

This is a commission for Fates Lover (FurAffinity).

Warning: This story contains omni levels of macro growth and hyper proportions.

Disclaimer: Bahamut and Tiamat's lore taken from Dungeon & Dragons.

Platinum Light, by DragonMasterX.

Good and evil. Light and Dark. The eternal struggle had long since persisted across the Forgotten Realms. Be it a power-hungry God or a chaotic Demon lord campaigning for their ultimate supremacy, the epochs saw this same battle rage across the ages. Armies as large as the countries they represented, champions bred and raised only for the glory of their masters, minor deities consigned and mythical beasts reigned in as part of that ever-consuming need for conquest.

The result: Victims numbering the millions. Plaguing disease, rampant famine. The earth itself razed and scorched. All for the sake of temporary triumph, all for ephemeral ecstasy. For one day the reigning party would inevitably be struck down by the oppressed, breaking the yoke of unjust rule and allowing the Realms the taste of freedom once more.

The Calm. The rise of new kingdoms and religions. Incursions. Power struggles. War. Upheaval. Uncontested rule until Rebellion gave way to the Calm again. The cycle of competition continued to tear the Realms asunder. A cycle prophesized to one day grow so powerful, so out-of-control that no deity would be able to stop oblivion from engulfing it all.

In the current cycle, nature itself appeared to quiver, a grave omen by word of druids of any level and competence. No adversarial conflict had ever escalated as the Dragon Gods' had. All it took was the Dark Queen finally escaping her place of binding. Ever since leaving Avernus, the world had not seen a moment's rest from her dark majesty's ire.

Without the need to manipulate and connive any longer, the mother of Chromatic dragons, Tiamat had launched her full assault into the Realms. Villages were raided, powerful kingdoms brought to ruin within days, forests razed, mountains shattered. The Dark Queen welcomed any and all obstacles. In her own echoing words since the first day of her incursion: "If it does not bend, it then surely will *break*."

The one obstacle that continued to get in the way of Tiamat without seemingly bending or breaking however was her very own brother. The Platinum God, Bahamut was the one to lead the opposing force in this conflict of unprecedented proportions. His paladins, wyrms and faithful championing his ideals for a world of rightness and virtue were both his sword and shield. It fell to them to save the innocents caught in war while fending off demons and those corrupted by Tiamat via false promises or sheer intimidation.

However, as hard as the Platinum dragon was trying to be a protector, his armies could only hold off the advance of Tiamat's by applying the very same amount of aggression as they did. Where he saw conscripted necromancers raising the dead for his evil sister's forces, his paladins showed up to slaughter the newly created undead and their creations. Where his vanguards threatened to destroy Tiamat's bases of operations, they were consumed by her chromatic aberrations. For every step one side advanced, the other wasn't far behind.

This stalemate went on for centuries and although neither Tiamat nor Bahamut's forces appeared drained, the innocents and the land itself were paying the price. The realms were getting torn apart piece by piece, theatre of war by theatre of war. It soon became clear to Bahamut that this had been Tiamat's plan all along, as in his attempt to meet her blow for blow the world and its inhabitants were being consumed by their everlasting battle.

It was high time to bring their spat to a swift end.

M'Alak was one of the three remaining cultists of the original five who had spearheaded her dark majesty's resurrection. He was one of the many who had been transformed by the energies of the goddess upon her release, assuming a form that was half man, half wyrm. Like many under the Dark Queen's thrall, his recompense for a life-altering choice hadn't been riches or kingdoms, but the **honor** of leading her armies against all that Bahamut represented.

Dark, bloody skies greeted the high priest as he walked out of his encampment. Rowdy chatter among those sentient was aplenty, but it always paled in comparison to the queen's monstrous spawn screeching impatiently, hungrily. The beasts were especially antsy today. Everybody was on edge. And with good reason. It was *the* day.

Approaching the edge of the encampment, M'Alak approached climbed over a rocky hill and his mistress came into view.

A being of massive size, the five-headed dragon Tiamat was 50ft. tall from claws to horns when standing up and over four times in length with her tail included. Each head corresponded to one of the chromatic dragons she spawned: Red, green, blue, white and black. She was currently sitting over the hill, all five pairs of eyes glowering at the empty wasteland before her.

M'Alak knew not to disturb her dark majesty during times of contemplation, but he felt the need to raise an objection. It had been five hours since the appointed time. This could have been a trap laid by the Platinum dragon after all.

"It is not a trap, M'Alak," the husky yet demonically-warped voice of a woman echoed from above. The cultist took a step back with a gasp; it was like Tiamat could read his thoughts. "My fool of a brother is far too drunk on his virtuous arrogance to stoop to that level."

"My queen," M'Alak bowed before responding, "Could it be possible Bahamut does not plan on engaging your powerful army today after all?"

"He is assuredly making me wait," two of Tiamat's heads expelled sparkling smoke through the nostrils in a clear display of impatience. "But he will show. Senile as his mind is, he is no coward. In fact, I..." she took a pause. M'Alak looked upon his dark queen in wonder, eyes widening as he saw her taking to all fours, every head standing to attention all of a sudden. "**He's here.**"

The high cultist did not hesitate. "I'll alert your forces, my queen!"

In all of these eons since their creation, Tiamat had never forgotten her brother's godly aura. When close, it radiated holiness; a light Tiamat could compare to an overly sweet dish. Even from far away she could sniff out his scent. The dark goddess' claws sank into the crusty bedrock as toes curled with anticipation.

Our final clash will decide everything.

Her brother's words rang in her mind. Their best, their everything would finally be put to a definitive clash. The winner would take all and a new world order would bloom from foundations of the scorched land fertilized with the loser's ashes. Tiamat intended to be the torcher no matter what it took.

But something felt odd. Innumerable demons, her chromatic dragons, chaotic wyrms, tens of thousands of cultists, all of who she had subjugated to her almighty will. The goddess could sense her forces gathering behind her. Ahead of her a rapidly approaching object was zooming through the empty wasteland. Certainly, Tiamat could tell from the aforementioned aura it was Bahamut. But the Platinum dragon was all she could see.

Upon Lord Bahamut's landing, the sudden stop of his ultra-fast flight caused dust to kick up into a storm from the sonic boom. Majestic, sparkling wings spread out into an arching wingspan, dissipating every last particle in the air to expose himself to the staggering army on the other side of the canyon.

He was just as physically massive as Tiamat, but with only one head as opposed to a quintet. And contrasting the chromatic dragon queen's leaner build, his smooth scales armored thick musculature resulted in a sinuous yet notably more muscular build. Yet despite his lean body, the feral dragon's poise couldn't have inspired more nobility.

However, for all of his majesty, Bahamut seemed to be enjoying no entourage. No paladins at his side or behind him, no metallic sheen of scales other than his own, not one of his seven golden wyrms levitating above or vassals accompanying him. Tiamat's suspicions had been confirmed: Her brother had come to their final confrontation alone.

"Might this be a ploy...?" M'Alak returned to Tiamat's side alongside her other lieutenants.

"Don't be daft. The Platinum dragon, playing foul?" one of the fellow cultists-turned-high-priest spat.

"Beware, your dark majesty," the third lieutenant spoke vehemently. "It is possible the pressure of your many victories has sowed despair in your holy brethren's heart. He might even..."

"**Silence, you fools!**" Tiamat spoke with a deafening roar from all five sharp maws. "His armies are touched by his virtuous aura much like you all bear my mark. And right now, my brother is the only one exuding that sickening glow. He is **alone**." The dragon goddess stood up straight, her voice elevating to such depths the very canyon echoed with its fury.

