

SUMMARY: Mary, a devout nun, prays daily for a free life unrestricted by her faith. Due to a sudden, mass-scale alteration of reality, a far more perverse goddess hears her prayers and has other plans. Boobification ensues.

*Contains: breast expansion, ass expansion, butt expansion, hip expansion, hourglass expansion, waist shrinking, outfit sluttification/outfit change and a bit of mind alteration. reality alteration, lactation, breast feeding. Slight giantess and height. Goddess. god himself gets changed into a big titty waifu lol*

Mary was alone in the middle of her family's church, as she always was nowadays. Her family was long gone, off adventuring *somewhere* in the world to spread their faith, they never told her particularly *where* they were going, just the general gist. With globetrotting family members, the young Mary had certainly received the *extremely* short end of the stick. While her sisters and her parents traveled the globe, Mary was stuck on watch in their absence. As the singular working nun, Mary was in charge of every single duty, from cleaning to conducting Sunday services. She had very little freedom, any free time was usually consumed by church work. Even when she was hungry her parents simply had food delivered, constantly monitoring to be sure she didn't leave. They insisted it was her calling, to hold down the fort while they journeyed elsewhere. The best part of Mary's week was *always* Sunday; service day, the *only* time she'd *ever* get to interact with the outside world.

To say the least, it was all *extremely* stressful, especially to a girl that didn't want to do it at all. It wasn't like Mary didn't enjoy the open church Sundays, she just wanted far more than such a limited position. Mary didn't *only* want to conduct service on Sundays, she wanted to show the world her faith *every* day!

And so, Mary sat on her knees. her hands together as she prayed once again. Her eyes had been shut hard and her focus was entirely on her prayer, nothing could possibly distract the nun girl at this moment.

*"Please God, please, please allow me to make more people happy."*  
The woman spoke with dignity, a soft voice carrying well spoken, clear words. It was certain she made this exact plea almost every day.

*"I hate being stuck here! Living in the chapel every day, when all I've ever wanted to do was bring smiles to the faces of those on the outside..."*

It was the daily prayer, a plea for help, Mary begging to escape as she always wanted. All her life Mary was raised to be the perfect church-girl. Even as devoted as she was, Mary wanted to be free more than *anything*. No matter how much Mary yearned to explore and spread her beliefs through the world, at the end of the day, her obligation was absolute. Mary would never put her actual desires over taking care of her family's home and place of worship. Even if this was *mostly* her choice, it made her sad. Being trapped by the faith she believed in so much, unable to actually express her passion to the outside city. Mary enjoyed teaching and speaking with her visitors, but couldn't resist craving more than just the chapel halls.

Luckily, God actually *was* watching over the raven-haired, fair skinned waif. Mary was *always* one of his favorite worshippers. He admired the beauty he put into Mary's appearance, she was quite princess-like, her face was regal in every way yet carried soft features. Like always, he never intended to actually speak to her until she died, *but today*, he was feeling a *bit* different. Oddly, he could feel something coming, something that would alter reality on a scale so massive it would include even him. As a literal God, it was a strange feeling to be at the whim of another, even a being of such power was in utter disbelief. This was not in his plan, nor did he know the source of this strange feeling. Due to this, he looked down on Mary, hoping to perhaps give her one last blessing before anything happened.

Information then streamed into his head as the universe was shifted along with the fabric of reality before he could attempt to stop it. His vision shifted from Mary to the source of it all, just now, a completely random guy had been granted immense abilities. A power even higher than God himself had granted some expansion fetish obsessed nerd the power to change reality! What were they thinking? God was kinda pissed honestly, he had been watching over the planet for what, a few billion years? And they were just giving away his job to some human schmuck? It was comedical! God looked down from the clouds and almost jumped straight to earth just to see what was so good about "Henry" the thanos wannabe...

If Mary could hear him, God would be laughing. Impending reality alteration loomed on the horizon and forced the mighty God to freeze in his tracks. He was one of the few entities able to actually *perceive* the alteration of reality. God then witnessed millions of years he had crafted himself begin contorting, history altering as basic concepts of reality

warped until it was all different. The expanding universe changed before his eyes and then, through that same insane power, a wave of energy exploded past the barrier between worlds. A primeval explosion louder and stronger than the big bang itself pushed God backwards, the cloudy heaven he resided in had been completely overtaken by a prismatic burst of other worldly magic he had never encountered. Before God could even react with his own power, the energy washed over him and the entirety of this higher dimension. Massive streaks of light split off from the origin point, splitting and spreading that massive power into numerous different high realms, multiple new Goddesses claiming them as their own as the original power was split between this new pantheon..

