

This is a commission for Xilimyth (FurAffinity.net)

Warning: This story contains growth, macro, mega macro, giga macro, tera macro, breast expansion, butt growth, muscle expansion and severe (yet sexy) destruction.

Xilimyth belongs to her player.

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Power Trip, by DragonMasterX.

Draco-cheetah Xilimyth liked to start her mornings with a cold shower. It helped wake her up and got her immune system going, which greatly worked during those chilly winter morning jogs. She had her spotted, dark yellow fur insulating her, but the dragon in her responded badly to cold temperatures. Still, it was better to walk in and hiss for a few seconds as the freezing water splashed her than to head out only to catch a cold.

The hybrid's body wasn't that different from any other anthropomorphic cheetah, although the fin and spikes at the tip of her long tail and her huge draconian wings were easy giveaways about her heritage. Standing at over 6ft. tall and with an athletic, semi-curvaceous build, Xilimyth had more ways to bring attention to her than her dragon features did; she wasn't the type of girl to go out on a limb for compliments however. What she looked like and what she could do, Xilimyth believed to owe it to herself.

Putting a claw to the wall of her shower stall, Xilimyth lightly purred as her naked body adjusted to the temperature. She liked to stand there for a few minutes at a time, letting her thoughts organize as her brain rebooted for a new day. It was Monday and still a bit dark outside, winter mornings could be slow. As she grabbed soap and began to scrub every last spot on her furry skin, Xilimyth looked at the flexion of her scrubbing arm. More specifically, her blue eyes were watching her bicep flex. Her nose twitched ever so lightly and she snorted in disappointment at the sphere between her shoulders and inner elbow. She had defined musculature, noticeable biceps and a tight six-pack; but that wasn't enough for the dragon kitty.

As she rinsed her brunette dreadlocks, she pondered. Xilimyth looked and was physically strong, but not nearly as big and powerful as she wanted to be. Fitness and workout models taunted her from the covers of magazines she bought to keep up with the latest techniques and tips to maximize body-building. Those ideal, nearly impossible bodies rippling with strength were the kind of beauty Xilimyth thought she owed to herself. To achieve such an end, Xilimyth spent as much time as possible exercising and trying out every single thing that could promote growth.

So far, she had gained more results than any average health nut would've normally tried for. She wasn't burly, but tonicity was there. She was the proud owner of long, flexible legs that did her race justice. Her muscular thighs and tight butt had been gained through uncountable amounts of squats and fences. Through numerous crunches and sit-ups, her abdominal wall was built like a washboard and more than once she was asked by other girls to touch and feel those little but hard muscle mounds on her otherwise flat stomach. Her sides didn't stand out much, and it was hard to tell because of her mentionable bust-size, but her pectorals could be the envy of pretty much any bench-pressing buff. Xilimyth wasn't very happy with her deltoid and trapezoid muscles; they were hard to work with however due to her wings getting in the way.

For all intents and purposes, Xilimyth was an attractive feline and reptile specimen; one could even

say she could trim down only slightly and pursue a career in the modeling, but she was far abstracted from the idea. The dragon in her wanted power and strength, and that was the only motivation Xilimyth needed to put herself through any and all chagrins that come with comparing her body to others' in order to get that.

After the laborious task of washing her wings had been completed, Xilimyth finally turned the water off, her bathroom's faucet dying down to an infrequent drip in mere moments. She breathed in and closed her eyes, her chest rising with her mammarys wobbling and jiggling atop her pectorals as she stretched. She exhaled and relaxed, feeling the electric sensation of her muscles distending after standing still for so long. She began to rinse and dry off using two towels to cover both her body and impressive wingspan, having to flap those leathery wings to get rid of excess humidity while she aided it with her hair drier. Soon she was ready for clothes again.

Reviewing her jogging route in her head, a dry Xilimyth slipped into her jogging pants and a tank top; both articles with standard holes for additional extremities such as tails and wings. She wore an extra overcoat in case it rained, since the last few days had been a tad humid. She tied her dreadlocks in a bundled-up tail and got her earphones on, planning on listening to the radio with her phone. Xilimyth then left her home and began trotting.

Early in the morning, one could only see a few cars and the rare biker heading to their early occupations. Xilimyth usually ran a couple miles per minute, ensuring her legs got a good workout. She passed the industrial zone and doubled back, edging the coastline where almost nobody could get in her way. The reptilian feline could feel blood pumping, her heart beating faster as her lungs worked over-time to bring her to peak speed each time she needed to sprint. Really, she could win a marathon with the amount of daily dedication to her regime; but she couldn't wait to break her speed and endurance records; she was always looking to improve.

So when the radio chimed in with an early advertisement, Xilimyth couldn't help but listen. It was far too weird to have a commentator advertising this early, even if it was probably pre-recorded. Radio programs usually didn't start until 7 A.M. "Hey, are you always looking to improve?!" the oddly specific phrase was like placing tuna in front of a famished kitten. Xilimyth turned the volume up and stopped to stretch while listening. "Well do we have a treat for you! The Blue Flame Mountain Trail offers a reinvigorating experience! Climb and trek. An all-body work-out sure to put the years back in you if you're old..." Xilimyth frowned in disappointment as she held her leg overhead, about to switch stations before the ad continued: "...and get FIRE in running in your veins! Are you weak? Get strong! Are you strong? Get STRONGER!" the dragon kitty crouched and bounced on her toe tips a bit, stretching her twins while exhaling. "For more information, check gator-approved dot com! Download the trip search app to receive updates on..." Xilimyth slowly removed her earphones and stood up, looking over the coast and into the mountains in the distance. Those peaks were known as the Ginseng Mountains, famous for the overabundance of the root that gave its namesake.

Xilimyth briefly wondered about the ad; it sounded just as legit as any e-mail she had ever received promising Nigerian princes wanted her to have a million bucks. Plus what kind of trail called itself: "Blue Flame"? She asked herself. Xilimyth sighed, still attracted to the idea of trying something new, "I've never done a trek like that before though. Looks pretty steep too!" she slowly flexed her arms and wings, looking back between each of her inflating biceps; imagining the little but spherical mounds of flesh rising into powerful, thick basketballs of strength. "I guess I can check the site out while I take a break later."

The trip back home was quite uneventful. Xilimyth made a single stop at a convenience store for a sports drink before going on her way. She felt warm in that chilly morning and loved the feeling of her legs pulsing and every nerve in there screaming. Unfortunately, she knew that building muscle

took time, so she wouldn't see the results or another few months. She pondered if the mountain trail was really going to make her stronger; the draco-cheetah definitely wanted that.

