

The Divine Right

Part 1

“What are the casualties?” The white kobold asked of his subordinate, his scales tarnished with years of scars and the ravages of time. It was obvious that he had weathered many a battle. His mage armor was made of black steel, crimson flowing fabrics, and adorned with blood red gems. He had a scythe constructed of his enemies bones, the blade a giant’s jaw sharpened to a point, the teeth still on the inner most part of the blade that met with the staff. Currently the king was walking down a hall lined with stained glass depicting his rise to power with a much smaller kobold at his side. The walls were a dark stone, the floors a glossy red like frozen rivers of blood.

“The entire army sent to Bright Wall was wiped out,” the smaller yellow kobold answered, his body shroud in simple robes. “Your necromancy can only go so far against divine light, my king. Not only that...but...”

The white kobold smacked his staff down and stopped, the stained glass image of him ripping flesh and soul from an army in one hand glowed with the high noon sun.

“Spit it out, or I will rip it from your soul, you pathetic excuse of a worm,” the white kobold warned, his ruby red eyes glinting. He may be several thousand years old, but that stance was unmistakable. Powerful and foreboding.

“I...” the smaller servant paused and swallowed. “yes...all of the god touched armies have fallen.”

“WHAT!” the king’s aura burst into reality, screaming souls and tortured specters curling around him like writhing, translucent snakes. His robes fluttered in the wake of his energy, the power flowing through his veins so acute that the dark varicose rivers glowed red. “You mean to tell me that my god’s power has failed us?” the white kobold snarled, his weathered hand gripping his staff for support.

“No, my Great White, of course not,” The kobold dropped to his knees. “Please, all I know is that the god touched monstrosities you forged are no more. They fell apart, crumbling under their own weight without the godly essence that flowed through them. This is all I know.”

The Great White didn’t want to believe it, but he felt the absence of his god as well. It was only a couple days ago, but the flow of their deity’s divine power was suddenly cut short. Any reserve that was still there was strung up, sucked into the sky and consumed by a dark hole. The Great White didn’t know what this meant. Had his enemies truly found a way to sever his connection with the divine, or had he been forsaken all together? He only lost one battle, the first in his hundreds of years. Thousands of souls he had slain and sacrificed for the god they called the Red Tide. He wouldn’t just up and leave at the first sign of defeat. It simply wasn’t in his nature.

“Bring me the prisoners and shekel them to my quarters,” the Great White tapped his staff on the ground twice. “And be quick or I shall spill your blood for my ritual.”

“Of course, what do you intend to do my king?”

The Great White turned, his cape covered in so many stains it was impossible to tell if it was any color other than the dried blood that splotched it.

“I’m going to call my god and see what the reason is for all this is.”

The kobold king known as the Great White, hobbled into his quarters, he couldn't feel the divine energy from his god anymore. Any and all power he had currently derived from the souls he consumed before. Any living flesh or life energy he hadn't sent to his god that still remained in his body was all he had left.

But it wasn't enough.

The Great White came into his chambers, his staff hovering before him as he unlatched his robes. They fell to the floor in a heap revealing this body. He was pure white, albinism clearly the cause as no pigment existed beyond the black of his veins and the gnarled pinks of his scars. His chest was translucent and showed his black heart beating as fluttering embers of red flashed inside of it like the final sparks of a lantern. His body had withered; his indomitable life force was weakened and shorn of its divine power.

The kobold used to stand at a proud five foot seven, an incredibly large size for his species. His next largest subordinate just reaching four feet tall. Now though, his hunched back left him at four and a half feet, his knobby vertebra trying to work their way out of his taut flesh. A spider web of veins rolled over the king's body and pulsed the dark ichor of his soul. His powerful muscles were shrunken to simple strands of tissue used for manipulating his withering meat suit. He looked anemic and ready to fall to dust, his hair a messy mop of white. His once white nails now tinted pink from the blood that stained them.

"Please...let us go," a female wolf begged from her pedestal. Rusted, blood stained chains bound her to a statue of a menacing red drake. The embodiment of the Red Tide.

"Please, we have families," a tiger man begged.

The slaves around the circular room all started begging as though it would prolong their lives. The Great White simply snapped his nubby fingers, the scythe flashing into action and slicing across the lot of them, their words lost in their throat as their heads were severed from their bodies. It was quick, it was painless, and merciful at first glance, but if one had the eyes of the divine, you could see their souls leaking out of their severed throats and mixing with their blood as they filled a design carved into the floor.

The six pointed star drank the prisoners' souls and flesh, a massive amount of power welling up in its center. The Great White simply snapped his fingers again, his scythe slamming down into the center of the circle, fitting into a perfect crevice like a key, the large red stone atop it glowing as a conduit for this blood and power.

"I call upon that which hungers and feasts endlessly, a greed as deep as any ocean and as mysterious as its depths. Red Tied, your humble servant calls you, begs you for your guidance and power."