As the light dimmed where the first, old God stood, a new Goddess had already appeared. The clouds began to settle, the magic dissipating around the area until she was finally clear. A beautiful, gorgeous woman with a royal, queenly aura proudly sat on an elaborate throne. The first heaven had been turned into this new Goddess' domain, the clouds were quickly overcome by massive spiraling towers and pillars attached to a castle of high luxury. In this golden yellow castle, the Goddess of Light sat. Her beauty was only enhanced by her long, flowing white hair, her yellow eyes perfectly matching her royal attire. It was accompanied by very high heels, which only served to make her tall stature seem even taller, she was certainly far above even the tallest human man. The outfit itself was a mix of whites and bright yellows, perfect for the new Goddess of Light.

Though, even with such beautiful architecture, there was one piece of attire the last God would surely detest. Where her regal, flowing white dress reached her chest, a massive, huge, gigantic valley of cleavage sat. The dress was certainly magic, no fabric could ever hold such bountiful breasts so perfectly. Even the slightest breath sent the two chest pillows into a swaying motion, her tits could only be described as two beach balls strapped to her torso and molded into a hyper fantasized human form. They were immensely perky, clearly soft and very well shaped, despite their size evidently reaching down to her hips while sitting, they sat pretty and proudly on her chest. Due to their size a majority of her form was hidden, though below her back breaking tits was the figure of a true Goddess. Even her nipples were absurdly large, two fully erect teats sat proudly atop of the valley of softness below them. Further below, her hips were wide, her ass was round, her stomach was slender and her skin was perfectly soft all around. This new Goddess loved her form and loved blessing mortals with similar gifts even more. Only the greatest of worshippers could ever hope to compare, and each one would find great

prosperity and beauty in the rest of their lives ordeals.

The Goddess gaining lucidity blinked to life, only one thought entering her mind...

How *disgusting* it was that *she* could have ever been anything *other* than beautiful. Her memories of the past reality were vague, but she remained utterly *repulsed*. The last version of her was a regular, ugly old man, a terribly disappointing fact the Goddess was happy to have fixed. The tall, godly woman moved her hands all over her soft form, forcing her pillowy breasts and soft skin to move. Her own endowments bounced all over the rest of her, jiggling and heavily slapping against her stomach, her chest and even her elbows. This was *amazing*, the feeling of her own body jiggling without end was *euphoric*, this Goddess briefly wondered how the rest of the new Goddesses felt before snapping her attention back down to Mary.

*"You've served me well, Mary."* The Goddess spoke, her voice booming with maturity and polite presence throughout the chapel. Assuming the role of a higher power came to her in an instant, this was truly what she was made for.

*"The time has come, I shall bless you with beauty unmatched by none other than myself."* The Goddess was certainly a bit arrogant, but it was to be expected from a goddess as sexy *and* powerful as she was.

Mary's hands quickly flew out of their clasped together, praying position in complete shock.

*"Uhm? God? Is that really you?"* Mary had to admit, she never actually expected her prayers to be answered, half her surprise came from the fact it was a feminine voice rather than a mans. Mary's mouth hung open as she waited for another response, a bead of sweat trailing across her brow as her nervousness began to set in. Mary couldn't utter any further words out of pure shock, she simply sat on her knees waiting for something to happen. Even through her surprise, shock and slight terror, a smile crept across Mary's face as she realized everything she had believed in up until now was real. A God certainly had been watching Mary this whole time, and as reality shifted, even Mary's mind was changed. Before Mary worshiped a regular old God, now she worshiped the Goddess of Light. The old God's intention of blessing her carried through, though now the new Goddess had far more... *bountiful* plans.

The stream of information rapidly entered Mary's mind, she had

always worshiped this Goddess. It was the happiest day of her life, her patron deity was finally talking to her! Mary knew *absolutely everything* about the Goddess of Light. Including the fact the Goddess of Light was much more than *just* the bearer of brightness, she was also the Goddess of Commerce.

**And, the Goddess of breasts.** How could a beautiful, welcoming higher-power such as she not have the perfect, softest embrace any of her followers could ever experience? Anyone who ascended to her realm would be greeted with open arms, with a giant valley of unending cleavage in between them. And, any of her mortal followers would receive similar blessings throughout their lifetime. A history of a world that always had a pantheon of Goddesses instantaneously entered Mary's mind, though their worship had apparently waned with the advent of technology. Due to this, Mary's parents were off spreading news of the Goddess of Light's return, apparently selecting Mary as her chosen acolyte. While Mary crowned the chapel back home, her sisters eagerly bared their growing breasts across countries to prove the power of the Breast Goddess to the world. This was accompanied by speeches and sermons detailing how influential the Goddess was on commerce and expelling darkness, though many people were focused on the boob aspect. So much so that a large portion of Goddess of Light gatherings ended in breast fondling, sucking, jiggling or some form of growth, be it by magic or technology. The Goddess was often a source of hope for flat women, as well as size queens.

