

Wishing for More

By Dragonien

Xilimyth sighed and rolled over onto her back, arms and legs sprawled out haphazardly across the top of her bed. A soft grumble rapidly swelled up into an uncomfortably loud, exasperated groan that echoed through her small bedroom.

"I hate being modest." Xilimyth sighed aloud, not even bothering to aim her voice at the phone near her head.

"Ooh, well I mean if you want to flash your tits at someone and show off I can be there in ten." came the reply from the speakerphone, making Xili roll her eyes at the teasing flirtation she'd come to expect from her friend at this point.

"Har Har. You know that's not what I mean. I'm tired of just being another in the crowd. I know it's kind of ego-centric but is it really so bad to want to be able to catch people's eyes a bit?" She responded dejectedly.

"Na, its fine. Everyone wants to be eye catching. If you want, we can hit up the mall tomorrow, go get you something cute to wear. I'm sure we can find something skimpy enough to turn heads at the party on Sunday that won't get you arrested for public indecency."

Xili rolled her eyes again at his offer, unable to keep a small smile off of her muzzle. He was a dork, but he was also predictable.

"You just want an excuse to get me to parade around in cute outfits in front of you all afternoon." she accused without heat in her voice.

"Hey, you said you wanted attention. Not my fault lil ol me just isn't enough for your lofty aspirations." he retorted with feigned sense of despair in his voice. Then his voice turned devious and playful once more. "Hey, maybe we can find some old abandoned vats of radioactive waste at the landfill. You can accidentally fall in to one and mutate into some kind of Godzilla monster. When you're three hundred feet tall and smashing your way through Tokyo, then EVERYONE will pay attention to you!"

"Don't push your weird fetishes on me." She reprimanded, audibly struggling to suppress a giggle. The mirth in her reprimand only further encouraged him.

"Up from the depths." He started to chant from the other side of the phone. "Thirty stories high. Breathing fire. her head in the sky! Xilzilla! Xilzilla!"

"Oh god sto-" she tried to say, only to be cut off by him elevating his voice to talk over her with a singsong to his voice.

"AND XILZOOKIE~!"

Several long seconds of silence passed between the two of them. If there were crickets around their chirping would have been deafening. Finally, she rolled over onto her front and questioned her phone.

"...Are you done?"

She swore she could actually hear him grinning through the phone.

"Yes Yes I'm done. Look, the meteor shower is gonna start before too long. I'm gonna go get my camera stuff set up so I can record it. Call me back tomorrow and we'll plan for what kind of cute ballroom gown we can get you to wear at the street party."

With a smile-tainted sigh of exacerbation she gave a quick goodbye and hung up the phone. In the deafening silence that followed the end of her phone call, Xili let herself flop fully onto her front with her face buried in the blankets of her mattress. Muffled grumbles of life not being fair were absorbed by her mattress for several long moments before she finally regained the energy and willpower to push herself up to her hands and knees again. A fiery indignation rolled up in her as she tried to direct her insecurity instead into outrage at her own negative thoughts. Hopping her way off of the bed, she strolled her way confidently in front of the large floor mirror in the corner of her room to examine herself.

She was a perfectly respectable specimen of cheetah femininity. She had the standard lean, tightly wound frame of wiry twitch-muscle that gave her the sleek, narrow outline cheetahs and other agile felines were known for. She was of average height clocking in right under the five-foot-ten-inch mark and sported a modest B-cup chest. Her fur was a rich gold speckled with the trademark tawny brown spots all cheetahs had with a darker, tawny brown drape of shoulder-length hair atop her head. She was the perfect middling specimen of the cheetah bell-curve. Unfortunately, that was her problem. She didn't want to be normal, average, or modest. She dreamed of being the type of person that made people gawk when she entered rooms. She wanted to turn heads and cause car accidents when she walked down the street.

Xili stared herself down in the mirror; turning left, then right, to examine herself in her partially unclothed state. She still had her jeans on from the work day but had already tossed her shirt aside, leaving her in nothing but a plain black bra from the waist up. Experimentally she started to suck in a breath, pulling her stomach muscles tight and trying to expand her diaphragm as much as possible to try to accentuate her chest. As she did, her reflection's bosom seemed to swell half a cup size larger from the expansion of her lungs. Her bra pulled tighter and she reveled in the feeling of the straps pressing snugly into the skin beneath her fur. For a moment her mind wandered to fleeting fantasies of the change not just being real, but continuing to progress. Her muzzle sagged half open in a lazy smile as she fantasized about her bra straps tightening further. Her hands stroked across either of her thighs, imagining them curving outwards far wider than the modest proportion they currently did. Fingers traced their partially extended claw tips through the fur of her belly and sending a faint shiver of excitement down her spine. When her hands finally finished their pilgrimage up her torso to cup her modest bosom she let puffed her chest out just a bit more, fantasizing about feeling her breasts overflowing her fingers and pushing back against them. Just as she was starting to rise up slowly on her tiptoes, fantasizing about just an extra inch or two of height, she was interrupted by her phone chiming with a message.

Huffing in annoyance at the interruption, Xili let her hands fall back to her sides and dropped the mental construct she had been forming in her thoughts. With just a bit more abrupt force than was strictly necessary, a subtle vent for her sudden frustration, she snatched the phone up and skimmed over the message. It only held two words. *It's Starting*. While she was still frustrated at the interruption, she was grateful at the reminder. Had she been left to her own devices she probably would have lost track of the whole evening in her little embarrassing fantasy. Though her body wouldn't calm itself from its riled position as easily as her mind pulled away from the mental images she had been building, she did her best to ignore the sexual tension she'd inadvertently laden herself with. She could deal with that all later. Right now, she had a meteor shower to watch.

tossing her phone onto her bed once more, Xili made her way over to the window. It was a bit too chilly for her to be willing to open it but staring out into the mostly cloudless sky through the glass was more than enough for her. After a few moments of glancing around the night sky, passing the time by trying to find the few constellations she remembered from when she was younger, she finally caught a glimpse of the first streak of light flying across the sky. The second followed soon after, then a third. Before long there was a constant stream of little glimmers of light fluttering across the sky just below where the moon hung bright and full overhead. Despite her recent dissatisfaction with her body and the low mood that came with it, Xilimyth found herself smiling up at the sight. Her mood brightened somewhat, but that longing for a better her remained. After a moment, her lips curled into an ironic half-smile at the childish thought that crossed her mind. She focused her attention towards the string of lights streaking across the sky for several seconds before letting her eyelids close and her express screw up in a grimace of concentration. She tensed her whole body up as if trying to force a thought into the heavens through sheer, unmoving physical effort and spoke quietly under her breath; letting all of her longing, desire, hunger and lust soak into the words and give them an almost pleading, desperate undertone.

"I wish there was more to me. More curves, more bust, more height, more attraction, more impact. I just want to be... more."

For a long, silent moment she held that position. Her eyes remained shut until she heard her phone beep again from the bed and several seconds afterwards. Only when she was positive nothing was happening did she finally let her eyes drift open and turn to look down at herself. As expected, nothing. She wasn't suddenly a runway model or some towering amazon. She was still just... Her.

Trying to suppress a sense of disappointment she felt silly had even built up in her in the first place, she made her way over to the bed to pluck up her phone once more. On the screen was another message from her friend, asking if she'd seen the meteor shower. No longer in the mood to joke around or talk to others, Xili shot him a quick, clipped response.

Yea. It was great. I'm pretty tired, heading to bed. Night.

Before he'd had a chance to respond she set her phone to silent and tossed it onto her bedside table. It was stupid of her to be so down that she hadn't had some crazy magical transformation. This wasn't some movie where someone could just wish on a star of a Zoltan machine or something and have their wish magically granted. Rather than let herself dive further into that pit she shucked off the rest of her clothes, save for her underwear. Undressed, she flipped the light switch off and curled herself up contentedly beneath her blankets; letting the simple pleasure of a warm nest of sheets and comforters wrapped protectively around her to ward off the chill of the outside air take her mind off of her disappointment. As she relaxed and her mind began to drift towards sleep, she let her thoughts wander to what-ifs and what could have been. Like before, she imagined her underwear tightening and pulling taunt around new bulges, swells and curves of herself. One of her pillows found its way squeezed between her arms for her to hug and press against as she purred happily at the mental images. As her tenuous grip on consciousness finally began to slip, she murmured under her breath again that silly little wish she'd made, the one-word desire of all she wanted for herself.