Wispy strands of red energy wafted around the Great White's claws as though he were conducting some bloody mist to dance, but it was simply the power of the souls he had consumed curling out and forming a connection to the divine, to the world of the gods.

A beam of red light shot forth from that scythe, up through a glass dome and into the sky. The fading afternoon sun was turned into a ruby disk as that beam of light shot directly into it. The world was tainted red, any and all things cowered as the sanguine heat of that ball of flame warned the coming of the Great White's deity. This ritual wasn't uncommon, the planet being steeped in the red light, at least up to one country where the light stayed gold. The Red Tide had no influence there.

Only this time, there was no screech, no deafening roar of a drake curling down from the sky, no chorus of the damned or dead coming to usher in the coming of such a profound being.

The world was painted the color of red, and yet it had been bleached of sound. The air hung thick with stagnation, the glow nothing more than a fancy light show.

“Why...WHY!” The Great White snarled, his lips curling back so far it looked like his skeleton was trying to rip out of his flesh. “ANSWER ME!”

The light of that beam grew brighter, the power more intense as several civilians dropped dead, their souls ripped from them as fodder for the ritual.

Still nothing happened.

Then, suddenly it stopped.

The ritual was cut short, the very beam sliced in half like a thread of fate being shorn. The sun returned to its normal glow as the world continued to spin.

“What...” the kobold’s eyes went wide, he tried to pull his power forward, but nothing came. His heart felt heavy, his body felt weak, his mind felt foggy. Was...was he aging faster?

The Kobold King stumbled forward, his bones barely staying in one piece as he crawled forward, the blood of his sacrifices smearing over his loosening skin.

“You...You vile oath breaker...your promise of power...your greatness was nothing but viper spit!” The Kobold’s claws chipped as he pulled himself forward, his claws snapping off his fingers, his black blood welling up slowly from his weak heartbeat. “I curse you, you vile creature. I promised you this world...you promised that I would rule it for you...I gave you blood and succor when no one else would. You were a dyeing god at my feet when I found you-Ack”

The Great White felt his heart flutter.

“You promised me an eternity...I fed you my soul...you gave it back...you turned it black...” The Great White pulled himself the other half an inch so that his hand rested on the red gem at the circle’s center. “You will give me what I’m owed, or I’ll sacrifice this whole country to run you through.”

“And waste such a valuable resource?” A deep voice chided him. “Cut the theatrics Wesley.”

“Who is that?” The kobold’s eyes were foggy, he couldn’t see straight, his life was only a few heart beats away from the end. “Who’s there? How do you know my real name? You are not the Red Tide...what are you.”

“Red Tide?” the voice rumbled. “Doesn’t sound familiar.”

That’s when the kobold king pinpointed the voice. It was coming from above. With the last of his strength he forced himself onto his back, panting as sweat ran down his brow. What he saw should have stopped his heart. The sun was gone, all light was blocked out.

In its place there was a giant purple eye. The iris was like a blazing purple sun, rolling plasma fields and solar flares of souls and screaming beasts suffering for the amusement of a single deity.

“What are you?” The Great White was gasping, his heart slowing down.

“That’ is a difficult question, young one, but you may simply call me the color of greed.”

“Gold?” The kobold didn’t have the mind for riddles. Less and less of it was working. He wasn’t actually sure if this was even happening or if it was simply his mind playing tricks on him as he slipped into the netherworld.

A chuckle rippled through the land that escalated into a booming laughter. Buildings crumbled, the earth shook, mountains split. By some miracle the city wasn't consumed by a fissure from the great quake of that laugh.

"I forget that not all worlds share the same form of currency," the voice boomed before going back down to its regular volume. "No, you will know me simply as Green."

"I...I..." The Great White lifted his hand, his nubby fingers reaching for the sky as his heart seized up, barely beating.

"Use your words," Green mocked him like a child, as though he didn't know the creature was fighting against the ultimate end.

"Save...me..."

"Why should I?" Green's eye tilted in amusement. "I see no reason to...wait...the Red Tide? Oh, he was so insignificant I hardly recognized you from his memories. You're the little shit's prophet."

"You...vile...wretch..."

"So spunky for someone seconds away from death," that voice rumbled and mocked. "Let me tell you why I *shouldn't* save you."

Westley felt a presence in his mind that was so large he felt like his skull was going to pop.

You're nothing and have always been nothing. You were born trash, and will always be trash. You gained your first following of kobolds with the promise of liberation from their oppressive shackles. You weren't born with the divine right to rule, so you found a lamed god to worship, to feed, to connive with and simp for. You suckled at his dick like a whore who needed to pay their lord and you feasted on his rewards. You clawed your entire life to amount to nothing. You sit atop a castle of corpses, a

necromancer's tomb if there ever was one. You shall expire in a few seconds, your life and sacrifices all for naught, all because you were willing to give it all up for a god you thought could grant you power.

