

This is a commission for Xilimyth (FurAffinity.net)

Warning: This story contains transformation, growth, macro, breast expansion, butt growth and severe (yet sexy) destruction.

Xilimyth belongs to her player.

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Subconsciously Rooted, by DragonMasterX.

The main shopping mall was simply bustling with activity. Xilimyth sometimes forgot how busy Saturdays could be, especially since they alternated deals and offers to suit nearly every demographic. The dreadlocked cheetah had spent almost an entire afternoon standing behind a line to her favorite electronics store. She was surprised with the sheer amount of people queued up for the release of the newest iPawtch, a wearable phone with wrist straps, amazing sound and video quality and with online functionality to keep up with social networks.

Being an inscrutable tech nut, Xilimyth had naturally been lured in by the promise of sleeker design, increased data storage and processing power. With the numerous people ahead of her already, she was glad she had showed up three hours earlier to the store opening. Xilimyth nervously looked back at the almost endless line behind, thinking she had actually saved time by being so hasty for once.

As the queue slowly advanced, one could see the various patrons coming out of the electronics department carrying compact, white cardboard boxes with their new devices inside. Xilimyth caught herself almost drooling at just the logotypes. There sometimes were couples going in, bringing out two or three at a time. She mentally whined when she saw one particularly big buyer, a really tall bull no less, lugging several iPawtch boxes away in extra-large bags. "Man, his credit card must be sizzling...!" Xilimyth thought to herself. She knew she was only looking for a single article, so she became increasingly anxious the more people came out with the coveted shiny.

It wasn't until Xilimyth heard the clerk inside deliver devastating news that she looked up from her handheld console, which she had been using to distract herself from the nerve-wracking wait. Thanks to the people ahead of her, she couldn't see the clerk. Xilimyth was a tall cheetah at 6ft., even for a female, but the people ahead of her were enough to block her view. The words, however, were crystal clear to her. "Sorry everyone!" the voice of another female chirped out, "There's been complications with the supply lines today. Outside of the reserved articles, we only have three more iPawtch 7.1WPs in stock..."

Whatever the clerk said afterwards was clearly not heard at all. The orderly, once murmuring line suddenly exploded in an uproar of materialistically prestigious desperation. Xilimyth's eyes widened and she quickly flipped her console closed, not having enough time to react as the person behind her started pushing, and the person behind that one, and the one behind...

Suddenly, the broken line began to push ahead, and the meek Xilimyth was lost in a tsunami of rabid consumers trying to charge their way into the electronics store. They didn't care about respecting first come first serve anymore. Promises to children had been made, gifts had to be delivered, and hype that had been built up to this moment in time had to be answered! It was raw, pathetic carnage.

When Xilimyth next opened her eyes, she found herself in the vacated battlefield of a deeply exaggerated consumer high. Dramatic tears had been shed; hair had been pulled, slaps and stampedes all over. The cheetah couldn't believe she had lived through all those angry customers stepping on her. She had curled herself down on her knees, covering her dreadlock head with her console and hands to avoid being trampled.

With the coast clear, Xilimyth finally stood up and approached the virtually abandoned store. She rubbed the side of her arm nervously as she recalled the clerk's last words before chaos. No more stock. Waiting another day was unthinkable! But at the same time, the level of crazy that could only be expected of a Black Friday scared Xilimyth. She didn't take a step into the store before she saw the advertisement stand to the side of the door crumble into a heap of wood. Nothing had been spared.

"I don't think I would've wanted to be that clerk... I better check to see if she's alive," Xilimyth felt a bit awkward going into the shop. She was depressed about the circumstances, but now that the craze had gone down she could at least go in and check about the estimated delivery times. "Hello?" she asked out as the automatic doors opened for her. The curious feline peeked inside and almost lost her gumption when she saw the scene in disarray. Holders knocked over, display cases with their crystals cracked, spilled ice-cream and milkshakes; the inhumanity.

