

This is a commission for Xilimyth (FurAffinity.net)

Warning: This story contains transformation, 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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The Twilight Dragon, by DragonMasterX.

Xilimyth mewed as she batted a paw skywards. Her eyes were half-lidded and she was still drowsy. “Go away, Sun!” she groaned, annoyed at the first sunrays of the morning. She rolled on her bed, lacking the drive to get up and close her blinds. Xilimyth tried closing her eyes tight to shut the light out, but instead she ended up with her eyes wide as plates. “Hold on, I have blinds?!”

The dragon cheetah scrambled up on her bed, looking left and right to get her bearings. It was like waking up after a particularly engaging dream only to feel the disorientation a beginner boy-scout feels when lost in the dark woods with no map or compass. She wasn’t in a strange place; it was her own bedroom. Nothing here was unfamiliar to Xilimyth, but that was the problem. She wasn’t supposed to be anywhere familiar. She was supposed to be floating in the void. She was supposed to be in space!

Xilimyth was unsure of what was going on. Every muscle in her body felt numb and locked in place. “Wait, where are my muscles?!” she became startled when she brought her arms up only to see them packing lean muscle instead of enormous piles of vascular mass. “No...” she sadly let herself fall back on her pillow with a sigh. “Was it all a dream...?” she almost didn’t ask the question for fear of that being her new reality. “But I was... I was the strongest! The biggest, the most powerful...” The draconian feline couldn’t see it any way other than her experience having been a dream, but at the same time it all had felt so real.

The frustrated female rubbed her temples and focused, trying to collect her thoughts. “I recall everything. I went to the Blue Flame mountain trail. Got up to the top and then... then everything got weird. I punched a boulder off its peak...” the more Xilimyth thought about it, the less sense it made. She briefly glanced in the direction of her biceps and then closed her eyes with a little groan, “Right. I fell into the lava and began absorbing it, getting stronger, bigger, mmmrrr...” Xilimyth couldn’t help but purr and feel herself as she recalled the fantastical experience. It wasn’t until her hand-paws reached her chest that she realized something else.

Not something, but a couple of things. They were two hefty, sizable and shapely things; very soft things with palpable volume to them. “I knew it!” she exclaimed, holding her breasts up almost to her face. Xilimyth perfectly recalled her size being a C-cup, and she was clearly holding an augmented bust over three cup sizes larger. She was way bustier than what she remembered. “This is proof!” she told herself while sitting up, bouncing her supple chest in her hands like an overexcited teenager discovering she grew boobs overnight. “It wasn’t a dream...!”

But the other facts still remained in conflict with her. Xilimyth wasn’t just missing her hyper herculean muscles; she even remembered her bust being quite larger than this too. She couldn’t physically be in a bedroom, let alone a world! She had become astronomically big. The very stars bent to her will! She had to use entire asteroid belts to construct makeshift work-out equipment in order to keep herself entertained while she explored the vastness of space. Xilimyth had become

stronger than a God and she was well on her way to become even more; that's the last she remembered. That was all she could recall before everything suddenly stopped.

Blackness, as if she had been in the middle of an explosive party and every light in the place went out at once. No more fun, no more pleasure, not any more of that intoxicating rush that had driven her mad with power. It had been fleeting, but throughout the experience, she had processed billions of years of unbridled joy. It had been like unleashing a beast whose life had been spent in captivity within a cage too small to contain it. Still, those feelings clashed within her. On the one hand, Xilimyth had powered up to unimaginable levels, but her hunger for more had never been sated. The way she felt then and the way she felt now were comparable in how exact they were. She looked at herself and her beautiful body and she thought: "More." That was the only thought in her mind back then, and it was the most important thought right now.

"But I'm back at my house," Xilimyth whispered to herself quietly. When she got off the bed, she walked towards her window and pushed the blinds apart with her fingers, squinting at the unfiltered morning light. "Back in my city... in my planet. Somehow, I lost everything I gained." The dracat paused and looked at her hefty chest wobbling inside her night gown. Xilimyth whistled at her hips, also noticing her springy butt was much rounder and larger than before. It was easy to notice she had a taut bubble-butt thanks to the see-through fabric. "...almost everything I gained."

Looking through herself once more, Xilimyth threw her gown right off her body and carefully examined herself. If there were any surprises she wanted to find them now before she went further with her thoughts. She unfolded her wings first, looking over the leathery membrane for any sign of change. There was none. She tried flapping them gently, no problem.

Next, Xilimyth began running her hands down her extremely curvy sides. She was definitely top-heavy, with big, plump breasts the color of her creamy belly and underbelly fur. They were like a pair of fluffy pillows. Xilimyth, thinking first of foremost about her workout sessions, blew air up against her dreadlocks, "No running with these two ridiculous things attached to me."

As Xilimyth ran her hands down her small waist, she couldn't help but snicker at how she couldn't see past her enormous breasts. She grabbed them again and parted them to side, sighing in relief when she noticed her six-pack was there. Xilimyth missed the extras that had popped up during her past transformation, but what she had earned through hard physical work was at least still on her. She purred, gave her hard stomach a pat and continued down.

Her buttocks were way more supple than usual. They were taut and spherical shaped, firm and springy. Yet they were voluminous. Fat instead of muscular, but there was no denying the shapeliness and appealing curviness her ass added to her body. On a muscular body such as Xilimyth's, the near-impossible hourglass curves made her look like an Amazonian super-model. "I'd rather still have my muscles..." she raised an eyebrow, curling her commisures into a wry smile as she looked down at herself once more. Her wings flapped a couple times as she rested a paw on her hips, leaning slightly into a sexy pose. "I feel fine!" she finally blurted, "I am fine," Xilimyth repeated to reassure herself. "Could've been way worse." She shuddered to think waking up being smaller than her pre-enhanced state.

Xilimyth sighed and pushed the regretful thoughts aside and strode over to her bathroom for a shower. Since she was naked already, the draco-cheetah stepped in and immediately turned the cold water on. She hissed, feeling the water strike her yellow, black-spotted fur coat. Her loose dreadlocks pressed down against her head as they became wet with Xilimyth. She let out a sigh once her body adjusted to the cold. "It's hot. But it was winter. Looks like it is spring out there," she murmured, recalling what she saw when peering through the blinds. "Did time go on while I was

growing? The city somehow survived my ascension..." she brought her arms up to rinse her hair and quickly tied it up to avoid the dreadlocks getting messy. Every small movement of her upper limbs caused elbows to knock her breasts into one another, causing them to jiggle and bounce around. Xilimyth felt but ignored it, finding it to be useless to fight her huge bust now.