Here's the thing Westsley, the god you found was so pathetic, so weak, that I hardly noticed as I crushed him under my toes. He got in my way and I ripped his divine power from him as easily as you would trample an ant. I squeezed him into nothing but raw energy, pulverizing what little soul he had to offer, sucked up all his wells of power, and still it wasn't even a drop to sate the hunger I have. He was pathetic and you are simply the prophet of a pathetic, worthless god pretending that he isn't just kobold trash.

Wastley felt tears well up, pushed out of him as his mind was picked apart, his every decision torn to ribbons by that sadistic god.

And to top it all off, you're going to die alone in a room full of death. A room you thought brought you power, but only granted you misery and a void to look forward to after life.

"Stop...I don't believe you...you're lying."

"I have no reason to lie Westsley," Green rumbled. "It simply brings me joy to grind your face in the dirt of your birth while in your final moments. Your torment is so sweet, so delicious. You thought you would be something, that you could amount to anything. I should tear you to pieces and rape your soul for all eternity for your insolence."

Westsley felt his heart stop, the world growing dark.

"But I like your spunk," Green's voice echoed across the world. That eye closing and the sky returning to normal.

The Great White gasped, lurching upward and feeling his heart beat in his chest as the world come into crisp clarity. His eyes focused as his veins thrummed with red power.

“The...The Red Tide LIVES!” Wesstley lifted his fists and shouted his joy as tears rolled down his muzzle. The kobold king was suddenly silenced as he felt a massive foot paw push down on his head, pinning it to the ground.

“Nah, I’m simply replicating his power,” Green’s voice was in the room, he was in the room pinning the kobold to the floor under his heel. “It’s actually pitifully rudimentary. Barbaric if you ask me. My left nut has more sophisticated magic than this swill.”

The kobold couldn’t see Green’s foot, but one thing was for sure. It was BIG. That foot covered his entire muzzle, his neck, and part of his upper back. The kobold tried to push up against that foot, but he only felt those toe claws push down harder.

“Can’t you take the fucking hint? Stay down and accept my gift of borrowed time.” Green growled through a dark grin. “How many other souls have you had in this exact position over the centuries? Oh, quite a few. I could give you an exact number, but what’s the point.”

“Get...off of me...you...false god...”

“I’m going to pretend I didn’t hear that,” Green flexed his paw, the four toe claws extending out and sinking into that kobold’s weak flesh. Black ichor welled up around those onyx claws. “I do find your loyalty admirable, even if it’s woefully misplaced.”

“I can feel him...in me...he will...save...me...”

In that moment, Westsley's inner eye was forced into the grand cosmos of the universe. It was a simple glance, a brief look in the expanse of all that was and ever will be, but in that fraction of a second, he was shown the throne of his god, obliterated and empty.

"No...I feel him..."

"Do you?" Green mocked, grinding his foot on the kobold's head. "I gave you the purest form of truth. I took your soul and forced it upon the shattered throne of your god. I didn't even know I killed him until you tried to call his essence from inside of me."

The sudden shift of that energy in his body, from the Red Tide's power to something...sweeter...sickly sweet and bitter all at the same time. That divine energy fizzled and cracked like the bones of an evolving beast. It twisted and curled around his heart and bloomed over his skull.

"This isn't even a taste of my power," Green rumbled as he lifted his foot. "Do you feel it? This is but the dust that flakes off my body in its wake. It's the dust of the cosmos, star dust that forms the basis of all life in every universe."

Westsley's heart throbbed, but in a good way. It beat strong, his veins coursing with a new power. It was stronger, purer, more refined than any magic he had ever felt, more potent than any drug or delight. Purple stardust shimmered in his black veins before they smoothed out, his muscles twitching larger before a healthy layer of fat formed on his body. The silvery gray hair atop his head gained luster into a flowing mane of white locks. The wrinkles on his face smoothed out, his leathery hide losing its dark spots and his nubby joints smoothing out.

"Am...Am I getting younger?"

“Yes,” Green’s voice rumbled. “Your pathetic god didn’t have the ability to challenge time, but it is merely a parlor trick for me. I have consumed entire timelines and ripped destinies from their hourglass all simply because I could.”

Wesstley’s skin grew taut over his body, supple and soft, his hardened features of age smoothing out as his jaw set squarely on his muzzle, his shoulders rested broadly, his pecs swelled out and the window to his chest filled over with scales, making it disappear behind a wall of shallow abs. His thighs plumped up and his claws regained their pristine white from before staining with the blood of his enemies. One other change happened that he could feel, but couldn’t see. His blood red irises glowed with a ring of purple around them as his vision crisped and cleared.

“You are truly a respect-less creature, aren’t you,” Green rumbled. “Do you think yourself above thanking me?”

