

# Another Ascension 2

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Content warning: Transformation, Macro, Deity, Virmir abuse

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A massive serpent curled around a cavern's mouth, spitting poisonous venom from its mouth. Its venom sizzled when landing on the ground, dissolving the rock and dirt underneath. Its red, orange, and yellow scales shone brightly in the sun, almost like a sunset. Its slit green eyes stared at the lone intruder, glaring at him.

Just as it stuck out its forked tongue, the intruder tossed a fireball at the serpent.

The fireball exploded, incinerating the serpent within moments. The only thing visible while on fire was its eyes, white from shock. The flames dampened just as quick, leaving its charred corpse behind with the smoke of a skull and crossbones symbol. It fell from the top of the cavern's mouth, crashing onto the ground. It then poof into nothing, leaving behind a single red scale for the intruder.

The intruder, known as Virmir, picked up the scale and grumbled. "Trees. All that work for one scale. I need twenty of these to make a decent potion!"

Virmir, the toony gray fox<sup>1</sup>, huffed and stuffed the scale in his hammerspace, which was placed between his back and black cape. His fur, gray outside his off-white belly, chest, muzzle, and hand- and feet-paws, bristled with annoyance. His black ears with white inners twitched,

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<sup>1</sup> Urocyon Cinereoargenteus Cartooniosis

listening for any other monster or, worse, other people. Sensing none, he shook his head and walked into the cavern itself.

From his research, this cavern was once an underground highway leading to an underground city. The cavern, one of many, lay near a mountain, though stories said that the city was underneath a forest next to that mountain. Crystal-clear water came through the various tunnel systems, giving the city's citizens water and acting as a defense. Glowing mushrooms once dotted the underground, though they had long since died. Surviving artwork had the city with a tall temple at the center, with its top having a Gammamon, a Treecko, a wolf, and a fox. It was said that the city's temple was where a goddess once lived.

Whatever happened to the goddess and the city's citizens was lost to history.

Not that Virmir cared to dig too deep into that. His schedule was already crammed when he studied this place for five months, and he could not surrender more time to that. He believed in following his schedule as much as possible, leaving little room for anything else. That way, he could plan stuff out for at least a year in advance.

The only reason why he bothered to schedule this trip was to see if there was treasure.

“OK. If there’s any treasure here, I’ll see about collecting as much as possible for the next two weeks,” Virmir said. He produced a flame over his hand-paw, lighting up the cavern. “If there isn’t, more time to figure out how to kick that blasted snow leopard out from my backyard.”

Virmir huffed and shook his head. Already, he felt dirty walking in this cavern which went down. If this goddess still existed, she must be so untidy. If he was in her place, he would clean everything up so well that the dirt would feel clean. The thought of washing himself after this trip came to him, though he expected it would be at least a day until he felt clean.

He glowered and—

Steps sound echoed from ahead.

Virmir twitched his ears while powering up his flame into a fireball. The only thing worse than exploring a dirty cavern in a city was not being alone. He narrowed his eyes, with their colors a dark teal shade. He made slow steps, ensuring he did not make the slightest sound. If it was

that snow leopard again, he would ensure she took the full fireball to the face.

The steps grew louder as he approached a cavern junction. It was one thing that Virmir found that made sense regarding this city. Having only one path that leads into and out of a city would be suicide to its citizens if disaster strikes. By having multiple paths, the people could escape, though he expected that they would be dirty.

The steps stopped, as though whoever this was knew someone else like Virmir was nearby. Virmir grumbled, knowing that his own fire betrayed him. There was not much helping that since the glowing mushrooms died long ago. Even so, Virmir found it inconvenient to deal with another and so soon.

Virmir raised his fireball in preparation for this unwelcome company.

This person twisted around the corner and aimed her bow at him.

For a moment, the two stared at each other without talking. This was a good start for Virmir since he disliked interacting with anyone other than himself. He took note of this lady, who was a silver vixen instead of that blasted snow leopard. Perhaps this one had more sense in her than

the other. At the very least, she was taller by about two feet, with Virmir at 3'6"<sup>2</sup>.