"More..."

Light blared against the outside of Xilimyth's eyelids like an unwelcome houseguest banging on her door and demanding she wake up. Though the light had been building for a while, it was that flicker of

consciousness that let herself be aware enough that it broke her slumber. Once through, the gleaming brightness refused her any iota of relief strong enough she could cling to and drift back off with. Grumbling softly to chastise herself for leaving the curtains and blinds open last night, the cheetah struggled to push herself out of bed. She had yet to gain the willpower to actually open her eyes, but years in the same home had left her aware enough of her room's layout that standing and stumbling her way towards the bathroom door was little effort whatsoever.

"Ugh... I feel like I twisted into a pretzel last night" She grumbled aloud.

Her arms rolled and body popped and creaked as she struggled to get the stiffness of sleep out of her joints. Her chest felt particularly constricted and her panties kept riding up her backside whenever she walked as she awkwardly stumbled her way towards the bathroom. Though her eyes remained closed her arm reached out to flick the light switch on out of reflex and the blinding flash of light even through her eyelids only further discomfited her. Not to mention, with her arm raised, the tightness across her chest increased and she was half tempted to just reach down and slice through the front of her bra and bask in the sweet relief of its absence.

Wait, her bra?

The foreign thought caused her struggling brain processes to crash to a halt and start working their way in a different direction. Struggling to push her eyes open without blinding them from the bright bathroom light, Xili stepped up in front of the mirror to examine herself once her vision had cleared. When she finally got a good enough look to recognize what she already unconsciously had, the shock snapped her to full alertness and her eyes went wide. Her tits were huge!

Well. Huge was a relative term. They were still modest in size but compared to the breasts on the lower end of the B cup range she had been used to for the decade or so since she had finally stopped growing the now near-C-cup swells of breast flesh straining her bra to its brink were massive. They actually pushed against the top of her bra's cup enough that a bit of the flesh squished inwards and more muffin-topped out over the edge of the cup, making them look slightly bigger than they actually were. Realistically the growth hadn't actually been that much, maybe a half a cup size or so if even that. But since Xili opted to wear bra's just barely big enough to try to accentuate what little she had that half cup size had her all-but bursting out of her top.

"Holy shit. Holy holy shit."

She cursed over and over to herself as she raised her hands up to cup her new, more prominent bosom. After having spent so many years in the same body and becoming so intimately familiar with it the ability to cup her hands around her chest and feel new flesh that she was absolutely positive hadn't been there last night was thrilling in a way she couldn't quite explain. Which is why it took her so long to realize that her chest hadn't been the only thing that had changed.

The other changes were more subtle, not having a skin-tight piece of fabric to draw blatant comparison too, but her body had changed in more ways than one. She was definitely taller, if only slightly. It was one of those slight disorientation things that she noticed when she looked around; not enough to cause her to stumble or trip, but enough that her trained spatial awareness of her own home was slightly off when she reached for things. She also definitely had a bit more to her hips, her hands eventually abandoning her chest to stroke down the curve of her thighs and waistline. She realized then that her panties had been riding up not because of her stumbling but because they too were now not quite the right size; causing them to keep sliding up the curvature of her buttocks.

"Oh my god. Oh my god this can't be real, can it? This has to be a dream." She exclaimed excitedly, staring at herself in the mirror as if expecting her reflection to answer. When she got no response, she giggled in girlish glee and jumped up and down a bit in place, unable to help but grin wider at the added bounce to her chest when she did. "There's so much more of me!"

Her excitement was interrupted by an abrupt wave of vertigo crashing into her like a tidal wave. Hunching over in sudden surprise at the wave of dizziness, Xilimyth gripped at the edge of her sink to steady herself. She never took her eyes off of herself in the mirror, though, and her eyes went wide at what she saw. She actually watched as her body changed right before her. The changes were minute and subtle, but when you're so used to the same reflection every day for years and feeling the changes, yourself, they weren't hard to spot. Her body stretched upwards the tiniest bit in newfound height, only to be stretched slightly higher as her legs seemed to lengthen just a fraction out of proportion with the rest of her body. Her shoulders widened the tiniest bit while her hips flared out a good deal more noticeably. She actually watched as the waist band of her red panties slid upwards across her swelling hip as their added curving width pushed the elastic higher towards her waistline. Most noticeably though was the change to her chest, primarily due to the constriction on her breasts going from mildly uncomfortable to somewhat painful. She actually watched as the already overflowing flesh of her breasts swelled and thickened outwards as if someone were pumping them with water, the muffin-top of fur and flesh rising over the edge of her bra cup burgeoning further outwards. The straps of her bra dug uncomfortably tight into her shoulders and her shoulder blades and the front clasp soon seemed to be ready to burst apart the moment she inhaled too deeply.

Just as suddenly as the effect had hit her it was gone. The abruptness left her feeling momentarily disbelieving that anything had happened at all, at least until she focused her gaze on her reflection in the mirror once more. From deep within her throat a high-pitched squeal began to build, the kind of giddy sound of pure joy that can only manifest of its own accord. Once more she began roaming her hands across herself, exploring the new curves and swells of her enhanced body. To her surprise, more than just the obvious changes like the widening of her hips or growth of her breasts, she felt that her whole body seemed to have toned down slightly. Her fur and skin were just as smooth and soft as ever, but there was a firmness just beneath the skin she had previously lacked and a tightness in the more noticeable tendons like her wrists and forearms that she could feel when she flexed her fingers. Experimentally, she raised one of her arms up and curled it inwards in her best approximation of a bicep flex. Instantly a small swell of muscle bulged up from her upper arm, pressing out against the skin with enough curvature to be visible underneath her short coat of fur. She hadn't just become shapelier: she'd gotten buff! Well, buff may not be the right word, but she definitely had a good deal more toned muscle mass than she'd had before. Cheetahs had a predisposition for athletic, lean muscle but this was thicker, more powerful muscle mass that was actually visible when she tried to expose it. It made her feel powerful, and she found that was a sensation she liked a lot more than she thought she would.

Her attention was drawn back to the constriction of her chest. The tightness of her bra finally reaching the point that it overpowered her wonder at the rest of the situation. Reaching back behind her, Xili fumbled with the straps to her bra for a few seconds before finally getting her fingers hooked in the clasp and popping it open. If there'd been any more tension in the bra's elastic it would have felt like a gun had just gone off. The undergarment shot off of her front like a slingshot the moment the clasp came free and smacked against the mirror with an audible whump of cloth on glass. Xili's breath exploded outwards in a sigh of relief at the same time as she was finally able to fully inflate her lungs for the first time since she had woken up that morning. Then, that girlish squeal that she would have died in embarrassment from if anyone else had been around to hear it, rose up in her throat again when she looked down at her chest.

Now free of the constraint of the too-tight bra her breasts somehow looked smaller and bigger at the same time. They definitely were bigger and hung down a good quarter of an inch lower than they previously

had simply due to the sheer weight of their new mass. Without the constriction of the bra causing them to bunch up and balloon out over the fabric, though, they didn't carry the same impact that they did when her clothes were simply too small to contain them. That didn't stop her from reaching up to cup them in her hands and give them an experimental squeeze. Her touch was tentative at first, as if afraid too much pressure would make their new mass evaporate like some kind of illusion. When they didn't vanish at the contact she immediately wrapped both of her arms around them and hugged against herself, giggling happily at the feeling of the extra flesh squashing around her forearms.

"Aaaah! This isn't a dream, right? This is really happening! If I snap awake now I'm going to be so angry." She exclaimed aloud, rocking back and forth and swinging her new widened hips along with her.

