

And so, the Goddess of Desire partook in her yearly tradition. A divine ritual born out of desire. On the eve of every August 1st, the Goddess Einni would feel her stomach gurgle in a way that would finally earn her attention. Not born out of any one person's desire but the desire of a collective that she always aimed to serve.

The Desire Goddess was no stranger to shitting for those who wished her to do so, she was no stranger to obliterating countless realities, multiverses, so on and so forth with her expulsions. The absurd scale of her movements were of no consequence to her. This *particular* bowel movement, however, was important to her. She bent over as her ass grew to an insane size to most, but a modest size to her, and with a single push? Everything would change.

A wall of brown invaded every last nanometer of the cosmos, blasting into everything without end. The Goddess Einni was firing on all cylinders with the necklace beads she used to restrain herself breaking apart and floating wildly in what little remained of the air, a symbol of her lack of limits and excess of passion. Her waste infiltrated every facet of time and space, causing untold amounts of destruction, to the point where all things were being flooded, overwhelmed and obliterated at the informational level.

Reality. Omniverse. Infinity. Existence. Pantheons. Omnipresences. Aleph Nulls. Abstraction. Everything. These were just words. Mere potential concepts. Ideas used by mortals to attempt and quantify the level of destruction that Einni was unleashing from her enormous luscious white pillowy cheeks. Her love was poured into every last speck of sludge that invaded All Things. It was beyond quantification. Beyond numbers. Beyond mortal perception. The Laws of All Things were overtaken by her dump. Definitions, the meaning of everything and anything? They didn't matter now. Einni and her dump were all that remained. They would continue to go Beyond. Her dump was Beyond Space. Her dump was Beyond Time. Her dump was Beyond the concept of Destruction itself. To continuously go beyond the Beyond, using only her ass, Einni had embodied and surpassed the very concept of hyperscat at its most extreme.

And in doing so, she did something that would allow its spirit to continue living on for eternity. This single continuous log devastated all things and left nothing in its path except itself and its creator. It had *become* All Things. Einni's log was no longer just fecal sludge, it became the void that made up Infinite Space. It had become the infinite amount of streams that made up Time. From her dump, life had been reborn as if it was never overtaken by the Goddess to begin with. This would continue until several layers of existence were reborn. Countless realities and omniverses were born anew, The Box found itself rebuilt from the very thing that destroyed and buried it. This single log would keep expanding outwards, creating new levels of existence that weren't there before, expanding upon all things. As Einni pushed with love, she had created new tiers and concepts that couldn't be perceived by our relatively primitive understanding of reality as a whole. Within seconds, this single log created as many new layers of existence as there were atoms in our universe, and it would just keep going on and on.

At some point, Einni finished pushing. With an exhaustive moan, she sighs and whispers.

“The first one came out so small...I suppose I’ll have to *really* bear down now.”

She said this with a smile as she knew the endless amount of creation she was about to unleash. She hopes that one day, you can find a way to perceive and understand one of the undiscovered creations she’s birthed, those unknown tiers and levels. Knowing that it is within one of your desires to see it destroyed and surpassed one day. Either by her or by someone else you love. She’ll continue creating for the sake of that desire..

Because She Loves You.