Wesstley brought his hand over the space where the window to his chest used to be, the mark of his god’s ownership of him washed away with a new mark of powerful muscle. He brushed his claws over the space, his biceps flexing with power as he did so. Then the words Green was saying hit him and he realized he was in the presence of greatness. A being beyond divinity and worship. His spine tingled as he felt the eyes of that being burrowing through him. Deep into his soul and mind and heart and beliefs and being and...and...

Wesstley turned to face this being. There, before him, was a deity unlike any he had ever seen. Green stood easily at ten feet tall, the large glass dome mere inches from his head. His face was that of a fox, but he had a thick mane of hair that started as a viridian green atop his head that flowed down his shoulders and chest into an almost black. That black green mane melded with his hide, his fur containing the faintest hints of emerald while holding an obsidian luster. His chest was the same color as his hair. Fields of rolling hills and valleys made of powerful pecs, angry abs, and thunderous obliques were

covered in prairie grass fur. His arms were thick, corded with muscle and perfectly proportioned, his thighs fighting for space between his legs with the duo of furry green nuts and the knee knocking spire of obsidian fuck meat he was sporting. His diamond claws flexed as he shifted his weight from foot paw to the other, and those feet were perfection. A mixture of foot and paw where his heel hit the ground, but he had four toes, the index toe of each foot had a glittering purple toe ring.

Wesstley's mind was just able to prevent itself from breaking at the image. He felt the need to worship, his eyes drinking in the perfection of every curve, vein, and split peak of muscle. He fell to one knee, catching himself from falling completely with one foot. He looked up, and up, and UP! The further below the Big Green he was, the more natural it felt, the better he felt submitting.

But he refused to bow his head and kept looking up.

"Do you have no regard for your own life?" Green spoke, his mouth in motion like watching a dance of vicious teeth and lips. It was terrifying, it was beautiful, it was captivating, and above all else, it was confident. "Bow." He ordered.

"I think you'd respect someone who could stand in your presence more," Wesstley replied, his thighs shaky despite being plumped by the god's essence. He stood up and kept his arms at his side as he glared up into the Big Green's violet orbs. The kobold saw hells in those eyes, destruction and unending cruelty. It was a permanent display for Green's amusement. But the brow of the god furrowed into a disappointed scowl.

"Kneel," Green growled, his large tail flicking, the dragon like appendage covered in fur. The top of it was flowing furry plumage with a black hide while the underside was the green that matched his chest. That tail lashed out and smacked a statue of the Red Tide, shattering it to nothing but dust, the

thick green plumage at the end of that tail refusing to hold any of the debris as it shimmered in its radiance.

“I will only kneel to one I can call my god,” Westley growled. “You’ve seen my life, you know every aspect of my soul and heart. You know how I’ve rotted it all for power and strength, and how my heart belonged to my god and master. I will not yield to anyone else.”

“Then parish,” Green smirked, a cocky grin playing on his muzzle as he crossed his arms and lifted his foot. The kobold refused to move as he waited for his demise, that foot descending slowly. He refused to look away, his eyes locked on the toe ring that spoke the word he defied the most.

Submit...

“On second thought,” Green rumbled, retracting his foot and looking down at the Kobold, his cock twitching. “I have a proposition for you.”

“A proposition?” The kobold cocked a brow, the bead of sweat rolling down his brow was a tell of how much fear he felt in that moment for the end.

“I felt your loyalty and devotion to your little shit of a fake...well...I wouldn’t even sake god. That’s not the point. I saw what you did in the name of your false deity. The cruelty and depravity is very impressive. For a speck like you.”

Green rubbed his chin. Westley stood frozen, his bravado all tapped out. What torture was Green to inflict upon him?

No torture my little speck, Green’s voice rumbled in the kobold’s mind. I want to see what it’s like to keep you around, get a taste of what that little shit you called a god was getting.

“What...don’t you have worshipers if you’re so big and great?” Westley asked.

A dark grin spread across green's face, crooked and cocky.

"I do," Green rumbled. "But none of them are alive."

The purpose of the hell in those eyes suddenly became clear. Their suffering was so acute that Westsley could feel it. He could feel their pain as they were consumed endlessly in a cycle of suffer, feed, and die. They worked endlessly for a god that didn't care for them beyond what they could do for him. A god that would only take and never give, consuming them mind body and soul for all eternity.

"That doesn't scare you, does it." Green rumbled, a brow cocking in suspicion.

Westsley stood there, his body shivering, but not from fear. The Kobold's cock was throbbing at seven inches of thick pink fuck meat. Pre dribbled from Westsley's dick as he saw the suffering of those souls.

"It thrills you," Green grinned darkly. "This pleases me."

"What's your proposition?" Westsley's voice was soft and trembling, but not out of fear. Out of reverence.

"I give you this world and all of its people. To do with as you please, so long as they suffer and toil for my sake."