"AH! Another rabid one! Sound the alarm! Caroline, get the guards!" Xilimyth almost jumped out of her spotted fur as she heard the clerk's familiar voice coming from behind the counter. There was a box atop the counter, two eyes glaring from under the dark until they noticed Xilimyth wasn't particularly rabid or angry. "False positive! Caroline, cancel that guard alert. But bring me more nachos, out," she muttered.

"Um..." Xilimyth was about to ask when all of a sudden the box on the counter jumped several feet into the air, elevating as the person underneath stood up. Even though the cheetah was a safe distance away from the counter, she felt like taking a couple steps back, intimidated by the clerk.

As the open cardboard box that had been worn as a provisional helm until now was discarded, flowing crimson hair cascaded downwards. The person revealed was a very tall, very curvaceous alligator girl. Although young in appearance, the almost seven foot tall amazon looked extremely endowed, with the biggest eye candies being situated at her prominent bust. The beautiful reptile had such a curvy frame that it made Xilimyth, who was on the much smaller and modest sizes, a little self-conscious. "I live!" the gator gal triumphantly pumped a fist in the air, laughing as those sizable knockers jiggled in her uniform.

Xilimyth looked left and right awkwardly, expecting somebody else to show up, but the one called Caroline didn't seem to arrive. Xilimyth sighed to herself; enough emotion for one day she thought. "Uhm, hey!" the cheetah avoided stepping on bags of crackers and other discarded snacks on the floor as she approached the counter where the big gator was. "I see you're still in one piece," she giggled a little, playing along with the quirky attendant.

"You bet your fur coat I am, kitten! That was sooooo dangerous. Techies, am I right?!" the gator laughed as she swiped a visor cap from under the counter and put it on. "Ahh... I think I saw you at the line for the iPawtch earlier. Sorry our suppliers don't know about placing calls earlier," the redhead apologized. Now that she was close enough, Xilimyth could see the name holder on the clerk's shirt said she was called Lola.

"That looked brutal, Lola!" the cheetah said as she looked up at the huger female, "Thought they were going to start killing each other at one point. But if I was as strong as some of the guys

pushing, I guess I would've been in here fighting for one of last three," Xilimyth hung her head low, scratching her head with a sheepish grin.

"Pfft, at least you stuck around to see if I was still kicking! I appreciate that..." the blue-eyed gator slowed her speech a little, allowing her interlocutor to fill in.

"Xilimyth! But you can call me Xili for short, if you like," the cheetah chirped in. Lola smiled and nodded.

"Alrighty, kitten!" the cheetah blinked, noting the introduction had been wasted. She didn't have time to correct Lola, who vaulted over the counter to inspect the damage to her store. "Hmm, well, this looks like the Nuclear Wasteland 4 intro if I've ever seen any apocalyptic scenario, and trust me, I have! My manager won't like this," Lola said with a little groan. "I'm sorry we have to cut this short, but with the place this wrecked I doubt I can even help you right now, kitten."

Xilimyth gazed at Lola with pity as she began to lift and put things back where they were supposed to. Even though the cheetah hadn't been part of the ridiculous rampage, she still felt partly responsible for this mess. She looked at Lola again; even with that large body it would take a while to clean it all up, and besides, she didn't have anything better to do for the rest of the day. "Do you have a bucket and mop nearby?"

"Huh?" Lola perked up and looked back at the smiling Xilimyth. She didn't make the cheetah repeat herself and just nodded with a grin. With their efforts combined, it didn't take long for them to clean the place up.

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"And then, and then the little kid tells off the mom for mistaking the name of the watch!" Lola couldn't stop laughing as she retold one of the many customer service shenanigans she had gone through.

"Oh my god, served! Especially after she had railed on you for so long." Xilimyth giggled, kicking her legs under the food court table she and Lola were sharing. The tall, curvy gator had changed out of her work outfit. "I don't get why she had to be so rude upfront, anyway!" the cheetah shrugged as she caught the straw of her soft drink and started gulping soda down.