Thankfully no ripple of ending dreams overtook her conspicuousness. It must be real. At least, that's what the pinch she gave herself to her cheek told her when all it elicited was a yelp of pain rather than an abrupt awakening. Now that she was sure she wasn't dreaming, though, her mind turned to question how this was happening. The answer came quickly and obviously, even if common sense told her that it was ridiculous. She'd made a wish on a shooting star and it had come true. It was impossible for shooting stars to grant wishes, right? Well it was also impossible to wake up and suddenly need a new wardrobe cause your tits had doubled in size, so who was she to be the judge of impossibility? More than the origin of the change that confused her, though, was what had happened moments ago. The first change must have happened overnight in response to the wish, sure. But, moments ago, she had gone through another small spurt of growth as if it had been triggered by something.

Leaning herself forward to stare directly into her own eyes in the mirror, having to make a conscious effort not to let her eyes wander to her new, lower hanging cleavage, Xili scoured her brain to remember what exactly she had been doing when the effect had triggered. She had been feeling herself up, exploring new curves and bulges. Mimicking herself earlier, she stood up straight and began brushing her fingers across her widened hips and narrowed waist. She tried to replicate that sense of wonder and disbelief in her head; not hard to do considering she was still struggling to accept that this was actually happening. When that seemed to have no effect she narrowed her eyes at her reflection once more. Xili was a smart girl, and the pieces started to fall together pretty quickly easily if she ignored the impossibility of the whole situation. Last night she'd wished to be more of herself, more of everything. When she'd been looking herself over in the mirror...

"No. It can't be that easy." She said to her own reflection. Then, a giddy smile spread across her lips.

"More."

The moment she spoke the word she felt another wave of vertigo rapidly build up inside of her. She was prepared for it this time, however, and didn't have to hunch over and grip the sink to maintain her balance. Instead, she forcibly stared straight ahead at her own reflection to watch the change overtake her once more.

She watched as her body seemed to tighten all over, compacting in on itself a fraction of a centimeter. yet at the same time she felt her weight shift subtly and a newfound sense of tension and power filled her limbs. The soft, plush fur of her belly hid most of it but she was certain she could make out the budding hint of abdominal muscles outlined underneath the fur. She had abs! Her fingers clenched into fists and she could see more visible bulges of tendons straining up along the underside of her arm while her bicep bulged out a good quarter of an inch larger than it had been the last time she flexed it. In the span of only a few seconds she must have toned down and, at the same time, gained nearly ten pounds of muscle! But it wasn't just muscle mass that built across her changing form.

Her hips once more curved outwards ever so slightly, ass plumping out behind her. by now her panties, the only article of clothing left on her, were more like a thong with how high up her butt crack they were riding and how the waist had rolled up over itself as it had been pushed up by her swelling hips. Her waistline narrowed ever so slightly and gave her more of an impressive, feminine curved shape to her body as her legs lengthened nearly a full inch at the same time. She still wasn't Amazonian by any means but she definitely could consider herself 'leggy' now. Her upper body wasn't ignored by the changes either. her shoulders broadened a tiny bit, still keeping the feminine body shape but making it seem more fit than slender. The added mass to her breasts certainly helped in that regard. both of them visibly bulged outwards like balloons slowly being filled with more water. Though their weight increased noticeably and they pushed outwards nearly half a cup size again the flesh around them firmed up just enough that they hardly sagged at all under their new weight as they swelled deep into the C cup range! The former little barely lemon sized breasts she had once hardly needed a bra for had now swollen into respectable grapefruits of feminine flesh! All the while, distracted by the subtler changes, she vaguely felt her perspective shift ever so slightly. Again, the change wasn't enough to make a visible comparison to her surroundings to but after years of the same perspective there was an unconscious feel of disproportion to her surroundings as she realized she must have gained at least another inch of height, nearly two if she counted the lengthening of her legs.

When the changes finally slowed and the vertigo and disorientation faded from her senses, she stood a completely different person than she had been the night before. Anyone that didn't well know her distinguishing features like her eyes, face, and hair would never have been able to tell that she was the same petite little girl that had so often flown under the radar. Now, Xili was a WOMAN. Her now-buxom proportions with its wide hips and ample bosom would certainly make her stand out in most circles while still staying well within the realm of reason and giving no reason for alarm. Well, unless you were one of those people that DID Know her. Then they might have at least a bit of a reason to be alarmed, seeing the literal overnight changes that had taken place in her. And yet, despite her now eye-catching proportions and even the impressively powerful physique still mostly hidden beneath her feminine curves, Xilimyth felt a bit of longing within herself.

She already had what she wanted; the attention-drawing proportions that would turn heads and make men and women alike swoon with a playful wink or swish of her hips. Maybe it was that little bit of dragon blood she had from some distant ancestor that her family had always joked made her uncharacteristically greedy at times, but some small part of her felt like this wasn't enough. Even as she stood there in front of the mirror, turning back and forth while running her hands across her pert breasts and luscious backside, she found a piece of herself dissatisfied. It was amazing, perfect even, but it just wasn't enough. When that thought bloomed in her mind she had to consciously bite down on her lower lip to keep herself from saying the trigger word again out loud. It would be so easy. Just a single syllable spoken into the air could give her yet more of what she already had; could make her even more impressive, more powerful. The temptation burned inside of her with a sudden ferocity she hadn't expected. For a split second, she felt like she wouldn't be able to control herself and her teeth bit down even harder on her lip; hard enough they drew a bit of blood.

A fire built within her loins and her nipples hardened visibly as she stared at herself in the mirror. Her mind wandered back to the fantasies she had been having of herself last night; imagining her growing into some towering amazon or beyond. Fantasies that had just played out right before her eyes rolled through her thoughts, magnified a dozen fold. She imagined herself rising up until her head was too high to see in the mirror, only able to see her massive chest and midsection in the reflective glass. She imagined hearing cracks and feeling the tile of her bathroom crumbling under her weight even as her ears brushed against the plaster ceiling of her bathroom. Then, abruptly, the mental image broke as another thought intruded in her mind. Her teeth relaxed their grip on her lip, tongue sweeping over it once to lick away a bead of blood from the already-healing puncture. The lusty, hungry fire hadn't dimmed at all inside her. She still craved to be even more than she already was, though. There had been no drastic change of opinion or revulsion against her own greed. The

sudden tempering of her self-control had spawned from a different source. It wasn't that she didn't want to grow anymore. Gods, that was the furthest thought from her mind.

Slowly her lips twisted into a hungry, predatory smile that showed off her fangs to great effect in her own reflection. Stepping out of the bathroom, she began to raid her closet for anything she could find that would still fit her. There wasn't much to pick from, but she really only needed something that could keep her from being arrested for public indecency. Once dressed in a skintight pair of yoga pants and a size-too-small sweater that did more to accentuate her ample bosom than obscure it, she scooped up her car keys and made her way outside. She'd remembered about the block party She'd been invited too tonight, and needed to hit the mall to get something nice to wear. She wanted something to really turn the heads of everyone at the party, which she was certain would be one no one in attendance would ever forget. She'd make sure of that. For Xili had realized that it wasn't that she didn't want to get bigger than she already was.

She just decided that she wanted an audience.

The party was a tradition that the neighborhood held once a year. Having mostly been a college town for decades, the entire suburb from the affordable homes to the several apartment complexes had been almost entirely inhabited by college kids. Even the older families that either had moved in for one reason or another or simply been college kids that grew up and just stuck around were happy to join in on the fun. A half dozen different houses were left wide open, set up as open bars and snack tables while every single pool in the neighborhood was flung wide for anyone to enjoy. Music blared from a dozen different stereo systems of varying quality ranging from speakers someone stuck their iPod into to ones actually occupied by professional DJs. Lights strobed both the skies and streets and glow sticks swam about in the sea of people as the whole neighborhood descended into a chaotic mass of hedonistic, free-spirited fun.

Xilimyth arrived just as the sun was starting to set. The music was already thumping through the air and crowds of people lined the streets like a full-blown festival. Unlike previous years, confidence clad the cheetah like a suit of armor. Her confidence only grew when she stepped out of her car and immediately began turning the heads of several nearby people. Men and women alike turned to glance at the attractive feline suddenly prowling through their midst. More than a few of them actually had to look up at Xilimyth, something that she greatly enjoyed from her lofty six-foot-two-inch height. Her clothing choice certainly helped to draw people's attention. She'd spent nearly two hours at the mall finding the perfect outfit. She'd decided she liked how the too-small sweater had both compressed and accentuated her ample bosom and had gone with a blue short-sleeve hoodie shirt that had the same energy. It cupped around her chest snug enough to keep it compressed and more modestly proportioned, while still showing clear stretching in the front when doing so that tantalized at her bosom's true size rather than flaunted it openly. A pair of loose-fitting blue nylon shorts and flop flops completed her outfit; the former just snug enough around the waistline and thighs to accentuate her plump posterior without constricting her too tightly. It was amazing how just a few extra inches and the right clothes could make her feel so huge and she gleefully soaked up every ounce of attention she garnered like a dried-out plant suddenly dunking its roots into a water tank.

