostly thanks to their mind insisting they should be throwing themselves at that hunk of a Rena before anything happened to him. Spikes, meanwhile, was glad to just grope himself to make sure things were, in fact, completely real, leading to quite the embarrassing moment when the two's eyes met and they had to consider a few... things. A couple of hours and a bed later later, they were finally in the right headspace to discuss things more openly; namely, what to do with the device now that it was finally working.

Tim suggested slowing down the rate of data download so that Spikes' growth spurt could be made continuous, if glacial in pace; the Rena, for his part, much preferred the idea of using a compressor field to hide his true size. That way, he could grow as big as he wanted so long as he could keep most of that size hidden away in a dimensional pocket space. The lynx wasn't all that enthused about the idea of letting their partner run wild with that sort of growth... at least until Spikes brought both hands to their back and all-but rubbed the lynx's face all over one of his pecs. The resulting mess of a feline was too far gone in their own infinite ocean of lust and hyperactive libido to really do much of anything but moan and beg for more, which the Rena took as tacit acceptance of their compressor idea. The next day, the lynx was already hard at work messing with the electronics again; according to them, it'd be far better to build the pocket space controller into the Digivice itself, rather than rely on third-party items, thus giving them a much finer control over what kind of sizes Spikes could grow to *and* display to the world.

Besides, it also offered a way to deliberately mess with the numbers that made him up via retroactive continuity... whatever that meant.

Admittedly, it was a genuine disappointment to see the Renamon's body suddenly go back to what it used to be, with Spikes himself expressing no end of sadness for his gloriously bulky form being made to vanish into some pocket dimension. They both knew it was *there*, but it was hardly the same; without the ability to run their fingers through a set of pecs that could stop bullets or a six-pack that could grate cheese, it just... wasn't worth it. Thankfully, however, they wouldn't have to wait for a long time before the effects began to manifest themselves again; Spikes *was* still growing after all, and even if most of his true size was being hidden away by the compressor field, it wouldn't be a week before both roommates began to notice his body was beginning to take on familiar contours.

First came the arms, once more going from noodly to ripped, Spikes waking up every day to find that more muscle mass had developed along both of them and, later on, his legs. He'd use this as an opportunity to show off, especially when they were cleaning around the house, eventually getting to the point where he'd just pick up the couch and lift it over his head just to prove that he could, in the process further developing his already burgeoning musculature. The Rena's torso and back came right afterwards, solidifying and expanding as the solid center from which the rest of his body could exude raw power, his rock-hard pecs returning in full strength as his abs slowly came back into delectable definition. Barely a month had gone by and Spikes was already at the exact same size as he had been during the initial growth spurt; with the underlying knowledge that his *true* dimensions were significantly larger, and what they were both *seeing* was just a taste of what was to come.

Moving around the house became progressively harder as the days went by, enough that doors and doorframes became obstacles more than anything else; after a certain point, the Renamon just couldn't use them properly, having to squeeze his body through sideways, one limb at a time and with extreme care, lest he accidentally rip the whole damn thing off the wall it was built into. Even the latter wasn't safe; all it took was him tripping and outstretching his hand for a brand new hole to adorn the house's frame, sometimes packing enough kinetic energy to have his arm sink into the room on the other side! Their home was growing more and more inadequate by the hour, pockmarked with plenty of evidence that the Rena was simply too big to fit and exist within it... and yet neither of them did anything about that. Why would they, when it was a constant reminder of how great the experience was?

By the end of the second month, Tim had already given up even *trying* to do anything else, their life turned into little more than an endless series of ministrations paid unto their Rena hubby, their days spent worshipping his form in whatever way the lynx could think up. Be it through oil massages, rubbing, fur-combing, *anything* really if it meant they could get their hands on him. Spikes, in the meantime, was happy to encourage them to keep going, knowing that, at some point, something drastic was going to happen and the two would have to go through a paradigm shift; what that would *be* was still a mystery, but what he knew was that it was going to be *big*, as everything always was with the two of them. In the meantime, he delighted himself in slowly and entirely accidentally destroying their abode; he wasn't *trying* to wreck the upholstery or punch holes into the walls, but he couldn't avoid doing so either. His body was effectively out of his control when it came to pulling his punches, and what would've been a minor accident for anyone else inevitably turned into yet another repair bill they would never pay. This wasn't enough though; after a while, the Rena began to actively seek out ways to demonstrate how oversized he was, how the world around him could no longer contain him. Maybe he deliberately tripped over that thing on the ground, maybe he intentionally put more strength than he should when grabbing a drawer, who knew? Perhaps the worst instance of this behaviour was when he decided to sit down on the couch to watch TV; both of them knew that he was *far* too heavy to do that, and yet he did it anyway. The result: a sofa broken down the middle, stuffing and springs fully exposed, and a sheepish-looking Rena pretending to be sorry about it while his lynx lover ignored the whole thing and kept on massaging his chest.

Things carried on like that for what felt like weeks. Days blended into one another until they stopped making any chronological sense whatsoever, their snuggle sessions lasting for so long that they had the opportunity to ignore how hungry they were feeling before inevitably gorging themselves on whatever was at hand. The house was progressively more wrecked by their careless approach to the Rena's growth, their environs turned into an increasingly pulverized pile of sawdust and bits of cotton. Soon, the whole house was gone, reduced to rubble, with the two of them locked in an embrace that seemed to never end... at least until Spikes had an idea. It was

a terrible one, one that could very likely end in the two of them going somewhere they couldn't come back from, but it was an idea nonetheless.

Tim's body was... special. Unique. Though the lynx hadn't tapped into those powers in a while, courtesy of having their own toy to play with, they too were malleable by nature, and far more capable of changing their shape at will without abusing data downloading programs. What was more, as the two had already felt several times before, their bodily fluids had a way of "sharing the love," per se, enough that even before bulking up via Digivice, the Rena had already felt his body turning into a thing of *literally* massive beauty. Therefore, it was only natural that he would gently request his lover do the same thing all over again, but in a way that would better fit his new reality. It began with a few suggestions here and there, whispered in a way that wouldn't alarm the lynx too much, before they escalated into outright out-loud musing and, eventually, a request. It was designed to keep the feline from panicking; even in their near-insensate state, they knew that such a thing would be *dangerous* at best, downright idiotically suicidal at worst. But after such a long exposure to the Renamon's growing form, after their mind's defenses were battered so hard, they couldn't resist it anymore.

The last day their house existed, Tim went off to buy a blender and a few more ingredients, before locking themselves in the kitchen. When they emerged from it, the cup they were carrying in their hands was filled with a thick, white-ish liquid, thick as all could be and smelling vaguely of vanilla somehow. They insisted that it was a "protein shake", and the Rena firmly believed them; there was no doubt there was a lot of protein in there, judging by its syrupy consistency, and it was certainly a shake.

Better to down it all and see what happened.