

Personal Growth

Hex was listening to Twilight's lesson attentively. It was usual for her to get distracted when she saw ponies trotting outside the window, but magic lessons held a special interest for her. After all, she, a deeply magical being, was going to be one day the one to take care of the Canterlot castle and its whereabouts. Magic was one of the things that she had a natural talent for, a special ability. Being the daughter of Lord Tirek and Twilight Sparkle, both heavy users and wielders of magic, had its perks after all. Twilight had been praised continuously for saving Equestria multiple times, so much that it had become a running joke that she was going to save Equestria again in every single escapade. Furthermore, Twilight, her very own mother, was at some point the very embodiment of magic as once channeled by the Elements of Harmony.

However, her father was a different story. Tirek had also been a great powerful wielder of magic, but he didn't have a great reputation, mostly regarding his purposes. Quite the contrary to the purple pony, he had planned a whole crusade to steal the magic from other magic-users, including the celestial sisters. He ended up being hunted down by Twilight and the mane-six and stopped forcefully. His conclusion was being turned into stone, putting an end to his never-ending ambition and this was definitely enough for an equestrian-wide stigma on his name.

Whatever the reasons, Hex had a particular set of genes that allowed her to wield magic as very few creatures could. Still, she decided not to. The workings of magic required her to absorb in the first place, which meant stealing it, or in a more benevolent light, borrowing it, from somepony else. That process made her grow both physically and in magical abilities, enabling her to use this absorbed magic as her own. But draining this energy from creatures turned out to be devastating to them, reason enough for Hex to have vowed long ago to not follow into her father's hoof steps. Not even close. Her lessons about magic had the purpose of better understanding her so unique and particular nature, which would help her control her own energy-absorbing abilities.

Twilight had been very comprehensive about this. So much that she had raised Hex from a small alicorn-demon-centaur into a sweet considerate daughter of her own, and help teach her not only the workings of the world around them but also about friendship, coexistence between creatures, acceptance, conflict resolution, and a lot of other valuable lessons that allowed Hex to fit in a world that wasn't really made for her.

"I'm getting distracted again", Hex thought to herself, making it almost visible in her face that she had caught herself doing that. She then forced herself to bring her blank stare back to Twilight and the lesson she was being taught.

Twilight picked up on Hex's reaction and knew her daughter wasn't completely focused.

"Hex, dear, are you okay? You have been very absent-minded these past few days."

"I am, yes, sorry about that."

"Do you need a break?", Twilight asked in an understanding tone. "I know that this is the time when most ponies visit the castle, and how much you like to greet them."

"Yes, please. I think a break would help me unwind."

"Okay then. Class dismissed -- for now! This is a very important subject that we should not skip." It was typical for Twilight to get excited about the subjects she was teaching, and the studious purple magical pony was never shy about explaining why. She went on, "The latest discoveries about magic being part of everything have so many implications, that we've barely even begun to grasp its importance! For all that we know, we could find a whole new w-", she interrupted herself after realizing Hex's semblance had changed again, this time to a face of slight concern. She knew her loved one was shy and we would not interrupt in the middle of an explanation, even an uncalled one. "What's wrong, dear?"

"Well, you know how we... I mean, I... try not to steal magic from other ponies, right?"

"Yes, of course. And you've been doing a wonderful job at that!"

"But if magic is everywhere", Hex continued, "should I be concerned about not stealing it from... well, everywhere?"

Twilight smiled at her daughter, excited herself about the academically interesting question.

"Yes! Ah, you're learning so fast! Your deductions are correct. While we don't know the exact mechanisms of magic transference, it would be only safe to assume that it could also apply to inanimate objects, and therefore...", Twilight was babbling in her excitement once more, but again caught herself on Hex's concerned expression. "Why do you ask?"

Hex was slow and careful with her words. She didn't want her worries, her very strong feeling of anxiety leaking out through every syllable she pronounced.