What is the meaning of this, you fool of a brother? You summon me for a final confrontation and you show without your followers? Is this some sort of petty insult?!

Bahamut's deeper and masculine voice echoed back, although with significantly less ichor. "This is **our** final confrontation, sister. Enough lives have been taken in the name of our respective causes. It is high time we took responsibility for our spat."

Tiamat's nostrils flared on each of her head, vile smoke fuming out like an angry burning cloud. She continued speaking just as loudly, but with a somewhat restrained tone. "Where are your followers, Bahamut?" she demanded.

“I have asked them to stay back, that they may no longer be endangered by my selfish choices,” Bahamut solemnly replied. No more, no less.

“I’ve witnessed the zeal of your merry band of holy men and women more than once,” hissed an impatient Tiamat, clearly dissatisfied with that answer. “Even if **you** were to ask them; to *order* them to stay behind, they would not abandon you. And yet I cannot feel your aura in them anywhere in this realm, not even the faintest of traces... Unless they no longer exist in this realm.”

Bahamut paused, sighed, and further explained: “Your suspicions are well-founded, Tiamat. My armies no longer reside in this realm, it is true. And it is as you say: From the most powerful golden wyrm to the humblest of paladins, all are loyal to me. But while that loyalty strengthens my resolve, it also puts them all in grave danger. As a protector, I cannot bear to watch them get hurt for my sake any longer. So, I have used deceit to keep them all, every last one, inside of my Palace in-between the realms, that they may be safe from you and your armies. They are unable to leave until I reopen the gates, or I expire.”

“Then...” she said as sharp fangs exposed on several of Tiamat’s maws, each one growing into a twisted smirk, “...I will be sure to be the one to greet them all at your palace doors.”

Bahamut snarled, his aura surging with holy light as he flew off his perch and landed in the middle of the wasteland, glaring reprehensibly at the still perched five-headed dragoness above. “Do not be mistaken, sister. I did not come here intending to fall.”

The skies above the wasteland began to further darken, thunder raging above Tiamat as she spread her wings out, “In that case, *you should have brought an army.*”

ANNIHILATE, MY SLAVES!

Multiple cries of war filled the area as innumerable beasts and dark warriors began their hastened descent from Tiamat’s cliff side. Winged monsters took to the air, many of them commanded by expert riders equipped with immense weapons only those with demonic strength could manipulate. The very skies trembled with the dark army’s hellish growls, all of them eager to prove themselves to their goddess.

Between humanoids and feral creatures, three kingdoms’ worth of followers stood between Bahamut and his sister. Every single one of them infused with a portion of her evil essence, capable of bringing harm to Gods like he. The Platinum dragon was under no delusions he would be bringing them all down. They needn’t all die. He didn’t want them to. All he had to do was take Tiamat down once and for all.

Bahamut took off to the air, moving with blinding speed as he intended to cut a path through the fliers, ignoring the ground forces. However, Tiamat’s forces had been anticipating the winged God’s move, to which the archers responded with quickly. Suddenly tens of thousands of dark-flame arrows were joining together into a veritable hailstorm.

The Platinum dragon had to stop himself lest he dive straight into the incoming dark flame; he could sense Tiamat’s evil in the attack. All he had was a split second to react. “*Divine Protection!*” he cast his divine spell, encasing himself in an iridescent bubble capable of repelling attacks with its powerful positive energies. The impact of each dark-flame arrow was akin to the explosion of a magic missile, smashing into the Divine Protection bubble with enough impact to push Bahamut back. He was safe for now, but he was also pinned.

Focusing on his attackers, he noticed arrows coming from ground level, the cliffside and even the air. Bahamut could hear the ground-bound army snarling up at him, hoping for his barrier, and he, to go down so they could have their turn. Five contemptuous pairs of eyes stared him down from the hill overlooking the cliffside. Tiamat looked to be taking pleasure in his predicament.

"I imagine you could have had an easier time with my archers had you brought more meat shields, brother," the goddess taunted.

Before Bahamut could respond to such insensitive words however, he let out a pained growl. Safe he was from the oncoming onslaught, but he hadn't reacted as quickly as he thought. His right shoulder and part of his right wing had dark-flame arrows embedded into his scales and wing-membrane. As an ancient dragon his body was tough and few things could harm him. He wasn't used to pain. Physical pain was something he hadn't felt in millennia.

Tiamat archers' ammunition had been forged from the brimstone crags in the underworld giving them unparalleled durability and power against the divine. Tiamat's corruption was akin to poison to the Gods, and her breath had infused those arrowheads.

Bahamut was in trouble. His mind was starting to cloud. He had to stop the archers before he broke his concentration and his Divine Protection fell. "Begone, foul beasts!" he roared, aiming at the fliers carrying Tiamat's archers and letting loose a barrage of azure energy that incinerated the demonic hellspawn.

"Hmph..." Tiamat sighed as a third of her fliers were taken out in a moment, breaking their formations and interrupting the attack from above; as Bahamut's roar was loud enough to deafen and stupefy the senses. But she was less so impressed by the fact it was the beasts carrying her aerial assault force that had been taken out.

The riders were all plummeting to their dooms now, except Bahamut followed by breathing out a mist which caught them all in its steamy embrace. Every last conscripted warrior that passed through had their corporeal form turn to gas, harmlessly floating down to the wasteland. He turned his gaseous breath down to the cliffside warriors next, incapacitating them by making them unable to wield their weapons, but before he could aim to the ground armies, Bahamut felt more pain from the poison spreading. Flinching, the Platinum dragon could no longer remain aloft and Tiamat grew ever smaller in his eyes as he steadily descended.

Tiamat was sharp in her criticism: "Imbecile. You destroy mindless beasts like insects yet you waste precious strength minding the lives of the soldiers ordered to kill you."

"They..." Bahamut panted, wincing from pain as he felt his barrier weakening. Even with the small force of archers on the ground below him being the ones to put most of the pressure on his barrier, he was starting to feel woozy and as a result, unable to focus on his divine spell. "They should not be part of our squabbling, sister! This is between you and me! Mortals need not suffer from our affairs!"

"Hah! Ever the bleeding heart," Tiamat laughed, clearly entertained by her brother's suffering. "You are weak and pathetic, Bahamut. Mortals are mere pawns. Tools to be wielded by the Gods. They either *obey* or they are *destroyed*."

Bahamut couldn't take more dark flames. He plummeted down, smashing himself into the ground and forcing the forces there to scatter to avoid being crushed by his bulk. The impact sent all archers and a good chunk of the ground forces flying, though none of them would be badly hurt. His

barrier was starting to fade. Fortunately, the rest of the archers flying above were still stunned from his deafening roar. Unfortunately, the Platinum dragon was now exposed to an incoming attack from all those beasts and warriors at the bottom of the canyon.

“He’s down!”

“Get him!”

“Pile on him, don’t let him take flight again!”

“For the dark goddess!”

Bahamut hardly had time to focus on purging the poison, much less healing. He had to use his body to prevent further damage. Swinging his tail allowed him to dispatch several groups at once, as did beating his massive wings. The latter hurt him badly thanks to Tiamat’s poison, but he had to buy himself some time so that he could find a way to make it back up where their leader was; nothing mattered, she had to go down. She was the only one who had to be taken out for this to be over. He had to...