At home, Xilimyth booted her laptop up and fixed herself up with a small snack while she waited for the computer's desktop to load. As soon as she was able, Xilimyth sat down and typed in the odd but easy to remember URL she had heard in the ad and hit the enter key. She was greeted by a "Gator Approved!" web page. It had a simple green and red layout with a tall, curvy gator redhead as its mascot. "Huh, she's the guide?" Xilimyth blinked as she read the details after clicking the "Tours" tab. The draco-cheetah was a bit disappointed; that girl looked way more suited to be a swimsuit model than a mountain climber. "No prior climbing experience required!" the note atop made Xilimyth think if that applied to the guide. Then again, Xilimyth didn't have much experience doing these treks either; she rubbed her chin in deep thought. "Maybe she has a secret!" she snapped her fingers, "That's it. I'm getting to the bottom of this. Okay, "Lola", let's see what you've got for me. Hmm... there are only two tours available. One for tomorrow and the next is scheduled on Friday. Am I the first one?"

Xilimyth folded her arms and reclined on her chair, staring at the subscription form warily. "I only pay if I like it? Just needs my name and an e-mail for registration, no credit card info or anything? Hmm... the address checks out according to the GPS," the draco-cheetah was surprised to find Ginseng Mountain had a tour house at its base. "Ugh, why rename it to "Blue Flame" if it's already known as Ginseng anyway?" she cringed a little at the corny title, but curiosity was getting the better of her. "I don't have anything better to do other than workout. Even if this turns out to be a hoax I can give it a try by myself. Alright," she finally said, both convinced and excited, "Let's get stronger!" she hit the submit button and later confirmed her subscription. Moments later she received another mail with her personal data and the schedule for the trip which was due on the next day. "Alright. I can ask for a day off tomorrow! Ugh, wish I didn't have to go to work today either..." the feline then purred and smiled as she thought of going to the gym later, "I'll get a good work-out after. That'll cheer me up!"

Xilimyth couldn't wait for the trip to Ginseng Mountain.

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Morning in the next day opened up with beautiful sun rays bathing an otherwise chilly city. Xilimyth went over her usual ritual and jogged before having a hearty breakfast; then she was ready to go. There weren't any required items to be brought for the mountain trek, so she just brought an extra layer in case it got too cold on the trip to the mountain base.

Ginseng Mountain was composed of four really tall and near-identical peaks organized in the shape of a square like that on a dice. The draco-cheetah whistled as the closer she got to the trail, the more impressively tall those peaks looked like. "Are we really going to go up that high in just a day?" she wondered out loud, already thrilled by the prospect of a challenge. This certainly wasn't going to be just another hard day at the gym.

Fishing her phone out of her pocket, Xilimyth checked her GPS locator to determine if she was in the right place. There was a little cottage in the woodlands by the base of the mountain, where all the trees were, but the place was otherwise deserted. Xilimyth wondered if had been too early to the meeting. "They might be inside that cottage," she paused and looked at the refurbished old log edification, finding it to be adorably traditional; plus it was next to a stream whose running water elicited natural calmness. Feeling invigorated already, the dragon feline smiled and walked up the steps to the foyer before knocking on the door. She waited for a minute before deciding to knock again, this time with a firmer press; the door responded by creaking open. "Aw sheesh!" Panicking,

Xilimyth made sure to catch the door, but was relieved when she realized she hadn't accidentally unhinged it. "I guess it'd be open..." she muttered to herself with a small blush; glad nobody was in vicinity to watch such clumsiness.

"Hello?" Xilimyth finally called out in the well-lit cottage. Whoever lived in there had a good taste for decoration; using a variety of red and green on curtains and to dress furniture. It was a wide space despite what the outside seemed to suggest; maybe the owner was a big person. After getting no response to her call, Xilimyth frowned and looked behind her to see if anybody other than she had arrived at the base. Her ears flattened against her skull and she finally began to question the legitimacy of the tour; had she been duped? The possibility seemed remote considering she hadn't been charged anything in advance. Xilimyth thought to explore inside the cottage to see if she couldn't find the guide, but as soon as she stepped forwards, Xilimyth didn't have a chance to look back ahead of her before she crashed into a wall.

Xilimyth flinched and cursed as she reeled back holding by her nose, but then blinked her eyes open realizing she hadn't actually hurt herself. In fact, the impact had barely been felt at all; and instead of reeling she had actually lightly bounced back.

"Oh hiiiiii!" a high-pitched voice came from above, making Xilimyth widen her eyes at the sight of one of the largest people she had ever seen in her life; a long red haired, very curvaceous alligator girl. The draco-cheetah herself was fairly tall for a female, even with dragon genes; she was on the fair side of 6ft. tall, taller than many guys in her weight class. The bubbly gator ahead had to be at least a whole head taller than Xilimyth, yet significantly less muscular. It was very impressive to see such a tall yet curvy woman with no defined or visible muscle whatsoever. If the draco-cheetah had to guess, the person ahead was a super-model of some kind; the question was: What was she doing in the cottage for the preposterously named Blue Flame Mountain trail?

"I'm Lola. You must be Xilimyth!" the big gator's revelation made Xilimyth's brain go on a brief pause. *This* was Lola? Xilimyth made a memory check of the previous day when she saw the Gator Approved mascot and guide picture and couldn't believe that eye-candy ad-girl was the same Amazonian reptile before her. "I got your e-mail yesterday; you look very much in shape, I have to say!" the gator giggled as she brushed her short ponytail over her shoulder. Hearing no reply and noticing Xilimyth's dumbfound expression, Lola frowned a little and put a finger to her own cheek in concern, "Oh dear, are you asleep?"

Xilimyth realized she was only embarrassing herself by staring so much and shook her head to snap out of it. After reincorporating, Xilimyth put her paw out for a handshake, "Y-yeah! I mean no, not asleep. I'm Xilimyth. Nice meeting you, Lola."

"Aw boobity boop, kitten!" Lola giggled in a lady-like manner by covering her maw before reaching out with both arms to embrace the draco-cheetah, "Here in the mountains we greet with bear-hugs, heehee!"