One didn't need to be a detective to be able to deduce Xilimyth's memories were on the spot, but something, or someone, had cancelled out her size and put her back on Earth. But what or who? After exceeding planetary size, Xilimyth encountered no one in her unimpeded voyage through the stars.

Her deep thoughts were dispelled at once. Ears perked up as she heard her phone ring. "What? Who could it be at this hour...?" Xilimyth turned the water off and wrapped herself in a towel. She grunted in annoyance as her large breasts forced her to clutch the corners of the towel over her chest to keep it from falling off. Wetting the floor, Xilimyth hurried back to her room and made sure to pat her towel with her paw to dry it before taking the call on her cell. "Hello?"

"Finally you answer! Where the hell have you been?" The familiar voice on the other side of the call belonged to a gym attendant from Xilimyth's regular gym. If time had really gone by as she thought it had, she had probably been away for months.

"R-right, I'm sorry for worrying you. I'll probably swing by later! Okay, bye!" Xilimyth finally said after dispelling the attendant's concerns. She was such a regular that they must've freaked that she had vanished for so long, a month and a half according to the guy in fact. After hanging the call, the half-wet kitten batted at her nose and twitched it curiously. She widened her eyes at the sheer amount of missed calls and text messages on her phone, most of them work-related. "Right. My life..." she sighed, blowing air up at her forehead in a pause, "My newly unemployed life."

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Xilimyth thanked her savings account was still intact. She was by no means rich, but at least she didn't spend much either. A lot of what she earned through her job went into gym subscriptions and work out equipment, but other than that, just food and usual expenses. She was glad she wasn't the kind of idiot to fall for purported miracle products, so she didn't have to immediately worry about her lack of work. "At least this gives me some time to soul search," the dragon cheetah mused to herself as she strolled along the coast.

It had taken her a while to find suitable clothes for her new measurements, but she ended settling for her spandex shorts and a too-small sports bra. Xilimyth cringed at the egregious amount of cleavage it produced, feeling like she was wearing a tube-top instead. But she didn't feel like going out to the city to shop, so she made do.

Arms behind her head, Xilimyth looked out into the sky and her eyes met with the sun. She squinted and quickly averted her gaze. "It didn't sting looking at it back when it was so puny next to me," she muttered in annoyance. Everybody on the road was passing by her like it was no big deal. Her memory of the day she outgrew the world and her solar system was intact. Why wasn't theirs? "They should be on their knees worshipping me, not pretending they aren't staring at my knockers." The thought was narcissistic and arrogant, but to a creature that had felt and experienced nothing short of apotheosis, a walk through the coast shared by other pedestrians wasn't particularly impressive or liberating anymore.

The truth of the matter was that she wasn't angry at people or at the Sun. Xilimyth was feeling anxiety over the fact she had lost her power. She didn't even care about worshippers. Xilimyth had

never been one to care about what others thought of her, and she simply basked in her own progression and personal gain. She knew she was self-centered, but her goal wasn't to ruin anything for others. All she wanted was her power back. No, she wanted more of it. The dragon within her was roaring, demanding all of it.

Her belly was also growling. "So hungry... Shouldn't have skipped breakfast!" Looking out into the sidewalk, the tall draco cheetah noticed an off-road grilled hotdog stand. She felt like she could eat a dozen. "Don't want to stuff myself before lunch. Mmm, just a big one will do." She got a snack with everything on it, as well as a bottle of mineral water. Ignoring the stand owner's advances and cat-calls, and after paying Xilimyth continued her walk.

"Ugh, undercooked, really?" The cheetah had mistakenly decided to drink before chomping. She wasn't a picky eater, but not a fan of salmonella either. As soon as Xilimyth turned around to voice her annoyance at the vendor, her growl turned into a small eruption of flames. Embers surprisingly came flying out of her mouth, harmlessly engulfing the hand holding her hotdog. Silence also engulfed the dragon kitten as the fire consumed itself and left the hotdog well done, but the buns and toppings charred black.

Xilimyth and the stand's owner exchanged looks before she blushed and turned to run away in embarrassment. To the stand's owner, that had been the spiciest dog he had ever sold.

When Xilimyth finally stopped, she had reached the woodlands. She was out of breath, the water bottle in her left hand compacted and the charred hotdog in her right turned to mushy blackened ingredients. "What just happened...?" she panted out before she broke into laughter. "What the heck? Here I am complaining I'm not the biggest thing in existence and I get scared by a little fire coming out of my mouth? That's... that's not normal," she gasped, "But I couldn't breathe fire before."

Something clicked in Xilimyth's head. "What if nobody really interfered with me back up there?" She thought about the strange, conflicting facts in her head once again. She was back on Earth. Her body was altered and time had gone on. Most importantly: She discovered a previously unknown ability. "What if... I somehow caused all of this? Maybe I developed some kind of super-power!" That settled it. Xilimyth giddily skipped over to the nearby stream to wash her hands off the uneaten hotdog gunk before she stood up straight.

"If I can do from breathing fire to unconsciously shape shift myself, I bet I can do something like hmm... maybe..." like a kitten curiously staring at the stream of clear water, Xilimyth waved her paw to and fro, wriggling her fingers. "Freeze!" Nothing happened. "C'mon... move!" Nothing again. "Wave...?" Nada. "Ripple!" Zilch. "Shake? Wiggle a little? Ugh, this isn't working." She finally said in defeat, having gone as far as mimicking some weird Aztec pose she had once seen at a museum. Putting her arms up weirdly however hardly did anything other than embarrass her when she saw her reflection on the water.

"Okay. So I can take a dip in lava," Xilimyth paused while tapping her chin, "Eat lava too. No stomachache from it. I can set fire to my hotdogs, but I can't freeze or move water with my mind. Bummer!" the draco-cheetah turned towards the woodlands. "Hmm, maybe water's too hard to start with," she looked down at her open palms and tried focusing, frowning. A pair of contained flames suddenly lit up above her hands. "Oh fuzz-nuggets!" Xilimyth didn't expect the fire to appear with as much ease, much less the flames spreading into a nearby tree branch. Like a disastrous chain reaction, the rest of the tree caught fire as well and it began to spread quick without control. "Alright, calm yourself... Come up with a swift but elegant way to solve this problem, Xilimyth."

In her desperation, she started flailing her flaming arms. “Out out out! Get put out! Eeek! Ahhhh!” The draco-cheetah ran around in circles, panicking as the forest lit up like a matchbox around her, but it didn’t take long before everything became doused by the sudden crash of an enormous water wave. Flames died as they were swallowed by the wave, saved plant-life fizzling like a freshly served glass of soda after getting put out.

