

While Rhal had never been anything other than a very full, very well-developed specimen, it took Orrin coming into his life for the centaur to truly come into his own.

It used to be that he was *merely* big; big in the sense that other people could conventionally understand it, big as in what others would describe a particularly large person of his kind. He didn't break any records, per se, not so much as he was just a dominating presence in whatever room he happened to be in; he took pride in this, perhaps a bit too much, though he never quite sought to go beyond... despite being more than capable of doing so.

The potential for growth had always been inside of him; it just took until Orrin marched into his life before Rhal fully realised said potential. Beforehand, he never really had much of a reason to become bigger; while it did feel good, there wasn't much there beyond immediate gratification, and more than once he would swell up to a far greater size before then shrinking down once he was done with his "mood".

Orrin, however, changed things, mostly by giving Rhal some direction and a reason to head there. The dwarf somehow plucked some measure of sense from the abstract realm of pleasurable self-indulgence, threw it at the centaur, and it managed to *stick*; now, Rhal was no longer *just* growing because it felt great, he was growing because... that was what he did. He grew. He became bigger. He broke through his limits and deliberately aimed to do so whenever possible, because that was both his destiny and his *right* as a grower.

The results were very obvious, very quickly. While the old Rhal, prior to meeting Orrin, had already been *quite* large, to the point where he was occasionally something of a nuisance to small ones around him, the new one was so far beyond it that he barely looked like the same person. What was worse, it didn't even take him that long to go off the rails: it was *years* spent in experimental growth before he and the dwarf had a chance encounter, and only a few weeks before the centaur became utterly unrecognisable.

This was especially evident to those in the local bar scene, seeing as Rhal refused to stop going to taverns, despite the fact that he no longer fit in them, and *hadn't* since about a week from meeting Orrin. And it had only gotten worse: earlier that day, before the two decided to flip off the old ogre running the Cockswain, Rhal *tried* to get through the door despite the fact that his shoulders alone were wider than it was. To say nothing of the sheer *width* of his tauric section, and the fact that he was dragging along a pair of cumtanks so big they could crush entire caravan wagons, with a cock to match!

If the tavern had allowed him in, not only would there not have been any room for anyone else, but the indecency levels of the establishment would've climbed to frankly unmanageable levels. As the tavern keep told the two, he was running a perfectly fine and upstanding

establishment, not a brothel; if the centaur wanted someplace to cater to his interests, there were plenty of warehouses further down the road where they could do so, please and thank you.

Not that Rhal minded. Beyond a certain amount of size, any one gain was more or less meaningless, as were most things in life; so what if a tavern didn't want him? He could take that time and go somewhere else, like an empty field, where he *could* grow unimpeded without someone trying to stop him. Quite the contrary, as with Orrin there, he had a constant source of support and enlightened encouragement, ready to tell him that not only was he beautiful, but he could be *more so* if he just *kept going*.

It was super easy as well! Really, all he had to do was think it, and it just sort of... happened. Rhal didn't ever have to put too much effort into it, as it seemed the universe in general was just happy to give him what he wanted, be it a bigger dick, larger and more stuffed balls, or enough muscle to help bring down whatever house he was in. Even when he forgot to eat, somehow reality itself provided all the mass necessary to keep him going, doubly so whenever he actually paid attention to what Orrin said and tried to *think* about things.

The dwarf always seemed to know what to tell him to get the best out of it all; if not for them, Rhal would've been satisfied at just making himself a few inches taller every other month, and that would be it. It was the dwarf that came forth and suggested that no, that *shouldn't* be it: the centaur deserved far more than that! He deserved to be *feet* taller, *yards* even, deserved to have a cock and pair of balls that would shame everyone he ever would or *could* meet, and he deserved all of it as soon as he physically could arrange for it.

Because it was all what *he* wanted... wasn't it? Orrin always phrase it that way: that whenever he grew, whenever he looked at himself in a reflective surface and decided to add more muscle, or dick, or nut, or all three at the same time, it was what *he*, Rhal, wanted. He was never truly satisfied with anything; he'd just settled. Without an explicit goal in mind, he had decided to just never truly push the envelope, hanging around the shallow end of the pool without properly exploring his own limits.

But not anymore. Not when the dwarf was there to remind him that if he wanted to go anywhere, he needed to buckle down and *grow*. Strangely, Orrin himself never put it in those terms; in fact, the dwarf never put it in *any* explicit terms, making it constantly clear that any amount of extra Rhal was entirely Rhal's fault. And while at first this was undeniably strange for the centaur, as he didn't recall ever thinking in those terms, he had to admit, it made... a disturbing amount of sense.