Mary had worshiped the Light Goddess for a long, long time. As reality shifted, it became ever more apparent she was among the most devoted, if not *the* most devoted, light worshiper in the entire universe, worthy of being Her chosen disciple. As reality warped, Mary's previously extremely modest nun's habit was coated in light, turning pure white in color in an instant. Afterwards, the material began to shrink, fabric contorting, disappearing and changing all over until it had become a much more skimpy, breathable long dress. The dress was pure white with yellow adornments, matching the Goddess' own dress code. The fabric was sheer and extremely thin, sinking into all of Mary's cracks in an obvious attempt at making her figure visible from all angles. The dress itself clung to her body like a second skin, Mary's slender body was visible down to every crevice. Her arms were on display along with most of her thighs, both of which showing off soft fair skin. Her feet and hands were swiftly perfectly manicured, followed by the appearance of golden white high heels, forcing Mary to protrude her chest with an arch in her back. Even with her arched back and softer skin, her figure was still utterly average, to

the Goddess' great despair.

*"Enjoy this blessing Mary, you shall receive more of your Goddess' love very, very soon..."*

With another flash of white magic, a small crown appeared around Mary's forehead, officially promoting her position from lowly nun to full on Herald of the Light Goddess. Mary could feel pure light coursing through her veins, along with the growing urge to fondle and bounce her own breasts. Unfortunately for Mary, she reached up to cup her chest and was met with the same mosquito bites she always had. With the new magic she had gained, she couldn't resist doing exactly what the Goddess had in mind for her. Mary groped her chest, forcing that same magic into her and began slowly ballooning her tits outwards. Mary grasped her chest with a heavy moan, filling her tits with sensitivity to make the experience just that much better. The old shrewd Mary would have *detested* such a lewd act, but the new Mary absolutely reveled in it.

Her flat chest had already plumped up to a full, perky triple D cup. Mary's nipples followed suit, eagerly gaining in plumpness and hardness until two thick protrusions pushed away the fabric. Her fingers completely sank into her new tits, they were so soft and jiggly they'd possibly never stop moving again. Down below, Mary's thighs thickened up quite a bit, enough to give Mary's body hourglass proportions without taking away from her top heavy figure. The Goddess was happy Mary was so eager, she refused to allow such... *smallness*, to curse her beautiful followers.

Mary took a deep breath, prying her fingers away from her new sweater puppies. She glanced at herself in a mirror, admiring the beauty she had been granted. Her body could finally compete with the prettiness her face had always carried. Despite having no clue this reality was completely new, she was happier than ever before. As if on cue, the chapel doors opened, allowing a stream of townsfolk to tunnel in- it was Sunday!

Mary stood in the middle of the chapel, watching but not recognizing its slow aesthetic change, mirroring the Goddess of Light's home castle dimension. The chapel gained in color and beauty, becoming pure white and decorating itself with golden contours. The previously drab wood became marble, the chairs upgrading into luxury couches, benches and even recliners. All previous religious items became boob themed, crosses turned into Goddess idols while tapestries were splayed in gorgeous breast focused paintings of soft skinned top heavy women.

Mary stepped onto the podium, welcoming the crowd into the chapel. With her siblings spreading word in the outside world, her services had been growing more lively by the day. Even in a world with such amazing technology, people were still willing to worship the *true* power. Each attendant had an intense love for tits, almost every sermon ended with some form of public breast worship.

The Goddess of Breasts recognized this wasn't at all the original reality. The world's new history detailed an entire pantheon of Goddesses that had lost their power during the advent of futuristic technology. Now, it was up to them to find a way to spread their influence again. The Goddess of Light was using quite a bit of power to make her appearance before her sexy siblings. How could she make a huge statement on her first *true* day as a God? It needed to make a large impact in order to gather more followers and power. The Goddess rubbed a manicured hand against her chin. Hmm...

*Aha!* The Goddess of Light had the perfect idea. Kill two birds with one stone, display to the world she was real, along with granting further beauty to her chosen one! With a wave of her hand The Goddess threw a bolt of magic through the veil separating the heavens from the earth, striking the chapel with prismatic light.

Mary and the gathering crowd recoiled in shock, watching as a stream of light filled the center of the chapel before Mary could even start speaking. The light rushed, a magical hum practically deafening everyone nearby, drowning out all other sound. The stream of light stopped suddenly, leaving the Goddess of Light herself standing where it ended. She was somewhat incorporeal, clearly emitting a yellow glow.

*"Greetings, my children,"* The Goddess spoke with the same regalness as always, though it seemed a bit rushed. Her voice boomed, the church itself recoiling with her volume.