Virmir took note of her looks, observing how much of her exposed fur was a lighter shade of black. The fur around her muzzle, likely dominating much of her body, had a silverish gray that looked decent on her. Though nowhere as great as Virmir's gray fur. She wore blue clothing, though her collar shirt was lighter than her jeans. Her brown gloves went to her elbows, and they were so smooth that Virmir thought it was what her hand-paws looked like. A belt wrapped tight around her waist, with a golden A as its buckle.

It clicked in Virmir's head where he had seen an A like that before.

"Acquaintance with Daren?" Virmir asked at last.

The silver vixen's deep blue eyes flinched, but her hold on her bow remained firm. "You heard of him, I see."

"Decent with fire, though nowhere as great as I am." Virmir folded his ears back. "Though that was before his ascendance. At least he knows to keep his distance from he. Trees, a lot of people don't."

The silver vixen nodded. "He's not stupid like that."

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<sup>2</sup> Not counting his ears.

The two fell silent, trying to guess the other's thoughts.

The silver vixen broke the silence first. "Let's not kid each other. We're both here because of the underground city with the goddess's temple."

Virmir twitched his fingers, the ones holding the fireball. "Yes. I have a schedule to keep. This was the only break in my schedule, and I must fill it up somehow."

The silver vixen nodded. "I see."

Virmir narrowed his eyes. "Do you? Do you plan on snagging every bit of the treasure rumored there? If you do, you'll be interfering with my schedule!"

The silver vixen blinked, shifted a bit, and her face brightened. "I'm only here for one piece of the treasure. I don't care for the rest."

"Harumph. Trees." Virmir shook his head. He powered up his fireball. "That's a likely story."

"Likely or not, it's true." The silver vixen loosened her bow's tautness by a bit. "If you want the treasure, it's yours. I only ask for one piece of it. A small piece."

Virmir remained quiet, deep in thought over this. Fate, it seemed, gave him a twisted joke. The one day he planned to explore a dirty cove for a dusty city's temple was



the one day he met Daren's acquaintance. Plus, her only wanting a single bit of it was unbelievable. Even if Daren heard about this, he should blast her into ashes and be done with it.

Then again, she did seem to know better than to mess with the great Virmir. She spoke only a little more than needed and spent most of it avoiding his toes. A decent quality in someone. Plus, the last thing he wanted was to fight with someone who wanted it just as much as him; it could cost an entire day of searching for the city.

He should put her to that word if she really wanted just a single piece.

Virmir hovered the fireball into the air. "I want that in writing."

He reached into his hammerspace and pulled out a piece of paper, a clipboard, and a quill with ink for it. He wrote:

*I, \_\_\_\_\_, swear to not interfere too much with Kendo Virmir in his hunt for treasure. I also promise that I will only take one piece of the treasure of my own choosing, no more. This will NOT be a team-up but two anthros searching for the city without harming or hindering the other.*

*This contract will be fulfilled once the treasure is found and collected.*

“Sign underneath this line.” Virmir handed the paper and clipboard to the silver vixen. He offered the quill and ink, but she pulled out a pen with blue ink. He shifted his eyes and added. “Once done, we’ll search for the city in our own way.”

The silver vixen read it a few times before signing it and returning it to Virmir. “Looks fair to me.”

Virmir glanced at it, with the silver vixen only adding her name: Zelda Crevan. Once all the ink dried, he folded the paper and placed it in his hammerspace along with his quill, ink, and clipboard. If only more folks were as reasonable as her, then this world would be much happier. At the very least, more orderly.

Though the world would only be happy if it acknowledged his greatness.

That and removing winter, cold times, and Christmas<sup>3</sup>.

“Good.” Virmir shrunk the fireball, though not enough to eliminate its light. It went back down to hovering above his right hand-paw. “Remember, this is *not* a team-up. That would be too sappy. Trees.”

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<sup>3</sup> It continued despite Virmir killing Santa Claus twice.

Zelda nodded and relaxed her bow. She took the arrow from the bowstring and set it in the quiver on her back. She still held onto the bow, which had blue stains and dark blue wave-like carvings. Her shoulder-length hair, blue with thick silver highlights, covered part of her left eye until she pulled it back.

“Ready?” Zelda asked.

Virmir marched ahead instead of answering Zelda. The fire lighted the way, with the cavern going downward. Zelda followed close, but not too close; at the very least, at a distance where he could not hear her breathing. Virmir felt satisfied with this arrangement.

So many folks loved to talk until his ears fell off.