Xilimyth was toppled over and the fire around her arms was forcibly snuffed out. The wave had completely caught her off-guard, and she was now lying down like a surfer who washed up on the shore after a wipe-out. The reptilian feline spat out some water and reflex-gagged. Xilimyth sat up, dripping water all over. She could see the lightly scorched plant-life, but her attention was monopolized by a second, significantly smaller but equally puzzling wave coming towards her from the stream. It wasn’t so much the wave itself that made Xilimyth’s eyes go wide, but the fact that there was a surfer riding that wave.

“Kowabunga!” the tall, curvaceous surfer turned her table off the wave, skidding over the grassy woodlands with confidence. It was a very attracted, female alligator with long red hair worn over the shoulder, in a matching red one piece that did little to hide her model-like curves. “Hey, I found a wet pussy! You alright, kitten?” the big gator asked Xilimyth with the kind of casualty that one doesn’t expect from a woodlands stream surfer.

“Wait a moment,” Xilimyth shook her head as she came back to her senses, “Why are you surfing here? Why are there even waves on a stream?! And who are you anyway...?”

“Oh boy! That’s so many questions for this early in the morning,” the bubbly gator exclaimed, giddily skipping off her table to approach Xilimyth. Up close, Xilimyth couldn’t help but blush at how voluminous the green scaled beauty was. Just like her, the surfer outstretching her arm to help her up was on the very top and bottom heavy side; complemented by a narrow, curvy waist. Xilimyth had a hard time averting her gaze from that cavernous cleavage on the other female, but didn’t want to be rude and accepted her help, taking her claw.

At that moment, after standing up, Xilimyth’s eyes went wide. She looked straight at the strange surfer and suddenly blurted out her name. “Lola!”

Lola giggled, “Xili! Urk!” the draco cheetah’s strong arms had wrapped around her, lifting her off the floor in a very strong bear hug.

“I don’t know why I couldn’t remember you, but I do now! I’m not even sure why I’m happy to see you, but I am, Lola!” Xilimyth happily nuzzled the squirming gator girl, who seemed to be struggling just to breathe.

“That’s really fine but Xili, my lungs are turning to mush...!” Lola gasped in relief when Xilimyth finally let go. “Whew! Thanks. ...hey! What do you mean you don’t know why you’re happy to see me? I’d be happy to see me!” she huffed.

“Oh, heh. Sorry, I didn’t mean it to come out that way,” Xilimyth giggled and put the equally tall gator girl down gently, sticking her tongue out playfully. “It’s been a weird day, Lola.”

“Reaaaally?” the red-head cocked her head to the side, going to pick up her surf-table. “And why’s that, kitten?”

“Well, for starters, don’t you notice a couple of things different about me?” Xilimyth gave Lola a deadpan stare while resting a hand on her hips. She put emphasis on “a couple” by sticking her

chest out. When Lola turned around, she just grinned.

“You’re looking fine, Xili! New hair cut?”

“No.”

“Incontrollable fire powers?”

“No... wait yes. What? You saw it then?” Xilimyth’s jaw dropped but then she flinched at her own comment, becoming bashful all of a sudden.

“I was the one to put the fire out, hehe. I kinda do like this place, so I’d hate it to turn to charcoal!”

“How’d you...?” Xilimyth put a hand to her forehead and moved her upset dreadlocks to the side, trying to figure it out by herself. A wave broader than a little woodland’s stream, perfect timing to put out a fire. It couldn’t be, could it...?

Lola dramatically turned her head in Xilimyth’s direction with an alluring glint in her red eyes, and a mysterious smile. “You’re not the only one with powers, honey.” Xilimyth was left speechless for a moment. Lola turned again and began to walk away. “Follow me! My place survived all that growth you went through,” she giggled, again displaying that bubbly side of her. “We have much to talk about, kitten!”

It was clear now to Xilimyth that the day had yet to stop getting weird. But she didn’t care about weird. There was anxiety growing inside of her, as well as a sense of longing. Her gut was telling her to trust Lola; she felt some strange kinship between them, and not just because of their powers. Maybe the bubbly, voluptuous and eccentric gator had some answers for her.

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“Ahh!” Lola sighed blissfully as she walked out of her room, beaming with radiance. The redhead had switched her one-piece with shorts and a loose spring shirt.

Xilimyth, who had just opened the door to the little mountain-base cabin, was surprised to see Lola already changed, with the appearance of having taken a shower too. “Did I... lag back there?” she pointed back, Lola shaking her head and giggling.

“Take a seat, kitten. Hmm...” Lola seemed pensive, frowning like someone who was just asked to make a division by Pi without calculator. Xilimyth stared at Lola across the cutely arranged living room table. “Oh!” the gator suddenly said, making Xilimyth snap up to attention. Xilimyth hated when Lola did those out-of-the-blue exclamations. “You’re all compressed and compacted! No wonder you looked so tense and angry back there.”

“What do you mean compressed and compacted?” Xilimyth frowned, “And I’m not angry.”

“Sorry sorry. I meant “aggravated”. I think that’s the word, teehee.” Lola stuck her tongue out and shifted her long womanly legs as she leaned back. The gator’s heaving chest bounced inside the loose shirt as Lola scratched under her chin, pensive again. “It did strike me as odd that you weren’t able to freeze that little stream. But now it makes sense how you almost set yourself on fire!”

“Please don’t say it like that,” Xilimyth sighed, a goose-bump running up her spine. For all the power she craved, the draco-cheetah didn’t even want to fantasize with her power going wild and

destroying her. The whimsical way Lola was talking about her wasn't helping with her anxiety. "Lola, I don't know why I couldn't remember you until now, but now that I do, let me tell you this. I remember growing bigger than the mountain you brought me up to. I was bigger than the world; I saw planets! I could hold them in my hands. I was so powerful!" Xilimyth brought her arms up with clenched fists, but only ended up pausing; disappointed at the lack of hard muscle in her extremities. "...but then I was suddenly back here. Changed, but lacking all that power, and size, that I had acquired. You know about it, don't you? Everybody in this town, heck, the world, should have seen me. Or at least remember the giantess that outgrew the world! But they don't... and you do! Why is that? This all started because of the Blue Flame mountain trail... because of that legend. Because of... because of you!" Xilimyth's palms suddenly slammed down onto the table, rattling the flowery arrangements.

"Oh?" Lola cocked her head to the side, innocently resting the side of her face on a palm. "Do you honestly believe that last thing you said, Xili?"