But he couldn’t. Tiamat’s forces were simply too great in number. Even for a God like he, even for a 50ft. giant of an ancient dragon, the stabs, the hacks, all of them imbued with the dark goddess’ hatred, finally pierced through his barrier and began stabbing at his beautifully white scales.

The great Platinum dragon had been beset by hundreds like giant prey being covered by a hungry ant colony. Soon enough, they had made it to his head and had buried him under uncountable numbers.

“Where is your precious ‘justice’ now, brother?” Tiamat cackled from above, “You were a fool coming here alone. You will die alone. And when I am finally rid of you, your followers will be next. I will tear their souls from their bodies and feast upon their essences!”

Everything was going black for the lord of metallic dragons.

“The Astral Mirror is ready!”

Gasps and whispers among those faithful to Bahamut resounded within the ivory halls of his fortress. All of those faithful to Bahamut had been stuck inside of his Palace for the last three hours. The magic sealing the fortress’ exits was so great not even the seven golden wyrms appointed by the Platinum dragon himself could break free.

Worried for their leader’s well-being, those most powerfully versed in the arts of clairvoyance and astrology came together in the construction of a massive crystal slab spanning a hundred feet wide and thirty-five feet tall. The reflective sheen of the Astral Mirror could be seen by the thousands mortals, metallic dragons and minor deities gathered at the sprawling banquet hall of the Palace.

“Get it to work then!” Borkadd, one of the Seven and Bahamut’s Claw, practically roared his command. Multiple mages manipulating the energies of the mirror infused the crystalline sheet, making it shine brighter and brighter until it flashed whiter than the Sun itself.

The first few whose eyes readjusted to the fading light were also the first ones to shout and whimper: “No...!”

The Forgotten Realm’s wastelands became visible before the audience. It was just when their lord

and master had been buried under the vicious forces of chaos.

“Master...” Borkadd wanted to bring a claw to his eyes in an effort to block the vision of such disgrace. But he couldn’t so much as avert his gaze from the painful truth and his biggest fear: Lord Bahamut was about to lose.

“He shouldn’t have gone alone! I get why he did it but...”

“What will we do? We’re next, no doubt!”

“We’re trapped. This is no mercy. This Palace is our tomb after all!”

Regret. Fear. Panic. Those among the most just were starting to fall apart as they watched the one-sided conflict.

“If only we could be with him...” Sonngrad, the Wing, felt deflated in her shared impotence with everybody else. But before further lamentations could occur, a deep baritone echoed across the Palace, its charming melody managing to snag people and dragon ears alike and briefly take their eyes away from the Astral Mirror’s accursed image.

It was Vanathor. Regal golden dragon of musical renown and Bahamut’s personal bard. “But we *are* with him, dear Sonngrad,” he said to the confused crowd. Doubt began to mount immediately again.

“Vanathor, your grief muddles your brain. Is this real-time cross-realm image not proof enough for you?” one of the minor deities taken by despair was the first to rebuke, followed by several others who voiced their dissent at the bard’s words, naming them empty and lukewarm at best.

But Vanathor didn’t stop speaking. In fact, he used his third octave to command the room. Not even powerful Marroshok the Tail could look away. “You must listen, everyone, for I am neither superficial nor senile. Our lord may have chosen to face this battle on his own, but he is not fighting alone. We might not be able to leave the Palace to offer our direct assistance to him, but just as we are able to follow his essence with the Astral Mirror, we may be able to send our power to Him. Nay, I am *sure* we *can*.”

“What are you saying, Vanathor?” Sonngrad’s tone didn’t communicate disbelief, but the golden wyrm was still confused. “The Astral Mirror is no teleportation device. And even if it was, his holiness has prevented any manner of transportation to bring us outside of his personal realm!”

Vanathor smiled kindly, not to Sonngrad in particular, but all of his comrades. “Recall, everybody. You have all been in one way or another touched by our lord’s benevolence, his light. He is out there righting wrongs, fighting not only for the innocents we have all sworn to protect, but *us* as well. Does it not warm your hearts? Does it not inspire you?”

“Of course it inspires us!”

“Lord Bahamut is the reason I joined the order, I want to help anyway I can!”

“He is more than just our lord; he is our God!”

“Correct!” Vanathor roared in agreement, his voice so deep and majestic it rumbled across the spectacularly decorated walls. His passion was starting to creep into the regiments, quickly becoming invigorated by the bard’s speech. “It is time to use that inspiration, fellow comrades! Direct those thoughts, that admiration, your very worship of Bahamut into the Astral Mirror. Do not look at our lord’s predicament as an ending to our efforts *or* to his greatness. For this is our opportunity to show our devotion, to make our belief in him *material*.”

*Bahamut, Platinum dragon, is our **God**. And like any God, He deserves our prayer and worship!*

With that, the different orders of Paladins gathered at the halls of the Palace dropped their weapons and shields, going down to their knees or sitting down cross-legged. Some adapted typical praying poses while others sat in meditative stances. Some of them remained quiet, while others spoke their sincere wishes for their lord's victory. Vanathor had inspired them all.

"Sonnggrad, Borkadd, Marroshok, everyone..." the golden dragon puffed his rainbow-scaled chest out, fuming through his nostrils, "You, and me as well. Let us join in oration and prayer for our lord. He cannot lose. Not as long as he has us. We *are* with him."

"BAHAMUT IS NOT ALONE!" the seven golden wyrms roared in unison, shaking the fortress and carrying the thoughts and prayers of every last being within the Palace through the space between Realms. Their destination was as clear as it was singular.

Poisoned and weak, Bahamut held only one regret. It wasn't coming alone, for he had staged the final battle with his antithesis where no innocents would be involved and none of his friends and followers would be harmed for once. No, his one regret would be the future. A future without his protection, without his ability to ensure the safety of those he cared about the most.

Warriors and beasts continued to pile on the dragon God. He could feel them squirming and snarling on top of him, desperately hacking at his near-impervious scales, slowly yet steadily withering their invulnerability away with their dark-endowed weapons, fangs and claws.

Tiamat had steeped even the lowliest of hellspawn with in baleful essence, bringing pain to Bahamut. His every thought interrupted or otherwise erased by it, he was starting to lose his grip on his own consciousness. But before Bahamut could relegate himself to that world of increasingly searing agony, something happened.

Where the pain was the most acute, his wings and shoulders where the dark flame arrows had struck earlier, a strange tingle started soothing the wounds. At first the affected areas felt numb, but then Bahamut definitely realized it felt like an army of ants crawling under his smooth metallic scales. The strange, healing tingle spread from one side of his body to the other, and even went up and down, ensuring every last inch of his gigantic form was covered in it.

Bahamut became fully conscious once again, cerulean eyes opening wide and sparkling with energy. "What is this... this surge of power? It's infusing my very being...!" the dragon gasped in surprise and confusion. This power was being poured in him like someone with an endless pail of water trying to fill up a dwindled lake. Bahamut's reserves were soon topped off and he felt strong enough to resist his numerous assailants.

"Hey, you feel that?"

"What's with all the shakin'?"

"Murder, murder, kill, kill...!"

Only a few of the bloodthirsty lot on top of Bahamut stopped hacking with their weapons, alerted by peculiar rumbling coming from below them. Most of them mistook the vibrations for the great number of snarling beasts attempting to bite in their bid to devour the Platinum dragon, but soon they were all convinced when their supposed prey began to rise from the ground.