Or until he blasted them to space.

# # #

The two walked deeper into the cavern, though without any discussions with each other. Instead, the only sounds heard were the water dripping, the occasional rat running past, or the sounds of their feet-paws. For someone like Virmir, it felt peaceful, though nothing like working in his castle. It was much tidier there, and he could focus on his passion: art.

On occasion, they spotted what looked like a wagon. It was so rotten that even a stare could collapse it. Its wheels were gone, with every bit of metal rusted away. At the very least, it proved that a civilization once lived in these blasted tunnels.

The two then came across one of the underground rivers, with its water cold to the touch. Even being near it almost caused Virmir to faint from the chill. There were remains of a bridge, but it collapsed who knows how long ago, with parallel holes as the only signs of its existence.

“Good trees!” Virmir shook his head. “Why can’t ancient bridges created by a goddess’s people last long? The ones made today last longer than this!”

Zelda rolled her eyes and dipped her right gloved hand-paw into the water. Her hand-paw glowed as she closed her eyes and hummed. She continued for a few seconds before pulling it out.

To Virmir’s surprise, the river lowered until it disappeared, leaving its bottom a soggy mess. To the right, water remained but did not move forward. It was blocked as though an invisible glass appeared there. Zelda set her hand-paws on her hips while grinning.

“I know something about water magic,” Zelda explained. “Can’t maintain it for too long, though, so let’s—”

Virmir fired a streak of flames onto the ground, baking it until it became dry. He walked forward, stepping on top of the toasted dirt while firing more. Zelda blinked at this display before she followed. Steam flowed out from the ground, warming up this area.

Once the two reached the other side, Zelda snapped her fingers. The river flowed again, rushing at first before it slowed to its steady pace. A fish jumped up and down several times as though happy it could swim down the river.

Virmir turned to Zelda and frowned. “I thought I told you this wasn’t a team-up.”

“And as you said, it isn’t,” Zelda responded. She rolled her eyes. “Considered it a mutually beneficial deed.”

“Riiiiight.” Virmir shook his eyes and huffed. He walked deeper into the cavern. “Trees.”

“You’re welcome,” Zelda said.

Zelda followed Virmir, with Virmir grumping a bit more. It grew darker, with him making his fireball brighter in response. He hopped down, landing on his feet-paws after falling three feet. Zelda, with her height, slid down

without harming herself. He wondered how tall foxes like Zelda or Daren even existed.

Perhaps it was some mutant gene.

The pair entered an opening, where Virmir felt the fur on his neck standing up. An experienced mage like him honed their instincts to sense the slightest hint of danger. Though he spent more time doing productive stuff like drawing, those instincts were still sharp. He searched around but saw nothing that indicated a threat.

He then turned upward and summoned another fireball.

There, a massive monster clung to the cavern's ceiling. The scales on this lizard shifted in colors like a chameleon, going from dark gray to red. Its black eyes shifted around its head before turning to Virmir and Zelda. Its tail, with the tip formed like a spiky ball, swayed from side to side. It walked slow as though waking up.

That gave Virmir time to fire a fireball at the massive lizard.

The ball exploded, engulfing it in smoke.

This monster fell from the ceiling, but it was unharmed. From how it twisted to land on its talons, the flames only revigorated it.

“Blast.” Virmir reached behind and pulled a brown hammer from his hammerspace. It was just as tall as him and harder than steel despite being wooden. UROCYON was written in black on one end of the hammerhead. “Guess I’ll bash this beast’s head in.”

The lizard monster inhaled, with a faint glow coming from its mouth—

Zelda already pulled her arrow from her quiver and pulled on the bowstring. She enchanted the arrowhead and fired the arrow. It flew inside the beast’s mouth and was engulfed by the flaming glow.

A second later, the lizard monster’s flames were extinguished, and it went into a coughing fit. Some bits of water flowed from its mouth, which gave Virmir more than enough time. He swung his hammer at its face, twisting it at a one-hundred-forty-five-degree angle. It then poof, leaving behind a translucent scale.

Virmir picked the scale up and grumbled. “Always spawn just one of these. Trees, I’ll need 23 of them to make something decent!”

“You’re welcome,” Zelda said. She set the bow across her chest and hip.

“Bah! That was nothing!” Virmir shook his head while putting away the scale and hammer. “I could’ve handled it myself without your interference!”