"You own this world?" Westsley blinked.

"I own all that my eyes land on, including you," Green rumbled. "Don't interrupt me again or I will make you suffer far more than your flesh or mind could bare."

Westsley finally felt a twinge of fear. That threat was very real, and if anything, an understatement of what Green could do to him.

“I will give you this world, and you will spend the rest of your eternity snuffing out any false gods that dare question my reign over all of creation. Feast on their legends and swallow them whole. I will give you the power to topple gods, and you will worship me as your lord and master for the rest of your days.”

“What does loyalty mean if I just flip to your side?” The kobold king asked. “I couldn’t simply dismiss the Red Tide after all that...he’s...”

Wesstley finally saw it. Deep in those violet eyes was his former god. Lashed to a rack and being tortured and burned into nothingness. Time stood still for the Red Tide, his body simultaneously fully consumed and yet still being eaten. He was a memory in the Big Green’s vastness that took shape in the infinite flames of those eyes.

“Your false god is pathetic, but your loyalty is what made him strong. Your worship is what made him more than dust. To take something as insignificant as this fledgling deity and make them into a proverbial pebble is as impressive as it is minuscule.” Green waived off Wesstley’s concerns. “As far as your loyalty goes to your...Red Tide was it? Well, your loyalty to him ends with me. I have consumed your god and now he resides inside my gullet, crushed beneath my heel, and nothing but a memory that feeds me. Forsake him, and call me your god, and I will make you more powerful than any god you have ever known, more powerful than the divine that claim to rule your land.

“Come now Wesstley. Become my pet, and you will know pleasure unending at my feet. What do you say? Pleasure, or defeat under heel?”

Green had a dark grin as he flexed his crossed arms.

“You truly are superior in all things...”

“‘Bout fucking time you noticed,” Green huffed, his nose turning up. “Do I take that as a yes?”

Wesstley was graced with a vision of what he was to become. He watched as a foot came crashing down on Bright Wall, the entirety of its people and culture wiped out in seconds. A proud civilization that had lasted for thousands of years. It's gods, it's history, its technology, all gone and crushed beneath his heel and obliterated into the bedrock.

"I bend the knee Big Green," Wesstley responded, letting the oppressive aura of that god push him to his knees. "I lay my loyalties bare and strip them clean from my soul. I now am forever bound to you as your humble servant."

"I have no need for a servant," Green rumbled as he bent down, his large finger coming under the kobold's chin, the onyx claw scratching gently. "I have endless scores of slaves and servants alike. You will be my pet."

Wesstley felt his soul touched by that finger, a warm tender scritch under his chin. Those eyes, those purple orbs, though filled with suffering, felt like the sun had finally broken through the clouds and graced his scales.

"I shall be your pet...master..." Wesstley murred, his tail flicking back and forth. It felt so good to submit, to debase himself for his master. He even felt himself do something he hadn't done since he was a pup. He purred. It was deep and wet like a gator's growl, yet rumbled with rolling vibrations as that finger played with his chin.

"Good boy," Green rumbled. "Now, before I raise you, I ask that you do one simple thing." Green took his free hand and dug into the stone seal on the ground to dig out the kobold king's staff. His hand moved as effortlessly through that stone as though it were sand. He handed the staff to his new pet. "Send the word that you now follow a new god."

Greens power pulsed through that scythe, the bone turning black as night and the red gem atop it flashed to purple. The sharpened part of the blade glinted into a toxic green. Westley took hold of the staff, and he felt the power within it pulse up his body. The kobold gave a shuddering groan as the veins on his hand pulsed and pushed up against his skin. Flowing purple light glittered through them, pouring down his body.

He was touching something divine in nature. This was like communing with his previous false god. Only this was more powerful by leaps and bounds.

The kobold gripped it with both hands, his fingers staining purple, a gradient rolling up his white scales as his claws stained black as night.

“So much power...” Westley grunted.

“This isn’t power,” Green growled. “Don’t insult me by saying this is even enough power to pick the bones of my enemies from between my teeth. If you think this is power, then you are a fool indeed. Now, tell your legions who their god is.”

Green pinched that kobold’s muzzle between his thumb and forefinger, forcing him to keep his eye contact with him.

“Yes...master...” Westley slammed his staff into the ground, the purple orb atop the scythe shot a beam of light into the sky. The sun was immediately consumed, its light a constant flaring purple with solar flares of green and auroras of tainted pink.

“Yesssss...” Green growled as he felt the first of his worshipers. The minds of the people, over half the world that had been subjugated started to change. Their bodies shifted and warped in the light of the solar system’s new sun. “I feel them...their numbers...their worship...their fucking fear.”

Green growled as he stood back up, his veins throbbing as his image burned in their minds and name graced the lips of all of the kobold's subjects.

"Make them say my name, all of them, make them shout it." Green ordered.