Xilimyth couldn't help but feel embarrassed and outclassed by the large breasts within Lola's wooly sweater. Those gator boobs were mere centimeters away from giving her an asphyxiation treatment thanks to their height difference. Not wanting to be rude to her guide, Xilimyth tried to relax, but she still couldn't believe the strength in Lola's grip despite there being no physical evidence backing it up. The draco-cheetah began to wonder if the trek truly was some sort of super training and the Ginseng peaks were special after all. "You uh..." Xilimyth briefly gasped for air and nervously looked up past Lola's voluptuous chest, "You're a lot bigger in person, Lola."

The gator gal let go of Xilimyth with another girlish giggle before twirling a bit, "I get that a lot!

So, are you ready to start?"

"Um... Don't other people have to show up first?" Xilimyth rubbed at her arm rather uneasily, diverting her gaze from Lola's bounciness.

"Oh, you're the first and only one that signed for the Blue Flame Mountain trail, kitten!" Lola said matter-of-factly as she hopped over to a closet where she began to rummage for things. Loaded backpacks and other hiking equipment started piling on behind the thick gator's jiggling rump. Xilimyth seemed more concerned now.

"I'm the only one that signed up? Wait, the first? But I caught your ad yesterday in my podcast. Figured there are a lot of interested hikers to take your trail!" the draco-cheetah mentioned, but Lola seemed to swish her large tail dismissively.

"Oh right right!" Lola popped out from a bundle of thick clothes with a winter hat dangling from her snout, "I only started playing it this week."

Xilimyth approached Lola to gently take the winter hat off her snout and folded it on a counter on the side. "Well, you're still the only one I know that provides hiking in this city. I figured with an ad playing in radios all day..."

"Oh, it only plays really early in the morning and once, kitten!"

Xilimyth found herself in a quiet pause. "Really?" she finally asked with accusing eyes. Lola shrugged with her a sheepish grin.

"Ad costs are terrible! Investment, shmentment; I can't afford that much coverage," the gator giggled and put a second wooly hat on the counter before slamming one of the large backpacks on top. "Woo! Now we're talking; I knew I had some spare bed covers."

"Bed covers?" Xilimyth asked before shaking her head, "Wait, you only play your ad in the morning only once and you don't charge before the tour's over. What kind of business model is that?"

"Details!" the gator grinned and threw Xilimyth a couple of extra layers and a backpack. The draco-cheetah made sure to catch it all in her arms, "Now get dressed. We're going to the summit!"

"Uh..." Xilimyth didn't need a spider-sense to be able to tell how fishy this all was, but at the same time she was really invested now in discovering the secret behind Lola's size and strength. Lola seemed clumsy and ditzy, but at least the gator appeared honest and didn't beat around the bush. All of her equipment seemed well-kept and she really was prepared to accommodate clients of diverse statuses. The layers Lola had provided Xilimyth with counted both with wing holes and tail holes, so despite the aberrant entrepreneurism Lola seemed to know what she was doing when it came to hiking. Finally, Xilimyth gave herself the go-ahead and nodded to Lola, "Right, excuse me."

Lola directed Xilimyth to a changing room and soon enough both were ready for the harsh winter cold of the mountains. They came out of the cottage and Lola guided Xilimyth up along the start of the trail. "You chose a good day to sign up for the trail. Since we're so close to spring, snow isn't a huge issue now. Have you done this before?" Lola asked the draco-cheetah, who shook her head no, "Ah, don't worry! It's my first time being a guide too."

Xilimyth's heart sunk to her stomach and she looked back. They hadn't walked up any higher than

30 feet, but her confidence was dwindling already. But then she thought of the trail and thought about the potential level up for her strength. What if this turned out to be an even better way to build herself up? She wouldn't have to compare herself to anyone any longer; she would be at the metaphorical top. Turning back to her fellow reptilian guide, Lola made sure to follow after the voluminously curvy hiker.

The higher they climbed, the heavier Xilimyth's footfalls felt. At over a hundred feet in altitude, the draco-cheetah could peer down at the city's outskirts and most of its buildings. She stopped to observe the daily traffic lines, noticing how cars and even bigger vehicles still looked like bundled up ant trails "What a view, huh?" Lola exclaimed from behind Xilimyth, startling the kitten who lost her balance and began to fall forwards.

"Wahh!" the draco-cheetah flailed her arms, failing to regain her balance. Lola caught her by the scarf and pulled her back to safety.

"Tut tut, no playing in the edge, silly kitten!" Lola giggled and wagged a finger negative, turning to follow up on the trail while Xilimyth repressed the urge to strangle the bubbly gator for nearly making her fall. After catching her breath, Xilimyth followed up and finally commented.

"Do you do this often?"

Lola nodded, "All the time! I have a second cottage up by the summit; that's where we're going. Hey, Xili, are you interested in folk tales?" Finding the sudden question peculiar but engaging anyway, Xilimyth gave a nod accompanied by a little shrug. Lola grinned as she hopped over a few rocks and crouched to help the less dexterous Xilimyth up. The feline was impressed; ditzy or not, Lola had one heck of a resilient body. They had been climbing for hours already, and Lola didn't seem one bit phased by exhaustion.

"Cool! See, you haven't asked about the trail's name yet, so I figured I would tell you anyway!" Xilimyth cringed at the memory of the Blue Flame title but allowed Lola to continue as they skirted an edge. If anything, the conversation was distracting her from the egregious height at which they were hiking. "See, Ginseng Mountain used by known by a different name waaaaay back!" Lola stopped by another ridge, pointing over to one of the peaks on the side, "It was called Four Dragons Peak! Wanna know why?"

"S-sure," Xilimyth was having trouble skirting the wall to make it to Lola, but the gator offered her to tug on her tail to keep her balance.

"Well, the legend says four huuuuuge dragons once used this place as their training grounds. Sounds like a kung-fu flick, huh?" the gator giggled, "But get this! They were also working on this wonder drug to make themselves even stronger! They were like, really good alchemists or something!"

"What happened next?" Xilimyth's interest peaked as she sat down panting next to the narrating Lola, paying close attention to the fable.

Lola tapped herself on the cheek while whimsically looking upwards. "They had infighting. As they all trained together, they all knew about each other and how strong the other wanted to be; so they couldn't decide on who would get the benefits of the wonder drug first," Lola frowned and sighed with a shrug of disappointment, "Men, right?" she snickered and continued, "So, they decided to compete for that right. The mythical dragons were so huge and powerful that their bulging muscles were unmatched; they fought each other hard for days. They were so strong already that their

fighting caused the mountain to crack and shatter, with no real winner in the end. The mountain however was broken in four!”