Despite her giddiness at all the attention she was getting she still held a healthy dose of trepidation about what she had in mind. It wasn't so much the fear of what would come from it as it was simply the inevitable reluctance to do something she was certain was irreversible. To combat this, the first stop she made at the party was at one of the many bars to look for a little bit of liquid courage. The bars at the party ranged from fully stocked pop-up bars from wanna-be mixologists lining the streets to little more than a couple of frat guys with a keg, plastic cups, and a tip jar. Xili decided to go for the latter. The first cup they gave her she chugged right

there on the spot, making the young tiger and wolf manning the keg eye her first, then each other with a humorous chuckle. Downing the whole cup in three great swallows, it all-but instantly went to her head in a momentary wave of dizziness. Without even thinking she offered the cup back to the two guys, eyes half lidded as she called out over the noise of the crowd.

"More, please."

She hadn't even realized what she had done until the fading dizziness rekindled into a full-blown wave of familiar vertigo. For a split second she felt a shard of fear well up in her only for it to immediately melt away as she reminded herself there was nothing to worry about. There would be no consequences for anything she did after tonight. At first, the guys didn't even notice anything was unusual. The tiger took her cup and began refilling it from the keg while the wolf's gaze wandered, shamelessly eying some cute doe that was walking past. When his attention turned back to Xilimyth, however, his eyes squinted in confusion for a moment before widening in sudden realization and concern.

Xilimyth's body had already sprouted another full inch taller in the time it took him to look away and for the tiger to refill her cup. Her shirt had pulled visibly tighter both around her shoulders, stomach, and chest. The two guys found themselves staring at the two obvious protrusions in the thicker cotton of her shirt where her nipples had hardened and were pushing out against it. With every passing second, with each breath Xili took, they and the swells of flesh surrounding them pushed out just a bit further. To them it looked as if she were sucking in a breath and inflating her diaphragm and then simply inhaling again without ever exhaling. They were guys, after all. Of course they'd be staring at her tits. By the time the effects slowed and she reached out for the cup the tiger was still mindlessly holding up, her hand visibly covered more of it than it had the last time. her shirt had ridden up to the waist of her shorts and now threatened to expose the bottom of her stomach were she to raise her arms up above her head. Her chest had swollen a full cup size larger and now pulled open the neckline of her hoodie just a bit; not enough to give a peek inside but clearly showed that the shirt was holding a bit more than it was intended too. Her shorts had slid up well past her knees and hugged just below her mid-thigh on her newly thickened legs, pulled higher by her increased height as well as tighter by the added girth to her backside.

This time, though, the change had made a more visible alteration to her physique. Already having reached peak toned proportions previously, now the added muscle mass her repetition of her trigger word caused swelled on top of what was already there rather than streamlining her internally. her biceps had swollen into visible lumps of muscle that actually pulled the sleeves of her shirt just a bit around their girth while her thighs had grown enough in girth that they began to show hints of defined muscle groups even through her soft fur. Were either of the boys to get that look at her with her arms raised they would have gotten a glimpse at her flat, taunt stomach having split into the beginnings of a 4-pack of visibly defined abs. She wasn't ripped, but she definitely looked like she knew her way around a gym now.

This time when she took the cup she took smaller sips from it, pausing between sips to grin down at the wide-eyed boys before her. With them so close the addition of not just her new mass but her increased height was that much more noticeable now that the wolf she had previously been eye level with and the tiger that had only been an inch or so shorter, now both found themselves craning their heads back a bit to meet her gaze. No one else nearby seemed to have noticed the change. There was simply far too much chaos going on around them for even something like that to draw attention.

"W-whoa. Did you just..." The wolf started to ask.

"Shhh..." Xilimyth replied with a toothy grin.

She reached an arm out to press a finger against the front of his lips to silence him. Then, her hand slid along his cheek to cup the back of his head in her palm while her other arm reached out to do the same to the tiger. Pulling both of them close so their heads were to either side of hers, she whispered into their ears in a quiet, almost seductive purr.

"The show hasn't even started yet. Stick around."

Then, with a quick peck of a kiss to either of their cheeks, she pulled back and patted their cheeks encouragingly with her palms. Before they had a chance to recover from their stunned state she turned her back to them. A playful swish of her hips and flick of her tail and she was sauntering off, disappearing into the crowds of people. The two confused college kids were left there with their mouths hanging open and their pants notably tighter in front than before she had arrived.

Xili, for her part, was struggling to keep it together as she walked away. Her cheeks were practically on fire from embarrassment at what she had just done. Yet, at the same time, she felt a sense of gratification that made it impossible to keep a feral grin off of her face. She never would have gotten away with something like that as the old her. But the new her had left those two speechless and staring at her ass the entire time she was walking away. Some people might have felt a bit uncomfortable being objectified like that, but she ate it up like candy. She wanted everyone to look, wanted everyone to stare. If anything, the success of her little tease for those two only encouraged her to go further.

A few minutes later she found herself in front of one of the open homes near the edge of the block party. it had come to be known unofficially by the party goers as the 'hookup house'; the place you went for some no strings attached personal fun with someone. Upon entering the home she found it already packed, just like the rest of the party. Everything from the couches and chairs in the living room to the dining room table in the kitchen were covered in couples or even groups of three or more people locked together in everything from affectionate spooning to blatantly indecent grinding against one another. Thankfully those inside had the propriety to not go much further than that without at least getting a private space; though from the sounds she heard coming everywhere from the linen closet to the bathrooms told her such private space was in high demand.

Looking around the house she spotted a few people that were lingering around, still by themselves. Men and women that either had lost their partner already or had come in search of one. More than a few of their eyes caught on her and she couldn't resist smiling invitingly at them all. The attention that she was getting by itself was making her squirm in place in anticipation. At first, she couldn't decide who she wanted to make a move on. She'd never really had easy options like this where she felt that she could have her pick (Not that she'd ever worked up the courage to come here in previous years, mind you) so she had a bit of choice-paralysis. When she spotted a nervous looking fox tucked away in the corner, though, she made her decision.

The poor kid had to still be in his early twenties and looked like he wanted to turn invisible if he could. She could just tell by the nervous way he fidgeted in place and kept eyeing the door that he probably had been dragged in here by a friend then abandoned when they found some cute boy or girl to hook up with. Meanwhile living the fox to fend for themselves, too unsure to make a move and too fearful of peer pressure to escape to a less-stressful environment. He would do nicely. Xili figured she might as well rock at least one guy's night before things got too crazy.

When she turned herself fully towards him the fox began to look back and forth as if expecting someone else to be around him that the buxom cheetah girl was heading towards. By the time he realized he was actually her target she already had him literally pinned into the corner, looming nearly a head taller than the poor little

orange-furred fox. She purposefully got right up close to him, forcing him to crane his head back to meet her gaze. Her proximity made it impossible for him to squeeze around her and escape the corner he was in without having to bump and push up against one of her sides to make room; something she was fairly confident he was too flustered to dare to attempt. Only once she'd had him cornered for a solid 5 seconds of silence (other than the muffled thump of music coming from outside) did she finally speak to the poor little guy.

"Hello there. My names Xilimyth. But you can call me Xili." She introduced herself, a playful purr edging her voice just south of being a sultry growl.

The fox had to take a moment to steel himself, audibly swallowing a lump in his throat before finally seeming to be able to speak.

"U-uh. My name's Chris. Can uh... Can I help you?"