Zelda rolled her eyes. “Riiiiight.”

# # #

The two traveled deeper into the cavern, which wormed downward while traveling underneath the mountain. As they proceeded, more signs of civilization appeared all around. Zelda once checked on a still intact spear that did not crumble when she touched it. She would examine it more but had to catch up with Virmir and his flame.

They soon came across another river, and Virmir felt its cold aura. Unlike the last one, this one still had its bridge intact. Zelda tested her weight on it as though she was unsure it would hold on. Virmir crossed over the stone bridge rather than wait, avoiding touching the translucent vines. Zelda blinked and sprinted across, turning back at it in amazement and confusion.

“That’s odd,” Zelda commented. She scratched the back of her left ear. “It must’ve been millenniums since anyone maintained it. The fact that it lasted so long—”



“Trees. First a spear and now a bridge.” Virmir grumbled and rolled his eyes. “You shouldn’t pay attention to such frivolous things!”

Zelda’s expression for a moment showed that she wanted to argue with him. Instead, her eyes lightened up. She smiled a bit and kept quiet. Virmir grumbled some more but felt satisfied that she remained silent instead of bickering with him. That was a point in her favor.

Not nearly as high as himself and his variations, though.

Sometime later, two hours after they first met, they went into a wide opening. Zelda gasped at the sight in wonder and amazement. Virmir extinguished his flames since he did not need them anymore. The fable glowing mushrooms grew all around this massive opening enough that it felt like daytime.

The remains of a city sat within this wide opening, which was five miles wide and two hundred feet tall. The houses and buildings still stood, though some were older than others, and the outer side was more decayed. No one lived here anymore, given the lack of life signs. At the center stood a towering temple almost touching the cavern’s roof. On its tip stood four statues, a towering wolf, a

confident Gammamon, an arrogant Treecko, and a sly fox. They each stared north, south, east, and west respectively.

“Looks like the legends were true after all,” Virmir said. He breathed in and found that it was more wholesome somehow. “I bet the treasure is in that tower.”

Zelda nodded. “Almost there.”

Virmir gave Zelda the side-eye. “Remember, only one piece of the treasure. That’s the deal.”

“Don’t worry.” Zelda grinned at him. “You have my word. I’m certain it’s there.”

At that point, Virmir felt a slight itch at the back of his head. It was not his instincts telling him he was about to go into a bad situation or battle. More like his mind sensed something was off, like a puzzle that refused to come together. Those things always happened before something terrible happened, like melting into mud<sup>4</sup> or seeing a snowflake.

He tried to think of what he was missing but sighed in annoyance.

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<sup>4</sup> It was better than the following week, when he was turned into a fairy. It was awkward trying to draw when he was an inch high, but then Lucile spotted him and used a flyswatter. It took him two horrible, unproductive days to recover.

No matter what, his mind never figured it out until it was too late.

Virmir walked forward toward the temple, with Zelda following behind. As they approached, the buildings and the roads around looked more intact. The windows' glass did not melt like butter over time; the holes in the ground became less so with less dust or dirt; fewer vines covered the buildings. When they reached the temple at the center, it looked pristine.

Virmir and Zelda went to the stone door, where a brass plate lay.

*This temple held treasures belonging to our goddess. None may enter without permission. Any who trespasses will become cursed for all eternity.*

"Trees. It doesn't look like this blasted goddess and any other person came here for a long time!" Virmir grabbed the brass plate and tried to rip it off. It remained off on, no matter how much he pulled. "Trees!" He shook his head and let go. "OK. Ignore that."

Zelda sighed and pushed on the stone doors. She dug her feet-paws into the stone ground, keeping her in place. A few seconds later, the doors rumbled and moved

forward. Once it grew wide enough, Virmir and later Zelda slipped inside.

“Good trees!” Virmir glanced around with wide eyes.

The tower held hills worth of treasure that went from one end to the other. The tallest stood as high as fifty feet, with gold, rubies, sapphires, diamonds, pearls, and others. It seemed to almost glow from how valuable this treasure was. It was nearly the point where he wanted to lay on a pile of gold like a dragon.

He resisted that urge and instead turned to Zelda. “OK. You can take one piece and no more. That’s the deal you insisted on.”

