

It was as close to a flawless plan as the dragoness could come up with, and the longer the camera crew took to set things up, the more impatient she got. She was already on borrowed time, seeing as she had no clue whether or not her gracious donator would change his mind for no discernible reason; sure, he might be charmed by her looks and the promises of growth, but who knew what might happen to knock them back into something resembling sense? Her own aura of arousal only went so far when she was busy trying to coordinate a crew of hundreds, especially when she occasionally forgot about the little guy stuck between her tits, at least until he said something and she remembered he was in there at all. All in all, a dreadfully stressful experience, but one that Auralia was certain would work out in the end, giving her everything she could've ever wanted and then some; not that she was lacking for anything, being a twenty-foot statuesque giantess of a durg with tits big enough to pin her down to the ground, but it was precisely this sort of body that left her desiring even *more*, even *greater* sizes. It was a greed that could never be quenched, nor ever truly sated, but by the heavens above, she was going to try, even if she knew the plan would fail. On its face, it was deceptively simple: seeing as she grew whenever she amassed more wealth for her hoard, the only thing the dragoness had to do was acquire even more wealth, thus resulting in a bigger, more luscious and curvaceous body. While beforehand she'd been content with simple, incremental steps, it eventually became apparent that diminishing returns were something she had to worry about; whereas at the start of her journey Auralia could feel her body growing with something as simple as a hundred-dollar bill, nowadays it took *millions* for her to even feel anything at all, let alone for her form to bloat outwards even more. And while it was undeniable that her being a growing goddess had helped significantly, there was only so much that could be done without contacting a marketing firm and getting her message out on more mainstream platforms; it was for this reason that she had struck a "deal", for lack of a better word, with the wealthy industrialist currently stuck inside of her cleavage: in return for a substantial donation on his part, she would helpfully provide her services for the sake of driving up sales! It was an absurd plan, because who would even care about whatever his factories produced when they could worship the very ground *she* walked on instead, but it was *a* plan, and thus it could be weaved into a narrative that was easy to sell to a man who was already head-over-heels for a dragoness they had absolutely no chances with; really, all it took were a couple of jiggles and the guy was ready to sign away their entire life savings if need be, and in fact had to be actively discouraged from doing so... though not for the reasons one might expect. Auralia's transformative nature *used* to be linked to the direct transfer of wealth: she would need to physically receive something of worth, and as a result, her body would thicken and grow, hence why she had an entire cave complex filled with goodies that she occasionally forgot she even owned at all. But, as her power grew in proportion to her body, so too did the limits on what constituted a "transfer" for the sake of her bloating curves; after a while, all that was needed was the sight of wealth, in whatever form it took, along with a promise that it would be given to her, and sooner still after that, merely the indication that the transfer would take place at all. It was a slow process to get started, but once it did, the accelerative nature of it took care of the rest; nowadays, all Auralia really needed was for someone to sign a piece of

paper committing to giving her a certain sum and it would immediately make her tits swell and her ass rise like dough, making it imperative that such a statement *not* be made until the cameras were rolling... after all, how was she supposed to get the vicious cycle going otherwise? The whole point of setting up that TV broadcast was to take advantage of the initial “donation” to start up a series of growth spurts that would, hopefully, encourage others to phone in and help to keep the dragoness growing; it was an old-school telethon really, with the idea being that, after a certain point, no one would actually need to use a television to be able to see her. As long as they knew that *promising* her all of their material wealth was as good as actually handing it over, then, as far as Auralia cared, her little ones could *keep* their coin inside whatever vault or asset they were assigned to; just as long as she got to experience the growth, the expansion, the endless downpour of mass that came with being a goddess of greed, then she didn’t really care about where the actual funds were. Such were the thoughts that kept her entertained while she tried her best to coordinate the film crew for the several hours it took to set up her outdoor arena, several hours where the dragoness had to contend with a bust that was, for lack of a better word, *hungry*; it was hard to explain, but the longer she went without some form of wealth being handed to her, the more her tits began to feel empty, just like they quite literally overflowed with golden goodness whenever she was being given what she wanted. It was a dangerously unstable equilibrium that her body was constantly trying to push towards one side in particular, and one that Auralia hoped to permanently tip as soon as the broadcast was live and the whole world was made privy to what sort of goddess they were going to be serving soon. When the countdown started, it felt as if she was struck by lightning, her whole body flinching when she heard someone shouting “One minute!” at the top of their voice. A frenzy of activity followed, doubly so when the lawyers were brought in and helped onto Auralia’s tits; the person who the money belonged to couldn’t be expected to make proper decisions, thus leaving the responsibility of transferring the sizeable amount of funds to the legal team, one that had spent the past month or so desperately trying to convince their boss that what they were doing was ridiculous and should be stopped before it went too far. Now though, now that they too were there in front of, and soon enough *on* the dragoness’ body, whatever resistance they might have had to the notion of signing off their wealthy seemed to vanish into the aether; hell, a couple of them even went so far as to promise to give her all of their own material possessions, which certainly served to make everyone on set worry when Auralia’s colossal mammaries rumbled all of a sudden, sloshing loudly as droplets of pure, molten gold began to emerge from her engorged teats. The legal team must’ve been well-paid, given how the dragoness’ bust began to bloat outwards at a rate worrying enough that she had to ask the crew to hurry it up, with the cameras nearly catching several of the backstage personnel who just barely managed to scurry away in time. By that point, there was no stopping the veritable freight train that was Auralia’s greed for growth; she barely even heard the announcer speak, rattling off all the necessary information so that everyone watching could know how best to contribute to the “growing goddess” that they were all seeing. For Auralia, there was only the sensation of fullness, the *filling* of her tits, the productivity of her milk factories kicking into high gear... and the knowledge that it wasn’t merely lactic cream she