Xili wanted to just wrap him up in a hug right then and there for how cute his innocence felt to her. Even more so that she saw his eyes constantly trying to wander south. Unable to completely keep the grin off of her face she leaned herself forward a bit to let her eyes be closer to level with his own, while rather blatantly giving him a better view down the front of her shirt. Thanks to her previous growth spurt the neckline had pulled up slightly, only to be then shoved outwards by the additional girth of her chest; leaving her with quite the impressive little valley to look down when you got at the right angle. Only once several seconds of silence had passed and Chris realized he had been staring did she finally respond.

"Why yes. Yes you can."

Suddenly she was standing up straight again, leaving him momentarily staring straight ahead at her collarbone and the entrance to her cleavage before he adjusted his gaze upwards. She reached out and grabbed his wrist in one of her hands and, making full use of her new deceptive strength, started dragging him out of the corner and towards the stairs. He put up a token resistance at first, more a reaction to being grabbed so abruptly than out of any real objection, which made him that much more adorable in her eyes. Fully aware that his eyes were spending more time looking at her curvaceous ass than the back of her head, the cheetah led her prey up the stairs to the second floor. It only took a few seconds of searching before she found an empty room, a pair of seemingly-identical twin velociraptor girls leaving with themselves wrapped around either side of a very smug looking Lion swaggering their way out of the room to rejoin the party outside. Pulling the fox inside with her, she gave him just enough of a shove to send him stumbling more out of surprise than anything else towards the unmade bed as she closed the door behind them.

With the door closed the room was surprisingly silent. The thumping beat of dance music still filtered in through the walls and windows but the insulation in the room was thick enough that it was muted and more of an afterthought than a constant, body shaking thrum of thunder. The comparative deafening silence the two of them suddenly found themselves within left both of their accelerated heartbeats booming through their ears. Chris began to make some kind of excuse or protest but Xili was already crossing the room towards him. She was gentle, but firm with her gestures as she pushed against his shoulder and walked him backwards. After a few steps the back of his knees bumped against the edge of the mattress and he abruptly sat down on it out of reflex, leaving him just about eye-level with the still-standing cheetah's belly button.

From there she slowly lowered into a kneeling position between Chris' legs, unable to help but chuckle quietly at the way his ears went from flat against his head to standing straight up in alarm. Her hands reached out to gently rest on his knees, rubbing up along them and his lower thigh in an attempt both to encourage and calm him down. With her kneeling, her face was roughly level with his collar-bone and she took the opportunity

to lean in and bump the tip of her nose ever so gently against the tip of his chin in a sign of silent, playful affection. Meanwhile the close proximity and ample size of her bosom left her breasts pressing rather insistently down on top of his lap where it certainly felt how much Chris was enjoying all of this despite his trepidation. Slowly, nervously, one of the fox's hands reached up and gently rested itself atop the back of her head. His fingers began to comb ever so gently through her head fur, moving with the kind of careful reluctance that one might use to test a live power line; expecting it to shock him at any given moment. Despite his nervousness and inexperience, the attention still made a happy purr well up within Xilimyth's throat.

"I uh. I've never.. I Mean uh... We don't..." Chris started to mumble, words so quiet even he had trouble hearing them.

Xili quickly cut him off again. A quiet shush was all it took to get him to clamp his jaw tightly shut again, his nerves making him hyper-responsive to even the slightest bit of guidance she seemed to show him. Taking the initiative once more, Xili began to push herself forward against his upper body. It took little pressure from her for him to start reacting in kind, leaning himself backwards until he was laying atop the bed. Following suite, she began to crawl up onto it as well. Hands followed by knees pressed into the mattress as she rose up over him, even as the fox squirmed and wiggled his way backwards to be all the way on the bed. She couldn't tell if he was finally taking ab it of initiative, himself, or if it had just been another reflexive attempt to escape that had accidentally better positioned him but she was happy with his placement either way. Before the poor fox realized it, he was sprawled out on his back with the curvy predator on hands and knees over him.

Xili's affectionate purr sharpened ever so slightly in pitch and volume; becoming a faint growl of predatory excitement as she leaned herself closer. her lips brushed tentatively against the fox's own in a teasing ghost of a kiss. When the fox made no move to take advantage of the opportunity, Xili once more took the initiative for him. One of her hands reached down to grasp one of his wrists again, gently lifting it up until his fingers were draped carefully against the ample curve of her hip. Out of reflex, his fingers squeezed just hard enough to stay in place and dug in ever so slightly into the flesh of her ass as a result. The way his eyes widened a bit right in front of hers made her giggle softly as she watched the look of realization of what he'd done cross his face. Before he had a chance to recover from that she repeated the process with his other hand. This one, though, found its way not to her hip but onto her left breast. His fingers again responded purely out of reflex; clenching slightly to grab a handful of what had been forced into them.

She let out a breathy sigh of satisfaction at his finger's reluctant kneading and squeezing of her backside and breast. The stimulation sent a shiver down her spine and caused her to first lean back on her knees to push her ass back into his hand, then reverse and lean forward to do the same with her breasts. Xili was perfectly content simply basking in the stimulation and attention for several long moments; rocking herself back and forth under his slowly-emboldening ministrations. Before long, though, she grew greedy for further action and let her half-lidded eyes open fully again to once more lock on his own. She could practically feel the heat coming off of his face from how hard he was blushing and he kept averting his gaze away from meeting her own even when she looked right at him. She didn't mind being in charge, though, and was perfectly content to take the lead once more.

Chris felt hot breath tickling at the tip of his nose a split second before her lips pressed full and flush against his own., The soft, slightly saliva-slickened flesh squashing together with a soft wet sound as she kissed him. The first kiss was gentle and tender, but it quickly became apparent it was a warm up rather than a sign of what was to come. Her kisses became more instant, more aggressive. Her body slowly lowered itself down onto him and trapped his hand between her breast and his torso while her superior weight pressed him down into the mattress. Thankfully she yet wasn't heavy enough to be truly uncomfortable to be atop him, but he certainly wouldn't be going anywhere anytime soon lest she agreed to roll off of him; Something that she had no intention

of doing any time soon. Their breaths mingled as she finally coaxed him into opening his mouth mid-kiss, letting their tongues finally meet between them and dance around one another. As their kissing intensified, she began to grind down atop him; her hips and legs rolling and pushing down atop his in slow, drawn out movements. Much to her satisfaction he, too, began to grind up against her after an initial hesitation. She could feel him, rock hard, in his own pants, pressing against her inner thigh as he pushed back against her. When she finally let the kiss break so they could catch their breath an indeterminate number of minutes later Chris had finally worked up the courage to look her in the eyes again. Something that he did avidly as their mouths hovered barely an inch away from each other, heavy breaths panting hot air over each other's lips and noses. Then, he said something that caught her off guard.

"you're gorgeous."

instantly it was her own cheeks that were burning with a bright flush of embarrassment. it wasn't that she wasn't used to compliments, hell it was specifically that kind of attention that she had been craving. But the sheer, innocent sincerity of his words made it hit home harder than any interested glance casual flirtation. But even that wasn't enough for her. If anything, it only egged her on, encouraging her to escalate. Now that she had been his Beauty... She wanted to show him the Beast.

slowly, slowly, she began to lift her upper body off of him, her hands planting to either side of his stomach to lift her. He probably didn't even notice how his hand lingered, clinging to the Fistful of her ample tit as she set up before it was finally too far away for him to easily hold onto without stretching his own arm. Upright once more, Xili shifted her position a bit and scooted forward until she was straddling his waistline and stomach. she was careful to settle her backside firmly atop his lap both to ensure it was resting right on top of his insistent erection while also making sure she didn't put too much weight down on top of him and make him uncomfortable. the fox's fingers seem to Fumble around for a moment, clearly confused as to what they should be doing. Eventually they came to rest on either side of her hips as if to help balance her atop him. Xili shot the poor fox a reassuring smile before letting her expression turn sultrier and more devious.

Her arms crossed over her torso, grabbing opposite hems of her shirt and peeling the fabric upwards. For a moment her head disappeared as she lifted the short sleeve hoodie up and struggled a bit to pull so now snug fabric and narrow neck hole over her head before carelessly tossing it aside into a corner of the room. with her shirt now gone her Lindley muscled stomach was fully exposed while her ample bosom hovered above the pinned fox and nearly blocked his view of her face when she leaned back a bit to roll her shoulders. Underneath she had chosen to wear a neon blue bikini top that perfectly cupped her ample bosom. Even despite having purposely worn a bikini top that was a good size or two larger than necessary, thanks to her previous growth spurt, it was already stretched snugly around the ample flesh of her breasts.