There was a pond there in that field, one swollen by the recent rains, enough that he could trot over and look at his reflection. It had become hard to walk, as of late; not only was he

carrying a cock that filled all ten or so feet of his tauric underside, but his balls had, just a week or so prior, bloated so much they were stuck being permanently dragged across the ground. Oddly enough, his muscles were getting in the way too; it was one thing when they were *just* the regular sort, bulging out his frame and making him look like a bodybuilder, but...

... well, he looked himself in that natural mirror, the water giving him back a slightly distorted reflection. It was still enough to see himself for what he was: a walking hunk of pristine manmeat, the literal definition of *bulk* made manifest in a way that strained the imagination and defied the rules of biology. He had muscles stacked on muscles now: rather than them being simply stuck to his tendons and bones, entire formations of his muscular mass had begun to grow atop existing ones, leaving him as a gargantuan, bulbous monster of a centaur, enough so that he had difficulty walking while pulling all of that weight behind him.

And, perhaps most worryingly, this had started to reinforce itself. It began innocently enough, when Rhal noticed that he was actually expending some effort in going from point A to point B; he thought nothing of it at the time (he *was* an absolutely gigantic pile of beef, after all) and tried to carry on with his day, only to find that things became progressively easier... and then, immediately after, progressively harder.

It took a short while before the reason for this came to him, and then only because he walked by a large shop window that happened to be reflective enough at just the right time: the strain caused by his body being moved was, in itself, enough to force him to develop more musculature, which, while allowing for a short-term boost to mobility, only put *further* strain on his system, thus reinforcing the cycle. As of then, when he looked at himself in the water, Rhal was no longer in full control of whether or not his muscles bulked up anymore; he *could* shrink them, and thus control the spiral, but that would mean becoming smaller, and he definitely didn't want *that*.

No, what he wanted was to be *bigger*. Orrin himself said as much, and the centaur agreed: it just wasn't enough that he could be quantified. For far too long, Rhal had been worried about whether or not other people were inconvenienced by his growth spurts, whether him becoming colossal and landscape-sized would have an impact on *others*. He'd never stopped to think about what *he* wanted: maybe he *did* want a pair of nuts so heavy and full they could flatten a hill. Maybe he *did* want a cock so titanic that it stretched from one end of the county to the other. And maybe, just maybe, he wanted to become so muscular and powerful that every step he took sunk him into the earth below, and one singular arm could lift an entire mountain without breaking a sweat.

And the best part was, he could do it. He was standing there, staring at his own reflection, but he could do it if he wanted to; it wouldn't even be that difficult, not when he had so much

experience already. Hells, with his bulk being what it was, he wouldn't even need to inject any more mass into his muscles; he *would*, but it was still entirely unnecessary! All he needed was to flex, and the ensuing chain reaction would, at some point, land him exactly where he wanted to be.

He looked back at himself... only to see part of his shoulder. Hard to tell *which* part though; so much of it was just pure muscle that distinguishing between individual groups was an exercise in futility. He just knew it was *shoulder*, and it was in the way, and that was exactly how he liked it: he himself, physically, was so absurdly gargantuan that he was getting in his *own* way. He had grown so much that just by existing, he was a nuisance to his own continued being. And this, of course, just led to even more growth; his body didn't exactly know when enough was enough, so it just kept stacking more bulk in an effort to fix the problem.

Which itself just left Rhal hornier than before. And with Orrin there, whispering sweet nothings into his ear, constantly reminding him of just what he could accomplish if he just *stopped holding back*, trying to get a grip on things was... difficult. He didn't *want* to get a grip; he wanted to give himself up to the raw powers of horny self-indulgence and just *grow* uncontrollably like an absolute madman. He wanted to cast aside whatever mental shackles he still had and just... grow.

No goals. No objectives. Not any one particular size he would point at and go "Yes, that," and especially no limits. What he needed, quite literally *needed*, what he *had* to *have*, without which his mind would break into pieces, was one, big, uncontrolled, ecstasy-filled growth spurt, where he could go wild, forget about any kind of limitations, and just, effectively, *go nuts*.

And, as Orrin insisted on reminding him whenever Rhal stopped to think, he could have it: in fact, the only thing stopping the centaur was *the centaur himself*, and how much time he was spending thinking rather than doing. So why not fix that?