was making in those things. It befitted a dragoness of her stature that she should instead produce something entirely different, perhaps the distilled essence of what made her grow in the first place: gold, and *lots* of it. The substance formed in the same way that others would produce regular milk, but only in small, near-insignificant quantities by itself; it took a large amount of wealth being given to her before her “milkiness” was fully realized, but once it was, it became hard to navigate any space around the dragoness, given the frankly ludicrous quantities of molten gold that burst forth from her nipples. The one negative aspect was that it didn’t count towards her own growth; despite her producing literal rivers of the stuff, they never seemed to make her any bigger, presumably because it was already hers... or because the universe was trying to hold her back. It was a testament to her control over her own form that her tits weren’t literally boiling hot, but instead merely pleasantly warm; granted, the poor guy stuck in her cleavage was probably losing most of his body weight in sweat for each minute he spent in there, but they didn’t seem to mind too much... and given how easily the lawyers took to just dropping their whole bodies onto the dragoness’ soft breastflesh, this was probably an indication of how easily she’d be able to dominate the airwaves. First things first though: the transfer of wealth had to occur. Auralia flinched once again after hearing her name spoken, remembering to wave in just the nick of time before realizing she was supposed to be looking sultry rather than bashful, at which point she eschewed any sense of shame and began openly fondling her tits; no one in the camera crew protested, nor indeed said anything at all, allowing the presenter to carry on talking about all the boring, yet frustratingly necessary details, while a group of crewmembers climbed onto the dragoness’ bust wearing full protective gear, intent on slapping the legal team back into consciousness so they could sign some papers. It was surprisingly difficult (or perhaps not so, given what sort of body the giantess had), and it took Auralia herself promising a lot of things which had to be bleeped out before any of the lawyers got up; once they did though, it was a simple matter of putting the documents in front of them, and seconds later the pact was sealed, the transfer promised... and the growth began. The rumbling was powerful enough to nearly overpower the sound system, and certainly loud enough to make it impossible for anyone listening in to be able to hear the presenter anymore; combined with the dragoness’ moans, the broadcast had effectively been hijacked entirely by the one who, frankly, was supposed to take center-stage anyway. Unbeknownst to any of the people involved, Auralia had made some last-minute, secret alterations to the contract that had just been signed, the kind that would never actually hold up in court, yet would never *get* to one in the first place: rather than simply asking for a generous gift, the dragoness instead ensured that the documents legally required that the man inside her cleavage, whose name she never bothered to remember, give away *all* of his assets to Auralia, and Auralia alone. This immense transfer of wealth was enough to *immediately* drive her productivity to levels never before seen; the man was worth *at least* a couple of billion dollars, and now that all of them were in her name, even if legally the grounds were shaky, her body reacted the way it always did: transforming itself so as to make it *look* as rich and powerful as it *was*. The dragoness couldn’t help but open her mouth and let loose a frankly terrifying series of throaty noises, ones that, were it not for the obvious tones of arousal, might have made