Her hands reached down to momentarily rest on top of his own as if encouraging their grip on her hips. Then they began to trail their way up her body one inch at a time. Fingers traced across the taunt, thinly-furred flesh of her belly until they circled briefly around her naval. Soon, though, they left that behind and slid further upwards until they traced along the underside of her bikini top. Claw tips tugged ever so gently at the fabric before going yet higher still; letting her palms take the place of her fingertips and cradle the bottom of her heavy hanging breasts to heft them upwards ever so slightly. Her eyes lidded half shut once more, her awareness of the rest of the world seeming to dim. Her mind whirled as it brought forth the fantasies she had spent many a night alone in her room ruminating on, building into mental constructs that felt all but real to her in her deepest self-imposed trances. that feeling of skin stretching, of clothes tightening filled her mental self and sent a shiver of bliss through her at the memory. The effect was even stronger now that she had experienced real growth; the realistic sensations having bolstered her mental construct with more accurate information and making it that much more tantalizing to her. Yet, even as she lost herself in her own momentary fantasy, she realized finally

that it wasn't enough. It would never be enough to just imagine it. Luckily now, she didn't have to just imagine it.

"More..."

Her voice came out as a whisper, barely audible even to herself. She felt Chris shift slightly beneath her, his head cocking to the side in confusion as he tried to make out what she had said. But that didn't matter to her, Chris didn't matter to her. Nor did the room she was in or the party outside or even the worries of what consequences changing herself like this could mean if she never found a way to undo the effects. All that mattered to her was that she felt herself growing.

The effect started slow as it had previous times. Musculature began to slowly deepen and swell with newfound definition. Clothing pulled taut across her as her thighs swelled within her shirt and her already ample breasts stretched out within the increasingly confining space of her bikini top. But even that wasn't enough for Xili this time. The inch or so of height she felt swell across herself, the few pounds of muscle here or there. It simply didn't satisfy her this time. Nor did the look of confusion and arousal on Chris's face. It wasn't enough, none of it was enough for her. She wanted, no, she NEEDED...

"More...!"

This time she spoke the word more clearly, the fox pinned beneath her able to make out the word without effort. It was the first time she had said the trigger word in quick succession, before the first effect had even finished. Suddenly her body spiked with a jolt of pain and pleasure mixed together like a swirl of chocolate and caramel through her mind. Even the moment of pain brought a sense of satisfaction and power; reminiscent of that pleasant ache of sore, pumped muscles throbbing in eager exhaustion after an intense workout. Her bra suddenly bulged outwards as her breasts ballooned well over a full cup size in less than a second, the tie in the back pulling its knot tight as whatever slack in the fabric was devoured by her bosom greedy for more space. Her arms surged thicker, gaining real peaks of muscular definition along her biceps and shoulders. Any guy would look impressive with guns like those, but on a curvaceous bombshell like Xili was becoming they looked monstrous by comparison. Her legs and thighs similarly swelled even as her overall increasing weight made the bed sag beneath her and Chris; said thighs ballooning in girth and reflexively squeezing around the increasingly nervous fox. As the initial surge of growth caused by the overlapping repetitions of the words died down, Xili could still feel herself growing a bit from the left over second invocation, even though she must have gained at least a half a foot of height already. Said in quick succession, the effects seemed to not only happen simultaneously, but compound on themselves rather than simply being additive. The realization brought a hungry grin to her face.

"Um..." Chris tried to speak up, drawing Xili's attention back down to the suddenly very confused and flustered fox. "What's uh... what's going on. You just... you just grew...! You're... you're..."

Xili stared down into his eyes and felt a primal lust well up inside of her. It was something beyond her libido. Something deeper, something more instinctual that felt what he wanted to say and was all but screaming inside the cage of her subconscious for her to hear the word on the edge of his lips. *Say it, say it damn it!* Her inner voice screamed at Chris, her body responding by squeezing her thickened thighs a bit tighter around the trapped fox as if holding him in place until he gave her what she wanted. Finally, the word escaped his lips and she felt her whole body shuddered as if someone had just nibbled on one of her nipples.

"You're huge...!"

"Mmm... Yes... But not huge enough" Xili all but purred as she threw back her head and reached up to comb her fingers through her hair. The movement caused her muscular arms to bulge and press in against either side of her widened bosom, squishing it together quite provocatively for the little fox below. "I could be so much bigger... so much stronger..." She took in a deep breath, preparing herself. Then..." I could be so much... More. More... More... MORE!"

The words seemed to echo through the room as if the ringing of some gong. For a split second, nothing happened as if the entire world had decided to simply hold its breath in rapt anticipation. Then, her body simply exploded outwards. The bed sagged, then cracked beneath the weight of her knees and legs pressing down into it as they doubled, then tripled in size in a matter of seconds. Her shorts split apart at the seams and exposed rippling muscle covered by supple gold- and black-spotted fur all the way up to where her matching royal purple bikini bottom was soon pulling up like a thong around her nethers. Her arms reached up above her and in less than a second had slammed her palms flat against the ceiling, fingers digging into the drywall overhead and leaving finger marks as easily as if she were gripping at walls of play-dough. Her tail lashed out behind her as the formerly wrist-thick appendage thickened into a heavy slab of muscle and fur strong enough to knock the TV on the far side of the room off of its stand and send it crashing to the ground. But it wasn't just her height that ballooned outwards like a rapidly inflating balloon.

Her muscles surged thicker as if watching some fast-forward time lapse video of a plant; except this plant was a pro bodybuilder religiously working out for years trying to match Mr. Olympia. Her thighs swelled with newfound muscle mass to the point even if she had been her normal size they would have been nearly as thick around as her waist had previously been. Her stomach hardened into a washboard of 6 steely mounds of ab muscle while her arms thickened into two cannonballs for biceps attached to two more that were her shoulders. Her pectorals surged into thick slabs of meat that would have shamed dinner plates in girth at a normal size but instead shamed man-hole covers with her increasing overall size; not that you would have been able to see them beneath what seemed to get the lion's share of her growth.

Even considering her increase in size, her breasts were growing at a prodigious rate; clearly outpacing every other part of her body. Her bikini top snapped with almost hilariously little effort as the two mounds of feminine flesh flowed forward like a fuzzy, jiggling tidal wave. D cup passed into E cup, skipping right over to G cup before surging yet larger still into bra sizes that had yet to ever practically have been created. By the time the growth spurt had even begun to slow, each of her breasts easily out-sized her own head and even her own massive hands would have looked like they were trying to palm basketballs if she tried to heft up either of the monstrous tits hanging from her chest.

Chris, the poor little fox, didn't seem to know what to do at first. His eyes were wide and his body rigid (particularly around his nethers) as he tried to process what he was seeing. This beautiful cheetah girl had seduced him and all-but dragged him off to make out with and grind against him, and now was growing into a monster that would have made the amazons of myth look like stunted-children in comparison. When the floor started to groan beneath them and the ceiling began to crack from the pressure her arms were putting on it, his fight or flight sense finally kicked in enough for him to make a move. Thankfully, even with the bed having collapsed under them from her growth spurt, her thighs and legs had grown so much that even with her still straddling him there was plenty of space between her legs that he was able to squirm his way free. The moment he did, he made a mad dash towards the bedroom door, literally having to climb over a now couch-sized thigh to do so, and dove his way out of the room even as Xili continued to outgrow it. That was alright with her, though. She barely even noticed his escape.

For a few moments she felt the walls begin to close in around her and a brief surge of claustrophobia welled up within her. A very literal feeling of the walls closing in around her overpowered the haze her self-

indulgence had put her in. But, within moments, she brushed that away as well. She knew what she had to do. All she had to do was ask for, demand for, more of herself...

