

She, Within Herself

By Dragonien

To anyone else, hearing that voice in her head would have been a sign of going mad. For a brief moment, she even did think she might be going insane even as she glanced over and saw her reflection in the television. That face, so familiar to her own at a glance with the same jaw line, the same eyes... but when she looked closer she saw the unnatural, ebony horns curling from the top of her head. She saw the slight thickening of her eye-ridges that gave them an allusion to something vaguely saurian or draconic in nature. She could see little wisps of smoke curling up from the edge of her lips as if she had just taken a long draw on a cigarette and now let a bit of the smoke trickle out from where it was trapped within her mouth and lungs. It looked so much like her. yet, at the same time, it was nothing like her. It wasn't her. At least, that's what she kept telling herself.

"Just wait till her next slip up, little vixen...' the voice cooed almost lovingly to her, seeming to come from everywhere and nowhere at once. "It's going to feel so good to feel those pajamas ripping apart as I grow... can't wait to feel my head bump the ceiling... I hope your insurance is paid up. Don't worry though, dear. I'll let you feel it all. Feel it ~through~ me... let you feel it when I squash that little matchbox toy you call a car under my foot. Mmm... its gonna feel soooo good crumbling under my pads. roof caving in, tires blowing out... like stepping on a piece of tin foil."

Even as the voice continued its monologue at her, she can feel the voice's control growing, straining against her mental defenses. The longer the voice went on in that increasingly hungry, increasingly lustful murmur of hers, she could feel her left arm moving of its own accord. it slid down and shifted its hand to squeeze at her thigh as if gripping it to restrain the bliss the voice's words were clearly bringing to it even as she felt her claws thickening and sharpening on that hand in the process. It was slipping from her mental restraints, already pressing its presence out of her mind and onto her body. What was worse was that, as much as she didn't want to let it out, didn't want to let it take control, there was that tiny part of her that did. A tiny little piece of her buried deep within her mind, even deeper than she tried to bury the voice, that wanted to revel in the thrill, in the power of what the voice offered.

"Wait till you feel me eat them... feel them squirming in my mouth, overpowered by just my tongue. Pathetic little things unable to resist even the weakest part of me... Wait till you feel them struggling all the way down my throat. I know you like it. YOU know you like it. The freedom. the POWER. You wish it were you in control. You wish it were you tearing your way through town, laughing at the pathetic attempts to stop you. to stop us..."

The hand on her thigh squeezed harder, shaking slightly as she tried to hold it in place with her other arm. With the one she still had control over. She desperately held on to her own wrist, as if the physical restraint would somehow assist in regaining mental control over the voice and what it was trying to force upon. Even as she started to word her demand for the voice to stop, she could feel her lips slur the words slightly, awkward with the unexpected extra girth and length of her teeth. She could abruptly feel her fangs growing noticeably larger over the next couple of seconds. Of course, this only made the voice, the other her, laugh in that melodic yet ominous tone of hers.

"Mmm... you know how I feel about resistance... it just gets me turned on. It just makes me want to let loose that much MORE. Keep resisting me dear, the more you do, the more I can unleash... Lets see just how BIG you'll let me be this time...!"

She chewed nervously on her own lip even as she told herself she had to resist, the sharpness of her newly-grown teeth only showing how far that the changes had already gone to enhance her body that even their impressive points could no longer pierce even her most vulnerable flesh like that on her lips. Goodness, she had to resist. It couldn't be let out. It's too dangerous. Too unpredictable. Too wild.

But GOD, the voice was so much fun to be! That size. That power. That STRENGTH. And it was growing in strength. Rising inside of her.

No. That's what she wants. It wants me to give in. I can't. I...nnngh....can't.

She tried to get away. She dared not admit it aloud, but she knew the voice was winning. She knew she was going to lose control. It was only a matter of time. so, instead, she tried to run. Or, more specifically, she got in her car and drove down the highway as fast as she dared risk even as she could feel her pajama pants pulling tight around her swelling hips, her thickening legs. She could feel her toes over-growing the end of her hastily-chosen sandals even as her heels slid off the back of them. She could feel her senses sharpening, growing more acute and becoming more aware of them at the same time. She could smell the scents of grass and trees even through the filtered air of the car vents and could even pick out individual plant types from their unique smells she normally never would have been able to discern much less differentiate. She could hear minuscule clicks, clunks, and clatters of the engine that she'd never normally notice and even parse out their direction and intuit their meaning. She was pretty sure her radiator was going to go out here in the next few weeks. She could see thrice as far down the road as before and only after driving for a mile or so did she realize she's been driving the entire time with her headlights off in the pitch darkness of the unlit country roads. She hadn't even noticed.