Wesstley grinned darkly and slammed his staff on the ground again, all the chained souls and people of his country knocked their head backs and took in a breath simultaneously. So many mouths doing it at the same time in unison it caused a breeze to waft through the land.

"BIG GREEN!" they shouted in unison.

Green bent over as though he were struck in the gut. Every cell of his body burned with pleasure. It felt like he was cumming deep inside a nice tight bitch, but every part of his body twitched with that power. Their worship, their devotion, their confusion was washed away as his image was burned into their minds, their souls, their flesh!

Out on the battle field, the fighting stopped as the sun was consumed and claimed for Green. Any and who worshiped the Red Tide instantly forgot the red being and was graced with the image of their god. On the field, a behemoth of a skeletal being reanimated, muscle lashing onto his body as purple fur grew across it. The behemoth a majestic beast of legend. The citizens' bodies were bleeding into purple as they continued to say Green's name. To anyone outside of the influence, their fear bloomed and ripened fast as the looming threat of this Big Green took shape inside their minds.

"I feel it, this world's potential for worship is more than any other I have found," Green's eyes twitched as his mind raced between all the living things of the world in a moment, his vision going through each of their eyes and seeing every corner, crevice, and secret of the world. "Huh, not much in the way of creativity there, but the worship is more potent than any other world I've known."

"Does this please you master?" The kobold asked, his eyes wide as he looked up at his god.

Green's entire body throbbed, his muscles expanding his head inching upwards.

"Fuck yes I'm pleased," Green rumbled. "I can hardly contain it. Your world's citizens' prayer and worship is hundreds if not thousands of times more potent than the average world. You might even be worth keeping alive if you're this useful. FUCK!"

"Get on your back and present yourself to me," Green snarled, his cock throbbing outward and dripping pre even as he was getting hard.

Fear ripped through Westley, but he had faith, a faith that would be rewarded. The kobold laid back, his body having revitalized to its prime. The only thing left on him that proved that he was still himself were his scars. Green could remove them, but he liked the fact that it made his pup look more menacing. It was cute to the Big Green.

"Good boy," Green growled, his body throbbing. The Big Green getting down on his knees and gripping the kobold by his knees before pinning them behind his head. Green leaned down his maw twitching and expanding slightly. "You will be greatly rewarded for your obedience," Green rumbled, his words literally vibrating through the Kobold and causing his prostate to buzz.

Green's tongue lulled out and licked over the kobold's pucker, the little guy's toes fanning as he moaned, then gave a shuddering cry as that tongue flicked over his taint. It was a simple action, but the sensation that came with it was electric. Westley could feel the worship roll through him, his prostate growing and becoming more sensitive, his pucker flexing and expanding in size as the growth rolled through him. His body pulsing with growth. His taint flexed his white cock and its pink tip throbbing hard before thick ropes of cum blasted his chest.

“Aren’t you fucking cute,” Green rumbled. “Just one lick from your god and you’re already busting.” Green got a dark grin on his muzzle. “Let’s make you dump the rest of that mortal cuck sauce so we can fill those nuts up with something worth busting.”

Greens tongue lulled forward, flicking and then sinking into that hole. Again, that spiraling energy curled up into the kobold king, his body expanding and pulsing. His pecs flexed and jutted outward, his abs crunched and formed powerful rows of cobblestone. Westsley’s claws dug into the stone flooring, his claws chipping than immediately reforming under their growth. His biceps split, becoming two powerful peaks as his shoulders and delts lashed onto his thick reptilian neck. His tail flicked about wildly as his cock continued to throb, filling the crevices and valleys between his bulging and emerging physique.

“Oh fuck...Oh fucking god...”

Yes pup? Your god is listening. Green’s voice rumbled in the kobold’s head as he continued to make his prostate throb, his hole flexing on that invading tongue, and that worship sinking into his new pet.

“I’m yours...I’m yours...I...I always was...I’m sorry I didn’t know...I’m sorry I prayed to any god other than you...”

Good boy, forsake your other deities and feast upon the divine right to rule that I’m filing you with. This is but a taste, a morsel. I’ll show you what true power is soon enough.

The kobold was a shouting mess as his cock continued to spew, his nuts emptying their mortal seed until he was shooting blanks. Westsley felt like he could hardly breathe as his orgasm raged on, only getting more intense as his seed ran dry. His cock grew dark and angry, darker, and darker until it shifted to purple, the tip darkening into a black.

The kobold king felt his back roll across the floor, smearing more of his seed as he was eaten out, his prostate being teased by an expert tongue. Green rarely ever went down on anyone, not because he was bad at it. No, his divine head could drain a man dry in seconds. No, he went down on his little kobold pet as a reward for offering himself up so freely, and to prep him for what was to come.

It felt like the universe had exploded and Westsley was simply riding on the cosmic waves of life itself as that power pulsed into him. His hole clenched around that tongue, showing his master he could milk him, that he had skills that could be of use as a pet to his god.