"You know how it is with parents in electronics. The boy probably had been dragging her all around, shouting about the gadget she wanted, and she just wanted to go home already. Very weird, considering in malls it's usually the other way around!" Lola grinned, grabbing her half-finished sandwich and giving it a good home in her belly. "Ohhh, that hit the spot. Caroline sucks. I understand she had to take the day off, but I was stuck for sooo long without snacks!"

"It *was* a very long shift," Xilimyth smiled as she thought back to the long queue times. She looked down at her tray and started on the French fries she had yet to touch.

"Aww, sorry you had to go through that long line and I ran out of stock until tomorrow, again. I'll have to make it up to you, kitten!" Lola said as she cleaned her snout with a napkin while tossing her long red hair back.

Xilimyth appeared humbled at first, but she responded with a quick grin. "Forget about it! You already treated me to lunch. No way am I expecting any special treatment, hehe!"

“Oh this? Pfft, this is for helping me out at the shop!” Lola slapped the table with her palm and bounced from her chair across Xilimyth to the one on her left side. The voluptuous reptile leaned her large chest down on the table as she rested down on her elbow. Lola was leering at the cheetah with some kind of intent. “I kind of do want to give you special treatment. A very, very special kind of treatment that I think you need,” she offered with a wink.

The closer and more insinuating Lola got, the more Xilimyth shrank. She was looking like a cornered kitty about to dart away from a huge predator. Lola’s presence was as friendly and easy-going as it was intimidating. Just with that strained, low-cut blue top at the alligator girl’s chest, Xilimyth felt like she was about to be sucked into Lola’s attention-garnering cleavage, now even more prominent with both breasts squishing against the table. They had been getting eyed and whistled at ever since they had left Lola’s shop; a testament to how truly crazy and dangerous the early angry mob had been to force the poor clerk into hiding.

“Uhm...” Xilimyth lost her train of thought as she averted her gaze for a moment. The cheetah had loosely employed the phrase “special treatment” to perhaps fish out a friendly deal or perhaps a reservation for the following day’s gadgets on arrival. She had never imagined this would make Lola become so forward with her. “I... Th-thanks? I think?”

As the cheetah nervously giggled, Lola lazily bit on her pinky finger while resting her snout on her palm. The reaction had been priceless and she didn’t want to laugh, even though she was amused. “You’re very special, girl. You know that, kitten?” the gator suddenly mentioned. “I didn’t think I’d ever find one so different. Now I kinda wanna really bring out all of the special inside you, if only to see what you’ll do with it all.”

At that point, Xilimyth didn’t know what to say anymore. She had been polite to her new friend so far, but this impulsiveness was enough to make the cheetah’s face all kinds of red. The feline had no time to think up a good answer either, as all of a sudden two large claws fell on each shoulder, dragging both the chair and Xilimyth forwards. In one moment, Xilimyth realized she had no means to even consider struggling against the much larger woman’s grip. In the next, her eyes almost popped out of their sockets when she found the alligator’s snout pressed against her mouth.

“Mmm...” the reptile tightly held a shocked Xilimyth down. Lola wished she had been filming the reaction as the poor dreadlocked girl became overwhelmed with just a peck; it certainly helped that they were in public. The shop clerk smiled into the brief kiss and took it a step forwards. Lola made good use of Xilimyth’s confusion and pushed her tongue out, penetrating the smaller cat’s lips to initiate deeper mouth-to-mouth affection.

At first, Xilimyth couldn’t find a proper way to interrupt the scandalous situation from further escalating; at least not without insulting the green scaled beauty. The bold way in which Lola was manhandling her was making her tingle all over. The reptilian tongue that forced its way into her mouth made Xilimyth almost gag at first until her own tongue eased into place, giving room for the slick invader.