"I'm... scared. What if I can't... control it?... Is everything... in danger from me?" Despite Hex's best efforts, these words had been difficult to pronounce. She loathed and terribly feared the idea that she was a monster like her father, even against her own will.

"We have no reason to believe that! You've been doing an amazing job for these past few years, and I'm very proud of you for that." Twilight kept a smile on her face as she talked. She felt very satisfied with Hex's progress and wanted to point that out emphatically, which might also help Hex feel better about herself. Twilight knew that her daughter's ancestry was a contentious subject, as the Princess of Friendship herself wasn't entirely sure how Tirek, or Hex for that matter, could control these controversial abilities.

"I don't want to hurt others, mother...", with these words Hex started whimpering, covering herself with a bit of shame. She wasn't at fault for who she was, but she knew she was responsible for using her powers in an appropriate way. This duty pressed on her very heavily, as she tried to be a very well-meaning soul. She had completely defied the evil ways that her father's genetics carried, and had learned to restrain herself as much as she could.

Yet, as a giant, three-pony tall, centaur-demon-alicorn, as menacing as she could be, she felt helpless, unique, and misunderstood. She wouldn't show these insecurities to many, but Twilight had forever been her mother and her close friend. After all, many looked up to Hex, figuratively and literally, and she had to gain others' trust if she wanted to be a proper protector of the castle and a proper daughter of the Princess of Friendship.

Twilight approached and hugged Hex's right leg with her wings. It was as much as she could do, given the huge differences in size. Twilight was barely as tall as Hex's leg, and this required her to raise her neck while talking to her daughter. Still, Twilight was used to it, as was Hex -- size had been something quite awkward while she grew, but as she finally had stabilized in her current size, they had learned to adapt to it.

"Don't worry dear. You're not going to hurt anypony. You never have done it, and I know you won't.", she gently patted with her wings around Hex's right calf. "You are the most gentle and considerate creature I have ever known; I know you will never do something like that."

"But I've been growing more! What if I'm stealing magic and I just don't know it?", Hex tried to be calm in her sentencing but her feelings overflowed on her. The giantess looked at herself and extended her arms emphasizing her words, she was indeed bigger than her average size. Without effort, without fully stretching her arms, she could reach further than Twilight's wingspan.

"That's not it. It's natural for ponies, maybe centaurs, I think, to have a few growth spurts, even when considered fully grown up. It's entirely normal, just biology! You don't need to worry about stealing others' magic."

Twilight parted from Hex's leg and flew up closer to her roundish face, standing on her shoulders and using one of her hoofs to help clean Hex's tears. She could see the whole room from above. Is this what Hex's point of view was always like? Maybe she was getting bigger after all. But there should be no reason for concern. Being this huge had disadvantages, but it wasn't bad in itself. It also had advantages.

"What's more, you can be proud of growing so much. You'll be a wonderful protector of the castle, maybe all of Canterlot, one day." Twilight flew around holding and petting different parts of Hex's marvelous body to demonstrate her points. "Look at these glorious arms", she said, patting a hoof gently against them. She then flew down, "look at these immense incredible legs! No one will ever dare to attack Canterlot with such a powerful defender! You can run, and jump and react quickly." While flying, she pushed up gently on Hex's left arm, who obliged and lifted it in a weightlifting pose. "You can pick up almost anything with your biceps and your pectoralis majores, almost like there's no challenge to you!"

"You mean my breasts? Yes, they're bigger too", Hex replied in an embarrassed, almost sad tone. She was finally starting to calm down. The centaur could always count on her mother to see the good side of a problem when it was needed. She looked down at herself, still feeling quite a bit of concern.

"Not quite the same thing, but yes, they're bigger too."

"I don't like them", Hex replied shyly.

"It's only natural, part of being a centaur. You don't need to be embarrassed about any part of you." Twilight flew closer to Hex's face again and held one hoof against it. "Really! You'll be fine", Twilight reassured her. "Don't torture yourself with these thoughts. As an old friend used to say «Overthinking never helped anypony.»"