Good boy, Greens words shuddered through Westsley's mind before he pulled his tongue out. That flow of divine power instantly shutting off. That's when Westsley found out exactly how insignificant and weak he was. He was given a brief moment of divine ordainment as a god's pet, the highest honor any mortal could hope to achieve, and he was suddenly pushed back down to the realm of mortals. He didn't even notice how he was a hulking beast of a kobold now. He was easily eight feet tall, his muscles bulging with strength, his veins pulsing with purple power as it assimilated into more of his growing form. He could crush boulders, he could consume his subjects whole, but none of that mattered, the only thing that matters is...is

"Green!" The kobold shouted as his cock throbbed, new seed forming from his churning purple sack. His cum was a glowing purple. The kobold's legs adjusted, flexing and shifting into perfect replicas of Green's foot paws. It was a gift. Green wouldn't have a pet without a perfect body, and who's body would be better to pull inspiration from than the paragon of perfection himself. Though, he didn't want to fuck something that looked like himself. He couldn't stand to look at a version of himself that is so weak and pathetic. The idea nauseated him to no end. No, he wanted a pet, but much like a groomer, he was going to style and prim his pet the way a god like him deserved.

But first, was his pleasure.

Green shuffled himself forward, his head going up and brushing the ceiling even as he knelt. The drox god gave a low rumble of pleasure as he lined his cock up with the kobold's hole.

"You know, if you're going to be my pet, I'm going to have to rename you." Green rumbled, flicking his thick black cock head against that spit lubed hole. "Great White doesn't sound so good when you're turning purple."

The panting kobold was certainly not going to look white for much longer. His entire body was covered in purple splotches that were rolling over him as he continued to grow. Green grunted as his head hit the ceiling, their apotheosis well underway with the constant stream of worship that was only growing stronger.

"Fuck!" Green rumbled as he leaned his head forward, the ceiling running over the back of his neck and shoulders as he pulsed larger. Already the Big Green was twice his size from when he arrived, his pet the size Green was before his growth.

"I claim you as my pet, Heliotrope!" Green growled, thrusting his hips forward. His voice boomed through the land, the glass dome of the chamber shattering and raining down on the two like frozen droplets. Green forced himself inside, his cock sinking deep into that kobold. Green's foot claws raked the stone floor, digging through it effortlessly as he pulled back on his new pet's legs.

Heliotrope screamed in pleasure, his eyes rolling into the back of his head as his tongue lulled out. The appendage black and slick, his teeth glistening with his drool as his abs were distended from that massive cock pushing in from the inside.

"That's right pup! Take that dick! TAKE IT!" Green's growling lust rumbled through the castle, the room they were in tearing apart as the two continued to expand. The walls exploded, boulders of obsidian stone shattering under the expanding bulk of the two. The worshiping citizens watched as the

tainted sun above shone light on the emerging masters of their new world order. The Great Green and his Prophet Pet.

The people kept to their worship when a sudden rumbling could be felt at their feet. At first it was thought to just be an earthquake, but it was too rhythmic. Then they realized, one by one, that the thrusting hips of their god were causing tremors to rake through the world as the thunderous claps of his hips rang echoed off the mountains.

“Yes my god! Take me! Take this fucking world for all its worth! Fuck them over! Fuck them over and over again!” Heliotrope shouted, letting the people know their lives were still owned, they shall not be freed to a merciful and loving god, but one who thinks of them as disposable fuck trash. “I’ll make sure your name is the only one on our people’s lips! I will have them worship your name endlessly. I don’t care if they starve or collapse from exhaustion. They will praise your name and offer you their lives. You are the only true god! FUCK!”

“That’s right you fuck meat!” Green snarled, his ass flying up in the air, his tail smacking the towers of the castle and sending them flying. “Surrender! Worship! AND GET FUCKED!” Green roared. The slapping was becoming more like claps of thunder, the booming smacks filling the world with compounding sonic booms as Green laid claim to his pet.

Heliotrope had completely changed. His hair was now an inky black accented by large onyx horns. His muscled ass was tougher than diamonds to accommodate Green’s earth shaking thrusts, his hole was a series of ribbed sphincters to grip and milk that godly battering ram. There was no more white on his flesh, Heliotrope completely converted to a deep purple, his claws an onyx black, and his cock the same purple that faded to a dark black tip that oozed glowing violet spunk.

Green snarled, his balls churning and smacking against that ass. Despite the growing dust clouds and debris, the amount of pre stringing between his balls and cock vastly out massed it. Cords of musky pre attached Green to his pet as they continued their rut. The palace being reduced to nothing but a growing cloud of fuck dust as their bodies expanded, growing without restraint. Despite this growth, the disparity in size between heliotrope and their God was clear as day. The Big Green was easily head, shoulders, and pecs above the kobold king, turned dick slut.