Cheetah tongue touched alligator’s inside of the limited space within Xilimyth’s mouth. If anything, the redhead was putting on a rather fiery act by locking their lips into such a deep, wet kiss. Bit by bit, Xilimyth felt herself go limp in Lola’s arms, the feline’s eyes half-lidded as she gave into the passionate, breath-taking moment. She had never known that alligators could kiss so well! Even with the size advantage, Lola was dominating her tongue, wrestling it down into submission as they exchanged saliva with each other. Despite Xilimyth’s major inaction throughout, the kiss felt marvelous and invigorating. The cheetah could feel inner warmth that was giving way to tremendous amounts of energy. It was a very familiar sensation that at the same time had a currently

foreign touch to it.

And then it happened. All of a sudden, Xilimyth felt as images rushed into her head, flashing before her mind's eye. The pictures were blurry and she was barely able to make out the proper visual, and at several points, she identified both herself and Lola's silhouettes, but they were different than now for whatever reason. But Xilimyth did perceive one common conveyance the images were relaying. The specific denominator linking all these thoughts together was the abstract concept of power. It was a high, a feeling of continuous, unbridled energy welling up inside and calling out more and more of it into her being. The feline felt every last follicle of hair in her coat stand on end against her clothes. What had started as a trickling tingle steadily agitating Xilimyth had turned into a positively electrifying feeling coursing through her.

Xilimyth's clothes felt increasingly tighter. It felt as if she had accidentally put on underwear one size too small all of a sudden. Any other day, the notion of her breasts out-filling her bra would have been laughable at best, especially considering Lola's enormous pair so giddily squishing against her much smaller chest. However, it was truly a fact that Xilimyth was getting bigger up top; and not just her bust, but the rest of her was also expanding!

It had been subtle at first, which was why it didn't feel as powerful, but it was easy to perceive now that the initial light-headedness was gone. Mostly free of that odd accumulation of strange memories, Xilimyth could now focus on the process that was changing her body.

Her ears twitched as she heard her jersey hoodie's zip start to travel down as the mass in her chest increased. The resulting additional weight was quickly becoming visible on her top sides. Xilimyth's poor B-cup bra was suffering the most throughout the expansion. Not only was the article of lingerie restricted in its storage capabilities, but with every passing second her owner's bust-line simply continued to improve. Xilimyth's arms tried to reach back as the straps dug into her fur, but she found it impossible to unclasp the uncomfortable bra. As a result, she had to endure the tightness until her enlarging bosom literally pulled the useless piece of underwear apart with a loud snap.

Xilimyth felt like she could finally take a proper, deep breath through her nostrils. Relieved of that pain, the growing cheetah whimpered as she felt her hefty mammaries push against her tank top and jersey; the new hurdles for her huge boobs to overcome. The zipper didn't take long to malfunction and become stuck due to the uneven amount of pressure applied from both sides. Xilimyth moaned into the kiss with Lola as her breasts grew against the gator's larger melons. The top was becoming tight all around not only due to the breasts much larger, but also thanks to their owner growing bigger herself.

The cheetah had been growing taller inch by inch, already past the height she would've once considered acceptable. Xilimyth had always felt so small and self-conscious about it. This power that had taken hold of her was fixing all of her issues at once. It didn't take long for her to reach Lola's height, enabling them to equally participate in the kiss. Xilimyth felt her strength grow with her, her once dainty little form starting to toughen up as well. She received longer legs, bigger curves and a slightly bulkier build. It was like she was being completely redefined!