With just the simple act of sitting up on his haunches and spreading his wings, hundreds of Tiamat's minions scattered from Bahamut's body like a vigorous mutt shaking off some fleas. The metallic sheen of Bahamut's scales seemed brighter than ever, casting its incandescent light through the gaps in that small army and now bedazzling them all.

Tiamat let out four indignant huffs, followed by a growl from the middle, talking head: "So, you still have some fight left in you, brother. You do not yet understand, the time for sleep is..." she was about to declare another brutal attack by her aerial archers now that they were recovering, but something gave the dark queen pause. Stretching her necks downwards over the cliff, Tiamat's eyes glared down incredulously. "What is that glow...?"

Bahamut had met his sister's cruel stare with his usual steely determination, but her intensely and uncharacteristically dumbfound left him perplexed enough to merit inspection. In his eagerness to free himself of his aggressors, the God had failed to notice just how extra shiny he had become. And he recognized the glow: It was pure, undiluted positive energy. "It's swirling around me but also inside, why is this..." he asked himself, realizing the tingling sensation spreading to every last inch of his person had never quite stopped.

And then, Bahamut finally heard it. Flowing in along the infusion of power came familiar sounds, voices. No, the voices and the infusion of power were one and the same. Encouragement, prayer, cries for victory, gratitude and worship. At first the God had thought himself losing it after having been so close to utter defeat, but now could no longer ignore the echoing voices of his own forces not only restoring his vigor but increasing his strength! Perhaps much over the limit.

Now it was like the same person using that endless water bucket had completely ignored the fact they already had restored the lake and had chosen to continue pouring more and more in. And the resulting effect was quite plain to see. Bahamut wasn't merely looking shinier.

"What is this swelling power I'm sensing?" Tiamat voiced out, as if demanding an explanation for what she was witnessing. "Is it... your aura? No," the dragoness stood up straighter than usual, and for the first time that day she seemed taken aback by Bahamut.

"My queen?" M'Alak at Tiamat's side seemed to be just as invested to know the answer. He had never seen her this upset and confused at the same time.

"Fool! Do you not see it? His very essence is being infused!" Tiamat explained, "It's too much for his physical form to handle, and so..." she stopped as the very earth began to quake beneath all of their feet no matter the elevation.

Growling from a sharp, electrifying tingle traveling from the tip of his tail up his spine, Bahamut's fore claws dug into the brittle wasteland soil, gripping with such intensity the ground around him began to fissure. Fangs clenched and eyes shut closed as he felt his body ripple with all that excess of power flowing through his veins. Power that, upon being properly absorbed, began to increase his body mass.

Bahamut had started growing. At first the few dozen inches he had gained mostly went unnoticed in the face of his bright aura, but soon enough it was clear even to the feral hell beasts that the already giant winged reptile was expanding.

Usually lean muscles began to ripple with strength, pushing out against Bahamut's platinum white scales. All four of his legs became thicker and longer, the claws at all four of his feet gaining girth and weight as if to match the sinew packing on his limbs. That sinuous body was also widening in

order to support defining abdominal muscles and burgeoning pectorals that were turning Bahamut into a hulk of a dragon.

Frightened by the dragon God's swelling essence and form, Tiamat's ground forces instinctively pulled away from him. He wasn't merely looking brutally stronger, he was also growing taller, rapidly occupying more and more space at the foot of the cliff. It didn't take long for him to double his original height on all fours, but he didn't stay 100ft. tall for long.

"Grrrr..." growled the growing Bahamut, feeling himself getting taken over by a sensation most unfamiliar yet no less pleasant. As he managed to open his eyes to take a good look at his bulging biceps and broader shoulders, he understood the fear in Tiamat's soldiers: It didn't take an attunement to sensing other life forces to tell just how powerful he was anymore. A mere glance at his rippling physique could let anyone who hadn't been convinced until now know he was becoming a juggernaut.

Now that he was growing in all directions, demons, beasts and half-breeds alike were fleeing from the dragon. Bahamut could feel himself rumbling bigger. He had eased on the pressure of his claws against the ground yet his already 150ft. tall and growing body was enough to make the wasteland quake under his might. Everything around him was shuddering as a result of his increasingly larger mass.

"He's tripled his size and shows no sign of stopping, your dark majesty!" M'Alak had been staring intently in both fear and reverence. Looking up he hesitated at his furious looking mistress, but he had to ask: "...should we retreat?"

"**RETREAT?**" the irate goddess roared with all five heads, but only one of them spoke: "I will not show my back to that overgrown fool. He can make himself as big as he wants, it will only make him a larger target. Archers! Warlocks! Hellbeasts! I want my brother *aflame*. If you do not take the chance to destroy him now, *I* will end you personally!"

A gigantified Bahamut was frightful enough, but few were the fools that didn't know Tiamat's word could be trusted *especially* when enraged. The skies became blackened by a dark flame arrow storm, only this time it was backed by swirls of black energies being projected by hundreds of dark spell casters at Tiamat's beck and call. Lancers were ordered to stand behind a wall of obscure fire and told to throw their javelins through it with all their might, combining sheer brute force and the arcane in order to create further deadly projectiles that would home in to their immense mark.

One after the other, the slew of attacks coming after Bahamut struck true. Just as Tiamat had prophesized, his bulkier, towering form made it impossible for the beefy beast to be evasive. And yet soon enough Tiamat as well as her forces came to realize Bahamut wasn't as immobile as they had thought him to be. He had not moved at the start of the second projectile onslaught because he hadn't needed to.

With dark fire attempting to consume him in vain, the enlarging Platinum dragon already 200ft. tall started slowly backing away from the face of the cliff. His every stomp sent quakes rippling across the fissuring ground, tripping up the soldiers at the giant's feet. Although they were enemies, Bahamut still attempted to spare them from becoming a bloody stain on the battlefield.

"This... this cannot be!" Tiamat shouted as one claw shattered the boulder it had been rested against. "Why is my ichor not weakening him further? This is five times the dose! What are you idiots doing?! He's toying with you!" she glared at her spell caster army.

“He... he’s nearly five times larger than before, highness!” one of the warlocks currently hard at work channeling the dark flames justified, only getting an exasperated grunt from his queen.

Bahamut’s newly empowered form had proved impervious to the poisoning effects of those hellish magics. He could see hundreds of the same arrow that had almost put him out of commission moments before simply bouncing off his toughened up wing membranes or otherwise shattering against the impenetrable thickness of his broad, muscular chest.

“This overwhelming might...” the male dragon rumbled, just as surprised as his enemies as his body became better and better at shrugging off attacks the huger he got, “This power feeding into my very soul, strengthening me beyond the limits of Gods... It does not belong to me. It is coming from...” he gasped as the voices in his head became clear as day. He could pick them out one by one. It wasn’t just the mortals who had pledged their service to his cause, but his friends, his confidants, his attendants, every aspect of him he had created up to this date. “...my friends and allies. Although misdirected by me, your congregation at the Palace has managed to elevate your individual belief and combine it into this... raw power!”

“What are you mumbling about, you bloated gnat?!” Tiamat growled from above, although not by much. Already over 300ft. tall and still rapidly expanding, she could now see those unmistakably blue eyes of his carving their steely gaze into her. “Why won’t you fall?!”

“Because I cannot, Tiamat,” was Bahamut’s response, his voice now freely echoing through the valley, “This strength, this power... It is not mine alone. It belongs to those that believe in me. They fight with me even though they are not here! How can I fall when they are here to make sure I stand this tall?”