"Yes!" Xilimyth shouted with an accusing glare. "It has to be true. You put that strange ad in the radio. You brought me up to the mountain. You... you did something to me! I'm strong, but I can't punch off a mountain. I can't survive falling into lava, let alone drinking it like liquid candy. What did you do to me?!" she demanded, exploding with anger. Xilimyth's wings spread out as she gripped the table hard, balls of fire starting pop out a strange red aura glowing around her.

"Honey, temper," Lola didn't seem to be intimidated nor surprised. Her place was beginning to catch fire much like the woodlands outside earlier.

"I'm fine!" roared the draco-cheetah, "Now tell me what you did to me. And tell me why you undid it!"

"Hmm... I will tell you what you want to know," Lola perked up with a bright smile that had no place in the midst of the spontaneous inferno surrounding them. The gator simply leaned onto the table, arms ahead of her chest as she swished her tail. "But first, would you like to calm down for me, sweetie?"

"What do you mean calm down?! I'm perfectly...!" Xilimyth couldn't finish the phrase, her snarl quickly dying down into a meek mewl of an endangered little kitten. "I'm calm. I'm calm, I'm calm. Calm. Calmcalmcalmcalm." She folded her wings, legs shaking as she looked over to Lola pleadingly.

"Teehee. Thank you, kitten!" And just like that, with a snap of Lola's fingers, the flames all went out at once, leaving the house undamaged. Xilimyth gasped.

"How did you do that without using water?"

"Oh. I can tell fire to do what I want, Xili. I was just in a surfing mood earlier!" Lola giggled. "Aww, don't pout. I completely understand your frustration, Xili!"

"You do?" Xilimyth perked up looking hopeful. Lola nodded, but didn't explain herself. As a result, Xilimyth was left hanging while Lola seemed to simply be bouncing on her seat. "Uhh... What're you doing?"

"I'm just happy!" Lola beamed again, clapping her claws together. "You could've blown up, but you didn't."

“Lola, I appreciate what you’re doing...” Xilimyth tapped the table gently and patiently, “But can you explain things in a way they make sense to me? I’m not following.”

“Oh, sure, sure. Hmm, let’s start at the beginning,” Lola nodded to herself, “You got really, really big. That much we’re clear on. You think I made you get that big, right?” Xilimyth nodded, “That I got you that big by bringing you up to Four Dragon’s Peak, right?” Another nod, again. “That’s only half true. I did call you out to this place, but the rest was all you!”

“What? What do you mean?” Xilimyth insisted, wanting more details. Lola nodded and continued.

“You are a very powerful being, Xilimyth. It’s true that the mountain fed you a lot of power, but that was just like hmm... Like lighting a cigarette up in a room full of already lit explosives!”

“Don’t you have any metaphors that don’t include explosions?! This is me we’re talking about!”

Lola giggled, “But it’s true! It was only a matter of time for you to realize your potential, Xili. You probably could feel it already. Deep inside you. A hungry hungry creature asking for power. More and more, like an insatiable beast!”

Xilimyth felt like she had just been delivered a hook right into her core. Deep down within, the thing she referred to as the dragon inside of herself. It was her drive to better herself and the unquenchable thirst for strength; the source of her anxiety. “How do you know about that?”

“You don’t need to tell me, Xili. It’s written all over you! And what I’m reading right now is “Let Me Out!”, hee hee. Don’t you feel it bearing down on you? A shackling feeling. The sensation that you’re being held back.”

Lola was making too much sense. Xilimyth was trembling in anticipation. “Y-yes,” she mewed out shyly. “What does it mean?”

“That you’re being held back, duh,” Lola grinned, making Xilimyth almost hit her face on the table. “And that you’re probably the reason.”

“What?” Xilimyth stopped and sat up, “Me? But I... I do everything I can...”

“Yes you do! And that’s awesome. You worked out, you came to hike the mountains with me, you went for extra training, and you gobbled up all of the power lava from all four peaks. You grew and grew and grew...! And then you stopped.”

“I stopped?”

“You stopped.”

“...why?”

“Because otherwise, you would’ve exploded!”

“Lola!”

“Okay, so maybe “explode” isn’t the right word... If you had kept growing off that dirty little potion you sucked up, you would’ve become unstable and collapsed into yourself,” Lola bopped her own forehead with a giggle, “An implosion! That’s what I meant.”



“That doesn’t make it any better! Sheesh!” Xilimyth looked panicked, “I ate FOUR volcanoes worth of that stuff!”

“Shush, dear,” Lola casually waved a hand with a chuckle, “You’ve been filtering it out. You really did binge on it, but just like a painfully decadent triple chocolate churro dessert, your body will find a way to purge its impurities.”

“So I won’t implode now?”

“You didn’t implode back then, so I’m pretty sure you won’t now.”

“Oh good. Wait, so if you didn’t pull me back from that, who did...?” Xilimyth pushed herself away from the table, her chair screeching a bit against the wood flooring. Lola gave her a friendly smile and a wink. “I did it. I really did stop myself from doing and... and put myself back here! Is that why I have powers now?”

“You’ve always had them, kitten. But, just like before, you’re holding yourself back. That’s why your emotions are all over the place, causing you to set fire to stuff!” Lola explained.

“That... kinda, sorta does make sense,” Xilimyth agreed, looking at her open palms before balling her fists. “Lola, you know a lot about this stuff. I... I know this sounds crazy, but I want your help. I need to let it out,” Xilimyth stared straight into the red-head’s eyes, “I want to grow again. I want to unshackle myself!”

Lola clapped her claws, “Wonderful! That’s all I wanted to hear, kitten. Because the first step to overcoming yourself is admitting that you are holding yourself back. Well, everybody’s different. So I have an idea. Let’s begin tomorrow after you’ve had a rest.”

“What? No. I want to start now. Lola, come on...”

“Tsk, ts,” Lola clicked her tongue while waving her finger negative. “Implosions.”

“F-fine... Tomorrow then?”

“Right here!” Lola nodded with a little laugh, “Actually, you don’t have to go. We can have a sleep-over!”

It was going to be an odder night than it had been an odd day. However, Xilimyth was pumped. The dragon inside of her was roaring, ready to be let out.

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Evening went by faster than Xilimyth expected. Lola was a ball of energy, like a kid running on a ton of sugar. Chatting themselves to sleep, gator and draco-cheetah went to bed early. They both were wearing the same kind of camisole, as Lola shared an extra she had with Xilimyth. The latter didn’t much care for the bright pink fabric, but Xilimyth appreciated the gesture anyway.

