

No one quite remembered just when or how things had gone wrong, only that, in one moment, everything was perfectly fine, and in the next reality itself seemed to implode as the entire structure of the multiverse came crashing down on itself. Some claimed that the top gods (or top *god*, as the case may be) had finally gotten tired of curating their realms, while others still swore up and down that what happened was just part of the natural cycle of existence, and they just happened to be unlucky enough to go through the worst bits. Whatever the case may be, the fact of the matter was that the surviving pockets where things could *be* were radically altered as a result of the collapse, and with contact between individual universes either cut or severely restricted, each cosmos was left to stick out for themselves; it certainly didn't help that travel *within* each reality was also made all-but impossible thanks to the enormous amount of dimensional disturbances, effectively leaving every world to fend for itself when before they could rely on a multiversal supply chain that no one thought could physically be disrupted. One of the oddest alterations to the underlying fabric of existence, however, was that physicality in general became... different. One could be forgiven for thinking that whatever god exploded in the great beyond happened to be one of fertility, since while the vast majority of *things* in general remained unaltered, organic bodies for sentient creatures underwent a colossal transformation, and quite literally at that; there *used* to be something akin to an average when it came to bodily proportions, with it being possible to determine what was "small" and what was "large". Very occasionally, someone would be born with the right genetic sequence to unlock some sort of extreme propensity for immense proportions, with the general belief being that it had *something* to do with how their multiversal cluster had been created by a deity in a moment of sexual gratification; whatever the case may be, this belief turned into nothing short of a *certainty* when, after the great collapse, thoughts of averages or decency went straight down the drain, when everyone, quite literally *everyone* alive was turned into a significantly larger version of themselves. Everything, from busts multiplying in size, to packages that grew more numerous and productive, linked together with cocks large enough to crush large trucks, along with a general increase in overall size, meant that the smallest people around were still larger than what "hypers" had been back before the multiverse had its little oopsie. Trying to explain this was all-but impossible, at least until the gods themselves bothered to show up and actually provide some much-needed clarification on what had even happened, so most folk simply moved on with their lives and did their best to adapt to their new state; it wasn't easy, especially with how the disparity between "normal" individuals and plus-sized ones was still there, only exacerbated further by how the baseline had shifted so much. If hypers used to just be large enough to get stuck in doors, now they were walking disaster areas waiting to happen, barely holding onto their own bodies through a combination of willpower, compression equipment, and a great heaping dose of sexual relief at several points in the day. It wasn't enough for them to just live their lives normally; they *had* to be fully drained and serviced at just about any time they wanted, or else the consequences would be catastrophic on a very, *very* large scale. And if that wasn't enough, the instability caused by the multiverse collapsing caused a new phenomenon to rear its ugly head: they were mostly called "rifts", or variations thereof, and were localized spatiotemporal

distortions that appeared without warning, absent any explanation, and refused to go away until someone dove into them and cleared out whatever was maintaining it from the inside. It made little sense that these tears in spacetime always led into some kind of dungeon complex, not unlike what one might find in an adventure game; perhaps the entity (or, heavens forfend, entities) responsible for them were just trying to have fun with their new playthings, poking and prodding at the lowly mortals they were tormenting in order to derive as much sick pleasure out of it as possible... or, perhaps, the god or gods responsible for the multiversal collapse had made such a mess of things that the whole thing had turned into one huge series of narrative tropes turned inside out and upside down, with the very story that made up their meta-existence altered to better fit the framework created with the post-apocalyptic setting they found themselves in. Regardless of what the reason may be, however, *something* clearly had to be done, seeing as the rifts weren't going anywhere unless someone went in, cleared the dungeon within, then closed the whole thing for good; and in one particular case, in one particular world, the answer came in a rather unorthodox form. While each individual planet had to take care of their problems in their own, unique way, for the one watched over by what remained of that universe's divine bureaucracy, the answer was simple: assembling the best and the brightest folk around, then organizing them in strike teams to tackle as many rifts as possible. It took a *while* before the various Legendaries, reeling from the trauma of being disconnected from their meta-universal progenitors, to get their shit together for long enough to devise a plan of action, but as soon as they managed, as soon as they focused their intellects towards assembling a group of experts who could handle the rifts as "boots on the ground", so to speak, the tides began turning almost immediately. Granted, the problem turned out to be somewhat less catastrophic than initially assumed, given that with larger forms came larger powers, turning what *should* have been a challenge into a cakewalk most of the time, but at least there was *order*, and from order could come progress. That is, until one trio in particular walked into the scene, under the auspices of a Mewtwo goddess in charge of one of the world's regions; while initially the idea of sending the most powerful of her demi-god sons down onto the world itself to participate in the rift-delving project was far too much for her to even consider, the deity eventually came around to it once the Espeon, having decided that regular methods wouldn't work, set about reminding his mother just what sort of "opportunities" were waiting for him down below. After all, he had been quite blessed by his divine heritage; even within the realm of the excessive, his was a form that would stand out in any crowd, given that, even at his absolute smallest, he was still *ludicrously* huge... below the waist, that is. He might only be ten feet tall, and his upper body might be entirely unremarkable, but if ever there was someone who could be called pear-shaped, it was him: the ass he sported was large enough to compete with just about anyone, really, and if he didn't get it stuck in doors, it was only because he had smashed straight through them. One could easily sink half of their arm into each cheek and still find enough pudge to keep going, inviting those who were braver than most to approach him, enabling the Espeon to deliver his true prize; for despite the fact that his ass was as massive as it was, it still only ranked third behind the *other two* immense weight that Harris had down below: those being his two nuts and that colossal pillar of