“You mean they reduced a mountain to these four peaks?!” Xilimyth gasped, “But that’s impossible! How huge were they already? How could anybody have the strength to do that...?”

“Aww, it’s just a legend, kitten,” Lola giggled.

Xilimyth frowned again, “So what about the drug?”

“Oh yeah. The silly meatheads were so engrossed in their contest that they completely forgot about their research. It’s said that when the mountain split in four, there was a blue explosion that covered the rocky peaks. Until then, this place didn’t have such an abundance of ginseng, so some people think their destroyed concoction somehow filtered into the rocks and promoted wildlife growth.”

Xilimyth found that bit hard to believe; if the fable even had any veracity to it to begin with. But as Lola giggled and her generously endowed bust bounced on her chest, Xilimyth started to wonder if the water Lola drank here was responsible for her hugeness.

“Anyway, that’s why I went for Blue Flame, teehee. Pretty smart, right?” Lola offered a gloved claw to help Xilimyth up.

“R-right...” Xilimyth didn’t comment on the name choice, and the tale sounded as plausible as piss-poor fiction thought up by an uninspired writer, but at least it had sounded entertaining. She wondered if training in one of the peaks would help her develop faster. Tail swishing behind her, Xilimyth followed her guide up another few hundred feet; breathing had become laborious some time ago, but now the thinner air was making it harder to keep her stamina up. A break sounded fantastic to Xilimyth. “What happened to the huge dragons anyway?”

“Heehee, oh, they realized they weren’t gaining anything over bickering with each other. They went back to being friends and forgot all about their silly dream,” Lola explained with a snicker, “C’mon, Xili, we’re close to my checkpoint.”

Surprisingly enough, Lola’s checkpoint was hard to miss; it looked just the same as the cottage at the base. The only real difference was the little shack on the side which Lola explained was a firewood storage room, in case the heating inside the cottage failed. Fortunately for them, it wasn’t the case, so after a shower and a meal, night fell with Xilimyth curiously staring out the windows.

“Liking the trip so far, kitten?” Lola came up from behind the draco-cheetah, making Xilimyth almost jump out of her fur.

“Do you HAVE to do that every time?!” the cheetah groaned and fell flat on the sofa with a sigh.

“Ah, shmoo. It’s a bad habit, sorry!” Lola giggled, “But you are enjoying yourself, I trust. We’re heading back down tomorrow morning.”

“Actually, yeah,” Xilimyth admitted to herself this had been nothing like the hiking she had expected. Perhaps it had been like that because Lola was a great guide, despite the unorthodox handling. It had been a fun side-activity, no doubt about it. The answer satisfied Lola, who showed Xilimyth her room before retiring for the night. By herself, the draco-cheetah returned to looking out the window at the really small city she lived in. Fun or not, disappointment crawled up her skin as she realized she hadn’t really gained any immediate results from the trek. Xilimyth blamed that

on herself, having believed such a fantastic, bloated advertisement about powering up. There was no use in getting angry however; maybe Xilimyth could ask Lola for some tips on whatever food or regime she followed if anything to help her boost her strength.

An hour later, Xilimyth still couldn't sleep. It was warm inside the cottage, but despite being tiredness, she was restless as if she was being kept up by some sort of unidentified urge. Puffing her cheeks out in annoyance, the draco-cheetah sighed and put her thick layers back on. Maybe if she worked out for a while her listless sensation would go away, so she silently headed outside to do some warm ups; not wanting to wake Lola up by making too much noise.

Xilimyth made sure the door was closed when she exited. She decided to walk off a safe distance, not having to worry about the low light conditions since her attuned cat eyes gave her natural night vision aid. She began with a few jumping jacks to warm up before she moved onto other exercises, making sure to stretch frequently to add in more and more reps. Once she was feeling the heat, Xilimyth looked around to scout for a good jogging area. The summit area around the cottage was mostly flat, although there were several upheavals in the way. "Maybe those could be part of an obstacle course," she thought while rubbing her chin rather excitedly. Even for a health nut like her, Xilimyth was surprised with her own excitement and willingness to train in the high-altitude cold night; seeing as until just a few minutes ago she felt like passing out. However, she paid no attention to her concerns and instead went with the urge to push herself.

She started a calm, careful jog to test the area's stability which quickly evolved into sprints and jumps over steps and small boulders. Xilimyth was full of energy, as if the conditions outside and her usual resistance didn't factor in anymore. She didn't realize she was moving further and further away from the cottage with every sprint, inadvertently making her way further up the peak. Hours went by and Xilimyth's burning leg muscles only sent pleasurable vibrations up her spine; it was as if instead of getting tired, the work out was giving her more and more energy than her body knew what to do with. When the mountain started becoming too narrow to navigate by traditional locomotion, Xilimyth began to jump and use the grip of her claws and the strength of her arms to pull herself up. As if possessed by the desire to conquer the mountaintop, Xilimyth continued her ascent.

Before the draco-cheetah knew it, she had climbed all the way up to the highest point in the peak and was holding herself by gripping a protruding rock on the side of the peak's tip. Xilimyth panted and breathed at an accelerated rate, feeling her heart and mind race with the irresistible urge to work out and prove herself. The pupils in her eyes had thinned out into vertical slits and her usual soft breathing had turned harsh, making her snarl like a beast. It dawned on the feline dragon that she wasn't in control of her actions anymore as her grip intensified to the point she crushed the little slab of rock she was using to hold herself up under the pressure of her hands. Xilimyth didn't fall, her feet pressed so hard against the rocky surface that she had somehow sank her feet down and that was serving as leverage.

It was almost as if the climbing; the physical and mental exertion had not been enough. She needed more, and she was frustrated she wasn't getting it. Xilimyth brought her fist back and pounded it against the rocky surface, then did the same with her other arm. Xilimyth growled and repeatedly wailed on the rock, paying no mind to the pain as she felt her biceps and triceps screaming for attention, her deltoids and laterals burning with the desire to flex and work out in whatever way was available. Xilimyth desperately pounded away at the mountaintop with little to no effect for a few minutes, but eventually the tireless assault started cracking the rocky surface. Not caring about the effect, Xilimyth continued. She was unaware that the peak was starting to shake and rattle like a hive full of angry bees. In short order, the tip shattered with an explosion of snow and rocky debris. The shaking finally came to a stop.