Morning came and Xilimyth opened her feline eyes only to see a bright green snout with a pale creamy underside on her bosom. Two big red eyes stared at the draco-cheetah, who immediately startled backwards. “Good morning!” said Lola, on top of Xilimyth.

“Are you trying to give me a heart-attack?!”

“Oh relax,” laughed the bubblehead, sliding off Xilimyth and her bed, “Isn’t that how kitties greet people they like in the morning?”

“You’re an alligator last I checked, Lola. Yep, still all gator,” Xilimyth sarcastically blew her dreadlocks out of the way in frustration.

“Psshaw! Minor detail. Now get up, kitten! We’re going for a swim and then back for breakfast!”

“Swim... swimming?” The surprised Xilimyth didn’t expect those plans early in the morning. She wondered if it had to do with Lola’s special training. After sharing a swimsuit with Xilimyth, Lola brought Lola over to the lake coasting the city; the one Xilimyth usually skirted along while jogging. It was actually the first time the draco-cheetah was going for a swim there.

It was so early in the morning that the two girls were alone with all of that gorgeous, clean lake water. Lola and Xilimyth swam for a couple hours. They were two hours Xilimyth was thankful Lola was too busy with her head underwater to be able to talk. She liked the gator girl, but her random occurrences could whittle her patience down quick.

After a good work-out, and relaxing swim, Xilimyth felt refreshed both in body and mind. Back inside Lola’s cabin, the two shared a hearty breakfast. It consisted of French-toast, eggs, sizzling, crispy bacon, cereal, milk and fresh orange juice. They both finished with a cup of black coffee. “You live in a really nice place, Lola,” Xilimyth chirped as she looked around, her tail lazily swishing behind her.

Lola replied with little more than “Mmhm,” with her mug hiding her face. “I love it here,” she explained while tossing her hair back and stretching. “It’s nice to be able to appreciate the little things too, huh, kitten? Sometimes it’s the things we don’t think about that fill us with happiness the most. The small things!” She paused, smiled, and crossed her legs, “You need a clear state of mind in order to take control. Don’t you agree?”

Xilimyth took a sip of coffee and silently nodded. Every once in a while, Lola would say something that one could fit in a book of proverbs. It really made the draco-cheetah wonder about Lola’s personality. But more importantly, it made her deeply think about her inner power. “I want to take control. I want to release my power,” she thought, looking over herself both with pride and longing. “Let’s go, Lola. I’m ready to start!”

“That’s the spirit! Welp. Let’s not keep you waiting!”

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The two friends spent the following four days training. Sessions consisting of Lola coaching Xilimyth involved the latter working towards enough focus to channel her power into different sets of projections. Xilimyth found that even while not angry her command over fire was very good. She slowly worked towards fluids and nature, managing to rouse plants and even a little bit of wind.

Then there were the more advanced sets of magic. At night, Xilimyth tried to generate some light using her hands. A dim little sphere that generated enough illumination put hopes in the draco-cheetah’s mind, but she wanted to create an actual orb of light. She thought she was ready.

Instead, Xilimyth’s orb of light shot out of her hands like a spiked volleyball. It landed several miles

away from them. “Oooooooh. There it gooooooes!” Lola put a hand over her forehead, watching the out-of-control energy ball. Suddenly there was a bright flash of light followed by a mushroom cloud explosion in the distance.

Xilimyth gulped, eyes wide as plates.

“Boy! I sure am glad we came out here to the outskirts of town to train, where no one lives or could even remotely be hurt by that!” Lola pumped an arm energetically with a beaming grin.

“Why are you talking like that? I’m standing over here,” the disdained, nervous Xilimyth pointed at herself.

Lola wagged her finger in response. “Shush dear. Your stance.” It looked like it was going to take longer for Xilimyth to fully understand her powers. The training continued, for better or worse. Xilimyth could feel herself coming to an understanding with the powerful, greedy core in her being.

And so, a month came to pass...

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One very cloudy day, Xilimyth woke up alone in Lola’s cabin. They had been sharing the place for the duration of Xilimyth’s magic training. Xilimyth by now was used to waking up with Lola gone; it didn’t surprise her by now.

After properly taking care of her morning with breakfast and a shower, Xilimyth quickly went from serene to impatient. Lola was still gone. They usually started their routine at 9 AM. “Where is she?” she grumbled, already eager for more training. Her dragon side was particularly energetic today. She was impatient, wanting nothing more than to exert herself.

Xilimyth got dressed in the jogging clothes Lola had helped her get and began warming up, “I’m going for a quick jog; be back before she returns,” the draco-cheetah smiled to herself. And so she started towards the city to run along the coast-line. “Better make it quick,” she muttered, looking up at the dark cumulous sky above.

As she jogged, Xilimyth felt something was off. The draco-cheetah could feel it within her. Every few strides, her feet would step and kick harder. Her leg muscles were tingling, begging to be worked. She was turning the peaceful jog into a fierce running, even though her mind was set on taking her time.

Her body wasn’t listening to her. She was picking up speed, streaking through the coastline like a yellow blur. Even her breathing seemed forced and involuntary, as if every last part of her being was being manipulated like a string puppet. Xilimyth became preoccupied, but she couldn’t stop. She literally couldn’t stop herself from running.

Topping the out-of-control situation, Xilimyth could also see the skies darkening by the minute. It looked like rain was coming, but the heavens also lit up and roared fiercely. “This keeps getting better and better!” a sarcastic Xilimyth growled. She mewled out when all of a sudden a stray bolt of lightning struck mere feet away from her, resulting in a tremendous sonorous blast. “Shut your mouth, Xilimyth, shut your mouth!” she cried, dodging to the left as more lightning rained down on her path. “What the hell is going on?!”

It had begun to rain; a downpour as sudden as the wild lightning strikes. Xilimyth became drenched,

her clothes becoming soggy and clinging to her fur. The draco-cheetah couldn't stop running, she was heavy with water absorbed into her coat of fur and clothes, and to top it all the heavens seemed to be going out of their way to turn her into well-done kitty steak. It was as if nature itself had become an obstacle course of doom for Xilimyth.

Her heart was racing, her lungs burning. Every muscle in her body was screaming, pushing to make her run faster and faster, achieving faster and faster speeds that would've put a motorcycle to shame. By taking literal leaps and bounds she saved herself from the lightning, but it didn't take long before her luck ran out. One of the stray bolts landed right on top of her, striking the confused Xilimyth with heavenly wrath.