meat he called a dick. The latter was, by all accounts, absurd in size: even when fully flaccid, the Espeon could still pick it up and pull it towards himself, using it as a full-sized body pillow; though it may be entirely soft, it was still as big as he was, leaving no room for the imagination when it came to picturing what it would be like when pumped full of blood. His nuts, too, were so gargantuan in comparison with the rest of his frame that it was a wonder he could even walk properly at all; unbeknownst to most, the Espeon *did* have to resort to his divine heritage in order to make it easier to move without going through a climax with each step. All in all, however, a set of blessings that made it clear to any watching that the demi-god *fucked*, and would happily throw himself at whoever asked him to, several times in a row, unending, bottomless, until he was asked for mercy by someone who clearly was in way over their head. And that was exactly what he reminded his mom: that down below, in the lands wracked by dimensional disturbances, was a literal world of opportunities for her to watch as her son plowed his way through the planet, fixing rifts by day and ruining beds by night, among other, even more crass and disturbingly scandalous claims. Even worse was how the Mewtwo goddess herself eventually caved in and join in with the fun, with the two deities going out of their way to make their intentions fully clear to one another on a daily basis until, at long last, Harris' mom relented and let him join up with the project... on the condition that *she* get to pick who was on his team. Beside himself with glee, the Espeon fully agreed without even thinking of what that truly meant, only to then later on be met with the consequences of his actions, in the form of his first teammate: an Alakazam who was even *bigger* than he was. Height and package only though; Harris was still the undisputed king when it came to ass size, which was perfectly fine as far as he cared, since he could finally put his cheeks to good use hotdogging a cock large enough to actually service him properly; [given the sheer gargantuan girth of those things, each one being of sufficient width that Harris could feel the ground even while standing up fully, that was certainly saying something](#). That this was the first thing he told Lee, the Alakazam he was meant to *work with*, set them off on a rather unorthodox business relationship, but for his part, Lee himself took the comment in stride; it wasn't every day that he himself got to meet someone who was his equal in terms of raw size (even if not intellect), and besides, he *had* been looking for new and novel ways to unwind in between assignments, ever since his latest team was disbanded following an unfortunate string of injuries that sent most of them to the recovery ward for several months. With nothing better to do, Lee, though he was thoroughly stunned after being approached by a literal goddess, agreed to act as the "retainer" for the Mewtwo's progeny, thinking he was about to meet some sheltered divine aristocrat, rather than the rambunctiously raunchy Espeon that went out of their way to start being as lewd as possible right out the gate. Together, the two of them would make a fine team indeed; with Harris' connection to the gods and Lee's immense analytical skills, they could easily delve into any rift dungeon and face any challenge it might throw at them. [Indeed, they would very quickly form a much deeper relationship that bordered on the downright romantic, creating for themselves a dynamic that appeared unbreakable...](#) if not for the third person assigned to their team. This one wasn't given to them by the Mewtwo goddess, but rather another member of the surviving celestial hierarchy,