Her overly stretched clothes were having a hard time coping with such rapid changes. As the Amazonian cheetah curved out, her form-fitting pants became like a skin-tight leotard as her hips, thighs and buttocks swelled out. Xilimyth's elongating limbs began to tear the leggings, forcing them to split up the middle. The tears widened once they reached her now muscular, meaty thighs. With her hips exploding out in size, Xilimyth couldn't help but meow into Lola's maw as her panties wedged into her ass crack. The cheetah began whining, her arms twitching in discomfort as

her voluminous backside, once a flat and tight little bottom, now flared into a pair of fully shaped, spherical cheeks. Xilimyth almost cried when her panties snapped, freeing her massive hips as they outgrew her leggings. The cheetah's bubble-butt was becoming too big for the chair under so much cushy and curvaceous fat. In fact, she was becoming too much for their table as well.

Xilimyth and Lola did not seem to care once Xilimyth became so huge that the table next to them was pushed aside and eventually flipped over. Lola's passionate kissing certainly didn't diminish even as the now 8ft. tall Xilimyth clearly beat the voluptuous gator in every category.

Lola happily felt the cheetah's enlarging bosom push against hers, forcing their big chests to compete in a friendly, squishy battle for the space between them; her friend was becoming so huge! Even with the relatively small amount of muscle the cheetah had put on, her biceps had already torn holes into the sleeves of her jersey.

The zipper in Xilimyth's hoodie crinkled metallically and tore off into the unknown depths of Lola's cleavage. Xilimyth's impressive bosom had grown so large that it had transformed her stretched out top into an impromptu bra that was pushing those immense orbs up even more prominently. Eventually, the zip-down split apart and the sudden lack of extra support caused Xilimyth's top to tear down the middle. The only reason her huge knockers had yet to be fully exposed was Lola was still pressing their chests together.

A different sort of change manifested in Xilimyth as she continued to ascend to taller and taller heights. The once thin tail behind her stretched out more than proportionally and began to grow a thicker, fluffier coat. What remained of her jersey at her back started twitching as two lumps formed under Xilimyth's shoulders, increasing in size and girth until they were two huge bumps. Their rapid growth burst through the combined and mostly intact fabric on the back of her top and jersey. Cartilage and bone very quickly shifted and expanded as yellow membrane began to leather the new appendages. Sprouting at her back, two enormous dragon wings spread behind a growling Xilimyth.

At that point, Lola opened her eyes, giving the newly transformed draco-cheetah an appraising gaze. She separated their lips and licked her chops as she backed away, sensually staring at the expanding female. "Good luck with that, kitten," the gator girl smirked.

Xilimyth didn't feel or see Lola. Her thoughts had become befuddled with overwhelming sensations and pleasure she did not think could be real. The birth of her wings had triggered a new set of memories focusing on violent, extremely volatile feelings that involved an inescapable fate of wanton destruction. Her body reacted with an adequate measure of growth at a much faster rate than Xilimyth had been experiencing thus far. The draconic cheetah heard one final protest out of what remained of her outfit before it exploded into tatters as she suddenly planted her clawed feet on the floor and doubled in size.

Towering at over fifteen feet tall, the giant dreadlocked feline opened her glowing eyes and silently contemplated the changes without even paying attention to her surroundings. As she stood over her wrecked section of the food court, Xilimyth put a paw on her imposingly huge chest and another on her majorly wide butt. It didn't even occur to Xilimyth to even try to comprehend what kind of bra size she was supposed to use now that she was likely in need for a whole new alphabet just for one of her tits. They were outlandishly big, at least larger than her entire head each. Her ass was the perfect counterbalance for such a big chest, the round, perky buttocks giving her a favorable hourglass shape that didn't conflict with her newly acquired physique. Xilimyth had bulked up, indeed. Toned muscle represented her extremities and abdominals, allowing her to appear as feminine as a super-model while at the same time looking athletic. She had become a gigantic beauty.

“Oh jeez!” the draco-cheetah exclaimed suddenly as the glow in her eyes faded. “I’m so huge...! And...” she looked at her arms with a blink, “Well, huge.” She gasped as she let go of her curves only to shake her voluminous chest to check out the jiggle in her new mammaries. “Did... did Lola do this?” she wondered out loud as she grabbed her breasts and parted them to the side to allow her to look directly down. “Where did she go?” Xilimyth frowned as she found no sign of her peculiar friend; she had many questions! “I’m... ohh...!”