Hex smiled a bit between tears at the old joke that Twilight liked to crack. This joke used to follow a particular script, and it was Hex's turn to respond.

"Is that friend yourself?", she followed.

Twilight chuckled, thinking that along with her words and the silly joke, she was rescuing Hex back again from her anxious thoughts. She continued, "Well, yes. But am I not the most experienced pony in overthinking?"

"Hehe, yes", Hex chuckled and realized she was not crying anymore. She finished drying up her tears with her bulky arms.

"Well, then you'll be fine! Off you go now. Go have some fun, make lots of friends!" Twilight encouraged Hex with a slight flap of her wings to turn around and go.

The gentle giant then walked slowly towards the exit, feeling relieved after the heart-to-heart conversation with her mother. The sounds of her steps were a reminder of her size, they resounded with a temptation to bring back her insecurities, but she decided to leave these thoughts behind.

"Thank you, mother. I love you."

"I love you too, dear."



Hex went outside and as she used to do around this time. She wandered around the hallways and the botanical gardens of the castle, meeting ponies that had been visiting. Sometimes even creatures from nearby kingdoms would come by, and they were particularly interesting and challenging to meet. Those that came from far away were the ones usually startled by Hex's incredible size, so much different from regular ponies. Even alicorns with their wings extended would reach only about half of her standing height. However, Hex was prepared, and she knew exactly how to engage creatures to warn them that she was friendly and was, in fact, a protector of the castle and member of the community. She would then proceed to ask questions to travelers, which started a friendly conversation, helping others unwind and leave the fear of the perceived giant menace behind.

With this technique, forever improving, Hex had made lots of friends. Some visitors were regulars, and some others were close to faraway acquaintances. The most difficult ones were small fillies, which would sometimes react too instinctively and run away at the view of her impressive size and musculature. It was common that young ones would be frightened of giant, horned hybrid creatures like her, as the size-difference was big enough to scare them away. In the mind of a young filly, they would likely see her as a monster from horror stories and legends, even before she could say anything to prove her friendliness. However, when they came accompanied by older ponies, she would have better chances to engage them so that she regained their trust. Being accompanied usually meant that their first option was not running away, and this allowed her to make up for her frightening brawn and bulkiness.

She had learned not to make sudden movements, or speak loudly. She knew that she should excuse herself when leaving and announce herself when arriving, even if non-verbally. Sometimes she would hum or sing so that others knew that she was not aggressive even before seeing her for the first time. She was a massive creature for the world that she lived in, but she had adapted wonderfully to it, and everypony had learned to accept her as she was, a gentle giant, protector of the Canterlot Castle, and well-mannered family-sized sweet daughter of Twilight, the Princess of Friendship.

Still, the conversation about her intimate fear dwelled in the back of her mind. As ponies that met her for the first time, she was also a bit scared about what she didn't understand, and she didn't fully grasp the details on how magic and her body worked. She didn't have doubts about her intentions, but what if that wasn't good enough? What if she was silently, slowly, draining others from their magic? Now that Twilight had revealed that everything contained magic, had she been draining from every pony, every creature, every plant, every object? Would she even realize it, if that was the case?

She shook her head, trying to bury these thoughts once again. It was better to focus on her activities, because the general guarding and strolling around the castle still needed to be completed as part of her daily training, and her classes would need to resume as Twilight had instructed. Hex had been brought up to know the value of discipline, and she wasn't going to let a few wild thoughts get in the way of her dreams.

And with that, she wrapped up her day as usual. After greeting everypony, doing a few rounds of patrolling at the castle, verifying suspicious activities -- usually none -- she was free to roam for the rest of the afternoon. Twilight had decided that they would continue the lesson some other day, so this meant more free time for today. When she felt ready to call it a day, she went back to her room in the castle for the night's sleep, and she cuddled up in a special bed made for her size, that would allow her to fully fit and cover herself with the blankets. No other pony dwelling would have enough space for a big creature such as her, but the castle did have these special accommodations. It was, in both a literal and a romantic sense, the place she could call home.