The first step, paradoxically enough, was to relax. Hard to do when his body was as bulked up as it was; just by taking a step, or even so much as breathing Rhal could feel his whole form tensing up, trying to break out as the pressure placed on itself *by* itself was so great that he couldn't even move his head to the side without feeling like the world was trying to smother him. Thus, finding that sweet spot where he *could* just relax was... difficult.

It involved a great deal of heavy breathing and meditative exercises, whereby the centaur closed his eyes and attempted to shut off the outside world from his inner experience. He was not there: he was just his mind. His body did not exist: it was a distraction. All he needed was located entirely within the thick walls of his cranium, where he could think of nothing more than... well, more.

His musculature having developed so much that he couldn't just exist anymore without being upgraded on the fly made it harder than it should be to focus on anything else. Back before, when he still *had* a body that he could carry around without it constantly bulking up, it was surprisingly straightforward for Rhal to grow: he'd just will it, and it happened. But now, with him having turned into a living pile of raw power, he couldn't *just* want it to happen: he was constantly distracted.

If he wished for his biceps to swell up, his back would remind him that he was carrying all that weight, and proceed to add some more onto itself; the moment he turned his attention towards it, he would've accidentally flexed one of his arms, causing *both* of them to grow in unison. Rinse and repeat, until a moment of confusion turned into a couple hundred extra pounds in muscle mass and he became increasingly less mobile, closer and closer to turning into a living statue, a monument to himself.

But, if he could just close his eyes and focus entirely on his interior experience, if he could, for once, just *ignore* what his body had become and think of what it *could* be instead, then maybe he'd be able to break through that barrier. Maybe, if he dedicated himself to that one moment of introspection, of letting go of the constant parade of stimulation that was his life, of nothing but thinking about how much his cock needed servicing... he could get more of it.

It was an investment, and he had to see it as one: he wasn't just depriving himself of growth, he was *saving it up* so that when it *did* happen, it would be even bigger than if he'd just gone the regular route! A perfectly serviceable, and indeed acceptable way of going about things, as far as Rhal was concerned; when it came to Orrin, the centaur couldn't really tell, seeing as he wasn't listening to anything the dwarf was saying anymore. Indeed, he wasn't listening to anything at all; all it took was that one moment of directed intent, and he was stuck inside a liminal nothing inside his own head.

It would vanish soon. Something about him would pierce through the thin veil protecting that inner world, force itself inside and remind him that he wasn't alone in there: be it another muscle bulging out, or his nuts gurgling as they filled with seed, maybe even his dick when Orrin wrapped *himself* around it; whatever it may be, it would interrupt this almost zen-like instant... meaning, of course, that Rhal had to make good use of it.

The centaur looked back to how it had been like before, when he *wished* himself bigger. As soon as he hit that critical mass, when he no longer had to consciously decide to grow, it became just as easy for him to forget about ever doing it on purpose; he was rusty, not just on *how* to do it, but *why*. He had to recapture that primal energy, the same motivation that led to him doing something as silly as embarking on that growth journey to begin with; he had to tap into his

primordial self and rediscover *what* made him get bigger, what precise combination of sensations led to him wanting to grow to such absurd sizes!

Then, once zoomed in and aiming precisely for it, 'twas just a matter of allowing that wellspring to burst forth again. Rhal wasn't lacking for enthusiasm, and he knew it; what he lacked was the ability to move without being constantly reminded of just how fucking *huge* he was. What he lacked was that one second where he had nothing else in his mind, when he could focus on what actually mattered: himself, fully realised.

He could see it. He could see the centaur he deserved to be, the centaur that was big enough to be seen from miles in every direction, the centaur whose form was so perfect that to gaze upon it would be akin to gazing upon the gods themselves. He saw himself as he was: puny, a larval stage, nothing more than the first of a great many steps towards a proper ascension... and he saw himself growing. He saw his muscles, burgeoning outwards as they both increased in size and number: as he planted yet more bulk-on-bulk, as his form defied conventional biology and became nothing short of the physical embodiment of *power*. He didn't need to obey the same rules that anyone else did; he was Rhal, centaur *god*, and if anyone had anything to say about it, they could kindly get out of the way and not bother.