The Platinum dragon tightened himself, tensing up as he further absorbed the prayer and worship of his followers, allowing it to further fuel his size. His aura had grown so powerful it was becoming visible to every individual no matter their magical disposition, taking the shape of a bright, half-transparent cloak of swirling energy. Bigger and bigger he swelled, soon passing 400ft. tall, 500ft., 600... Pulsing larger with every passing moment, Bahamut became an utterly looming monster in the battlefield. Even the biggest of Tiamat’s Hellbeasts was being dwarfed now.

Bahamut felt as if thousands of hands at once were massaging his body from within. Even though he was in the middle of war, it was hard to deny how pleasant the experience was for his senses. The feeling of his muscles pushing out against his scaly skin, his hide stretching out to spread over his increasing mass. Every small twitch of his claws and tail against the crumbling eroded floor. His wings casting an ever widening shadow across the battlefield as they became more and more impressive with his size.

“It’s almost too much...!” Bahamut thought, his mind nearly overwhelmed by all that positive energy feeding into him and further embiggening him. In no time at all he was going to reach Tiamat without even having to fly! He knew that at nearly a thousand feet tall he was more than sufficient to bring about this conflict once and for all, and yet he could feel it.

All eyes had been on him since he had arrived at the battlefield, and although their enmity had not decreased Bahamut could sense a peculiar new feeling of admiration and awe for him. Not only for his new immensity, but also his sheer bulk and that blinding holy aura exuding from his very being. He didn’t merely feel big or powerful, he felt iconic, even more so than any God that had ever lived.

And then he thought: “What if this mind blowing phenomenon is enough to halt their aggression? What if becoming so unbelievably powerful is enough to stop this senseless war once and for all?”

“Muh-mistress...” M’Alak could no longer stop his trembling. He was constantly shuffling backwards as the immense head of their once nearly-conquered rival gradually came closer and closer to the edge of the cliff.

“**It’s over, Tiamat!**” Bahamut’s deep baritone carried such force it actually blew banners and some of the lighter foot soldiers away like a heavy wind storm. His light had become so incandescent it was burning his sister’s eyes and causing her to flinch and back away from his colossal visage.

“No... no! I will not lose!” Tiamat shouted into the wind, her mind racing with any stratagem, anything at all she could come up with. “How are you doing this?” she rapidly thought, daring to open just one of her ten blinded eyes to take a gander, a peek at Bahamut’s swelling aura. And then she saw it. His soul, ever so vibrant and pure, linked with countless others. Souls far away, unreachable by her evil magic. She was instantly envious, for their familial link allowed that one gander to impart upon her the pleasure and bliss her brother was feeling having all of the worship and prayer of his followers washing into him, elevating him into this status of greatness and near-immunity. She wished for that. Tiamat thought herself deserving of it. And so, inspired by Bahamut, she turned to her own armies.

Bahamut was about to demand his sister’s unconditional surrender when he saw her turning sideways with all five of her maws opening at once.

As Tiamat hissed out loud, an expansive wave lashed out from her body, an extension of her own malignant aura. Unlike Bahamut’s shiny glow, hers was dark-tinted iridescence. It oppressed those it touched, making them fall to their knees or outright collapse with their mouths and eyes wide open.

“Muh-mistress...!” one of her lieutenants begged, seemingly wracked with pain. The others followed, falling one by one as the orifices of their eyes and mouth began to shine with the very same pulse of malignant energies Tiamat had manifested.

“Sister, what is the meaning of this?” Bahamut demanded, confused by the direction the battle had suddenly taken. So stunned was the titanic dragon that he could only watch as the dark iridescence began to pour out of soldiers, wyrms and even her own spawn. As Tiamat inhaled, the energy floated towards her maws, sucking it all up. And as she did, her entire body began to swell larger.

*I made a mistake imparting my essence upon you all. It is high time I take it back. **With interest!***

Tiamat immediately felt an electrifying tingle running through her being. The essence of her followers which had become tainted by her influence had managed to mature their souls into becoming like her own. She didn’t even have to waste time processing them, simply tearing them out of their corporeal forms alongside her dark blessing to instantly add their existence to her own. And the result was pure orgasmic bliss for her.

“Yes, more!” the dark goddess cried out as the cliff side beneath her began to struggle with her rapidly increasing weight. Tiamat wasted no time in taking back what was hers, the tiny fragments of her power which she had divided upon her countless agents, alongside their lives which had become such a delicacy. Five souls became a dozen, which became hundreds and soon thousands. Even her soft growls made the wasteland shudder as her power dramatically increased and with it, her size shot up almost exponentially.

“No... what are you doing? Stop this!” Bahamut roared out, deciding to press his size advantage

before Tiamat got too big and reached over the cliff to grab her in one of his claws. But she had already quadrupled her starting size, standing 200ft. tall; a fraction of his thousand feet tall height yet no less impressive. Bringing both of his claws in, Bahamut immediately reeled back as Tiamat's dark aura singed his fingers, managing to force him away.

"Fool!" the growing dark goddess chastised with the one head not gorging itself with the dark army's souls, "You thought you'd won, didn't you? Let me show you how this battle has *only just begun*."

Bahamut grimaced. Thanks to his immensely increased power, his fore claws had not been badly hurt, revealing to be as pristine white as always in spite of the smoke trailing off his palms. In the second it had taken to inspect himself for any wounds however, he noticed a shadow looming over him. Casting his sight over the cliff, the giant could see the profile of his sister's amazing transformation. She had swelled past five hundred feet tall, already having multiplied her starting size by a factor of ten. And that wasn't everything.

The bigger Tiamat got, the more visible her aura became, just like with her brother's. Only instead of a warm, serene glow, Tiamat's presence seemed to be lighting the very air aflame now. The clouds hanging over the wasteland were starting to become blacker than coal, storming in what seemed to be a reaction to the dragoness' evil influence.

With nearly every single soul at her base camp devoured, Tiamat let out a sultry, husky moan of pleasure as she felt herself ascend. Even with their necks bent in order to vacuum the lives of her armies down her gullet, her heads reached high into the skies by now. To further close the gap between herself and her brother, two of her heads switched their attention to the remains of her aerial armies. To prevent their escape, she had enthralled otherwise mindless beasts carrying her archers. It was time to have seconds.

All these mounted warriors had been able to see was their leader turning on them, feasting on the souls of the forces gathered behind her. When she had grown so large her heads were level with the fliers, they finally knew it was their turn.

Become one with your Queen.

Soon, the only things the flying creatures were carrying were empty husks. And with this new influx of souls, her power and size further developed. Tiamat was growing so enormous her clawed feet facing the cliff side were scraping towards the edge. Before the overhang collapsed from her weight she finally took to the air.

Gargantuan wings beat with enough force to whip up a violent storm. The wind was so incredibly forceful it tore up the nearby base her army had set for her campaign. Engorged with dozens of hundreds of souls, Tiamat was now a thousand feet tall from talon to horns just like Bahamut was and she was looking more ferocious than ever.

Bahamut winced at the one glance he got at the lifeless bodies strewn about the torn up camp. Thousands who had been prepared to give their lives to defend their mistress' vision had just paid the ultimate price in the most unexpected manner; their horrified, twisted faces showed the dragon God the pain and suffering Tiamat had caused them in her impatience.