“Got it.” Zelda stepped forward, glancing at the treasure. Her tail brushed against a golden scepter studded with sapphires. She stepped on gold, though she did not try to snag a single coin from it or any jewel with her toes. After a minute of searching, her eyes brightened up and pointed. “I’ll take that necklace there.”

Virmir tilted his head, flattened his right ear to the side, and raised an eyebrow. He walked over to the side and stared at what Zelda pointed at. He only felt his confusion growing from what she wanted.

A wooden statue of a female anthro stood beside a pillar. Its features were difficult to discern, not helped by a lack of head. It wore a gold-chained necklace around its neck, which seemed to twinkle in the light. The green crystal had two trapezoid protrusions near the top sides and was embedded with gold.

“Really?” Virmir asked. Both of his ears flattened back. “That’s what you want? A necklace?” When Zelda nodded, Virmir shook his head. “Trees. Fine. You can take it. It’ll look bad on me and Lucile anyways.”

“Thank you!” Zelda grinned wide. She approached the wooden statue, rubbing the green crystal for a moment. From some angles, its emerald shade almost looked like staring at stars. “Soon, my dear.”

Virmir huffed and turned to the rest of the treasure, whose value was hard to imagine. Given how much they were and their historical connection, money would no longer be an issue. Sure, some anthros would spend it all in a year, but not Virmir. He would place the treasure underneath his home, organize it based on value and type, and only occasionally use it.

After all, another dragon might appear out of nowhere to blast its roof off<sup>5</sup>.

Or Santa and his team of reindeer could return for a third time to make him celebrate that blasted holiday.

Or maybe—

Virmir bumped his left foot-paw against a folded piece of paper. He glanced down at it, almost like someone dropped it moments ago. He nearly kicked it away when he finally put the pieces together in his mind.

Everything within this towering temple felt new.

Now that he thought about it, the closer he and Zelda approached, the less everything rotted. It was almost like a bubble that surrounded the underground, where the closer someone got to the center, the more preserved it became. Outside, things aged as they should after thousands of years, but here, it was slowed until the objects within were still as good as new.

It was so apparent that Virmir wondered how he missed that.

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<sup>5</sup> It was one of the odder times. An eastern dragon appeared out of nowhere, blasted his roof off, and worst of all, destroyed his art tablet. Just as they were fighting, another Virmir known as Virumiru appeared between them, fought the dragon, and sliced him in half. Virmir spent the rest of the battle drawing on what remained of his tablet.

“Harumph.” Virmir bent down and picked the paper up with two fingers. “Maybe that’ll have some convenient expository for everything.”

He unfolded the paper, noted its writing, and read its words.

*To whoever found this letter.*

*It is with great sadness to inform you that our goddess is dead. She was once full of life, enjoying being with her subjects and giving them help. They offered her gold and gems and even piled them in her temple despite her saying that she had no use for them. Still, she loved them like they were her own children.*

Virmir rolled his eyes at the sappiness.

*When she found out that another god disappeared, with her unable to find him, she fell into despair. I suspected that she loved him but could not tell him. Since then, she became withdrawn until she decided to renounce her deityhood. So, she sent her subjects out of the city before relinquishing her powers.*

*She sealed her power within her personal symbol, the one marked on the bottom of this*

*paper. Afterward, our former goddess told me to let this place be forgotten. She also warned me that it can still strengthen over time despite being separate from the power. If you read this, I beg you not to take the goddess's power or let anyone else.*

"Uh-huh." Virmir rolled his eyes. "So, she wasted away out of love. So sappy. And this necklace that grants godhood? Come on. That's ridic—"

At the bottom of the letter lay a marking of a tall rectangular symbol. At least, it looked as such at first glance. At another glance, he saw a pair of trapezoid protrusions near the top, giving it a cross-like look. At the center, it had the letter E.

E.

Emerald.

Green.

"Wait."

Virmir twisted around to Zelda. She held that necklace with a couple of fingers, with it in the exact shape in that letter. The green glittered within the light. Virmir widened his eyes in horror, realizing he had figured it out too late again.



Zelda slipped the necklace on before Virmir could say anything.

Its reflective light glittered from its godlike power.