With the little amount of thought remaining in her head, Xilimyth panted with that sharp draconian glare on her eyes and stared at her handiwork in disbelief. She knew she had worked her ass off to bench a lot of weight, but even with kickboxing lessons she never expected being capable of punching solid rock into pebbles. Her self-admiration was cut short however when suddenly she lost her footing as the crack extended from the top and created roots of fissures all along the peak's downwards flare. Xilimyth's senses came back a little too late when she realized she had unwittingly caused a rock-slide. Out of desperation she clung to the piece of rock she had been using as leverage and stuck to it like a panicked kitten as she fell down.

The dire situation took an unexpected turn when Xilimyth found herself having to muster up the courage to leap off from split boulder to boulder in order to save herself from being crushed. As she fell, the draco-cheetah peered over the boulder she was latched on before being flashed with a bright orange glow.

All the rocks smashing down were sinking into the center of the mountain. She briefly caught a glimpse of the pit down below and realized what she had punched out had been no more than a hollow formation of some sort. Like an empty cone, the peak's cap had served as a relatively weak but effective lid to cover a dormant volcano. Xilimyth didn't have a lot of time to question her bad luck, but she didn't have many options to escape her impending doom either. She looked left and right repeatedly, looking for any place to latch onto. The closer she got to the pit, the less she thought she would last against the unbearable heat. She had to take a leap of faith and grab onto the rim's edge to survive.

With haste she used her powerful legs to kick herself off the falling boulder, swallowing saliva and hoping for good luck, she spread her wings and used them to glide to the nearest edge, but another falling rock hit her in the back. Xilimyth cried out in pain but attempted to flap as hard as she could muster with the wound. She hissed as she felt her wing pull a muscle surrounding the articulation on the shoulder joints, making it a one-winged trip.

Clumsily but desperately trying to survive, Xilimyth crashed against the wrong side of the volcano's edge and dug her claws on the wall. She could feel the intense heat coming from below and realized her other arm wasn't responding. She then realized the rock had damaged more than just a wing, "C'mon, c'mon...! Where's all that energy?! I can't die here after punching a volcano open, that'd be so embarrassing!" she tried making light of the situation, but the truth was she was terrified.

Xilimyth flapped her healthy wing and whipped the air with her tail as she grunted and tried climbing with her feet and good arm, but it wasn't enough. There was no way for her to climb 30 feet of rock in that heat with her wounds, no matter how much energy she had. The draco-cheetah looked down as she felt a drop of sweat fall off her chin into the molten sea of raging lava below. "I should've stuck to dumbbells!"

She couldn't take it anymore. Even with the adrenaline at max, the pain in her back was too great and all of her stamina had suddenly left her. She still had 25ft. left to climb. Her arms and legs were shaking; she couldn't even move her tail or twitch her wings anymore. The smoke pouring out of the volcano was making her cough and cry, clogging her nostrils with a burning sensation. In her last throes of struggle, Xilimyth merely hoped it wouldn't hurt as she finally let go. The draco-cheetah began fast falling into the river of superhot lava and an almost inaudible splash sealed her fate.

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Darkness was all Xilimyth could see or feel; nothingness as far as she could perceive. None of her extremities were responding. For some reason however, there was a lingering sensation of calm and quiet; the pain in her back, right arm and wing were gone. She was lost among a limbo of some sort where only her own thoughts provided Xilimyth with company. What had just happened? All she could remember was losing her mind from the start of her warm-ups outside Lola's cottage and then regaining control after she had caused a chain-reaction of fissures on Ginseng Mountain's southernmost peak; causing her to fall into a hidden volcano. How was she still thinking, or even breathing to begin with? If she really fell into the lava she should have burned up before even touching the surface of the molten rock.

However, her consciousness was still very much active. Bit by bit she could feel her sense of self returning albeit in a weakened state. Not feeling the pain in her back was already a bonus, but by some miracle she was steadily recovering her strength as well. It was like dipping into a hot spring after a hard day of work; feeling the combination of minerals and wet warmth working contractures and stress off. "Lava doesn't do that... does it?" Xilimyth found herself questioning the entirety of the situation as she gradually recovered from the fatigue and numbness.

She finally opened her eyes and was amazed to find herself in a sea of bright orange; but what blew her mind was the fact her eyes could actually see through the lava as if it was transparent like water and as if she was wearing special goggles. It was truly a magnificent and terrifying sight. For all intents and purposes, she was floating several feet inside a dormant but very much filled-up volcano. How was she unharmed and more importantly, still alive?

The incredibility of the situation began to pale in comparison to the rising feeling of elation in Xilimyth's fast-beating heart as she regained her hearing and smell, able to somehow filter through all that molten rock to simply breathe as if the lava wasn't there. She could hear volcanic gases bubbling up and popping when they reached the surface. She could feel the warmth without burning herself. Xilimyth was somehow able to survive being in lava!

And that wasn't all. While she had regained all of her senses and additional abilities she didn't know were possible, Xilimyth also felt an electric tingle tickling her muscles, very similar to the burst of energy she had experienced moments before. It was spiking this time however, filling her with so much power that it was causing her to swell and grow. Xilimyth didn't believe it at first, but her body was shuddering, stretching and increasing its size in a most spectacular fashion.

The process began at her arms, whose biceps and triceps inflated without flexion. Xilimyth stared at herself through the transparency of the lava and finally realized she was completely naked; her clothes had burnt off while she had been completely unharmed. Making use of her restored arm to feel her biceps, she confirmed the swelling but also observed it wasn't a freakish spurt; all in her arm was thickening, even her hands and fingers were popping larger. Her eyes widened and a wave of pleasure washed over her as she witnessed her arms pumping up, gaining girth and vascular definition like that of a body-builder's. She had always dreamed with that, and now it was happening not just in her right arm but also in her left. Leaning her head forwards and giving her arms an experimental flex, Xilimyth flinched as she bopped her nose with her much larger swelling bicep. She was strengthening!

Developing past her arms, the strange yet blissful phenomena spread to the rest of Xilimyth, buffing her up by making her explode with muscle. The draco-cheetah snapped from her now enormous biceps to her shoulders, which were on the same road of improvement as they thickened and popped larger, increasingly wider and defined. Xilimyth purred from the expansive sensation and lifted her burly arms overhead to watch her sides and back suffer the same changes. She welcomed the glorious sight of her flanks rippling her power; arching her back and biting her lower lip as she felt

her trapezoid and laterals augment their size to complement her wider shoulders.