The floor soon began to buckle underneath her. There was a single, long groan of warning coming from the support beams in the floor as where her knees rested the majority of her weight started to sink in to the wood and padding beneath them. Then, with a single resounding CRACK like a gunshot, the supports broke and the whole floor collapsed out from underneath her. thankfully, most of those down below had evacuated when they had heard and seen something strange going on with the ceiling, so when she slammed down into the main living room amidst a pile of debris and broken furniture no one was hurt. Not that it would have bothered her. It wasn't that she didn't care, but rather that she simply was too absorbed in herself at the moment to notice anything other than what directly related to her. Her legs squeezed together and she let out a happy sigh as she found that, even having fallen into the first floor, she still could reach her arms up and press them flat against the ceiling of the second story bedroom. Her legs, still thickening and growing all the while, soon had her upraised feet pressed against the wall separating the living room and kitchen. The plaster and flimsy, non-load-bearing wooden beams creaked and crumbled beneath the pressure of her expanding feet with little resistance as her legs and, soon, her whole backside bulldozed its way into the kitchen.

Soon she had to sweep her arms around the hole she had fallen through, smashing apart wood, metal piping, and wiring with ease to widen the hole enough that she could still see down into the living room. It had taken less than 30 seconds for her to grow far enough that, even kneeling in the first floor, she was raising right back up into the bedroom she had just outgrown. Then, her attention caught on the window of the second story bedroom and she had a momentary glimpse of the people still outside, most of which either unaware or uncaring of the chaos going on inside of the house. Despite the near-overpowering sense of strength and superiority that had been welling up in her all night, she felt a brief flare of insecurity and stage-fright. Nervously, she found herself looking around as if in hopes of finding at least one person still inside the home that she could see, one person that she could use as a sign-post to gauge the reaction people might have to the new her. But there was no one. No one left in the house but her singular, gigantic self. Just as she was starting to worry her nerves were heading towards a full-blown panic attack she caught sight of something else in the house.

A Keg.

Without even thinking about it, the now-near twenty-foot cheetah reached down and grabbed the side of the keg like grabbing one of those over-sized Bubba drink jugs. She raised the still untapped keg straight up to her muzzle, barring her fangs, and bit into it without even realizing what she was doing. If she were less distracted, she might have taken more notice of how effortlessly her teeth tore through solid metal; how she quite literally bit a chunk out of the top corner of the keg and spit it away like someone might rip open a candy bar with their teeth. Nor did the realization that she was lifting a full keg that probably weighed well over a hundred pounds, with a single hand. The container raised up and her maw clamped down over the opening as she began to guzzle its contents down in long, loud gulps. it took her less than ten seconds to down the entire thing and let out a quite literally house-rattling belch that left even her ego-empowered self blushing a bit.

Just as she was about to toss the keg away her eyes caught on it. As if watching a replay in her head, the sudden realization of not just what she had done but how effortlessly she had done it dawned on her and she was unable to keep a toothy grin from spreading across her muzzle. Maybe it was the sudden buzz she felt from chugging so much alcohol all at once, or maybe it was just whatever was in her head encouraging her past her normal shyness finally overpowering this bout of self-consciousness too, but she suddenly felt POWERFUL again. Even as she stared down at the keg she saw it dwindling in her grasp as the lingering bits of her growth continued on. Experimentally, she murmured the word one more time and watched up close as the keg itself seemed to compress in on itself in her grasp. Going from

the size of a Bubba Mug to a large beer can in the span of a few seconds only further helped drill home how strong she was, and how puny even the reinforced metal was compared to her. Casually, her fingers clenched and dimpled the sides of the keg inwards before simply collapsing it in on itself like crushing a soda can.

That little realization of her own power seemed to be just what she needed. Those thoughts of doubt, of nervousness withered away beneath the newfound thrill of strength and size. Smiling happily to herself, she murmured out another repetition of the word "more..." in a sigh of contentment. Then, her eyes went wide when she realized what she'd done. The already tight confines of the house pressed in around her faster than ever before. The now-forgotten crumpled remains of the keg fell from her hand as she reached out to brace her arms against the walls. her legs hunched up until her knees were nearly pressing into the first-floor ceiling as her feet pressed against the outer kitchen wall leading towards the back yard. Despite her sense of self-aggrandizement, she still had an inherent desire not to break things and every creak and crack that she was aware of made her wince.

She felt inner walls crumbling around her thickening hips, felt the ceiling of the second story caving in as her head pushed up through it into the insulated attic overhead. One of her arms burst through one of the lower walls and into the laundry room while the other tore into a dining room and fell down onto a dining room table to collapse it under the sheer weight of that single appendage. She huddled in on herself, desperately trying to take up as little space as possible as she realized it wasn't just the reluctance to break things that was making her desperate to keep the house intact around her. She was still nervous about everyone's reaction. Afraid to reveal herself finally to them, especially now that she was even more massive to them than she had been just moments ago. But as she felt the house beginning to crumble around her, the thoughts, withered as they were but hanging on like the stubborn root system of a dessert cacti, finally crumbled away like the house did. What did she have to be nervous about? Even doing her best to hold the home together around her, she had grown so massive, so powerful that just her presence was tearing the building apart. When she could crush a refrigerator beneath her thigh, what did she have to fear? when she could smack her head through a foot of drywall, wood, and insulation like it were a sandcastle wall why should she be nervous? When the casual pressure of her toes pressing against a sliding glass door cracked the reinforced, insulated glass, who would dare judge her?

Finally, the last vestiges of self-doubt evaporated even as the home pulled in on her from all directions. Adjacent second-story rooms began to collapse and cave in around her, showering her lower body in a reign of debris and comparatively-tiny furniture. It wouldn't even take any effort on her part to burst free. Hell, it was taking more effort on her part NOT to destroy the house than it would to just bring the entire thing down around her and stand up out of it like emerging from some constructed cocoon. No one could bother her anymore, hurt her anymore, judge her anymore. Even if not everyone realized how amazing and awe inspiring the new her was, the new her WOULD be, there would be more people to stare at her, more people to admire her in just a moment. She could make them all see, make them all realize what she was meant to be, just like she had just convinced herself. All she needed was just a little bit...

"More..."

Outside, no one paid any mind to the crazed fox yelling about giant women and monsters. The few people that even heard him over the music and noise just wrote him off as being drunk or high. it wasn't until the sharp cracking of splinter and crumbling of brick drew the attention of those nearest the hookup house that a few people started to notice something was wrong. When Xili finally began to emerge from the house it was like some perverse parody scene out of Alice in wonderland. Crashing sounds emanated from inside the home

and sent a swarm of people running from the doors and even a couple climbing their ways through the windows as the second floor collapsed beneath the growing cheetah within. Seconds later the back of the home collapsed outwards as a pair of legs each as thick around as a refrigerator and twice as long tore through the wood, brick, and siding of the home. Arms burst forth from either side of the building and for a brief moment gave an almost laughable visage of the building simply having sprouted arms and legs. When Xili decided to smash herself the rest of the way free, though, the illusion broke.

Dust and debris swirled around in puffing clouds through the back yard for several long moments; the nearby crowds having gone dead still and silent save for the music. Slowly Xili unfurled herself from the now-gutted interior of the home, rising higher and higher up over the neighborhood. When she stood up to her full, new height the tallest person in the yard didn't even quite come up to her knee! The now-twenty-five-foot-tall cheetah grinned hungrily as she swept her gaze across the surroundings, taking in her newfound size and the comparative insignificance of everything around her. Though she was buck naked now she showed little care for the view she was giving everyone around her. If anything she drank in their attention, knowing that even if she weren't now taller than the two story building she had just outgrown they'd still be staring at her herculean physique or the massive breasts she sported that she was certain could crush a car under their weight alone.

When the shock faded from those around her some people broke down into panic; running and screaming as they tried to get away from what they saw as a monster. Others simply stayed in place; brains still locked in a confusing freeze of indecision as they struggled to make sense of what they were seeing. Most amusingly to the now-giant cheetah, though, were the few that nervously began to approach or even cheered up at her. Whether from some total lack of self-preservation or simply being too drunk or high to have any rational thinking skills available, a not insignificant amount of the part seemed more interested than terrified of her.

"Hey boys and girls. Sorry for crashing the party." She giggled, biting briefly at her lower lip as the sound of how deep and resonant her voice was now sent a thrill of arousal through her.