Hex woke up feeling cold. She barely used to move during the night, so it was unusual for her to wake up, as nights would be as simple as dozing to sleep and waking up with the warm light of the morning. Her feet were hanging outside the lower side frame of the bed, and the big sheets that she had did not cover her completely this time. She fumbled around to get the entirety of her body under them, only to realize that she couldn't. As she adjusted herself, her head bumped against the bed head. With a bit of tension, she recognized at that point that she didn't fit in her bed anymore.

Remembering the conversations of the day before, her mind sprung awake, startled, filled with warnings and insecurities. Was she growing more? Was she sucking magic from the things around her? She wasn't entirely sure, but it did feel as if that was the case. She approached a mirror, and her eyes were a bit closer than usual to the upper end. Her fears turned out to be true: she was getting bigger. Even bigger than she was already, which was already troublesome for most around her. Her horns were already approaching the ceiling, and she wouldn't be able to extend her wings. She was already used to being slightly paranoid about her dimensions, but at this point, she was a bit more self-conscious regarding her size.

But she shouldn't overreact. What would Twilight think? She had just explained that it was normal to be growing right the day before. But in a single day, wouldn't that amount of growth be too much? It didn't make much sense... should she be concerned? Should she just let it go?

Hex's thoughts were interrupted as she saw her figure in the mirror getting a little bit further away from her reflection, with a feeling of chills going down her spine in sync with this sudden growth. She had just expanded, becoming both thicker and taller. There was no doubt about it. And those chills, could they have been magic being absorbed? She barely remembered how that felt, as she hadn't done it since young, but it was an energy of some sort. It felt like an electric pleasurable buzz of power running through her, electrifying her muscles when gaining girth and becoming harder and stronger.

Hex panicked, she decided that she wasn't in control of this growth anymore and needed Twilight's help to control it. She left the room immediately and moved quickly, her loud stomping prominently announcing her steps, as she ran through the hallways looking for her mother.

"Mother? Mother?? Where are you? I need your help!"

Twilight did not answer, but neither did Spike. No answer was heard at all. Neither she saw any of the guards that were usually standing near the doors. Something was amiss. She decided to check on Twilight's room and right before entering Hex noticed that she couldn't fit through the doorframe anymore. As she kept spending minutes looking around in the castle, her growth kept going, and with it, her strength. Her powerful hand almost ripped out a part of the door frame. She still had to get used to her new brawn, even as she kept expanding. This feeling was particularly new, even if she was accustomed to bending over to enter in regular places, the castle was a place where she'd generally be able to enter rooms without much trouble. This wasn't the case anymore.

Hex quivered in fear of still getting bigger and felt a shiver, a surge of energy that at the same time made her expand a bit more. This time, she paid more attention to it so she caught the feeling again: a spurt of energy and pleasure flowing through her nerves, filling up her body completely, and then settling on her muscles. It felt like bloating, expanding, a non-painful electric swelling that quickly cursed through her veins. It was energizing and emboldening. This had to be some sort of magic.

Yet, she couldn't quite enjoy it with a clean conscience. Not when she was sucking the magic out of her environment, and getting her size out of control. She was close to the castle ceilings now. She needed to react quickly. No pony seemed to be there to help her, so her only option was to go outside looking for help.

She felt terrified at the thought: what would happen when others saw her like this? Oh no, what would they think? Twilight would understand, but what about other ponies? What about travelers? Worse yet, what about those creatures that came from faraway lands and had heard the stories of Lord Tirek. Those stories, describing how he wanted to take over Equestria, hogging all magic to himself. They would likely think she turned evil! They would think she was another menace, a millenary one, that needed to be defeated. Another tyrant titan to defeat. But she wasn't evil! She had never been! All her effort to be understood, her struggles on keeping friendly and understanding, even with the harshest

and grumpiest of ponies, thrown away because of a mishap. One that she wasn't even at fault for. That would be so unfair! All of her life's reputation could suffer because of something that she hadn't even done.