*"I have come, not only to show you I am true, but to bless my followers with the love I have so yearned to give."* The Light Goddess pointed at Mary, the glow in her eyes striking bright against Mary's.

*"You, my child, are my chosen Herald. Together, we will usher in a new era of beauty, light and prosperity into this world."*

Mary smiled ear to ear, "Of course! What do I need to do, my Goddess?" Mary rushed forward, bouncing all the way until she was eagerly standing right in front of the woman before her. The Goddess was

far taller than Mary, nearing eight feet tall. From below, Mary couldn't even see her face past the massive melons attached to her chest.

*"I am on borrowed time, my dear. I have nearly lost all of my power, I am entrusting you to help me gain it once more by gathering worshippers. You must drink from my bosom, it is the only way to enhance your beauty and your inner light."* The Goddess spoke clearly, everyone in the church feeling a mixture of fear, happiness, excitement, and arousal at the sight of her massively feminine form. Many phones began to record while tons of pictures were taken and phone calls were made. This was certainly making the waves the Goddess hoped for.

*"Yes, my Goddess, as you wish! Thank you!"* Mary beamed, her life had all led up to this moment! She didn't hesitate at all, the Goddess' manifestation picked up Mary, cradling her in her arms right beneath her titanic tits, placing her mouth right in front of her amazingly large nipple.

The nipple was literally God-like, so large it would fill more than just the entirety of Mary's mouth, she wouldn't even be able to fit the entire thing! Mary placed her lips on the teat, eagerly sucking on the Goddess' breast, excess spilling over her own cleavage due to the nipples size. The Goddess herself moaned, her sexual voice booming pleasure through the entire city. Mary suckled, coaxing milk right into her throat, a divine taste filling her mouth and body. The effects were instantaneous, Mary's face managed to grow even more beautiful, her lips plumping as a layer of permanent lip gloss was applied along with similarly permanent eyeshadow and mascara. Her nose was perfected, her eyebrows were trimmed, her ears were pierced with golden rings. Mary continued to suck on the godly, thick nipple, feeling lust building while her pussy forced a wet rub between her thighs.

The Goddess was *very* good to her followers. While Mary drank She slipped a digit below, fingering Mary with a sensual, slow motion. With her size, it was like Mary was being fucked by a lover hellbent on bringing her to orgasm. The Goddess wasn't lying, as her milk entered Mary the magic she had gained earlier seemed to intensify, Mary's eyes gaining their own light glow.

Mary's triple D chest eagerly bounced as she fell further into Goddess ministrated euphoria, Mary could only gulp down even more milk hoping it would make her more beautiful as the Light Goddess was. As Mary neared orgasm, she received exactly what she had been hoping for. The blessed milk draining into her body flowed into her tits, filling them

with milky divinity. They expanded in size, flapping against her chest and pushing against the Goddess' own, her nipples surging in size until they eagerly squirted their pearly white payload. The rest of Mary's body softened all around, her hips widening just a bit as her waist shrank. Even Mary's hair lengthened, growing longer as it gained a beautiful white coloring similar to the Goddess'. With one last suck and one last stroke against her clit, Mary cummed so hard her breasts grew one more cup size, landing at the size of prize winning watermelons with the thick nipples to match. As she moaned, Mary's back arched and her nipples sent a thick rope of milk all across the Goddess' chest.

The Goddess smiled, grinning at her new Herald as she slowly drifted to sleep. Mary smiled back, softly whispering a sweet "Thank you," to her Goddess. The giant woman faced the church. As she turned, her chest swayed heavily, taking a moment to catch up to her actual form. The crowd was going completely wild, shouting things like *"We love you!" "I'll be here every Sunday!"* and *"I wish I could drink from you too!"*

The Goddess of Light smiled. Her usual haughty, egotistical demeanor had faded into a sweet grin. There was nothing she loved more than bringing faith to the mortals. Now that she had gifted her Herald beauty and light unmatched, she was certain to regain her powers. Now, it was time to rest. The Goddess slowly disappeared like a swarm of white fireflies parting ways, leaving Mary fast asleep. The crowd slowly dispersed, many of them leaving alms, a few of them bringing Mary back to her bedroom.

As soon as Mary had been placed on her bed, she jolted awake. The light within Mary filled her with divine energy, hellbent on showing her love to all of the new Light Goddess followers. In the past reality, Mary wanted to spread her love. Now, with infinite sexual energy and the blessing of the Goddess herself, she was certain to have a very interesting life from now on.

But, sex was reserved for only those chosen by the Light Goddess herself, though breast play, milk drinking and *maybe* paizuri were *certainly* on the table. Mary pulled a few of the men and women back into her private chambers, quickly dropping her top, revealing her watermelon sized, milky tits.

All she could do was smile, whilst the Goddess smiled down at her.

THE END