people think she was about to lose her mind and attack someone; combined with what happened with her tits, however, it became clear to anyone watching that what they were looking at wasn't a monster... or at least not a dangerous one; her levels of horny energy certainly *were* monstrous if one bothered to try and measure. In but a few seconds, Auralia's bust burst forth with additional size, not just gaining mass, but also *filling* with enough of her precious molten metal that it immediately began flowing from each of her teats; her buds opened up, loosening just enough for a veritable waterfall of gold to burst forth, both of her colossal, body-obscuring breasts looking more like broken fire hydrants than anything else. Even then, the sheer amount of the stuff being produced inside of her titanic mammaries was such that most of it couldn't be output properly; she was stuck flooding a massive arena, and yet this barely accounted for a fraction of a percentage point of all the gold she was making, all the gold she was being *stuffed* with, resulting in her breasts *exploding* with size just from the initial donation alone... and with it came another shift, another change in paradigm, another different way in how donations and gifts affected her. Because, clearly, if her body was going to ascend to the very hallowed halls of divinity, then it had to be prepared to *grow* properly, which meant that Auralia couldn't be expected to wait until someone formulated a promise, couldn't ever be expected to operate on someone's else time rather than her own. Thus, the simplest solution was to expand the definition of what a "promise" was... to anyone who even so much as *thought* to give her anything at all. It was about as far as the universe could go, but it didn't need to go any further than that, not with a broadcast still rolling, showing the dragoness' body as it continued to pick up on size, heft and productivity; the billions more that she was now worth poured into her, filled her, bloated her, made her *perfect*, so much so that the rest of her body began to billow outwards as well! It was a rare occasion when her body in general wasn't being overshadowed by her tits, but then again, she hadn't always been twenty feet tall, so it was only natural that such a sizeable increase to her hoard would result in the giantess becoming even more worthy of the title. And with titles, of course, came prestige, glory, and, above all, *adoration*; there were countless people looking at her in that exact moment, all of them awestruck, wondering how could it be possible that such a creature existed, and every last one, perhaps inspired by how the dragoness had grown, thought to look into their wallets.

It was all it took.

If Auralia had ever experienced growth before, then whatever it was she went through in those next few seconds would require a brand new definition of the word, for nothing she'd ever gone through before could even so much as hope to someday *think* about holding a candle to the purest, most raw *ecstasy* that wracked her form. It was the best of everything ever, condensed into a singular moment, expanded upon and multiplied until there was nothing left but the everlasting realization that this was it, this was what she was going to be like, for all of eternity and beyond; it was every orgasm, every climax, every moment of intimacy, wrapped together and made golden, even more so than the cascade pouring out of her breasts, flooding the arena and everything else around it. From the lowliest of moments spent reading in front of a fireplace, to every overly-sweet, yet still delectable dessert, to the heights of passion lived with some

boytoy with more cock than sense of decency, nothing was even *remotely* comparable to what Auralia went through in those divine few seconds, where her entire life was rendered utterly meaningless when compared to this explosion of incalculably powerful pleasure... and it didn't end. It wasn't just a momentary *thing*, a singular point in time that, while rapturous, could never truly last for how powerful it was; rather, it was extended, it continued to be, and above all, it only became better with each passing second. Rather than abating, giving the dragoness some time to process what was happening to her, the sensations coursing through and into her left her increasingly more insensate, unable to do anything at all other than moan and *beg* for more, no longer concerned about appearing stately or maintaining a basic level of respectability. There was no more regal Auralia left there, no more of the giant temptress whose goal was to subvert the totality of the planet's population in order to bring them in line with her devious, cunning plan to grow bigger and more stacked; there was only the primal Auralia, the animalistic beast ruled entirely by instinct and the desire to experience pleasure unlike any other, the same one who existed during those brief moments of purest joy that came with every single donation sizeable enough to make her grow. It was as if she was twenty again, and her very first size spurt had just taken place; it was much of the same, the way that it seemed to completely destroy her perspective of the world, replacing it with something entirely different, yet undeniably so much *better* than anything that came before it. Proof, above all else, that not only was she capable of so much more, but that she could do it while riding a pleasure wave of titanic proportions, one that would never once abate, never once slow down, never *stop*, not until *she* decided it would... and she never would, because really, why should she? Hers was the power to dictate when her endless climax was brought to a halt, which as far as the dragoness was concerned, was the biggest load of unnecessary crap she'd ever heard; why in blazes would she ever *decide* to pull the switch, to *end* that eternal moment of purest bliss? Why *shouldn't* she just let it carry on for all of forever, until the stars burned out and the universe grew cold, until the only thing left to even exist at all was herself: perfect, everlasting, perpetual, and, above all, stuck in a state of unending climax. The arena didn't last much longer after the initial wealth transfer was complete, what with the world's sudden interest pumping the dragoness to even greater sizes than she could've ever imagined would be possible; in purely objective terms, while she *had* expected the impromptu telethon to bring her enough growth to solidify her position as a living goddess to be worshipped, never in her wildest dreams did Auralia *ever* think that it would go *that* far. Big enough to fill up the stadium, sure, maybe even an entire downtown area, but before she knew it, the dragoness opened her eyes and noticed that the whole *city* around her had all-but vanished from sight, what with her head being above the clouds. Perhaps the best part about it was that the cover of fluffy white was broken in two spots in front of her, where the upper half of her bust's curvature broke through, nearly knocking two planes out of the sky in the process. She could only imagine what sort of flow was coming out of her teats, especially since she could *feel* what had to be millions of gallons of molten gold pouring out of her, most likely solidifying into titanic lakes down below, only to be melted down by the constant downpour, or simply cracked into pieces by the sheer weight of the very mammaries that produced it in the first place. The