As Hex felt her anxiety rising, she also underwent new spurts of growth taking over her body, and strangely relaxing her at the same time. It was a weird feeling; she knew she had to worry about it but it was just so pleasurable. It felt so wrong, and yet so right, like her body was longing for this. Like if an unknown-thirst was being quenched. She made further attempts to focus, as she couldn't let this get out of control. She decided she would leave the castle, even if others could see her, and look for Twilight to help.

She got out of the castle quickly, right before she wouldn't be able to fit through the door. "That was a good idea", she reassured herself. She wouldn't want to lay waste to the castle with her new-gained meaty figure, it being such an important part of Equestrian history. She started quickly running through the gardens, her powerful stomps leaving huge hoofprints in the ground, as she was looking for her mother.

Something else caught her attention: there was nopony there. That was... strange. The castle gardens were usually very busy, no matter the time of day. Travelers, curious creatures, even diplomats from other kingdoms would be coming and going but this time, nopony was there. Not even the guards. Still, this wasn't important right now. It was advantageous to her, as she didn't want anypony to see her growing out of control like this.

Maybe Twilight was at the School of Friendship. Since Twilight had mastered her teleportation spell, she barely even took the trains, so she could be anywhere really quickly.

Hex, on the other hand, avoided the use of magic for fear of losing grip of her abilities. This implied taking the train with other ponies, and as she wouldn't fit in the cars, not even with her regular size, she'd ride the train... literally. She wasn't able to fit inside, so she traveled on top of one of the train cars. The train operators were already used to this, so it wasn't a problem.

However, today was different. She would have been a big problem -- probably to the point at which she might even crush the wagons. She took a look at herself growing again and decided she might reach Ponyville running. The distance was enough to be a challenging

run, but Hex had two big advantages. First, she had amazingly well-toned legs that could run for longer than any other creature could. "I guess Twilight was right about my legs", she thought to herself. The second advantage was having wings. They weren't big enough to fly, but even a slight flapping would make her run lighter and faster, with less resistance.

Now she was even bigger than normal. Running from Canterlot to Ponyville would take less than fifteen minutes of hard running. Nothing she hadn't done before, as part of her daily training also included physical exercise.

With that thought in mind, she set herself in motion and watched as the Canterlot castle was left behind while her powerful hoofs left an evident track of where she had stepped, and her loud stomping sounds announced her movements to anypony that might be around. Flapping her small wings helped her relieve a bit of pressure in her hooves, making it more comfortable as her velocity increased.

She had always enjoyed doing exercise since she wasn't allowed to run in Canterlot, a rule set with the intention of preventing accidents. But now, being more powerful than ever, full of energy, and a better runner than ever before, she felt the exercise as liberating. It was empowering, and as she felt further expansion spurts from her body, her electricity buzzed stronger and her speed increased considerably. She closed her eyes just for a second, enjoying the feeling of all that energy running through her extremities, the pushing and pulling of her muscles, the amazing pleasure of a good run. The stomps on the ground started sounding harder again and opening her eyes, she found houses from Ponyville in sight. The ability granted by these powers was indeed useful, but they were still a problem to solve.

The trip was quick, but she forced herself to keep her speed and strength under control. She mentally apologized to farmers of the outlands, whose pastures she massacred just by stepping over. She would apologize personally later, once she dealt with this morally-grey empowering curse.