who saw in Lee and Harris an opportunity to kill two birds with one stone. At first glance, the Growlithe was... well, she was frankly far too big, to be fair. Even without getting into all the additional details that made her into a problem that even the gods couldn't contain, Mina was *huge*, topping out at about thirty-five feet in height (but never lower than thirty; how exactly her height *varied* on an hour-to-hour basis was never really explained) and possessed of curves that most people would *kill* for. A bust large enough to cover her entire upper body *and* spill over several feet on each side of their torso (with some generous coverage of her legs as well), going down to a plump bottom that, while still *not* as large as the Espeon's in proportion, was definitely so in absolute terms, leaving Harris ever-so-slightly envious of it; to wrap it up, her form was adorned in musculature so perfectly defined, so well-sculpted and amazingly shaped, that just from *glancing* at Mina, anyone could tell she'd be capable of bending whatever theoretically strongest alloy there could ever exist without even realizing she was doing so. Of course, such a body required ample nourishment in order to be maintained, and given the level of power she had access to, this translated into Mina needing to consume several hundred times her body weight in food every single *meal*, which eventually led to most of the region's supply chain being repurposed to feed her exclusively, given the nutritional requirements she had hanging over her. Thankfully, her ample bosom produced enough milk to substitute all of this food, and then some, and though a switch to an all-milk diet was extremely taxing at first, the populace eventually grew to appreciate it, given that it caused residual growth over medium-to-long periods of time, almost as if Mina was so large that she had to share her very size with others. Add to all this a myriad of additional capabilities that bordered on the ludicrous, and it was clear why that interloping god decided to throw her in with the newly-formed Harris-Lee team: not only was the Growlithe *extremely* fast, to the point of being able to break the speed of light just via a casual stroll, but her intellect *eclipsed* that of Lee's, who fancied himself the second-smartest Pokémon in his region (and for good reason, given Mina's existence). In many ways, she didn't really *need* a team; not only was she more than capable of effectively closing every rift for hundreds of miles around without even breaking a sweat, and all of them near-simultaneously as well, but she could do so while taking time off to help fix whatever random problems the populace had been having that day, all without anyone even noticing she had been there to begin with. This caused plentiful headaches for the celestial hierarchy, who were desperate to come up with an explanation as to why this Growlithe, who hadn't even *evolved* yet, could surpass *them* in terms of sheer power when they weren't even a demi-goddess, let alone a full deity. It was their hope, and eventually the Mewtwo's as well, that Harris and Lee would serve as "anchors" of sorts, keeping Mina under control, operating within strict guidelines, and, most importantly, *away* from any Fire Stones that might possibly get near her. Not that anyone thought Mina would abuse the inevitable surge of power, but their world was already battered enough, and certainly didn't need a giantess ascending to hyper-godhood to add to their extensive list of troubles. This was, of course, a complete waste of time on the celestial hierarchy's part, because the last thing on Mina's mind was to do something as silly as go on a growth rampage; that would be *extremely* rude of her without making sure everyone was

perfectly fine with it first! Besides, as much as the gods “above” her liked to think otherwise, they weren’t exactly in a position where they could enforce any demands; the Growlithe was fast enough that she *could* feasibly just run around the planet and collect every Fire Stone in existence in under ten minutes or so if she *truly* wanted it, and there wasn’t anything anyone could do to stop her. That she hadn’t yet evolved into an Arcanine was *her* choice, no one else’s, but Mina being Mina, she decided to let everyone think they had a lot more agency than they did; not out of a desire for subterfuge, but mostly because it made them more comfortable, and that was all that mattered in the end. So it was that the three of them were grouped together and informed they would be handling rift missions going forward, with Lee and Harris being surreptitiously informed that their *real* job was to accompany Mina and make sure she didn’t get her hands on a Fire Stone. The Mewtwo goddess, for all that she was more than happy to joke around with Harris in ways that would be seen as downright scandalous by most regular-thinking folk, was utterly *terrified* of the idea of what might happen should the Growlithe evolve; thus, while she was content to let the most grandiose of her progeny go around acting the hero, she made sure to remind him that he was still of divine lineage, and being so, part of his role was to ensure the stability of the world around him. Sometimes this meant doing nothing and letting mortals go about resolving their own issues; others, it required direct intervention, sometimes even the kind that would let the Espeon sit on someone to remind them of how comfy his ass was. And, very rarely, the job entailed holding a leash and hoping to the heavens above that the beast at the end of it didn’t tug too harshly. Of course, Harris refused to see it as such; having *met* Mina, he was reasonably certain she wouldn’t do something as stupid as take a Fire Stone unprompted... though not *entirely* sure, which left enough of a twinge of doubt that he occasionally found himself glancing sideways at the Growlithe whenever the two of them were in the same room together. How exactly Lee managed to avoid doing this was anyone’s guess; the Alakazam was surprisingly well-adjusted for someone who was consistently shown up in whatever he tried doing by someone who wasn’t even *trying*, with him being suspiciously fine with the notion of merely being second-best to Mina in just about anything and everything. When questioned, Lee would stare back at Harris quizzically, as if the notion that he should be envious was so absurd that he didn’t even process it properly; as the man put it, surpassing Mina was something even the *gods* failed to do, and as much as he was a fifteen-foot behemoth of a beef monster possessed of extraordinary psychic abilities, he *was* still a mortal. If the divine beings who watched over them failed to contain Mina, what hope did *he* have? Besides, the Growlithe herself was nothing if not the physical incarnation of friendless and altruism; more than once, Lee found himself struggling with some random domestic task, only to blink and find it complete, along with a note with Mina’s handwriting on it telling him “that one was on the house”. He’d grown accustomed to it, and as he told the Espeon, so too should them; much as Harris was vastly more powerful than their own progenitress, Mina was equally above *them* on the power ladder as well, so trying to compete would just end in misery. Plus, the Growlithe didn’t *want* to compete; she was there because she wanted to help people, not get involved in metaphorical pissing contests, so no, he wasn’t envious of her; if anything, Lee *aspired* to be like