“On your knees,” Green snarled. “NOW!”

That command was meant for Heliotrope, but Green wasn't holding back anymore. That command rocketed through the world. Anyone under his influence dropping to their knees and praying. The kobold panted, his tongue lulling out of his muzzle as he looked at his master, his eyes a radiant purple just like his. He obeyed, the earth trembling as he twisted himself around, never letting that cock leave his ass. Two resounding shakes rippled through the earth as he planted both hands down and arched his ass up and pushed back.

The sound of mountains colliding ripped through the kingdom. The villagers saw the smacks before they heard them. These two titans refused to restrain their size or growth. The clapping of those massive cheeks filled the sky as the two continued to expand, evolve, grow, and becoming effortlessly more powerful.

“YES! I FEEL IT! IT'S GETTING STRONGER! DON'T YOU DARE STOP!” Green demanded, his voice literally shaking the planet with it' force. “NOW, MY PRIZE,” Green rumbled as he gripped those ass cheeks, the rippling of flesh mimicked the sound of crashing ocean waves before those muscles clenched. It was like listening to rocks in a tumbler the size of the moon.

And Green thrust. Green could feel that hole tighten, then expand, flex and milk around him as they grew, his smacking hips shattering eardrums for miles. The great expanse of his body continued to soar above ever higher, more powerful more indomitable, the clouds parting and then being sucked into the panting maw of that deity.

Heliotrope watched as his kingdom shrank before him, his face approaching them rapidly as he grew. He kept himself above to ensure as many of them would survive to keep worshiping as possible, but there was only so much he could do when his hands covered city blocks, his pecs pushing down further and nips brushing the ground. His flesh rippling with each smack of his great god. Down below people watched as their mighty king outsized any god they knew, only to be immediately proven wrong by the massive beast that was railing him like a cheap whore from behind. They could see the giant kobold's row of abs distend with their god's gut churning dick, those balls like mountainous boulders clashing against that ass.

"FUCK! SO FUCKING CLOSE!" Green roared. "DENOUNCE YOUR GOD! BEG ME TO FILL YOU, YOU STUPID SLUT!"

"NO OTHER GOD EXISTS, THEY ARE ALL FALLS DEITIES THAT TRIED TO ENCOMPAS WHAT TRUE GODHOOD IS! FUCK ME MASTER! MAKE ME YOUR SLAVE, YOUR PET FOR PLEASURE, YOUR FUCKING WHORE! I LIVE TO SERVE, I LIVE TO PLEASE, WE ALL DO! FUCK ME! FUCK THIS WORLD OVER FOR YOUR FUCKING AMUSEMENT AS MUCH AS YOU WANT. KILL THEM, RAPE ME, I DON'T CARE. WE BELONG TO YOU AND YOU ALONE!"

"FUUUUUUCK! EVEN WITH ALL THIS YOU ARE BUT A PARTICLE OF DUST CAUGHT IN MY RADIANCE! YOU ARE NOTHING WITHOUT ME! YOUR ONLY USE, IS YOUR FUCKING HOLES!" Green slammed his hips forward as he roared. The sound caused fissures to rake across the land as he came. An ocean of cum slosed into the kobold pet, his stomach bulging out from that shot, the perfect outline

of that rope forming before settling into that stomach. Over and over that cock throbbed, a deep grunt rippling through the world with each thunderous clench of Green's prostate, the sound like a bomb going off under water as all that cum tried to find a place.

For an hour this continued, that stomach expanding with cum and distending farther as green continued to fuck through his orgasm. His own cum dripping from his nuts. Entire villages were destroyed as those droplets crashed to the ground, those swimmers destroying life and livestock alike as they flooded wherever they landed in a musky deluge of godly essence.

Once Green was satisfied with his easy nut, he gripped his pet and fell backwards, crushing the city beneath his back, the lives of his worshipers sucking up inside of his flesh as tribute. He groaned as he felt the earth beneath his back shrink away, his body forming larger trenches as he continued to grow from their worship. Green's cock flopped out of his pet as he pulled him in for a kiss, cum gushing forth as the Big Green made out with his kobold play thing.

"I think you just destroyed our crown city," Heliotrope murred between kisses, their smacking lips like thunder and cracking earth.

"Fuck them, I needed your lips more than they needed their lives." Green rumbled, his cock still oozing cum as the countryside was replaced with a white sea of godly spunk.

"Fuck...I love you master."

"I know, pet, but were not done yet."

"I hope not," Heliotrope rumbled as he moved his feet to his master's cock, the soles and toes completely coated in his master's slick cum. He stroked that spire gently. "How does it feel to have the most perfect feet worship your cock, master?"

“Fuck...they aren’t my feet, but the second best in all of creation will have to do.”

“Of course,” Heliotrope rumbled. “My god, my lord, my everything.”