Xilimyth was the proud owner of an impressive six-pack, and the toned abdominal wall was now making her even prouder as her torso swelled and became longer to accommodate more muscle and thickness, giving her an additional pair of abs before yet another pair wedged at the bottom, making her cry out in ecstasy as she felt them with her paws. She could feel those ridiculously over-stacked twin columns of sexy flesh rippling under her palms and loved it. Xilimyth felt her biceps competing with her swelling breasts as she also gained cup-sizes both from extra mammary fat and her swelling pectorals pushing the perky mounds out. In mere moments she had grown a pair of knockers larger than what she had seen on the busty alligator guide. Xilimyth's legs and feet disappeared under the prominence of her newly improved sweater puppies, but she didn't mind. She couldn't help but lightly grope them to test the pair of soft yet firm, spherical mounds. Her biceps were fighting for room with her bust, a fact that made her giggle.

"I don't know what's going on, but I love it!" Xilimyth cried out in her head as the warm tingling spread to lower regions. The flare of her feminine hips grew broader as her springy butt swelled and became muscular like the rest of her. Her thighs followed in moments later, increasing their size as they too filled up with additional strength for her legs. Twins at her lower legs exploded to the side, becoming incredibly thick and giving her legs the perfect build to clear miles at a time in a single dash. Her foot-paws and toes wriggled and curled in anticipation as they too added size and became larger with the rest of her. Xilimyth grit her teeth and hut her eyes as she happily clutched her hands and balled them into fists, crying out inside the lava as she gained the body of her dreams.

She had to be at least seven feet tall. Xilimyth had exceeded not only her own expectations, but set an impossible bar for the rest of the world as her anatomy perfected every aspect of her musculature. She felt powerful and invincible, convinced that she could take on anything and anybody. "The legend must've been true!" Xilimyth beat her arms down and stretched her beautifully buff body as she did a somersault as if she was a swimmer, "This Mountain really did absorb those alchemists' powerful drug... and now it's being pumped into me!" The draco-cheetah spread her arms and full wingspan as she roared into the lava to express her latent euphoria, but also her hunger. Xilimyth had not too soon discovered that she had hardly had enough of this supernatural growth spurt. She wanted more. She didn't just want more; she wanted all of it.

Her body had somehow adapted to the strange chemicals within the lava chamber. Even as lava freely flowed into her open mouth, the powered-up draco-cheetah didn't feel an odd taste nor get burned. In fact, the taste was gloriously sweet and reminded her of jelly, and the rock bits as crunchy chocolate. "They must've worked to give that thing some sort of good flavor... well, it worked!" Xilimyth laughed in her head as she savored the power lava and checked her arm to find it pulsing and swelling bigger. The rest of her followed suit and she started to grow not just more muscular but additionally taller. Xilimyth purred to the side-effect, basking in the alien sensation invading all of her senses. She was literally increasingly climbing to new heights. With her whole body stretching in all cardinal directions, Xilimyth's sexy dimensions began to take over the volcanic pit's volume.

Xilimyth drank the lava like liquid candy, groping herself to make sure her growth was not just going on but also picking up. She could feel it, but she couldn't resist feeling such an impossibly ripped body. She felt her strength constantly improving as she broke through the ten foot mark and accelerated the rate of expansion. Bliss was ever-present in Xilimyth as she felt more and more power lava fitting in her increasingly larger maw, adding to all of what her body was soaking in through its pores. "Bigger..." she whimpered with newfound need, her body stretching five feet taller, "Bigger!" she then demanded with authority, as if bossing her body to suit her aspirations.

Bit by bit, the volcano's contents started dwindling and receding; all of it absorbed and converted into more muscle-mass for the power-hungry Xilimyth. She didn't even bother trying to stop and question whether this was going to come with negative side-effects in the long-term; all she knew and cared about was that this power lava was going to make her the most powerful person in the world, and that was all there was to shoot for at the moment. In mere moments, Xilimyth went from 15ft. to 20, then to 25 and then 30. When her clawed feet hit the pit's bottom, Xilimyth started fanning her extremely muscle-bound arms towards her, urging the power lava to flow only into her waiting mouth. Inhaling as if her life depended on it, Xilimyth drank and grew larger, faster with every gulp. She flared and exploded to 50ft. tall, then 70 and still growing. Her arms could now stretch almost to the pit's walls, making her grin with glee. She was becoming a massive giant.

Xilimyth's head finally emerged out of the half-empty pit like a mermaid who peeks out for fresh air. The momentary pause in power lava ingestion caused Xilimyth's growth rate to take a small hiccup, but she had to stop and admire her regained freedom. Lava was dripping down her undamaged dreadlocks and her cheeks, the commissure of her lips curling up into a devious smile as she saw her gigantic breasts poking out of the lava like massive fluffy islands floating ahead of her wide chest. "More." That word was etched at the forefront of any possible thought Xilimyth's brain could generate, "More!" she hungrily dove down and resumed her mindless consumption, devouring rocks and power lava, crunching whatever wasn't drinkable down with her powerful sharp teeth. Her clawed feet were starting to graze the bottom of the shrinking pit as her claws pushed against the inner walls of the near empty volcano, the giantess beginning to run out of space.

She leaned down and folded her wings to prevent another interruption due to positioning and gripped the surfaces as firmly as she could. The draco-cheetah knelt down and sucked the lava eddying up past her lips and down her throat. Her body responded in kind and grew past a hundred feet tall, having to swish her tail out of the way of her butt as it impacted against the volcanic inner walls behind her. Xilimyth drank until she had reduced the volcano to a small puddle of lava she was lapping up like a milk spill found by a starved kitten. She drank until her the sweetness disappeared and her fangs tore a hole in the pit, making her sit up and sigh in relief. "Oh yeah..." she puffed a ring of smoke out of her mouth and relaxed, the over two hundred feet muscle-dragon-cat taking a moment after that binge to examine herself. Proportionately speaking, she was three times as thick as she used to be before she fell into the pit; she was so ripped and muscular that she could easily wow audiences by making a contest of bigness between her biceps and breasts alone. "Mmm, I'm so big...!" Xilimyth purred and embraced herself, the giantess trembling with excitement, "Ohhh, and I'm about to get even bigger...!" her entire body was shuddering, making her growl as she pulsed larger, her back slamming against the volcano as her knees hit the opposite side, "It's going to be a HUGE spurt!"