Mina, since heavens above knew that the amount of self-control the giantess had to have in order to avoid abusing their powers was far and away much higher than anything the Alakazam himself had. Hell, he was thinking that *while* Harris was getting busy wrapping their whole body around his cock, with the beefy giant having once more failed to say no when the demigod presented their ass and forced him to full mast; honestly, if that was what their life was going to be together... well, the Alakazam would've liked to finish that thought, but it would've been a damnable lie; he wouldn't trade Harris for anything else in the world. Nevertheless, they *did* still have a job to do, and though it took a long while before a sufficiently dangerous rift opened that it justified calling the trio up, they'd eventually be summoned to handle one of the biggest tears ever recorded; fittingly, it had opened in one of the most nondescript places possible: a seemingly random house in the suburbs of the capital city under the Mewtwo's coverage. There was absolutely nothing about it that would justify what happened to the interior; the poor owner just showed up one day after work, opened the front door, and suddenly found themselves staring at a colossal active volcano, far larger than anything on their world. They even tried closing and reopening the door on the off-chance that they had just imagined it, but it was no use; no matter how many times they slammed it shut and pulled it back, whenever they peeked inside all they saw was rock, brimstone, and copious amounts of magma. Given the presence of "active hostile entities", as central command liked to call them, within the rift itself, preliminary scouting placed the danger level of the dimensional disturbance so high that they literally had no classification for it other than appending several plus signs to the highest one they *did* have. Just the kind of challenge for those three, really, and indeed a fine way of ascertaining whether or not they could properly work as a team, or if their ability to coordinate would die faster than any pair of pants Harris tried putting on. The Espeon himself made sure to teleport himself and Lee to the very front of the house, it being far too dangerous, even for him, to try and breach the rift directly by using his own psychic powers; naturally, Mina was already there, leaning against the house and somehow not crushing it underneath her immense heft. At no point did the Espeon or Alakazam wonder how the Growlithe was supposed to fit through the opening; Mina had a near-supernatural ability to just *manage*, almost like her whole body was as malleable as molten rubber. It didn't matter if it was a regular, person-sized door or a literal keyhole, the Growlithe *somehow* always got inside wherever she wanted to be, which had been quite the surprise for the two lovers when they thought they were by their lonesome and were shocked to hear a horribly embarrassed gasp when Mina accidentally walked in on them doing unspeakable things to one another. As per usual, the Growlithe gave the two of them a nod before turning to face the door, and a blink later, she was gone; both Harris and Lee knew that, by the time they finished processing that fact, Mina was most likely already done with the assignment, but that didn't stop them from heading in anyway. It was what they found on the other side that set off multiple alarm bells in their head, as both of them felt it the moment they closed the door behind them: a *Fire Stone*. It made sense, seeing as they *were* at the base of a colossally oversized volcano spewing enough lava to cover entire cities, but at no point did either of them stop to think of the odds; now that they had, it was too late, as Mina will had most likely either stumbled onto the

evolution-inducing stone, or, more likely, deliberately sought it out herself. The two had a single moment to panic, where every stray thought that *could* go through their heads did so: the sizes Mina would reach, the power she would wield, how it would so thoroughly destabilize the pocket dimension they were in that it would most likely collapse, killing all of them instantly. They could see it now: the Growlithe's face, appearing on the other side of the volcano's rim as their body grew and grew and *grew* endlessly, radiant and resplendent, far too welcoming for its own good, while the two of them sat there powerless to even slow it down, let alone put a stop to it. But the moment was just that: a moment. As soon as it was over, who else would appear before them but Mina herself, just as big as she'd always been, sweating slightly thanks to the extra-strength workout she had just put herself through.