Xilimyth roared out as she was forced to stop, feeling electricity coursing through her. Every muscle went numb, making her stay in a writhing position. She clenched her teeth hard, grunting laboriously. Everything in her body suddenly began to tingle. From the tip of her toes to her head, Xilimyth shuddered before suddenly swelling larger. Her wet clothes stretched and tore as her sides flared out along with her shoulders. "Wh-what is this...? Such a familiar... feeling! It's... overpowering!"

The draco-cheetah looked at herself, watching her arms bulk up as she gained mass. "It's happening...! It's really happening!" the draco-cheetah growled happily. A second bolt landed on her followed by a third. Her electrified body was draining energy and power from those charges, using it to promote her expansion. "More, more...!" she begged, forcing her muscular arms to move with sheer will-power. Xilimyth's eyes glowed, charged up with power, as she commanded more lightning to strike her.

Indescribable but familiar sensations brought Xilimyth over the edge of pleasure as she arched back. She roared out again, hulking out as she added more musculature over her ascending form. She could already feel eight-packs forming on her abdominal wall. Her biceps and triceps were competing for size with her huge breasts again. All the changes were just like what she had experienced at Four Dragons Peak. However, there was just one thing bothering Xilimyth. Like the tale about the princess lying on a pile of mattresses with a single peanut at the bottom, Xilimyth was enjoying the best her body could offer save for a single, aggravating detail. Her back was itching. Like an ant trail crawling under her skin, an unreachable spot.

Her paws reached back and she flapped her wings uncomfortably. Xilimyth growled out as the itching became the equivalent of a stinging rash. Her wings became an obstacle. She couldn't reach her itching back. "Gaaaaaah!" the growing draco-cheetah bellowed, and like sudden and unexpected gratification, spikes tore out of her spine.

Fur began to fall off the draconian feline's back. The spikes thickened and bloated out along her spine, creating a spiny trail all the way over to the tip of her tail. She doubled over and hugged herself, feeling as if something was about to burst forth through her chest. "Oh God! What's happening...?!" the female roared out in a panic, feeling her shoulders expand and bulk up larger, faster than everything else about her. From the skin underneath her shoulders, a single large spike shot out diagonally away from Xilimyth.

Her whole form shuddered and expanded taller and taller. Next, her arms tingled and trembled. Xilimyth's shaking eyes could only stare at her muscular extremities as her hand-paws shifted shapes. Her fingers went from stubby to slender, and her feline claws fused with her digits and fingers, turning each finger into a razor-sharp claw. "What's happening to meaaaaahhh...?!" she yelled out, seeing black and thin spikes shot out of her elbows. The process wasn't painful, but it was freaking her out. It was like her body was mutating into a monster, and she had no control over

the process!

At the same time, the process was filling her with power. No. It was more accurate to say the power was coming out of her, enveloping her being, and her being was embracing it. Xilimyth's body changed as it grew and it grew as it changed.

Her wings became more than proportionally larger, swapping their hybrid appearance for a more ancient wyvern-like design. Edges became thinner, membranes thicker, and the corner points turned pointier. Two more spikes shot out of Xilimyth's legs, both pointing away from her from the side of her shins. Her feet underwent a similar transformation like her hands, going from stubby paws to powerful claws. Xilimyth's tail was next. It went from thin and lithe to thick and coiling. The spikes running down the tail's length formed a sickle-like blade at the tip.

All of her fur was shedding, falling out. What remained underneath were scales. A thick yet smooth shell of black and white covering her body where her spotted cheetah coat used to be, Xilimyth had gone completely scaly. Milk white colors decorated her inner areas. Snout, neck, breasts, belly and underbelly at the front; the back of her legs and arms at the back. The outer areas of her body were ebony black colors. Head, arms and legs where they weren't white; her shoulders, her back, her hips and feet. They were the colors of twilight.

Finally, her head received the brunt of her transformation. As Xilimyth roared out again and again, her subtle feline teeth were replaced with bigger, sharper fangs. Her tongue elongated and became pointier, wrigglier like a serpentine. Xilimyth's eyes clenched shut as her cheetah face morphed. Her face began to push out while her nose melted into the growing snout. Her feline features such as whiskers and parted upper lips disappeared in favor of a round, lizard-like snout. Her dreadlocks began to fall off one by one as four horns protruded out of her draconic skull. And immediately after, a mane of long, purely white hair grew to replace her old hair-style. The strands of straight, wild hair flowed down past her spiky back and shoulders all the way down to her mid-section.

When she finally reopened her eyes, the first thing Xilimyth noticed was the ongoing, raging storm. She almost freaked out when she saw her burly yet curvaceous, scaly form. She didn't know what to do. She was the size of a building; she estimated to be over 50ft. tall. "Wh-why are there buildings around here...? Am I in the city?!" she whimpered, realizing that throughout her insane dash she had made it to the city. Her growth had made her fill the streets out with her foot claws, unlucky cars and streetlights toppled and crushed under her weight. The dragoness couldn't see people; they had probably fled upon seeing her fantastical transformation.

Xilimyth could feel more and more power releasing. It was like having an entire ant colony making her tingle inside. Her muscles pushed out, popping larger. Her breasts swelled into the edifice ahead of her, knocking it over. Her buttocks went a similar path, wrecking a coffee shop behind. Her clawed feet were tearing the roads apart, the flail of her arms knocking billboards and water tanks off buildings. She was out of control and she was on a destructive growth process that wasn't ending anytime soon.

The rain hitting her scales became absorbed inside through her pores. Xilimyth could still see and feel lightning strike her repeatedly. At this point she didn't even have to concentrate. Water and electricity were drained of their properties, forced into her being as raw elemental energy. Xilimyth was absorbing the elements. The rapid expansion that ensued made her dizzy. She couldn't regulate the rate of body growth. She had no agency in the process; all she could do was enjoy and look as her body inadvertently grew into and destroyed things around her.

Every time she made an attempt to move it ended up being a clumsy stumble. She was growing in

irregular strides. Xilimyth was overwhelmed by new sensations, the constant adjustment of her perspective and of course her new physical appearance. Grabbing onto buildings for support only made the growing giantess crush roofs under the weight of her mighty grip. But that wasn't all. Everything she touched didn't simply crumble down; it literally disappeared moments after it was crushed. To Xilimyth it was clear that the rate of her growth was being affected by the matter and energy she was absorbing.

With her body expanding into more buildings and other placements around the streets, it didn't take very long before the dragoness' body started to physically pull in and absorb them. Like a cellular body feeding through osmosis, anything that touched her scales phased through her. Xilimyth couldn't believe what she was seeing, and she had swum in and eaten lava.