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From the peak directly opposite to Xilimyth's, a curvy alligator gal in white Greek-like silk robes observed the shattering rock on the tip-less peak ahead of her. Her long red hair fluttered in the chilly late-night wind. She observed the event on the destroyed peak with a big smile on her snout as she saw the vibrant orangey glow fade in and out as Xilimyth devoured lava and grew larger as a result; it was like witnessing a localized fireworks display inside the mountain. Soon, the observer could see two hugely muscular arms shooting upwards like a volcanic eruption, flaming debris flying outside. The pair of enormous claws gripped the volcano's rim and their weight began to crush and shatter the volcano's surface. Xilimyth was using this method to pull herself up and somehow squeeze her super thick body outside.

Wings wider than the peak unfolded as Xilimyth grew taller and taller even while emerging from her kneeling position inside the deep, molten pit. Leftover lava deposits stared flowing down the

sides of the mountain as Xilimyth's grip destroyed the rim. The colossal draco-cheetah's muscular back was a treat to see from behind, those wyvern-like wings majestically flapping above their owner. When the expanding Xilimyth finally managed to wedge her legs in a way that she could plant her feet on the pit's bottom, she finally pushed up and rose.

Xilimyth crossed her arms ahead of her before stretching them out and roaring out into the jet-black night, her wings covering their full span and sending fiery brimstone into the air; serving as the perfect backdrop for her chaotic ascension. Like the titanic demon of Chernobog, the gargantuan draco-cheetah sat on the volcano while her nude torso graced the beautiful late evening. Power was simply rippling across her whole being; Xilimyth was impossibly huge and a bodybuilder's dream. "Yet you hardly seem satisfied, kitty," the watchful reptilian lady giggled to herself as she enjoyed the show, "I wonder how far are you going to take this? Hehe." With that little laugh, the woman started to vanish from sight, having the foresight to tell what was going to happen next when Xilimyth turned to the remaining three peaks licking her lips.

The truth was that Xilimyth felt powerful beyond all measure, but she simply did not have enough. Greed and lust for strength were consuming her with the potential to find more of that strangely candy-flavored power lava. As if she could sniff it out of the air, that oddly sweet scent could be picked out among any other by her nose. The burly giantess twisted her hips and started to crawl out of the volcano her legs had filled up, her tail spikes slicing rocks and boulders as it lazily waved behind her. The draco-cheetah again slurped her lips when she was right above her target. Xilimyth wasted no time in slamming both of her enormous paws onto the now pathetic looking mountain peak's sides. A toothy grin of wicked anticipation drew itself on Xilimyth's face as she pressed harder and harder until the rocky tip shattered between her two palms. A jolt of excitement running up her spine made every last fur strand on her spotted coat to stand on end.

There, like some sort of magic Halloween punch, a second volcano bubbled with that legendary concoction that promised the giantess even more bigness. She was still growing, carrying over the after-effect of all that she had drunk back in the first volcano, but Xilimyth wasn't about to wait until the next one. She dusted her claws off the mountain debris before properly kneeling in front of the uncapped peak. Xilimyth giddily leaned down and smothered the base with her prodigious bosom, wagging her round bottom left and right as she excitedly closed her mouth around the volcanic maw. As if she was sucking out juice from a liquid candy bag, Xilimyth started feeding on the volcanic activity below her, consuming for her insatiable appetite. Lava freely flowed upwards only to be trapped inside her mouth, her tongue aiding in scooping as if she was on a spoon-less quest to get to the bottom of an ice-cream bowl.

Gradually but this time a lot faster, Xilimyth drained the volcano out of its precious, strength-enhancing lava. The draco-cheetah could only giggle to herself as her body shuddered and quickly resumed its rampant enlargement, her biceps swelling into the broken peak to further flatten the mountainside. Her legs grew back into the destroyed first peak and buried it under deliciously thick calves followed by her continuously expanding thighs. Xilimyth cried out into the volcano as she could feel her shoulders widening further to accommodate all of her increasing bulk; her mid-section pleasantly burning as the extra muscle-mass piled on her abdominal wall currently grinding the mountainside into dust. And at the top of this crescendo of happiness, her whole being shot taller and taller with every scoop of power lava Xilimyth sucked out.

She was growing hundreds of feet bigger at a time, having easily passed a thousand and still going on strong. Every moment that the lava reservoir dwindled, the volcano was further demolished by her advancing breasts, the volcanic tip slowly vanishing into her mouth as if the peak had been turned into a tasty ice-cream cone ready to be crunched to bits and swallowed. When she was done with her snack, Xilimyth cried out in ecstasy and arched back, feeling her entire being shudder and

explode huger from one moment to the next. The second volcano completely disappeared under Xilimyth as she stretched in all directions, becoming so much larger than the mountain that it became no more than a pair of hoodoos sandwiching her muscled waist.

“Mmm... Give me more,” she insisted, unable to stop her mouth from profusely drooling like a sugar-depraved kid at a candy store. “More!” she violently slammed her fist on the side of the peak on the right, causing a tremendous earthquake that to her was just a mere tremor. The power-starved draco-cheetah’s newfound strength and size made it child’s play to dig her claws into the peak, gripping harder and harder until the whole peak started separating from its base. Xilimyth moaned happily as she could feel the warmth of more power lava in the third peak, pushing her to rip the whole peak off. With her waist free and the third peak literally in her paw, Xilimyth knowingly smirked down at the remaining peak before she too ripped the pathetically light peak off its base. The Ginseng Mountains were no more.

Rising up to her absolutely massive, near-mile high stature, Xilimyth looked at the coveted prizes in her paws, fighting the urge to flex her vascular arms and break them to pieces. No, the delicious lava in those two immediately transformed them into the tastiest sports drinks ever to Xilimyth. “Prrr...” she softly purred, getting one of the two peaks close to her face before she bit the tip off, doing the same to the other. An electric tingle of pure joy filled her to the core as she found the last of the alchemically powered lava and it was all hers. Xilimyth couldn’t have dreamt a wilder dream, but she also wondered just where this would take her. “I’m bigger than a whole damn mountain,” she thought while looking down past her enormous assets, laughing at the flattened jagged path below her mighty foot-paws. “And still... mmmnghh... growing...!” she moaned out loud, her cheeks flushing as her tongue lolled out, the pleasure tempting to knock her off balance. She had no idea why, but Xilimyth had become a complete addict to the experience of growth.

While before the draco-cheetah would have simply stayed put after gaining those dream-like extra inches in her arms and legs, she was now completely absorbed with the idea of empowering herself beyond all possible limits. The tingling sensation that fired each and every nerve in her system was like a constant storm of orgasmic bliss that sent her soaring into a never-ending high of euphoria. Xilimyth was enamored with the process. She didn’t want it to stop and she didn’t want it to slow down. She wanted it to go on forever!