The giant demon-centaur had almost arrived at the School of Friendship -- Twilight was surely overseeing its operation from the inside. With every step, Hex felt herself become a little bit taller, and she would need to reduce her speed once again to avoid destroying every house she encountered along the way. Her engorged tights, calves, and hooves could easily crush any constructions nearby, even without directly stomping on them. Still,

no pony was around to see her in her enlarged, out of control, muscular-buffed overpowered state. However, if they were there, they would still be able to hear her powerful steps, something she could not control anymore. She was big. Bulged. More than usual, and more than she wanted to. This was a fact. Her height already dwarfed two-story houses, and ponies would freak out if they saw her towering over them like this. She strolled a bit faster, moving her hoofs swiftly to avoid kicking anything.

By the time she got to the school, she wasn't able to enter it anymore, even with the huge size of its doors. She would have to destroy the big pompous door frames while entering it if she wanted to look for Twilight inside. She wouldn't do that, so she swallowed her pride and yelled out at her, fully facing the fear of being discovered.

"Twilight! Mother! I need your help!"

But Twilight did not come out. No pony came out. Except for her screaming, everything was awfully quiet. Not even birds could be heard in the background. This was strange, had something driven everything away? A menace?

Was she, herself, the menace? Had everypony run away from her even before she got there? Oh no, her worst fears were coming true. Even Twilight might have gone away, not realizing that the stomping sounds from the distance were from her and not an evil-monstrosity that was attacking Ponyville. It would only make sense that they all had decided to leave the School.

But it couldn't be. She couldn't have been struck with all this bad luck, all on the same day. She felt frustration rising inside her.

Hex's nervous breakdown provided another quick swelling of her legs, arms, breasts, and muscles all expanding at the same time. She was big enough for the whole school now. She hugged it in desperation, shaking it and yelling.

"Mother! Come out! Please! Please..."

As she did that, her increasing sobbing got interrupted by a big crack -- she had accidentally ripped off one of the towers at the school. Her size, her muscles, her strength were now beyond anything she had experienced before or could have even imagined. She

was, against all odds, a menace. She had scared everypony off and kept growing like she had been sucking the magic out of everything.

A terrifying thought crossed her mind. What if instead of running away, everypony had been incapacitated by her magic-absorption? Was she this much of a threat, a threat to all life in Equestria?

She needed to get away. She'd figure out later how to stop this swelling growth. But she couldn't risk her presence hurting everyone she knew.

She felt new surges of energy, making her taller, bigger, and stronger. She knew she couldn't stay around so she just ran away, quickly. She knew it would not take her long to reach the Everfree Forest, where nopony would be around. That would be safer since she could not affect them by absorbing magic. The trip would be quick again, even shorter than the one she had before. And she wasn't even tired, her strength and energy kept growing with her size, filling her with new power and strength.

She set off running, again avoiding big cities and just stepping over fields, flapping her wings to go faster. Against her wishes, she kept increasing her size at every step. After just a few minutes of stomping on the fields and leaving huge craters as hoofprints, she arrived, and with the growth never stopping she only was able to see the trees at her hoofs.

She decided to sit down, there wasn't much more she could do. She also needed to calm down, as she was aware her anxiety made the growth faster. She sat slowly, barely even feeling the trees as some cushioned texture below her. The horizon extended right below her point of view, her head barely below the clouds. She was immense, catastrophically big.

Twilight had taught her meditation lessons before. This was a good time to use them and help herself calm down and regain control of the situation.

Sitting down, she started inhaling slowly and focused on breathing at first. Then she paid more attention to the feelings in her body, without passing judgments on them. She noticed that her muscles all over her body were expanding, every extremity and every part of her getting bigger with them. Her breasts, her biceps, her triceps, her thighs, her calves, they were all enlarging as she felt them filling up with energy. This power felt good, like

being well-rested after a good night's sleep, only at a level she had never experienced before. It was like being ready to spring into action and make use of all that stored raw strength. It would be tempting to do so. Maybe releasing the energy would help shrink, but at this size, she couldn't move much without causing chaos, so she decided not to.