The larger Xilimyth raised, the more the rain changed its course. It wasn't pouring over the city anymore. The rain itself was heading her way, as if pulled by an invisible wind. Sunlight started appearing in the distance as the clouds themselves started swirling above Xilimyth, being wrung of all water and static electricity.

She shot past 200ft. tall with ease, making Xilimyth roar out in reluctant pleasure. She was completely in love with the process of growth, but she couldn't appreciate her lack of control. Her transformation, the way the very ground and anything around her was starting to be sucked into her, adding to her being. Xilimyth's new dragon wings were keeping her aloft, floating like an empowered deity as the city rumbled with her ascension. 250ft... 300ft... 400ft... she was growing faster and faster. Swelling and stretching along the city skyline.

Her body was like a magnet now, causing buildings, vehicles and other artificial constructs to simply levitate off the ground and head over to her. When in physical contact, all the objects were consumed, added as fuel to her expansion. "My body...! It's drawing in everything around it. Ooogh!" she moaned, unable to resist the alien feeling of her hungry body consuming in order to enhance itself. Her fists clenched as she gasped helplessly, adding another 100ft. of height instantly.

She whimpered, her long tongue lolling out of her maw. Xilimyth's mind was completely blown over the greedy pull of her body. It was like an aura growing out of her body, exerting will upon any object within its enlarging radius. She could feel that effect expanding to cover more and more ground the larger she became. It wasn't long before the entire city was lifted off its very foundations, ground and everything, destroying itself in order to fuse with Xilimyth's body.

Her appetite knew no bounds. Xilimyth's eyes widened as she exploded upwards of a thousand feet in record time. The bigger she became, the more things were caught in her invisible magnetic field. Everything that wasn't energy was processed into it and immediately and easily absorbed. With the streamlined process empowering her, Xilimyth grew and grew, booming into more gigantic sizes at the cost of the landscape. She could see underneath her, past her bountiful bosom, the crater forming from the missing ground. The larger she became, the wider the crater grew.

Everything was being absorbed. Nothing could escape the dragoness' absorption field. It grew larger and larger, consuming all in its path. Everything it touched instantly became a part of her. Grass, trees, lakes, rocks, metal, even sunlight itself could not escape the power hungry dragoness.

Whole cities fell prey at once to the expanding, gorgeous creature of power. Her incredible size burst forth like the doomsday foretold in prophecies, razing everything around it. Monstrously big now, Xilimyth towered even above the mountains. The raging seas calmed and started to wave towards the levitating gargantuan scaly. She couldn't believe it: The planet itself was sacrificing itself for her.

The mountains, the sea, everything was disappearing. She could feel every last pebble and fish that fused with her, filling her with their energy no matter how small. Every little bit contributed to her ascending being. She had quickly climbed to miles in height, and there was no sign of slowing down. The continent was falling apart as she grew stronger and greater still. It didn't take long for the neighboring landmasses and oceans to do their part into fusing with the swelling dragon girl.

Xilimyth lost it when she started seeing magma flow out below her. This was never going to end. She was locked in place, a singularity of raw energy and power bringing everything to be one with her. She couldn't stop it. She failed and let the greedy dragon within her come out, and the first to pay was the planet. But deep within, Xilimyth knew the truth.

It was her. She wanted this. She wanted the power; she pursued it, and now she was finally gaining it. The mind-bending spectacle of elements around her being absorbed into her body was like witnessing and simultaneously experiencing the birth of a deity. This apotheosis of astronomical proportions had turned Xilimyth into Earth's replacement. The world and its inhabitants were hers. With a final swell after the core was absorbed, a planet sized Xilimyth spread her wings out into space and gave a roar of power.

The former draco-cheetah let go. She let go of her preoccupations. Xilimyth forgot about her worries. She switched her brain off. She turned from a creature of thinking to a force of nature. Her magic field expanded outwards to cover uncountable light-years worth of distance at a time, annihilating the Solar System in a single spread. The Sun, the other planets, their natural satellites, everything became energy; energy devoured by the greedy dragon.

Her immensity knew no bounds. She expanded to replace the entire system in a matter of moments. The dragon had transcended from a power-hungry sociopath into a chaotic black hole of unquenchable thirst. She opened her mouth, spreading her arms and clenching her fists. Her muscles exploded with size, chest and ass pushing out in tandem to the tension of her form. Xilimyth began to inhale, drawing in stars, asteroids, other solar systems. Everything she devoured became one with her, adding to her unstoppable growth.

Power continued to swell. She didn't have to move anymore. Simply be existing, every piece of cosmic matter surrounding her surrendered to the galactic dragoness' hunger. The elements were hers to command. And her command was: "FEED ME!"

More and more, Xilimyth's body spanned the stars. She didn't even notice she had already beaten her first size record and was well on her way to becoming universal. There was no stopping for her. The dragon grew and grew, engulfing all that was into her being. And when finally Xilimyth ran out of things to devour in her universe, she simply moved into the next one. Alternate dimensions fell prey to her unfathomable lust for power. Everything was a battery, and she was the one leeching energy from every place at once. Xilimyth wanted it all.

Her body of unimaginable size smothered the dimensions, drawing them inside through her cleavage, through her muscles, through her very mind. Every bit of existence that ever was became a part of her. Soon, only entire realities managed to sate her infinite appetite. Xilimyth fused them to herself. She became the owner of existence itself.

"No," the amorphous curtain of light and energy finally raised its voice, waking its consciousness after what seemed to have been eons of unstoppable binging. "I am existence itself." The formless Xilimyth had achieved an enlightenment not every creature was destined for. Her body had been lost in the chaos, melded with everything and nothing at the same time. She was one with existence,

and existence was herself.

Xilimyth finally realized that she had not wiped out all that was; merely stored it within the vastness of her new being. Everything was safe under her protection. Her order was the sense of every living thing, allowing her to exert her will upon anything and everything. Temperance and transmission happened under her command. Xilimyth was Twilight itself.

After a while of reveling in her enhanced senses however, Xilimyth began to feel an irreplaceable void in her core. Something was missing. But what could it be? She was finally at the epitome of power, the quintessential form of evolution. Xilimyth was at the apex of all. Yet it wasn't enough for her. She was missing a great deal of things she thought she had literally grown out of. For starters, she didn't feel like spending the rest of her life as a formless consciousness.