Zelda flinched and lowered her head as though she had a brief heart attack. The necklace glowed golden as though it was a star in space. Its power flowed into her, becoming its host and making her a new goddess. Zelda lifted her head and grinned, turning to Virmir. He widened his eyes, sensing magic radiating from her body. Before, her magic was average, especially compared to a mage like him; now, her powers skyrocketed far beyond his ability and still rose.

“Blast.” Virmir folded her ears back.

Her breasts grew, pulling her blue shirt up. Her exposed abs bumped into a ripped shape. Her arms, legs, shoulders, and neck also thickened with muscles, though only enough to be visible. Her hair-fur also grew longer, reaching her tail base while smoothing out. Her gloves strained to remain on, slipping down her forearms.

With a single wag of Zelda’s tail, the entire temple shook. Virmir stumbled and almost fell until he grabbed onto a pillar. At this point, the most sensible thing to do was to run. So, he spun around and sprinted to the doors.

They closed shut with a bang before he could escape, causing him to slam his snout against it.

“Not yet,” Zelda said. Her eyes glowed from pure power.

“Trees!” Virmir shook his head and rubbed his muzzle.

Once he recovered enough, Virmir turned back to Zelda and gulped. Zelda, who was already taller than him, grew taller. Her brown gloves struggled until both ripped off and fell next to her feet-paws. The rest of her clothes strained but still held on and grew with her. Even the white wrappings around her calves grew with her. She grew taller than the tallest treasure pile yet showed no signs of stopping.

Zelda’s silverish gray fur around her muzzle shifted in color, turning into a golden-white tone. The black part of her muzzle and her torso remained the same. The spreading golden-white fur went underneath her clothes, shifting them from silverish gray. It went down her back, reaching for her elbows and knees. To Virmir’s surprise, it even began to cover Zelda’s tail despite it being black. It reached down to the white part of her tail tip.

She kept growing, shifting her position so she remained inside the temple. A mere brush of her arm

knocked a chunk of the wall off despite that. The temple shook more, with Virmir turning to the doors and prying it open again. They refused to budge, no matter how hard he pulled. So, he pulled out his trusty hammer and slammed it against the door.

It bounced back and slammed against his face<sup>6</sup>.

“Blast!” Virmir stumbled back near Zelda’s foot-paw. It already outsized him by doubling his height. He turned upward and saw Zelda grinning down at him. He took a couple of steps back while gulping.

Arrogant he may be, even he knew how outclassed he was.

Behind Zelda, her tail shook and vibrated, which echoed throughout the temple. Before long, her tail split apart at the tip, becoming two. One of the tails toppled a pillar, with part of the roof falling down as a result. Her tails vibrated again, splitting at the tips and becoming four. The temple grew more cramped, with one of Zelda’s tails lying on top of Virmir. He grunted, feeling it vibrate on top of him. It split in half, allowing Virmir to escape from it. He reached the temple’s wall, pressed his back against it, and

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<sup>6</sup> For some reason, he found this to feel familiar. It was as though he attempted this in another time and suffered the same results.

Alternate timelines could be so untidy.

panted. One of Zelda's eight tails vibrated again, splitting into two and giving her the final count of nine tails.

At the same time, Zelda's ears glowed golden for a moment. The glow moved down and consolidated near the bottom, turning blue. It solidified into a pair of blue universes, with Zelda wearing them like large pearl earrings. She rubbed one of them, with its galaxies showing off a brilliant light.

"Must say, these look lovely on me," Zelda said. She giggled, still growing in size. "Such awesome power."

The temple shook all around, with the walls falling apart and more of the roof caving in.

"Well, blast," Virmir said. His eyes widened at the towering Zelda, who smashed through what remained of the roof with her head. Before he could escape, one of Zelda's tails grabbed him and picked him up. "GAH!!"

"Don't worry. This temple, heck, this cavern is growing too cramped for me." Zelda winked. "I should get up for some fresh air!"

# # #

On the surface, where a mountain stood, the lake lay nearby with a river funneling in water and a forest spread all around the area, nothing had gone amiss.

That changed when cracks formed on the ground itself. It rumbled, with trees toppling and wildlife fleeing. Before long, vast chunks of the earth ripped off from the surface. A huge hand-paw stretched out high, followed by its arm. The massive chunks flew off for hundreds of feet. The lake vibrated from all of the shaking.