She noticed how not all parts of her body had grown equally, since the expansion was most prominent on the muscles. This also felt strange, for she knew that when absorbing magic Tirek would grow equally altogether. Maybe she wasn't absorbing magic? Or maybe magic from creatures and magic from things were different?

"Creatures... and things? Oh no!", she thought. In trying to get away from towns she had come to the Everfree Forest, a place full of plants and fauna and strange creatures. This had been a bad idea after all!

She opened up her eyes and saw the clouds hovering right below her chest, her butt was already half out of the forest. The meditation was not helping. She needed to get away.

Frightened, she sprang into action and started taking huge leaps. She would go to a place where there wasn't much to suck the magic from. Maybe a desert? San Palomino was nearby, and she could reach it fairly quickly. Still, she could afford to go further. As she was going through these thoughts she had already strolled through a few known towns. Single steps were covering miles, hoofsteps were destructive to any place she would set her hoof down. She decided to go south, and locate the Bone Dry desert.

She reached it very quickly and sat in the sand. She didn't feel it like sand anymore, she was so big that everything below her felt the same. The ground, constructions, trees... everything was just a texture sheet of cardboard where she would walk and sit down. She looked at the path she took and saw how the ground had cracked and broken at her weight, at the sheer strength of her steps. She tucked her head in, at this point so up high in the sky that it was becoming difficult for her to breathe. She was glad that Twilight had given her geography lessons that came in handy in a situation like this.

But, could any further disasters be avoided? As she kept growing and her muscle mass kept increasing, giving her the power to blast off the world if she wanted, she could only think about the mess she'd made. The ground kept breaking on the path she took and now it was starting to collapse below her. She kept expanding exponentially and at some point,

she wasn't able to see anything below her. She blew away with her breath the clouds blocking the view and saw the world existing shyly and powerless underneath her.

She kept growing. It wouldn't stop.

Yet, it felt good. But it made her feel bad. How could she be enjoying something so terrible and vile, at the expense of all living life on Equestria? How could she even think that there was a nice sensation to these life-stealing, world-destroying abilities? It shouldn't feel nice, and she felt herself a monster for having such thoughts.

A monster.

What she always feared. And it had come to happen. Whether she wanted it or not, she was a monster. She had destroyed towns and cities. She had outgrown her planet and she felt the continents now shifting below her weight. She had to stop growing or it would just not hold her anymore. She was causing a cataclysmic disaster across the world. She needed it to stop right now.

But she couldn't stop it.

She curled up on herself, just hoping this just would end (but still, oh, how good it felt!). Giant tears rolled out of her eyes, which would splash on her thighs and then violently on the ground. She knew there was nothing she could do. She felt like slipping off a seat and this meant that she had literally broken the world. She kept growing more and more, her muscles expanding and her own body going beyond what she thought was even possible.

There was nothing to lose now, so any chance at stopping this would be a good idea. She tightened her grip against herself, tensing her muscles in grabbing her powerful legs, contracting them in her close embrace, and clenching her teeth and back muscles, now huge balls of power that had outgrown her head and bones. She would make use of all of this energy, all this power, and strength, in the hope that it would make her come back to normal. Or, at the very least, stop.

She pulled, she tensed, she felt an amazing feeling of pleasure as she expanded even more, which was the opposite of what she wanted. She grew more and more, and with each growth spurt, more power was available to her and she was decided to use it all. She was going to find an end to this curse, at whatever cost. She kept clenching her muscles

further, creating storms of powerful energies, unstoppable forces finding themselves, which made her grow even more.

She didn't even know how big she was. She only felt herself expanding more and more. Would she fill the whole universe? The speed of her massive body increase made her lose any frame of reference for what she was at this moment. She was only determined that she'd use all her energy and finish this, whatever happened.