She concentrated, focusing on the relative, infinitesimal place within herself. The universe she had initially grown out of. Her home planet; it was safe. She had made sure to repair and heal it. Xilimyth realized something important. She liked the place, even if in the grand scheme of things, herself, it was just another microbe of a pebble. Xilimyth soon remembered the words of a friend. "Sometimes, it's the small things..." she mused to herself, finally understanding what it was that she wanted.

It took Xilimyth a while, but she came up with a perfect solution.

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It was summer. The shores of a bustling city were packed with people of all kinds, everyone enjoying the holidays. A peculiarly tall red-headed alligator girl in a crimson red one-piece couldn't stop turning heads as she strutted on the sand. Lola liked walking with the swagger of a model, winking at the studs her large chest attracted. She wasn't in the mood for their affections however, and it was easy for a 7ft. tall amazon like her to turn them down. Lola couldn't give a damn about sexy beach jocks when there was a lady in a similar situation ahead.

The other girl was surrounded by people of all kinds. Her large wings were folded at her back, where a white quarter-moon emblem decorated the muscular girl's back. It was a black and white dragoness with beautiful, snow-white hair. She was wearing a revealing bikini that left little to the imagination. The female was tall like Lola was, and equally curvaceous, yet the dragoness was incredibly muscular. Physically toned and quite intimidating with all the spikes coming out of her body, too. But the dragon girl's admirers were not afraid in the least, instead celebrating the badass appearance. Perhaps she had one too many fans.

"Hey there, kitten!" the gator girl giggled, making more than one eyebrow around her cock up when they saw Lola approach someone who definitely had no business being a feline. But the dragoness did respond. She turned around, gave a toothy grin and squealed.

"Eeeeeee!" Xilimyth betrayed her intimidating size and appearance in favor of her excitement. "I knew you'd find me here! I just knew you would!"

"I'm also excited to see you, Xili. How was the... urk!" Lola couldn't finish her sentence that she suddenly found herself knocked down on her back. Smothered by what she could calculate were tons of dragoness muscle and boobs, the gator girl was simply grateful to be able to breathe this time around. "Alright, you win. You're more excited!"

"Oh Lola! I was so afraid. I thought I was really going to explode..."



“Implode.”

“Whatever! I thought I was done for. I thought I had it. I really did! But then... then everything...”

“I know, heehee. But you took control in the end, didn’t you?” The gator winked with a grin.

“Lola...” Xilimyth sat up and helped her friend up on her knees too. “Thanks so much for all you did for me. Just... why did you do it?”

“Oh, reasons shmeasons,” Lola waved her paw dismissively, an attitude too casual for someone who had assisted into the rearrangement of reality itself. “You could just say I was attracted to the Twilight Dragon in you.”

A heavy tint of red suddenly manifested on Xilimyth’s face. “A-attracted to...?”

“Hmm?” Lola cocked her head to the side, puzzled. “You mean you didn’t know? Hehe. You’re a Twilight Dragon. Fully mature now too, as I can see,” Lola pointed at the black emblem of the Sun decorating her creamy-white chest. “You’re a creature made of pure, raw spiritual magic, Xili.”

“Y-you know a lot. Actually, come to think of it, how come you know so much...?” Xilimyth wasn’t mad this time. She didn’t think she was being manipulated anymore. She felt right at home with the whimsical gator girl. But she had to know. “Who are you, really, Lola? You... I can’t feel you within me. Unlike all these other people.”

Lola stuck her tongue out, “I don’t need to be inside of you for you to feel me, silly.” She laughed at the face Xilimyth made. “No, really. You could say I’m from a different plane of existence altogether. I’m here...” she made a circle with her index, “...but at the same time I’m not!”

“I’m the closest thing to a God, and I think you’re about to blow my mind,” Xilimyth held by one of her four horns. “Is this why you never seem to lose your memories? Is that why you... um... helped me?”

“You could say that! I very much admire strong wills, and you’re the strongest will I’ve felt so far. Your dreams...” Lola kissed her own finger, “Mmm. You’re a one of a kind lady, kitten.”

“M-my dreams...? You mean you...?”

“Oh listen to me go on about things that don’t matter now!” Lola giggled, “Xili, you should take it easy. The change you went through was pretty radical. You have truly matured.”

“I don’t think anybody in this world would forgive me if they knew what I did to mature,” the dragoness laughed nervously, ignoring the stares she got at her jiggling, bouncy chest while she laughed.

“Mortals are fickle things, but!” Lola lifted her index finger, “They sure make life interesting. And that’s what matters now, isn’t it, Xili? Your life. Their life. You had to go through this so that this reality could survive. And now that you’ve blossomed, well... there’s no real danger anymore! Hehe.”

“You’re right... Now that I’m so powerful, I should probably start acting responsibly, h-huh?” Xilimyth giggled, unable to not enjoy the puzzled look of everybody trying to listen in to their chat.

To them, their voices came out in a completely foreign, undecipherable language.

“Nah. Take a load off, ya silly kitten!” Lola gently punched Xilimyth’s shoulder. “You’re curious about the rest of this universe, the rest of every other universe out there, aren’t you?”

The dragoness rubbed her shoulder and slowly nodded, smiling. “Actually, I am. I... didn’t have a lot of time to explore well... um... myself!”

“Atta girl. I think it’s time you learned more about yourself. But for that, you’ll have to make a looong journey. I bet you’ll have a ton of fun with what you’ll find.”

“You um... would you like to come with me, Lola? I think you’re the only one I’ll ever share this with, heh,” the dragoness stuck her tongue out playfully. Lola, however, declined.

“I’m sorry, Xili, but I would only be a distraction for you. Self-discovery is equally important to hanging out with friends! I do enjoy your company, though...” Lola trailed off, scooting closer, “So why don’t you come to Earth whenever you get bored of the whole zenith thing?” she winked. “I’ll give you one of my tours!”

Xilimyth chuckled, “I don’t think I’m ready to do something like that right off the bat. But... you can count on it, Lola! I’d love to come hang out with you again.”

“Mmhm. Anytime,” the redhead stretched, lying down on the sand while staring up at her huge friend. “You’re falling asleep, aren’t you?”

“A-actually... yeah,” Xilimyth yawned a little, “I’ve been training my astral body projection. You know, no more physical body,” she snickered. “Focusing on this small of a size can actually make me get a headache.”

“That’s fine. You’ll work on that and get better over time. You have the makings of a great Twilight Dragon!”

Xilimyth softly smiled, her heart aflutter with peace and calm for a change. “Thank you, Lola. For... everything.” The dragoness smiled, closing her eyes as her body began to slowly fade from view.

Lola, lying on the sand with a satisfied smirk, simply said: “See you in your dreams, kitten.”

The End.