Zelda grinned wide, digging aside trees and island-sized pieces of land like clay. She grew larger, only stopping at five hundred feet tall. Her necklace stopped glowing, but it still emitted massive power beyond any mortal. She sat near the opening, laughing with glee.

“Zezehehe! It worked!” Zelda turned to one of her tails and uncurled it, revealing Virmir. His hammer lay beside him. “Are you alright there?”

“T-TREES!” Virmir clung onto her tail close. “You could’ve killed me<sup>7</sup>! What were you thinking, you crazy vixen!?”

“That I was afraid that you caught on.” Zelda snickered. “You see, I knew about another power that granted deityhood. Daren, who ascended before me,

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<sup>7</sup> Despite what he said, he does not fear dying. In fact, he died many times throughout his life. Nobody knew why he kept respawning after every death other than him. Some theorized that he grinded for a ton of extra lives while others said that, during his time as a potion maker, he somehow made a potion that render him immortal.

It made him a target for a lot of abuse because of it.

hinted at me while telling me to figure out where it might be. I spent HOURS researching the old gods, figuring out where one might be. And who else I found trying to find the goddess's treasure but you."

Virmir grumbled and shook his head. "So, you DID know all along!"

"I guessed, at least until I saw how it became less decay the deeper we went." Zelda winked at him. "I was worried that you cottoned on, but you remained oblivious until it was too late."

Virmir huffed and frowned. "Trees. That's why you insisted on just taking one piece. You knew what you were looking for."

"Yup! And now I'm a deitiesune just like Daren!" Zelda set Virmir and his hammer on the ground and stood up. "I made a huge mess trying to leave the underground, but first."

Zelda held out an open palm to Virmir. To his very eyes, a wooden box the size of his palm formed out of nothing. It floated toward him, hovering at his muzzle level. He shifted his eyes before taking and opening it.

Nothing other than pure black lay within.

The temple's treasure flowed out from the huge hole like a tornado at that moment. It zipped toward Virmir, causing him to flinch and close his eyes. When he felt nothing touching him, he opened his eyes. The treasure flowed into his box, even the ones far too large to fit inside. Not only that, but it remained light despite containing a tremendous amount of mass. Before it, every bit slipped into the box before it shut tight.

"As agreed, you can have the rest of the treasure." Zelda turned to the hole and snapped her hand-paw. At once, the surrounding area shifted as though in reverse. The flung-out chunks of land and trees flowed into the hole, filling it up like it never existed. The toppled trees went back to standing up straight. It was as though she never burst out from the ground. "Good, but it needs something extra."

Zelda swayed her tails, with huge flowing water appearing above each of them. She straightened her tails upward, causing the watery orbs to fly up into the air. At once, clouds formed, blocking the warm sun. Before long, rain fell, drenching Virmir's fur.

"Much better! Now, to find Daren and show him what happened. Won't he be surprised by this." She giggled. "Though I bet he already sensed me. He always knows

where I am.” She gave Virmir one final look and grinned. “You’re welcome!”

Before long, Zelda walked away, leaving Virmir alone. Despite her humongous size, she walked with only a slight shake of the ground. Three of her tails rubbed against the mountain as she traveled away, leaving behind sparkles. He could still hear her laugh.

At this point, Virmir did not know what to do. On one hand-paw, he has gotten the treasure he scheduled to find. Sure, Zelda’s discovery made that feel minor, but then it could have gone worse. She could have taken all of it, and Virmir would be powerless to stop her.

On the other hand-paw, he planned how to retrieve as much treasure as possible in two weeks. Zelda compressed all of that work into one day. Though he may not hate it as much as winter and everything associated with it, he never liked having his schedule messed with.

Plus, she caused Virmir’s fabulous fur to be soaking wet.

Perhaps he should find Zelda again and see if he could depower her. Sure, she may be a kitsune goddess now, but even deities had weaknesses. It was clear even to him that her weakness would be her necklace, the source of



her powers. If he could destroy it or, even better, take it from her, she would return to normal. He would teach her a lesson on messing with him and his schedule there.

Then again, she gave him time, unlike most folks who stole it from him.

“Eh. Could’ve been worse.” Virmir shrugged, put the small chest into his hammerspace, and picked up his hammer. Before he could put it away, he heard branches snapping from someone coming closer. He clutched his hammer close and growled. “What now?”