"Yeah, sorry about that, had to rescue everyone who got stuck," she stated matter-of-factly, swishing her tail to reveal dozens of people safely held within its soft floop, "could you believe there was a whole town of people here? Must've been taken from somewhere else when the rift opened, and why are you staring at me like that? Did I do something wrong? Oh heavens, did I forget someone oh gods above no I'll go right back I'm so sorry listen I-"

"No, no!" Harris cut through, interrupting the Growlithe's incoming ramble before it had a chance to truly start, "It's just..."

The Espeon looked to the side, where Lee was doing much the same to him. Could it be that Mina truly didn't know? She seemed confused enough by their reactions that it could be the case, but surely if the two of them felt the Fire Stone's presence, then the one person who could most benefit from it would have as well. Yet, despite this, there was always the remote chance that it wasn't the case, and that Harris, in attempting to explain himself, would only end up making things worse. But he *had* to say it; he'd started the sentence, and it wouldn't feel right to leave it hanging after that.

"Mina, there's a uh... there's a Fire St-"

"Oh, *that!*" the Growlithe immediately interjected, "Yeah, I figured I shouldn't touch it, no worries; had a bit of a chat with the big boys upstairs and they told me to hold off on taking one of those. I mean, I don't want to either, too much of a hassle, you know? Wait, is that why you look so worried? Did you honestly think I was gonna take the Fire Stone and use it?"

From the tone of her voice, Mina was mixing equal parts incredulity and glee, looking as if she was a single second away from breaking out into a fit of cackling. To her credit, she successfully held off on it, swallowing plenty of giggles before she carried on.

"I keep telling you that you don't need to worry about me, I'm *not* gonna go nuts. Now, if you'll excuse me, I need to go fix the rift so we can go back."

"Did you find out what's causing it?" Lee mused, figuring he might as well pretend like he was still doing something. In response, Mina nodded, taking the time to sprint to the front door's location in order to drop off all the people she rescued in between one breath and the next.

"Yeah, it's the lava," the Growlithe replied after arriving back at where Lee hadn't noticed she was even gone, "it's anomalous, and there's a *lot* of it; I took a dunk in it just to see how far it went, and I think we might have a planetary core down there, it's a big one."

“A... I’m sorry, what?” Harris interjected, unable to process what he’d just heard.

“Yeah, there’s a whole planet’s core worth of magma down there, so I’m gonna go fix it,” Mina replied, apparently not realizing the absurdity of what she was saying, “you guys get outside, this will only take a minute.

And with that, she was off. True to her word, the Growlithe didn’t wait before she dunked her head back into the lava pool down below, giving Harris and Lee a perfect view of what she intended to do to “fix” the rift: apparently gulp down the entirety of the anomalous magma. It was a ridiculous way to go about it, but no one was going to stop her, certainly not the two people entrusted to do so; *they* (correctly) deduced they were better off getting out of dodge as quickly as they could before the dimension collapsed as a result of its anchor point being swallowed like a cheap drink, just *barely* squeezing out the front door before they felt the first signs of the rift closing. And again, for a moment, they allowed themselves to panic, for surely Mina would never be able to survive something like that, even if she *was* the one to cause it; and a moment later, Mina was standing right next to them, the front door left open to reveal a perfectly ordinary house interior.

The Growlithe, meanwhile, was anything *but*. It took a moment before it registered, but Harris and Lee did eventually come to process that their partner was actually bigger than they had been just a few seconds prior; *much* bigger, in fact, nearing fifty feet in height and with a pair of breasts big enough to cover almost everything down to her unusually-oversized paws, which had similarly bwoompfed out to a point where they could easily stamp down on either of the two males with a single toe. With a delighted look on her face, Mina wiped the last few droplets of magma from her lips, before giving her belly a couple of pats and letting out a long, *extremely* hot sigh.

“It’s been a while since I’ve had a drink that large. That was fun! We should do that more often!”

She once more turned to face Harris and Lee, momentarily surprising herself with the difference in perspective. Somehow, she didn’t seem to find this important enough to note, especially given her tone when she spoke again was nothing if not conversational.

“Oh, sorry, guess I got carried away. You guys wanna go out for lunch to celebrate?”