vaguest sense of utmost destruction similarly accompanied the dragoness' tail, which had made short work of... enough buildings for it to be slightly worrying, for lack of a better word. Her very breath created gusts of wind powerful enough to part the clouds themselves and still make skyscrapers bend to the point of nearly breaking apart; hell, just *moving* in general displaced enough air to create small tornados in her work, and that was *without* her trying that hard. And yet, despite this, Auralia couldn't bring herself to care; the world around her was being destroyed by her ascension, and the one thing left inside of her mind was whether or not she could squeeze in some extra fun, whether it was possible for her to enjoy herself even more. It was, ultimately, a legitimation question to be had: was her brain capped in the amount of pleasure that it could process, and if so, did that cap go up with how much bigger she became? An answer for this question would have been interesting, but the more the dragoness dwelled on it, the more she came to realize that it was, at the end of the day, entirely redundant: if she *didn't* have a cap, then nothing was stopping her from thoroughly enjoying every second of her growth, and if she did... well, then she just needed to grow some more in order to give herself even more room to experience absolute, uttermost bliss, now didn't she? It felt almost absurd to limit herself in any way, when instead she could be demanding more from the world; sadly, at the size she was at, talking with anyone was slightly more difficult than it used to be, leaving her with scant few options to pick from; luckily, the vanishingly small number of cards she still held were all aces, especially once the dragoness realized she didn't need to only use one at a time, not at her size, not with her level of power. In fact, why was she even on the planet at all? With the sky around her turning from a powder blue to a much deeper shade, eventually turning to black entirely, all Auralia had to do was momentarily focus away from herself in order to notice how gravity had been flipped on its head, and how she was only stuck to the planet because she hadn't thought to just... not. It was so easy that, by the time her hands met the ground and her claws dug deep trenches into a couple of continents, the dragoness nearly slapped herself for not having conceived of the idea sooner; all it took was a little bit of muscle power, and a second later she had hopped clear from planet Earth, ending up in low orbit before eventually stopping a few thousand miles away. Even in her hyper-aroused state, Auralia found it odd that she somehow decelerated in *space*, until she felt something bump into her from behind her field of view, startling her so much that she failed to contain herself; a moment later, the Moon had been swatted away, leaving a very blushy titaness to watch as the small piece of rock careened into the distance, away towards the inky black depths of the cosmos, never to return. This left her and her homeworld alone, to share what now appeared to be a circular orbit around one another; neither of the two were heavy enough to claim dominance, creating a stable (for the time being) system where the planet rotated around the dragoness and the dragoness around the blue marble. Fortunately, this wouldn't last for much longer; Auralia wouldn't have to compete with something as mundane as a floating rock for more time than strictly necessary, precisely *because* she was competing with it: her body being as big as it was, most of the population of the planet could simply look up and see *some* part of her, even if the poor, unfortunate folks on the other side could only make out the tip of her claws and head. But with this came further clarity, further