Beasts from the netherworld were one thing. Their whole existence was nothing but negative energy taking corporeal shape; creatures of raw cruel instinct who could only be commanded by someone of her sister's influence. Extinguishing hell beasts was the only way to purify their negativity. But

the core of Tiamat's armies, corrupted or otherwise, were sentient creatures. Bahamut had so far held himself back just enough so that he would spare their lives where he could, but his efforts had been dashed by Tiamat's lust for power. He could no longer stand by idly.

Even though the giant dragoness hadn't tasted one bit of meat, drool still cascaded from all five maws as she surveyed the wasteland around her colossal brother. The remainder of her still breathing army lay at his feet, the remaining half of her forces; still brimming with life; a third feast waiting for her to just swoop in for it. Out of the corner of her eye she also noticed a large amount of dust being kicked up as a bunch of warriors skidded down a slope, but they didn't seem to be heading over to join her ground forces by Bahamut. No, they were fleeing.

"Mhmhmhmhm... And where do you think you are going, M'Alak...?"

M'Alak had been one of the very few who had been fortunate enough to have been within feet from the soul-extracting pull of his dark queen's inhalation. He had witnessed her becoming bloated and frighteningly huge alongside the like-minded warriors and followers did not wish to end up being scrubbed from existence by being devoured. They had taken the chance Tiamat had become drunk with her own power and flaunting at Bahamut to make their escape. However, it had only been folly.

"Muh-my queen!" M'Alak yelped, stumbling upon himself as he finally touched the bottom of the canyon only for he and his group to be discovered. Dozens of his men gathered at his back, trembling before Tiamat's heavy glare. All they wished was to survive, but how could he defend he or his compatriots against their mistress who was known as merciless as she was unforgiving? The half-wyrm felt his legs giving away under pressure, hitting the ground with his knees. "Puh-please spare us!"

"You were once one of my most loyal, M'Alak," Tiamat hovered above the wasteland with an air of superiority as she addressed one of her ant-sized minions. "I was going to make your melding to my soul painless, but with this betrayal? I will enjoy tearing you from your frail little..."

An interception happened. Before she could aim her maws and begin soul collection again with M'Alak and his small group, something moved with blinding speed. Bahamut's massive claws fell on top of the half-wyrm and his fellow warriors, easily covering them and hiding them from Tiamat's sight. With a powerful glare of his own, the Platinum dragon defied his polar opposite with a resounding: "**NO.**"

"What are you doing, you fool of a brother?" Tiamat couldn't help but scoff, her wings beating even harder. Torturing dissidents and making examples of betrayers was one of the most delicious rituals of her life; which would've been the perfect cherry on top of the little snack she was going to make out of M'Alak and the rest of his followers. Her frustration over being denied her latest meal was such that her giant beating wings sent rumbling sonic booms down, cracking the wasteland.

And yet Bahamut's aura absorbed the impact, dispersing it far away to protect not only himself and M'Alak, but also the remaining thousands of evil creatures behind him.

"Lord Bahamut...!" M'Alak's eyes almost bulged out of their reptilian sockets when he saw his massive claw hover over him not with the intention to crush but shield them from harm. "It is not my intention to complain, but what are you doing? We... we are the enemy!"

"Release my prey, Bahamut!" Tiamat demanded, her fury coalescing in bright, shuddering energy spheres gathering at each of her five maws. One after another, she breathed empowered laser-like

beams of elemental energy that aimed to erase everything in their way. The wasteland instantly became torched with hellfire.

“You and your kin are the enemies of justice and all that is good,” Bahamut softly rumbled down, twisting his right wing up to provide protection from Tiamat’s raging attack from the front while using his left to pull in and better protect the thousands that remained at his back. “It is because of you and those like you that my sister is now a threat to all Realms. She never intended to share in her existence, much less her power, with any of you...” He took a pause as mindless hell beasts scared of Bahamut’s size attempted to flee him only to be instantly disintegrated the moment they escaped outside his parameter, “She has only ever looked out for herself. I hope you can see that now.”

M’Alak had not only been humbled by the analysis, he had been silenced by the carnage. But a question remained in his tightly closed lips. He saw an unexpected smile forming on the colossal dragon’s head.

“But your life is more than what you’ve made of it, M’Alak, and it is no less precious than any one I’m fighting to protect,” Bahamut continued, his wings twitching each time they deflected a scorching blow.

“But we...” the half-wyrm winced, suddenly wracked with guilt, “I tried to kill you, to end you! Do I... do we all deserve your mercy, milord?”

“I believe in reevaluation. In second chances,” Bahamut’s eyes turned to the rest under his guard, “Now that you see what true injustice is, isn’t it time you ask yourself just what it is you’ve all been fighting so hard for? Mmmnghh!” the Platinum dragon grunted, bending with a quaking rumble as Tiamat intensified her offensive, combining all five beams of elemental energy into one devastating, razing projection of her wrath.

If I can’t have their souls, I will eliminate you alongside them!

M’Alak flinched at how hard the Platinum dragon was now fighting and on their behalf no less. He turned to his brothers and sisters in arms, finding that they had all by now disarmed, finding it hopeless to even think of coming between these two titanic Gods. But just as it was becoming clear to M’Alak, they all understood now only one of those draconic deities seemed to care whether they lived through this conflict or not. Whatever complicated line of thoughts M’Alak or anyone else could’ve had, the choice was simplicity itself.

“Lord Bahamut has to win...” M’Alak gasped in realization. More arms continued to find their way to the ground. Removed helmets and masks revealed disfigured faces, sad faces, tired faces. Humans, humanoids, those reborn through dark rituals, transmogrified by Tiamat’s evil. On their knees, they looked upon their savior, feeling unworthy of his blinding light, yet begging for his salvation all the same. They had had enough of Tiamat’s tyrannical rule.

The Platinum dragon had to win.

As Bahamut’s mind raced to come up with a plan to counter Tiamat’s fierce onslaught without risking the few thousands left in that torn-up battlefield, he felt a change come about. The support and cheer from his dear friends and allies had hit a limit with how big and powerful it had made him, but he could now feel the process of expansion coming anew.

Looking down at himself once again, Bahamut could feel his body reacting to a new influx of

worship and prayer. The latter was somber and spoken significantly different than the dragon was used to, but it lacked no sincerity. As newly absorbed energies welled up inside of him, Bahamut thought: "It matters not where it comes from; belief is belief. Born from loyalty or survival instinct, they wish for a protector in their time of need..."

The Platinum dragon rippled with increased strength, his muscular body packing on additional bulk as he pulsed larger all over. He turned to his gigantic sister with an icy yet fierce glare: "Hear me! I shall protect them from you, Tiamat!"

Laser breath fizzling out, the enraged dark goddess could no longer maintain her distance. "They are *my* toys, Bahamut! How **dare** you take them away from me?!" With a howl that shook the heavens she finally dove down, diamond-sharp claws outstretched in a bid to tear her brother to gargantuan pieces.

However, he moved his wings out of the way and met Tiamat with his own claws, grasping hers before slamming her down onto the wasteland. When the dust from the resulting impact cleared, both dragons were sitting on their haunches, claws locked in physical struggle. Their maws lit up.

Trembling at the titanic clash between deities, Bahamut's new followers did their best to maintain their composure. All they could do was look up at his giant tail and bulging haunches from their position below and behind him, but they could feel it in the way the very air became electrified with their clashing auras. They fired point blank at each other.