Taking her first few steps as a giantess she reveled in feeling the ground rumble beneath each foot fall, watching those that were still close to her stumble from the shaking. She may have been stomping down a bit harder than was strictly necessary to exacerbate the situation by the third step. A wave of water splashed out across the pool patio as she stepped her way into the pool, both herself and those still nearby making ample note she had stepped straight into the ten-foot deep end and the water barely came up to her mid-thighs. Stretching her legs out into the water she happily plopped herself down onto her plump ass at the edge of the pool and grinned down at her remaining audience. She could tease them more. Toy with them and lead them on for a bit, maybe even party a bit more and show them what a few of her favorite dance moves would look like when they were done over the tops of nearby houses. But the hunger was still gnawing away inside of her. That insistent, clawing greed that welled up within her and told her this wasn't nearly enough to satiate her.

"More." She growled out softly, licking hungrily over her exposed fangs as she felt the vertigo and tingle begin to well up in her once again. "More, More... MORE."

Those that had the bravery to stick around to see what the giantess did soon found themselves joining the first group that had taken off running. As soon as she had begun to repeat the word her body had started spreading outwards in every direction. Her ass flowed out across the back yard like a fur-covered bulldozer; soon knocking the fence to the yard over then even uprooting a tree in the next yard over as it flowed across the adjacent plots of land. Her legs stretched out in front of her until they surfaced from the water again, then stretched past the far side of the pool. Within moments her feet were pressing up against the back of the house next door, then effortlessly smashing through it when she didn't bend her knees upwards in time to dampen the pressure her expanding legs created.

"Oops..." She giggled with no real apology in her voice.

If she were in a more rational state of mind she might have thought that something was wrong with the way she was acting, the way that she seemed completely disconnected to the consequences of what she was doing. It was like being drunk without the cognitive impairment; she simply didn't seem capable of comprehending the consequences of her actions. Maybe the growth was messing with her mind, or maybe she had just already accepted somewhere in her head that there was no point worrying about little things and little people when they would soon be quite literally nothing to her.

She watched in gleeful fascination as the whole neighborhood seemed to shrink and dwindle around her. Homes, cars, and even a few people were overtaken by her massive body as it expanded outwards in every direction. twenty-five feet had rapidly ballooned into a hundred, then two hundred before the previous repetition had even finished its effect. Yet that didn't stop her from saying it again and again. Her hands found themselves moving to cup either of her breasts, marveling in how they overfilled even her massive paws as they grew disproportionately larger than the rest of her. Each time she would squeeze her fingers into the supple flesh and grind her palms into the sensitive nubs of her nipples she would gasp out the trigger word again in a lusty puff of air; only causing the flesh to grind that much harder into her hand as if it were fighting back against her grip with its growth.

Soon she found herself toppling backwards, her back and shoulders smashing into the ground with the force of a bomb going off. Dozens of homes were simply pulverized into dust beneath her immense tonnage as the nearly-thousand-foot-tall cheetah sprawled out across the neighborhood. Arms and legs stretched out in every direction and strained their joints till they began to pop with booming explosions of sound; reminiscent of waking up first thing and stretching to work the kinks of sleep out of your joints. All the while she never stopped saying it. Never stopped asking, begging, demanding for more size, more power, more of herself.

She didn't even notice, through all of her growth, that her body was beginning to change in more ways than purely size. her teeth had elongated and thickened to become a truly terrifying set of predatory fangs, the likes of which would shame any shark in comparison. The front most fangs were so long and thick by this point that even when she kept her muzzle closed they stuck out in an overbite and gave even her neutral expressions a dangerous look to them. Her claws similarly thickened to the point that, even if she were normal size, they would have been able to cut clean through bone and leave gouge marks in concrete or brick. Along her elbows she had sprung thick, bony protrusions almost like spikes or horns that angled backwards behind her arms while thick armored plates like scales rose up from beneath the flesh and fur along the back of her hands almost like natural gauntlets. Her tail thickened with newfound muscle and joints; becoming both more powerful, more flexible and more prehensile until it looked like a cross between a cat's tail and a snake's. Even her facial features hardened, her eye-ridges thickening and growing a slight scaly protrusion to them while her muzzle elongated just a bit and gained a more angular shape too it. Whatever little hint of dragon blood the cheetah had in her ancestry seemed to be growing along with the rest of her and was now asserting itself; turning her into a true, titanic, monster.

The world had no real time to react to the growing behemoth in their midst. by the time anyone in a position of authority had realized and believed what was going on, Xili had already grown to sizes measured in miles rather than feet. the desperate military actions that followed would have made Xili laugh at how ineffective their missiles had been at even singeing her fur much less damaging her skin. She would have, that is, if the nearly-hundred-mile-tall dragon-cheetah had even felt the impacts. She was sure they would try something but already had grown so large she couldn't even recognize the struggles of the tiny people below.

That didn't stop her from getting off on the idea of outgrowing them, of outgrowing their towns, then their weapons, then even the ability to see them.

"Don't worry" She whispered at one point when she leaned her sky-filling muzzle down over some splotch of lighted gray she assumed was a city, both completely unaware and completely uncaring her voice was so impossibly loud that not only did no one understand what she said but dozens of buildings actually collapsed from the force and resonance of her words directed at them. "You'll all have the honor of witnessing my ascension first hand. What bigger honor could there be?"

it wasn't long before even the planet itself couldn't sustain her. She stretched out languidly across the entirety of north America and giggled when she felt the pull of the planet earth lessening on her; like she were laying on an inflatable raft and it was slowly lifting up in a filling pool of water.

"Poor teeny little planet can't even hold me anymore..." She giggled aloud into the vacuum of space. "just too much ME for the poor thing."

She had long since outgrown the need for biological functions. No need to drink, no need to eat, no need even to breath. She was more than a living being now, more than just a cheetah that had gotten too big. Yet still it wasn't enough, still she demanded more. She didn't even feel the moon impact against her shoulder and shatter into a cloud of space-dust when she reached over to pluck the Earth up where it floated in front of her. Already she'd grown so large that the laughably puny planet wasn't even as big as a lemon in her monstrous hand. Even as she held it, she watched it dwindle in size, chanting 'more' a couple times in quick succession just to giggle at watching it shrivel in her grasp to an even more insignificant comparative size. When she was done teasing the place of her origin, the planet that spawned the new growing goddess of the galaxy, she decided to give it a place of honor upon her. Carefully, while it was still big enough for her to feel, she stuffed the tiny little ball of dirt and water into her impossibly immense cleavage. Within seconds she had grown further still to the point she couldn't even feel it. But she knew it was there, trapped in between a pair of monstrous dragon-cat breasts that wouldn't have even been able to support their own weight if they weren't floating through the vast empty of space. She would be their new solar system, their new galaxy. She would be their new everything. But it wasn't enough. being the god of her home world wasn't enough for her. Rolling gas giants between her fingers like marbles, and even swallowing down the sun like a jawbreaker wasn't enough for her.

She found herself floating through the vastness of space. At some point she had sprouted a pair of celestial wings that only further signified her ascension beyond the purely biological. Rather than webbed with a leathery sheet of flesh the space between the spines of her wings glittered with a dark energy glittering with pinpricks of light; like a blanket of the night sky itself. They swept through the void, propelling her forward with effortless ease. Solar systems smashed against her stomach without her even noticing. Stars impacted onto the side of one of her breasts and the resulting nova-explosion did little more than cause her an itch. She had outgrown the toys in her galaxy, even the galactic core itself soon became little more than the comparative tiny swirl of water in a bathroom sink she swished a finger through, knocking aside black holes like they were soap bubbles on the surface of the water. She had grown beyond anything that she ever could have conceived of, but it still just wasn't enough for her. As she looked out from where she lay, floating along one of the arms of her home galaxy, she saw the myriad of other galaxies spread out through the universe. There was more out there for her. More that she wanted, that she NEEDED...

With a smile, she swept her wings out behind her and let herself begin to drift from her own galaxy towards the larger universe. Her muzzle opened and she spoke in a soft voice. A single word rippled through the fabric of space itself, projected beyond the laws of physics through sheer force of will by the goddess of a

dragon-cheetah. A single word that resonated through all of time and space as the harbinger that she was coming.

"More.."