Xilimyth’s confusion was interrupted by the ineffable tingle that had governed her emotions for the last twenty minutes of swelling. She felt her entire body shudder before she shot up a couple feet larger, making her lose her balance and almost trip herself over. “Aaahhh...! It’s... it’s still going?!” as if to answer Xilimyth’s doubt, she hit her head with one of the mall’s displays as she grew even taller. “Owwie... s-stupid body! At least warn me. Ohhhh... okay! Another one coming...!” Although Xilimyth felt strangely familiar with the process, it still caught her off guard when she suddenly became bigger.

The draco-cheetah couldn’t yet zero in on what caused the growth bursts, but the start of every instance of expansion was similar. Her looming form would shudder all over, quaking with raw energy that somehow her body absorbed and turned into additional power. Fueled by this mysterious sensation of empowerment Xilimyth expanded to greater and greater sizes, shooting past the hanging displays and posters.

Unable and quickly becoming unwilling to fight the growth, Xilimyth found herself purring in delight. Her muscles and other sensitive areas like her breasts and rump weren’t developing any further, and in spite of that she was still awash with pleasure. Without the distraction of majorly erogenous zones being constantly stimulated by artificial constraint, Xilimyth’s brain began to take in the unnatural experience that was to expand.

Every last hair in her body, every cell, every last atom that made up her being enlarging all at once. It was unlike any other pleasure she had thus far tasted. Yet, a certain part of her cried out for it, demanding more and more without stop. Xilimyth was enjoying herself, however, never having had the chance to truly appreciate the altered perspective that she was gaining in addition to the enjoyable, inner stimuli.

She giggled as she pawed at the posters that got too close and became caught up in her gargantuan dreadlocks, later having to pull them off her cleavage as she grew larger and larger. Finding out about these marvelous and ongoing changes quickly became secondary to the feline’s curiosity. For whichever reason, the increasingly smaller mall had become a rather amusing place to examine now that she was so big.

As Xilimyth tried to waddle her gigantic 25ft. tall form around the vacated food court, she heard a loud crash. “I didn’t step on anybody, did I...?” the draco-cheetah gulped as she looked down. She had not caught anything underfoot, but her tail had knocked over several fast-food stands in a row behind her. “Oh sheesh! When did you get so big too?” the massive feline asked her broadly coated tail as she swished it up to catch it in her paws. Xilimyth purred at the soft texture and fluffiness. It certainly didn’t look like a cheetah’s tail anymore; if anything, it reminded her of a snow leopard’s. She brought her tail up and nuzzled it against her cheek with a grin, “I’m soooo soft!” she giggled happily, feeling her wings flap and shred through some of the displays around her. “Oh boy!”

With a bit of dexterity and using her massive bosom in tandem with her paws, Xilimyth managed to catch and harmlessly bounce off the LCDs and other broken equipment. “I have to be careful with these wings. At least they’re pretty!” She set all the stuff she had managed to capture aside with a

sigh of relief. Xilimyth had no idea if there was anybody left in the mall after seeing a patron suddenly swelling to gigantic proportions, but she rather enjoy herself without needlessly harming others. Especially with her constantly growing body, exploring the proverbially shrinking mall quickly became impossible. “Darn. I really wanted to see how small the water fountain was now. How big am I going to get anyway?”

The enlarging giantess bent down carefully and managed to crouch, but at over 40ft. tall and still growing, Xilimyth had no way to go under the escalators without smashing through them. She was running out of space. Her tits, ass, arms and legs were starting to clash everywhere, and it wasn't long before her body started to grow into the different kiosks, stands and stores scattered in vicinity. Xilimyth tried folding her wings in as she closed her eyes. She felt bad for the owners and customers that liked the mall, but she couldn't help herself. “I hope they buy the still a growing girl excuse, or else affording that iPawtch's going to be my lowest concern for a while!” the draco-cheetah had no idea just how big she was going to go, only that she wasn't enjoying the creeping claustrophobia of running out of space. With property damage out of her mind, the giantess truly was famished for fresh air.