Although Tiamat had the advantage with her numerous heads up close, Bahamut's power was concentrated and further enhanced by his new source of worship which Tiamat did not have access to. Annihilation met disintegration: Pulsing crimson versus deep azure. The streams hit each other, blasts of energy coming from each dragon forcing them into a standstill. An up close deadlock perfectly symbolizing the siblings' eternal struggle. An eternal struggle that should have ended in the destruction of everything.

But something had changed. The balance had been tipped in Bahamut's favor. As his body absorbed the ever rising hope of his new believers, Bahamut shot up several hundred feet taller all at once. Tiamat flinched for a moment when she realized her mighty talons were starting to become sandwiched between Bahamut's much larger ones. Their laser breath deadlock was starting to become askew and no longer were they level with each other; she found herself steadily craning her necks back in order to properly align her incinerating fury to meet his disintegration ray. He was outsizeing her.

They ran out of breath at the same time; the vestiges of their lasers leaving the air charged with dangerous sparks of destructive energy. "No..." Tiamat panted, her own muscles tensing as they filled with her anger. She pushed back hard, but found her strength wanting before her immensely beefed up brother's. "No! This is not how this ends, Bahamut!"

Bahamut recovered from his panting a little faster, allowing him to maintain his composure as he spoke: "It's over, sister. You are defeated," the much larger dragon said, growling as he soon rumbled even larger than before. Already 1,500ft. tall, he was starting to tower over his sister. "Cease this struggle. Turn over a new leaf. It's not too late, even..."

"**Silence**, you pious charlatan!" Tiamat interrupted him with bile in her tongues. "I am not done. Not by a long shot! This world and ALL worlds are *mine*. Do you hear me, you pathetic mortals?!" she yelled down with a roar that echoed not only in the wastelands where her betrayers were, but the rest of the Forgotten Realms. "You are meaningless, destined to be consumed by the strong and

almighty. Pledge your insignificant lives to me, Tiamat, or be destroyed when I take what's rightfully mine!"

"Do not listen to her!" Bahamut intercepted, his deep bass booming over the goddess' threats.

"Tiamat has long imposed her dark will upon the land, but no more. I am your protector. Your life is yours: It does not belong to anyone else, God or mortal. I, Bahamut, will fight for that justice!"

No sooner than Bahamut's decree shook the land, his body began to explode with size. He couldn't help letting out a moan of pleasure as an influx a hundred times more intense than anything he had felt that day began to spread to every last particle in his being.

Tiamat didn't have the time for a rebuttal on that realm-wide communication as her vision suddenly became a wall of pec mass slamming into her. She was shoved back away from the death grip she had been futilely attempting to maintain on her brother's oversized claws. All she could do was cling to Bahamut's widening chest, able to feel his body rumbling as he swelled all over. "No! No more!" she cried out in protest as she looked up and realized Bahamut had just doubled his size. And from the looks of things he was just getting started.

"Thu-this power... so overwhelming...!" the male dragon roared, feeling all of his muscles pushing out, growing in order to contain his rapidly increasing strength. The quadruped God wasn't merely colossal now, but also Herculean.

Voices were coming from far away, offering their support to him, further fueling his growth. They numbered on the tens of thousands, all of them piling up to his already generous supply of worship. While Bahamut had been convinced he had hit his limit earlier, that limit had just been removed by his ever increasing flock. Inspired by his selfless valor in the face of such evil, Bahamut was now being backed by an entire realm.

A mile of height became two, then four, then eight. Soon, Bahamut had filled out the canyon with his bulk! The largest, emptiest space he had been able to find for two of History's largest and most powerful armies to fill was running out of room for the growing God.

Tiamat was like a lizard attempting to cling to Bahamut now. "Cease you bloated buffoon! You'll squish us all!" the dragoness' voices rang out like thunder yet they might as well have been the buzzing of a bug for the almighty Platinum dragon.

Indeed, Bahamut was becoming hazardously big to put it lightly. Something as simple as his haunches and tail dragging upon the soil was enough to weigh the brittle ground down and crack it under his mass. There was no doubt the cliffs on both sides of the battlefield would end up sandwiching the beefy mountain of a dragon.

The ones at biggest risk were Tiamat's armies gathered under her brother. Fortunately for Bahamut's new followers, physical size wasn't the only upgrade to their new deity. As overwhelmed by pleasure as his mind was, Bahamut couldn't forget about those he had just helped bask in his forgiving light. His incredibly vast holy power had enabled him to cast a protective bubble surrounding them and the chunk of land they were standing on. With a mental command, Bahamut had torn that pieces of the wasteland off, relocating his new worshippers somewhere safe. From there, they continued to be filled with awe and inspiration as their newly adopted deity continued to outsize everything surrounding him.

Amazing was the only word Bahamut could use to describe what he was feeling. Energies beyond what any one God should be able to collect were pouring into him, extracted from a virtually

bottomless well. Even now he could feel the different voices stroking his Godly aura like infinitesimal pairs of hands softly petting on his soul.

The differences were easy to tell because of what he had felt with Tiamat's followers: His light had become so radiant and powerful it was reaching out from the wasteland into the rest of the Forgotten Realms. Those who had pledged their lives and souls to other Gods or deities had also begun praying for his protection now, wishing to bask on his all-reaching holiness.

And Bahamut, both nurtured and humbled, took advantage of his new reach to extend his influence to every corner of the realm. Whomever wished for his light's warmth, no matter their background or provenance, was bestowed with a little bit of hope, with just that kick of divine intervention necessary to carry on with their lives even through major duress. And albeit he was not seeking payment for his service, the dragon could still feel gratitude for his benevolence.

It was with this realm-wide proto-cooperation that Bahamut unlocked his true potential. Wings nearly tripled their span, losing their bat-like edges as delightfully white plumage engulfed their membranes. His scales shone brighter than ever, constantly sparkling now. His aura extended greatly beyond his own body now, turning into a pillar of platinum energy beaconing for the entirety of the Forgotten Realms to see the result of their efforts. This was no longer about trumping his evil sister, but about accepting his true calling as the ultimate protector.

As the miles of height piled on, the dragon's forelegs and hind quarters crashed into the cliffs, decimating them. Trapped into his ever bulging pectoral mass, Tiamat's whimpering no longer could reach his ears. Bahamut only had time for his followers.

Very soon, the dragon was dwarfing mountains. He could be seen from multiple kingdoms and major cities, appearing as a godly reptilian figure cutting through the heavens with his ever ascending beauty. It wasn't long before the rest of the realms caught sight of him, but also felt his ever expanding aura wash them over.

The peoples of those other realms might not have spoken the common tongue, they might not have shared cultures and might even have feared this new influence at first. But one glance at that glorious light allowed them all to come together with the same understanding: They were beholding a miracle. And this miracle was only going to get bigger and bigger with every individual beholding and diverting their attention to it.

Bahamut spiritually embraced each and every realm as he outgrew them. It wasn't long before he became addicted to the cycle: His immensity and sheer power inspired more and more people to join his flock, diverting their worship and prayer to him which in turn would make him grow ever bigger. And with greater size and power, his reach continued to add even more worshippers to his side. A feedback loop of pure bliss that saw an already larger-than-life icon transform into a truly divine world-encompassing deity.

As every corner of the planet basked in Bahamut's incandescence, his only source of anxiety: The well-being of those being affected by his unstoppable growth, finally took a backseat. He was overjoyed at how without even meaning to, his subconscious wish to protect had moved him off the Forgotten Realms, away from the gravitational pull of the planet he was swelling over. His expansion had spiraled out with hundreds of miles becoming thousands.