A Buizel about a foot and two inches shorter than Virmir waddled in. He wore a jet-black coat with a belt at the bottom. Brown hair-fur stretched down the top of his head, laying over his right eye. The exposed left cyan eye narrowed at Virmir, with him waddling to Virmir while frowning.

“What happened here?” This Buizel demanded. He rubbed the left side of his head where a huge bruise lay. “I was just about to enter a cavern when I heard an explosion. A rock knocked me out for a couple of seconds and when I came to, it was gone. In fact, I don’t see any signs of an explosion. Not to mention how come a clear sky became rainy.”

Virmir sighed and rolled his eyes. "Trees. Just when I thought my day was improving." He shook his head. "Look, I'll explain it once. A vixen who traveled the same path as me became a goddess by some necklace. At least she was orderly enough to fix her mess, though she still called a rain to come."

"A vixen. Goddess?" The Buizel's creamy eyebrows twitched. "Damn it! I was beaten on becoming a god AGAIN!" He huffed out his cheeks. "I thought it was bad enough that Daren became a deity by accident, but I bet he got his girl involved to spite me!" He stamped his paw a couple of times. "That meanie! That power was meant for me!"

Virmir lowered his eyelids and swung his hammer back.

"That freaking fox made me his dragon steed for three weeks! Do you know how humiliating that was?! I had to take him and his girl everywhere during that time! Worse, I wasn't allowed to stomp or eat someone! I mean, who likes a tamed macro dragon!?"

Virmir tightened his muscles and breathed in.

"Though he removed that curse, he still left me as a tiny Buizel, no more than a bug to him and the others! Jeez,

even my sister teased me for months afterward! It's not fun being teased by my self-proclaimed goddess sister, I'll tell you that much!" He twisted to Virmir. "Hey! Aren't you list—"

Virmir swung his hammer, slamming it against the Buizel's stomach.

The Buizel flew out for some distance, even knocking down a tree. Virmir heard a distance dunking sound that an object made when it landed hard in a body of water. He sighed, put away his hammer, and shook his head.

"Trees!" Virmir grumbled. "The next person who comes to me, I'll—"

The ground rumbled, causing Virmir to pause. The crashing sounds of waves came from a distance, and the shaking worsened. Before he knew it, water from the lake engulfed his feet-paws.

"What in blazes?!" Virmir blinked. It startled him enough that he did not feel more of the ground shaking until a large shadow fell on him. Once he realized it, he turned upward and widened his eyes. The Buizel he knocked away towered over him at a hundred feet tall. Virmir folded his ears back, unable to move away from the descending left paw fast enough. "Frazz."

# # #

“Jeez, that fox is such a meanie!” Cain growled and stomped around, knocking aside a couple of trees with his hips. His forked tail slammed against another behind him with no issue. He searched around, but the gray fox disappeared no matter how hard he looked. “Just when my day couldn’t get any worse.”

Cain stood there and thought about it. He wondered how he grew to macro size since he had not attempted to. He found no mystical objects, absorbed none of the water, and felt nothing powerful within him. His best guess was that he could only grow on instinct. Even so, that only made him frown and growled.

“Great.” Cain sighed. “I wanted to grow at will, not have it happen for unknown reasons!” He shook his head. “Still, maybe I can terrorize a nearby village without anyone showing me up.”

Cain stuffed his paws into his pockets and waddled away, knocking aside any trees in his path. He thought he heard someone saying ‘Blast!’ whenever he lifted his left paw, but decided to ignore it. He needed to focus on his destination while hoping no one, especially his ‘little’ sister, would show him up.

One day, he would prove to them that he meant business.

# About Author

Thank you so much for taking the time to read my story! I really appreciate it. If you enjoyed it, then you'll definitely want to check out my gallery accounts at:

<https://www.furaffinity.net/user/foxgamer01/>

<https://www.deviantart.com/foxgamer01>

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I have a lot of great content there that I think you'll love.

Also, if you're interested in supporting me and my writing, please consider visiting my Ko-Fi and Patreon accounts at:

<https://ko-fi.com/foxgamer01>

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Every little bit helps me to keep creating and sharing my stories with the world.

Lastly, if you have any questions or comments, please don't hesitate to contact me at:

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I'd love to hear from you and answer any questions you may have.

Thanks again for your support, and I can't wait to share more of my work with you soon!