Her wish was granted when she felt a particularly powerful tingle spreading out from her mid-section. Xilimyth shut her eyes tightly and prepared for the inevitable as she began to stand upright. She experimentally grazed the high ceiling of the shopping center to avoid hurting herself, having learned from earlier. The shuddering soon came and she started pushing out again. To avoid being squeezed uncomfortably, Xilimyth just stretched her arms and firmly gripped the corners on each side of the ceiling. She bit her lips in anticipation.

The feeling of her furry body parts running into different structures, squishing and subsequently pushing against them was akin to unwrapping a present, only that she was the one exiting the gift box instead. Part of Xilimyth was worried, sure, but this new experience was getting more and more exciting with each passing moment. At 50ft. tall, her body had filled out most of the mall's main area. The food court had long since disappeared under her squatting behind. Her arms were widely spread, elbows digging into concrete walls. Her creamy-white breasts alone had just finished destroying what remained of the hanging decorations. Xilimyth braced herself for the biggest growth spurt and simultaneously the mall and its surroundings had been properly evacuated.

From a bird's point of view, the huge leisure center and mall's ceiling was currently bulging like some sort of gigantic rabbit or badger was planning on tearing through. It was only a half-true assessment. The obscenely endowed giantess emerged with a thunderous collapse of the building that had briefly entrapped her. To Xilimyth's serendipity, her cleavage caught a grand amount of the resulting debris as her more than voluminous chest spilled forwards, effectively boob-crushing the lower ceiling of the neighboring building at the same time. “Eh-heh... one and one...” she nervously giggled to herself.

Bigger and bigger she swelled, her rump bumping everything behind Xilimyth back with the sound of cracking stone and concrete. She carefully twisted her hips, wiggling her enormous ass as if she was climbing out of some uncomfortably tight jeans. The feline dragon had broken 70ft. tall, and it didn't look like she was any close to finishing. “This isn't stopping...” the hybrid was torn. One the one hand, there was a pressing need for her to see this process through. The motivation was there, but it felt like more than that. It felt like she wasn't just experiencing the bliss, but it was, in turn, consuming her as well. On the other hand, Xilimyth wanted to have a different pace! The process, as enjoyable as it was, especially when unbridled, was completely out of her control. Sure, she was going to continue growing forever, but she wanted to do it how she wanted it.

The draco-cheetah finally jumped off the facilities that her legs had fully occupied now that she was



90ft. tall. The growth was picking up. She was speeding up, and it wasn't going to be long before things got way out of hand. As Xilimyth stepped out into the streets, her stomps sent arrays of vehicles into tumultuous chaos as their alarms sounded off due to the metric tons of heavy weight. She had no way to move without causing severe damage no matter where she went, so in the end, Xilimyth simply stood still.

"Panicking won't help!" she told herself. Xilimyth closed her eyes and joined her paws together in front of her giant bosom. She grew and grew, already past the hundred feet mark. The sensation was still as incredible as when she had first processed it a brief moment ago. It was addictive to the point of driving her crazy. The power rush was incredible and incomparable, but she had to find a way to slow it down to give herself a chance at truly enjoying this extraordinary new feeling.

There was absolutely no reason she shouldn't enjoy something that brought so much pleasure and wellness to her being. There was so much she wanted to do and so many new activities she could enjoy now that she was so big! What if she could resize herself at will? What if she could resize others? She didn't know the answers, but she certainly wasn't going to get them if she became so chaotically absorbed into it!

Xilimyth's massiveness soon knew no equal. Even the tallest business offices of the humble city had become eclipsed by her immensity. The only thing standing taller than the expanding draco-cheetah was a downtown skyscraper. At the peak of her growth, Xilimyth then realized it.