All the while the voice giggled and laughed in the back of her mind. The arm the voice already had control of shamelessly ran itself up and down her shapely leg and thigh before slowly it trailed up over her taunt belly to feel it hardening as new muscle sinew kneads together beneath her fur and flesh. Then it slid further up still to brush the back of her fingers over her face to feel her sharpening fangs peeking through her lips before combing her fingers through her thickening mane of hair.

She had to get out of town. The farther away she got, the farther the voice would have to go to get to anywhere 'fun'. Hopefully she could buy enough time that the voice would get bored or worn down and she could take control back. At least, that's what she told herself. Meanwhile the voice was casually musing to herself how beautiful of a night it was for a jog. As it did, it flashed a mental image of her, of their, enormous body running its way casually down the highway. Each footstep slammed down with the impact of a mortar shell, leaving deep foot-shaped craters in the road in their wake. As they ran, their footsteps flattened some cars into little more than metal pancakes while others were sent flying from the repeated impacts. Each footstep smashing into the concrete over and over and over, resonant THOOMs with each footstep... and of course, in the mental image the voice let fly... each footprint they left was bigger than the last.

Snap

There went the over-taxed thongs of her sandals.

It's too much. I can't take it. I need to get out.

She stopped the car. She scrambled to get as far away from it, and as far away from the road, as she could. She could feel her clothing getting tighter and tighter with each passing second. It was getting harder to breathe. She was losing control of more than just her arm now. Even her legs didn't feel like her own, each step

she took adding a subtle twist to grind the grass underneath them as if reveling in grinding the strands of grass into the dirt. And as she ran, her steps did indeed feel like they were getting larger. And LARGER.

She could hear the voice in her head, the other her in her mind. They were laughing. Teasing her. Their fingers were in her mind, her brain, her soul, teasing more of themselves out with each passing second. She could hear the hems of her pajamas ripping, the seams along her now profoundly muscular thighs tearing open. The stinging sensation of horns poking out next to her ears.

No. It's happening. She's...taking...over....

Her vision started to blur, seeming to somehow double and half at the same time. The whole sensation of losing control of her own senses was horribly disjuncting as she suddenly found that, as she tried to look around her eyes no longer respond to her commands. She could still see, but her eyes no longer moved when she willed them. Instead they look down of their own accord, dragging her view with them as she... they... looked down to admire themselves. Watching herself burst free from the loose-fitting t-shirt she only just now realized had been pulled skin tight over her impressively ample bosom, made all the more prodigious by the hard muscle of her pectorals she could feel behind them thrusting them forward. She watched as shreds of fabric from both the shirt and her pajamas fell down around her, pooling around her feet only to be pushed aside by her paws swelling broader and wider with each passing second. She actually watched as her increasing weight caused them to press deeper and deeper into the grass and the dirt below as her weight jumped dozens, then hundreds of pounds with each passing second. The gleeful laugh that had once echoed through her mind now freely broadcasting itself from her throat, letting her hear it noticeably deepening as her vocal cord grew from thin filaments to guitar strings to steel cables.

The rest of the night became a blur of barely coherent sensation for her. her mind over-stimulated by her wild and fanatical urges and instincts fully unleashed. She had glimpses of a police car skidding to a stop in the darkness of the highway and slamming into her foot, barely even noticing the impact against her impossibly durable hide. The scene in her memories jump cut to the car being dangled over her open maw as the officer inside dangled from the open car door, wildly slung about as she casually shook the car to dislodge him and let him fall into her waiting mouth below.

The rush of exertion sent a blissful burn feel through her muscles as she abruptly found herself running, full-blown running, down the dark highway with all the destructive outcomes of something, of someone, so impossibly massive moving so quickly and with so little care for where she stepped. She was able to feel the impossible momentum that her body was generating simply from being so utterly enormous and moving so quickly. Knowing that even with her enormous strength there was simply too much moving mass for her to be able to easily stop if she desired too... which she did not. In a strange moment of perfect clarity, she wondered if this is what it felt like to be a runaway train.