evidence that what they were looking at was not *just* a giantess, not *just* a big dragoness with massive milkers, but a true, honest-to-life goddess, come to bless their existence and ask for so little in return... merely worship. It was such a good deal that it was no wonder Auralia was taking all of that wealth and turning it into more itself, the sort of thought that made sense only in the minds of those for whom the rest of the universe may as well not even exist; they looked up, and there they saw her: their goddess, their deific ruler... mostly obscured by a pair of tits that were significantly larger than they were, and most likely on the right path to drowning everyone with the two planet-sized tidal waves of molten gold being produced every half-second, but their goddess regardless. And for every moment that they spent worshipping her, she grew larger; for every parcel of their wealth promised to her, she bloated further, for every kind word given, every prayer directed at her, she filled and burgeoned and swelled, until the very sky was nothing but gold, and not the melted variety either; for Auralia, it was an inherently transcendent process, where her very frame became so immense that, even if she were to try and interact with her old homeworld, she wouldn't be able to. Either her claws would break it apart or she'd accidentally swat it aside like she did with the Moon, leaving very few options but to leave it nestled in her bosom as she kept taking up even more space in the planet's old orbit, the one that the dragoness, by that point, had hijacked entirely for herself. 'Twas only then that Auralia realized that her old world had become so tiny; it almost felt like just moments before when she was still planetbound, when her body was, if not necessarily *fitting*, at least small enough to still exist on Earth without completely destabilizing the rest of the Solar System. Now though, it was as if she'd blinked and the tiny blue marble was there, nestled right where her tits met just underneath her collarbone, *begging* to be pushed into her expansive, warm cleavage; to think that everything that had made her the way she was, every last bit of currency, family heirloom, hell, even particularly shiny rock that someone happened to like, was all contained in that one, frankly miniscule little sphere... and to think that despite all of this, she still wasn't done. For the dragoness, this came as a legitimate surprise; surely, even after having accrued the sum total of the planet's wealth, she'd still have an upper limit, as money wasn't exactly infinite. Yet, despite the fact that there was most likely not much left, she found herself quickly approaching the size of the Sun, at a rate so great that it would only be a few minutes before she utterly demolished it, leaving Earth to be illuminated and warmed solely by her own, glorious form. She couldn't possibly have known that her sheer size, combined with the magnitude of her power, had actually succeeded in breaking through yet another conceptual line, that of the very definition of wealth to begin with: if there was no more monetary value to be gained, no trinkets to be won, no material possessions that could be offered, then she couldn't just *stop* growing, that was ridiculous! Thus, the universe went around this by simply attributing some degree of "value" to the very worship she was receiving, enough that each prayer, each *thought*, contributed more to her form than any sum of money ever could; not just that, but as she grew larger, so too did her followers' devotion skyrocket alongside her, kickstarting a vicious cycle from which neither party would ever want to back down from: Auralia grew, the spectacle of her form became ever more radiant, and the heaven she had created for the tiny ones on her homeworld only became

more perfect as a result, leading to more intense worship and the utter obliteration of anything remotely resembling limits or a remote sense of decency. There would be nothing holding her back, not even when the Sun smacked against her right tit (or, perhaps more accurately, *she* slammed into *it*), not even when the lights went out, leaving only the dragoness to become the singular shining beacon to keep her world of supplicants safe and sound. There would be nothing to stop her as her body adapted to the constant influx of ever more powerful prayer, not just forcing her form to bloat outwards at an increasingly higher rate, but even managing to create episodes of multiplication; if two breasts weren't enough to safeguard the planet and flood the universe with molten gold, then she'd just need to have *four* just to be safe. If there was no other creature out there who could ever possibly satisfy her, then clearly she should create her *own* distractions, something long, turgid and thick enough to be squeezed in the middle of her tits and pressed on from all sides, creating a third source of liquid splendour to turn the universe a shade or two lighter. And, ultimately, there would be nothing capable of keeping her from obliterating anything in her path, from consuming nebulae, stars, entire clusters, galactic arms, the *core*, and whatever happened to be located in intergalactic space, at least until she became titanic enough to draw in the very physical structure of the universe at large, leading to it collapsing inwards, further feeding her endless hunger. There'd be nothing there to keep her from making the lights go out, condemning existence to the void for all of eternity, apart from her precious planet full of worshippers, of course.

Because there'd be nothing stopping her from going further, of course.

Why stop at one universe?