And let us not forget about what lay below. He might've been thinking almost exclusively about the muscle mass permeating *most* of his body, but that didn't mean his package didn't deserve a "little" something as well. Had it not been for his own arousal that he'd gone so far? Rhal certainly thought so; there was a good reason why, even though he didn't *need* to make his dick bigger, he still did so anyway. There was a good reason why, even before he truly allowed himself to surge out in every direction, uncontrollably, he still made that cock of his be a good fifteen feet long and wide as a tree trunk. And there was a very good reason why he kept his nuts as swollen and stuffed as he did.

How else was he supposed to prepare for a proper release? He couldn't *just* cum, that was preposterous; he had to make sure it was the grandest, most disruptive climax the world had ever known, with tidal waves of spunk washing away anyone and anything that dared stand in his way. He would paint the landscape white and leave it coated with a layer of seed so thick that most would be unable to move; he would leave his mark upon the world in the most literal sense possible, because, in the end, said world needed a warning sign.

He wasn't going to do this at the end. *Amateurs* finished last; his true ascension, the real process through which he would achieve apotheosis, was not a simple orgasm. *That* much was exclusively for the sake of everyone else, so *they* knew what was going to happen: that last bout of uncontrollable cumming, where whole villages would be swamped by his seed, all of that was just him telling the world to prepare for what was *really* to come.

Because he wasn't going to stop that time around. He had before; even back when he was deliberately making himself bigger, oftentimes at Orrin's request, Rhal still had the good sense to know when to put the brakes on things and not go any further. He knew, or at least thought he knew, what his limits should be; he wasn't aware, back then, that such limitations were meaningless, and imposed only on himself as some sort of weird, auto-authoritarian shackle. That he was only stopping *himself*, rather than anything else doing so.

So... what if he just wanted to grow? What if he didn't want to just be ever so slightly bigger every other moment as a result of his body being so massive it could barely support itself? What if he wanted to hold down his breath, clench every muscle in his physical form, and *grow*? Truly, legitimately *grow*, without any concern for stability, symmetry, his surroundings, hell, even Orrin! The centaur was sure the dwarf would find some way of keeping hold of *some* part of him; plus, the little guy had been trying to push him into that realisation for months, and was likely having the time of their life!

As for himself? He no longer had a mental prison to excuse himself with. What he *did* have was a body that was twenty-five feet long, thirty-feet tall, blessed with a dick that was about as big as that, and was about ready to make those dimensions look *puny*. What he had was an insatiable thirst for a bigger, more powerful, more divine frame, one that could loom over all of Creation and yet demand even *more*. What he had was power, power that he let loose without a second thought.

Rhal felt the ground. He felt it under his hooves, his flanks, his shoulders and arms, his elbows, his glutes, hell, his biceps and even his pecs. He felt it because he *was* there: in one moment, all of him swelled, all of him multiplied in size and even more in weight, creating a loud, bassy thoom that spread on impact until all those within a dozen miles heard him. Or, at least, heard *something*; as far as most people were aware, it was likely just a giant taking a step out of their mountain hold.

But they'd know better. Soon enough, the living monument to muscle power that was Rhal would grow even bigger... just after he was elevated into the heavens by a shaft that became several dozen times its old size, courtesy not only of a mass injection, but indeed, the sheer and unfettered arousal that Rhal was feeling at that exact moment. Every heartbeat and thought, every pumping of blood and abstract desire, *all* of it made his manhood bigger, all of it left his cumtanks ever fuller. Outwards and upwards, until he could *feel* himself being lifted up into the sky...

... only to immediately slam back down, as every muscle group in and on his body made itself larger by several orders of magnitude, not just occupying all available space, but

burgeoning outwards until it intruded on the nearby city. Better yet, it was a cycle: he grew, he felt hornier, his dick surged into a greater state, he felt hornier still, he grew; repeat, endlessly, until not only was every inch of space around him occupied by... well, himself, but every available micron of emptiness within him had been packed with muscle.

He was *dense*; dense enough that the ground below him began to crack mere seconds after his ascension began. Soon, him simply *being* would no longer be enough to make him bigger, but enough to have the planet itself buckle underneath his majesty. For the little ones down below, it was now a choice between two equally glorious fates: either accept the centaur god and join willingly by throwing themselves on him, or hesitate and have Rhal make that decision for them.

And he would. For that world was his to take, his to enforce dominion in. That world was *his* to grow over and around, until it was nestled, safe and sound, in some remote corner of his musculature. As he grew, and bulked, and grew some more, leaving nothing behind but more and more of his increasingly-densely-packed self. Only then, when all available space was naught but Rhal, would he be satisfied.

Until he set his eyes on the next plane over, of course.