Her memories flashed through a clip show of a fist smashing through buildings, glimpses of helicopters swatted out of the sky like flies. A flickering view appeared from the quagmire of confusion of some cute boy she took some perverse interest in, watching as she plucked him up to bring him along for the ride. She, the other her, found some kind of twisted satisfaction in arbitrarily picking some seemingly random person out of a crowd to treat special and bring along for the ride, genuinely surprising herself with the amount of care she put into not hurting him; as if taunting everyone else with how gentle she could be... And how gentle she refused to be. Showing them all how completely at her mercy they all were.

The longer things went on the more of a blur they became to her. Incoherent bouts of lustful sexual release, a brief and surprising moment of actual pain as the military mobilized a squadron of fighter jets against

her in time, for once, to challenge her. That only followed by the acceleration of further growth as if she were reveling in the challenge that the effective military strike posed and literally rising to the occasion until the next time they fired a barrage of missiles, much to her immense and borderline orgasmic satisfaction, they barely even left a singe on the fur of her immense bosom.

After a few hours that seemed to stretch on for an eternity she finally began to wind down. Her consciousness fading from exhaustion, having indulged herself to her limits and almost adorably eager to go back to sleep now that she was sated and spent. She found it rather odd that the her, the other her, never seemed to show any interest whatsoever in taking her over permanently. When it wanted out, it was near impossible to deny it for long, but no matter how intense that urge to be let off of its chain, to shove her out of the driver's seat and take over, became never once did it try to overstay itself beyond a single day. It simply wanting to go out and have its fun. And now that it had, it was finally able to sleep... And so was she.

The morning sun battered against her eyelids, insistent to wake her well before her body was fully rested and willing to do so. A groan escaped her muzzle as she vocally, if incoherently, protested her regaining of consciousness. Slowly, her eyes opened and she saw the devastation all around her. Almost hilariously, she was centered in the one small piece of the park in the middle of town that seemed completely untouched, a rough sphere about a hundred yards in diameter left completely undamaged save for a deep footprint or two showing where she must have walked into the middle of her little 'nest'. Meanwhile trees, cars, buildings and everything else beyond that radius were lucky to even be partially standing or recognizable as anything more than piles of debris or still smoldering wreckage-heaps. Still struggling to piece together her memories from last night she started to rise... only to realize two very important details she hadn't noticed until she had tried to move. The first was that she was stark-naked. Not something that was totally unusual after one of her other selves' adventures. But when combined with the second realization...

Her attempt to rise have been halted by something constricting around her middle. Glancing downwards she saw an arm covered in dusty-grey fur wrapped tenderly, yet firmly, around her middle. Flashes of last night came back to her as she realized that random passerby she, the other her, had plucked up was still fast asleep, almost lovingly spooned up against her back and clinging to her in an almost painfully adorable way. It was almost as if he were afraid of letting her go, afraid that some dream he had been having was going to slip out of his grasp if he didn't hold on to it tightly. Her movement, though, caused him to begin to stir as well. She saw other flashes from her, the other hers, perspective. Nuzzling the little grey wolf into her palm, literally smothering him in kisses given by lips big enough to swallow him whole only to feel a rare moment of genuine surprise overtake the other her when she felt him hugging against her muzzle and doing his best to kiss back given the drastic size difference. A single, sharply focused memory came to her, one that she swore almost felt like it was intentionally pushed to the surface from that place where the other her resided inside her mind. A vision of the man, placed for the moment atop a skyscraper that barely stood chest high to her monstrous other self's size, abashedly telling her he thought she was beautiful. A declaration that was instantly followed by a overwhelming, single minded instinct so powerful she even felt it washing into her normal self like some kind of demand the other her was forcing upon her... something she had never felt the other her do before, save for its 'demands' for control of the body.

MINE...

As she felt and heard him start to wake, a thought rolled through her head. One that made it, made the other her, giggle tiredly from deep within the recesses of her subconscious... This was going to be a hell of a thing to try to explain.