“And you’re going to help me achieve just that,” Xilimyth sensually purred down at the little peaks shrinking in her paws. They had already gone from tall bottles to small cans, but she was sure the effect would be just as potent if it joined the rest of it inside of her. She trembled to think just how impossibly big she would become after drinking it all at once, “I’m going freaking planetary. Bottoms up!” And just like her last phrase suggested, Xilimyth brought the two volcanoes up while she threw her head back as if she was chugging the two tastiest beers in the universe. Streams of piping hot lava flowed down into her waiting mouth. Xilimyth drank and gulped like a savage, uncaring if some of it splashed out and hit her chin, cheeks, hands or chest. All of it was simply absorbed by her body anyway.

The feeding frenzy went on for a minute that seemed to last an eternity as Xilimyth’s body immediately processed the chemicals it was by now very acquainted with, forcing her growth into an explosive expansion of unprecedented potency. The near-empty volcanoes shattered under her powerful claws as Xilimyth poured the last of that delicious power lava down her throat, and with all of that power going wild inside of her, the draco-cheetah’s body pierced through the clouds, soaring several miles taller while the world could do very little that didn’t have to do with looking at the most powerful being on the face of Earth ascend into her celestial form.

Xilimyth’s roars of victory could be heard all across the planet now, mile upon mile of height being

added to her Herculean dimensions. Xilimyth was beyond all that was in the world, her feet growing into the state's landmass with indiscriminate zeal to conquer it all. Her marvelously shaped and chiseled form took up the heavens as Xilimyth shot up huger and huger, her flapping wings and swishing tail dispersing cumulous congregations and summoning wild tornadoes that swept the oceans and the land. "Yes... yes!" The female was absolutely lost in her epic expansion, already covering the countries around her under her soles. "This world is under my heels now! I'm the most powerful!" Xilimyth cried out into space as she soared well past the thermosphere at over a hundred miles in height.

The muscle-bound Titaness couldn't help herself any longer. She was on a huge quest to outsize her home world. It was her calling, her duty as a being of raw strength and power. Nothing could stop her anymore, the world had no chance. The dragon side of Xilimyth had managed to get what it had pushed her for so long to achieve: supremacy over everyone. Both her conscious and subconscious goals had met as one amidst the chaos that was Xilimyth's monstrous growth spurt, putting her at the zenith of any other species.

The bigger Xilimyth swelled, the smaller Earth became under her feet. She was slowly gaining her own center of gravity which was overpowering the planet's causing it, like its natural satellite before it, to start orbiting her. Xilimyth pleasantly soared past tens of thousands of miles before she doubled that, achieved and then brazenly outgrew the world. She flexed her arms inwards with a new roar of unbridled happiness as she pumped larger and larger still, leaving the flattened continent she used to live on although the rest of the planet was relatively safe. However, as a well-meaning token of benevolence brought on by a brief moment of lucidity, Xilimyth decided she had no interest in pointlessly destroying the world whose role had been instrumental in bringing about her true potential. Gently using her right paw, the relative basketball that was Earth was harmlessly brushed aside, returned to its normal axis in the solar system; alongside its moon of course.

Xilimyth didn't think the rest of the universe deserved a get out of jail free card though. While it was still the size of a small baseball to her, Xilimyth flapped herself closer until it was in her claw. With a sadistic grin of a power-crazy maniac, she instantly crushed the angry red deserted sphere in her hand. The mind-bendingly massive draco-cheetah laughed out loud, enjoying the delectable sight of her head-sized biceps and triceps bulging out even bigger due to the small necessary flex.

She flexed harder, wanting to see just how enormously bulky she would become, striking different and varied poses, each doing a different measurement of justice to her perfectly huge muscles. She entertained herself for hours simply bouncing her pecs and watching her massive boobs bounce. Her unstoppable expansion soon made her collide with the much larger Jupiter, seemingly disappearing into the gas giant. Soon enough, a tail of apocalyptic proportions lashed out from Jupiter's relative bottom while two enormous wings grew out of it, Xilimyth following soon after as her expansion rate magnified more and more. Her bulk became so thick and gloriously ripped that the gas giant was dispersed before her muscles and curves, obliterating the once reigning planet in the system. Having replaced Jupiter as the largest celestial body, Xilimyth celebrated by taking herself further ahead through space, flying and cutting through the void and casually snagging Saturn and its ring with her cleavage. Her goals were Neptune and Uranus, which she smashed into each other with her hands in a rush of destructive adrenaline.

The playfully nihilistic giantess stopped without even paying mind to Pluto and burst several million miles taller, booming with tremendous bulk and swelling into the outer rim of the system. There she was greeted by astronomically large objects, mostly space debris caught in asteroid belts. Those asteroids caught Xilimyth's eye immediately, especially when she started to feel herself come down from the insanely fast growth spurt she had just gone through.

She could feel it deep inside her: She was still going to become bigger and stronger; her body had been reconfigured into that task; but the high wasn't the same anymore. But Xilimyth, in her resourcefully attentive mind, decided to put her more "mortal" gimmicks to work. Reaching ahead into the asteroid belt, Xilimyth started mashing debris together, flying to different reaches of the galaxy to acquire more and more cosmic debris to composite a very large, very heavy patchwork sphere. Xilimyth added to the cosmic boulder until it was at least twice the size of her own head before she was able to move away to make a second one with whatever she could scrounge up. The buff draco-cheetah wasn't done with the second boulder though; she repeated the process with a third object that she compressed and elongated into a tubular shape until it was half as long as her burly arms on each extreme. With the tube in her paws, Xilimyth grabbed one of the floating boulders before jamming the tube in firmly. She did the same to the second boulder on the other extreme of the shaft, creating a ludicrously big barbell she wasted no time curling with.

Xilimyth smiled as she watched herself work out, thinking once she outgrew this heavy set makeshift barbell, she would want dumbbells next. If this galaxy didn't have enough matter left, then the others would provide. Looking out into the vastness of creation, Xilimyth's eyes glowed with power as she exerted herself and felt that delicious foreboding sensation making her body shudder to prepare for another wild growth spurt, "Bigger..." the hungry kitty whispered into the blackness of space, staring out into the rest of the Milky Way that she was eager to overpower and outgrow, "Get bigger, body. Get bigger than everything!" she chanted like the happiest girl in the universe, "I'll work out as hard as you need it. We'll get to the top. I have aaaaall the time in the world now."

The End.