The dragon God had ascended to a supreme form. He was no longer the sinuous, lean winged beast towering over man-made buildings. He was now an absolutely jacked beast of humongous proportions. An angelic leviathan of mythos-defying proportions. His torso had to widen

considerably to fit in his innumerable row of abdominal muscles and bulky laterals. His shoulders were so far away from his thick neck now and his pelvis flared out as a necessity for his gigantic, beefed up limbs. Even Bahamut's tail was now so long and girthy it could loop around the world multiple times and engulf it if he wanted to.

"And I can barely feel Tiamat's aura now," Bahamut said as he brought a mighty claw around, barely able to tap one of his incredibly bulged out pectoral muscles. The biceps on his forelimbs had become so utterly thick they not only brushed but hit the sides of his chest, making it harder to reach around. The last he had seen of her she had been wedged in his bosom, where he hoped she would no longer be able to terrorize anybody ever again.

For the briefest of moments, the ascended dragon God drew his blue gaze upon the world. He could simply reach out and touch it with a single hand paw capable of razing an entire realm and erasing it from existence. And yet the very tip of his claw knew exactly where to stop to avoid affecting the world. Bahamut hadn't merely been injected with power beyond belief. His own strong convictions about protecting and serving added to him the ability to measure and control his world-shaping power. A power that only seemed to be growing with him.

"More...?" Bahamut couldn't help but chuckle. His brain had thus far become adept at resisting the overwhelming factor of the experience, so he didn't have to worry about losing it. However, he could now plainly see it: The world he had left was positively glowing. Worship appeared to him as a stream of vivid, pastel-green oozing out from all of the realms in that celestial body. It continued to seep into him, feeding him, nourishing him, further pushing him to grow bigger and more powerful than anything.

The unbelievably large dragon felt universally accepted, and he would not fail any one of them with his new responsibility. Bahamut couldn't help but smile as he spread his planet-dwarfing wings and opened his beefy arms as far as he could as a symbol of acceptance. He was happy to take upon the burden. "It seems everyone's come together to... Hmm?"

Before Bahamut could finish his assessment, he noticed a different kind of color mingling with the green. It had been imperceptible at first, but now each realm in the planet seemed to be adding to the stream of green worship with a pink glow. The new type of worship mixed with the green, transforming those beams of light into iridescence. When the sparkling energy hit Bahamut, his eyes went wide as he instantly quintupled in size.

"Rrrrrraaaaaa...!" the powerful God roared and flexed his bulging body, swelling so much the planet housing all those mighty prayers was left as a relatively tiny sphere even smaller than just one of his biceps. The planet was gently pulled from its orbit, attracted by Bahamut's impossibly heavy frame to start circling him at the waist.

"Haaa... haaa! Wuh-what was that?" Bahamut asked himself. Although he couldn't peer under his humongous chest, the God could still sense the planet safely dancing around middle, continuing to add its collective worship unto him. At first he was confused by the grade of intensity he had suddenly received, but soon enough, by focusing sufficiently, he was able to tell where the difference lay.

It was Gods and Goddesses. From various other pantheons, from various other famous houses and even realms superimposed into the planet's various ones. Bahamut recognized many of these voices that, although far less numerous than the ones coming from the green stream, were each equal to a million of mortals where worship efficiency was concerned. "I thought I'd learned to temper this lovely sensation, but it looks like I've been humbled by my peers..." the dragon criticized himself

for indulging too much; but it's not like he could help it any longer.

By now he was being worshipped simply by name and presence alone. He was far too big for mortals to see, and yet they all seemed to agree he deserved to become even more unimaginably large. Bahamut would become the ultimate protector, and as such he had to be unassailable, untouchable and certainly unlimited. And by the wishes of the realms and its various rulers and divinities it was going to be so.

Grasping at the power being fed into him by the world, Bahamut felt himself continue his expansion uninterrupted, for once basking in pleasure so graciously imparted to him by uncountable devotees. As his immensity continued to propagate, other planets were torn from their orbit and brought into his. Most of these rocks were uninhabited, but those that held intelligent life certainly reacted to him. Much like the realms that had never heard of Bahamut until the last few hours, these alien species only had to be touched by his space-invading aura for them to understand the intent of his quest.

Bahamut quickly became a symbol to the cosmos. With every planet in his solar system gathered around his perpetually embiggening self, it didn't take long for deities from Beyond to take notice. And be it by right or morbid curiosity, they, too, felt it was only right for the one God who had broken through every limit in existence to continue exceeding the imagination.

He became bigger and brighter than any star, and albeit his bulk rapidly filled out once empty space, Bahamut's reason to be empowered him with the command for things around him to be cushioned or levitated just out of any dangerous collision. There would be no more senseless destruction under his watch and certainly no hazard brought upon by his own person.

As even the biggest sun winked out from the dragon God's physical view, their solar systems eventually became little more than toys for him to reposition and even rearrange in whatever way suited him. Even though he had become so excessively bulky that movement would have become clunky while bound by planetary gravity, out in space it was the power of his mind and the pull of his soul that charmed every last speck of cosmic dust to move for him.

Bahamut's presence reached every last corner of the galaxy, adding more ancient races and their deities into his fold and further fueling his never-ending growth. When countless galaxies began to cushion his back, the God let out a gasp of delight. "I'm being smothered by all of creation at once as I drift in this endless space... all of it under my protection. Yes. You have nothing to worry about anymore, everyone." The dragon assured, and his intent, not his voice, resonated in the hearts and souls of every last one of quadrillion denizens in the universe.

And that was when his aura evolved one last time, this time exuding the most exquisite pearlescent sparkle which spread all out and replaced the blackness of the void. His aura was now all over the universe. The spiral forms of most galaxies surrounding Bahamut seemed to start shrinking but he knew by now that it was his physical form further increasing in size. And what was beyond the universe, if not an endless ocean of possibility?

"Of course," he said to himself, eyes closed since he didn't need them to see any longer. He could simply use his infinitely amplified sixth sense to feel every last atom within the universe and those beyond his own. "I am no longer charged with being the protector of just one Creation, but all there is and might be."

Bahamut and his aura erupted from his universe like a lava from an active volcano. Immediately sensing the existence and location of countless other universes like his own, he extended his

muscular arms out and commanded them to stop approaching him just like everything else that had so far gravitated to his unbelievably thick bulk. As he became larger and larger and universes went through the same process of being dwarfed by his magnificence, Bahamut finally took his place at the apex of all.

Gods and deities from all planes of existence had joined together for the first time in an eternity to celebrate the Platinum God. They could no longer see him, but his omnipresent pearlescent aura permeated them and everything around them. Bahamut offered his protection and blessing to them and the mortals they ruled over, and they in turn ensured he would never be wanting of gratitude and worship.

“One last push...” Bahamut sighed, his breath capable of generating entire new universes by the sheer power contained within him. He became further engorged with muscle mass, his wings growing many times his infinite size in order to close around him and bring the collection of every universe before him.

With the multiverse – a floating, living being of pure potential – floating above his colossal pectorals and under his grinning maw, Bahamut made sure to shine the light of his aura reflected by the feathers in his wings down at everything. The dragon had ascended beyond expectations, his power so great that one false twitch of his pecs could have annihilated everything, but his discipline had proved to be as infinite as his self. His power would be used for the protection of mortals, to show them hope eternal, to guide those that have lost their way with his ever-forgiving light. Should they need him, he would always answer.

Finally, the Platinum Light had blessed everyone with his protection.

The End.