As she kept pushing, she felt even more forces and pushed harder. This cycle could have gone into infinity and she wouldn't budge, and as she felt more power increasing in her muscles, she kept pushing more. She felt the anticipation of something that was about to happen. As her strength increased, so did the pleasurable feelings and so did the application of her force. It was all about to be released, and she kept looking forward to it, she needed that to happen. She kept clenching, more than ever before, with more strength than her incredibly powerful muscles would allow.

And then she felt it, a literal explosion of power, which flashed white light over the dark. A deafening bang, a flash of light, electricity, and power. And it was over. She didn't feel pain at all but something had happened to her body. She... she didn't have a body anymore. She was just staring at lone lights, distant stars in the dark universe. Lone suns that would shine just a bit brighter as they were hit by the enormous energy released from her magic-induced supernova. The first supernova of power, strength, heat, and light ever caused by uncontrollable growth.

It was finally over.

But nothing was left. She had failed to solve this issue in time. Now she was alone in the universe, after destroying her own home, her planet. And her friends. They were all gone! And her family! There was nothing anymore, and she had been the cause of all that destruction. The vilest devastation that no villain had ever achieved, she did it out of an accident, just for being... a monster.

She felt grief completely blackening her heart. She was the evil she always feared. She was even worse than that. She had cost Twilight, her friends, everypony, their lives. Those that had done nothing wrong, ever. Those that were friendly to everyone, and those that would brighten up her day. She had destroyed them all, just for being her and not knowing how to handle her own body.

Even when they had raised her as one of their own, and learned to believe in her, she had betrayed their trust. No pony was left to mourn this tragedy, for she had simply crushed and destroyed them without even saying goodbye.

Hex wept, her lone consciousness in the dark universe being unable to do anything about this tragedy. Tears rolled down her cheeks as... "Tears? Cheeks?", she thought. "How could it feel damp when I don't even have a body? This makes no sense, almost like it is a dream."

"A dream?!", she realized.

Hex woke up weeping her eyes out, a sad moan followed by loud heavy sobbing as she recognized that she was still in her room, below her bedsheets and she still fit in them. Twilight was next to her, with a wing around her, as Hex inconsolably wept the terrible tragedy she had done.

Hex wept nonstop, loudly wailing at the loss of everything and every pony she ever loved.

"Shh... shh... it's ok, it's ok" Twilight kept repeating as Hex leaped awake.

"I'm sorry! I'm sorry!" Hex responded, still in the process of recognizing what was going on, covering her face with her hands, sobbing with terrible grief overcoming her.

"It's okay! It's okay Hex, nothing happened. It was just a nightmare.", Twilight reassured her.

Hex focused on catching her breath again to respond between sobs. "It was... awful. I destroyed everything... I killed every pony! I don't want to be a monster!"

Twilight clung near to Hex as she painfully explained what she had dreamed, without interrupting and hearing patiently the details of the physical and mental torture she had gone through. She reassured her that everything was now fine once again.

"Don't worry dear. If that happened in real life, which it won't, there's something that would make it all different. You are not alone. You are never alone; we are always here for you. We will help you with whatever happens, until the end."

Hex hugged Twilight as she found a place between her big arms. "Thank you. I'm just scared that I'm a monster after all."

Twilight smiled at her and helped dry her tears. "You have never been and you never will be a monster. It's not about your body or your biology. Not even about your size. It's about who you are inside", Twilight tugged on Hex's chest, pointing at her heart. "And I know for a fact you are the most wonderful pony I have ever met. You, Hex, are the farthest thing from a monster and you never will be one, as long as your heart is pure."

Hex smiled back at Twilight, her sobbing already under control and recovering her composure. "Thank you."

Twilight hopped back onto the ground. "You'll see, it'll all be fine. And we can spend the day together if it makes you feel better. For now, I will let you get ready. Spike prepared some great pancakes for breakfast; you should come get some while they're still warm." Twilight turned her head back to Hex. "You will need them to grow big and strong."

Hex chuckled at the ironic joke. She was in good company. She was going to be fine.