She didn't have to panic and she certainly didn't have to give herself up to enjoy this truly marvelous process. All she had to do was breathe and enjoy the moment. "Like ordering that big plate of yummy fries; I had to wait for it even while my tummy was growling. Distracted myself with something else... like chatting with a friend while waiting!" the cheetah smiled widely and felt relaxation get mixed in the pleasure of her gigantic body expanding, fusing together to form a pleasant, more measured kind of joy.

Xilimyth felt her heart-beat slow down. The outline of her body briefly glowed with a light blue aura before returning to normal. She slowly reopened her eyes and, now in control of Xilimyth's calm joy, the once rampant growth came to a halt. "Waaahh!" the cheetah almost lost her footing, being shocked by the sudden, rude change in perspective. Throughout her brief meditation she had shot up past 200ft. tall, and she could stare at the city skyscraper's antenna without having to crane her neck up. Xilimyth caught herself from falling by slamming a paw down onto a nearby parking lot. The sturdy building couldn't withstand such force, but fortunately the upper two levels had only two or three abandoned cars in it. "Whoopsies..." she hiccupped, putting a paw to her surprised mouth. "Hope nobody was there!"

Carefully surveying her surroundings for the first time since her changes had begun, Xilimyth realized that she really liked being this gigantic, even if she was far too big for any casual interaction with most people or everyday objects. The size difference between her and everything else not only turned her on, but her new proportions made her feel really beautiful and content with herself.

Xilimyth never knew she would like having such an enormous pair of breasts, for example. They were so distracting, yet they were amazing to play with and grope. Being this big and naked, too felt incredible and liberating. Finding out about her new body and power was something she wanted to make a priority, but she had no idea where to start. "Hmm, maybe I should start with those strange images in my head," Xilimyth mused out loud with one paw under her nose as she bopped the side of her head with the other as if trying to produce answers.

“D’aww. Don’t hurt your pretty little head, kitten!” a familiar, sunny voice made Xilimyth stop her ruminations. The giantess looked left and right to find the source of the voice until eventually she heard it again. “Down hereeee!”

Blinking, Xilimyth squinted down at her own chest and saw a tiny Lola half-wedged into her monstrous cleavage. “Lola! What are you...” the draco-cheetah gasped, “Oh sheesh. How long have you been in there?!”

The redhead brushed her hair back after dusting it off, coughing a little cloud as she laughed. “I guess I should’ve boob-dived AFTER you were finished outgrowing the mall. Derp!” she giggled, turning Xilimyth’s wry smile into a chortle.

“You crazy alligator! I’m so glad you’re fine. What did you do to me?” Xilimyth caught herself and shook her paw dismissively, “Not that I’m complaining, but a bit of warning next time, please?”

“Sorry, kitten! I couldn’t really wait, hehe!” responded a cheerful Lola as she relaxed against the gigantic fluffy tits. “I didn’t do anything other than kiss you, though, honest! It was a shock, but that’s how awakenings work!” As usual, nothing that Lola had said ever since right before the kiss made any sense to Xilimyth. But the draco-cheetah couldn’t really find the cryptic, bubbly gator’s declarations to be lies either. “Did you like it, though?” cooed the red-head up at the dreadlocked giantess, narrowing her eyes at her with a little snicker.

Xilimyth was about to open her mouth when she remembered the long mouth to mouth she had received earlier. Every last square foot of her cheeks became brighter than a tomato, even though Lola was literally snuggled in-between her breasts. The draco-cheetah began to wiggle about and whimper. “D-don’t tease me, you meanie!”

“You look so adorable when you’re nervous, teehee! Nothing like dishing out the awkward on a nigh-omnipotent being,” Lola relaxed back against the massive feline dragon’s bosom as if it was her bed. It was then that Xilimyth noticed that instead of her casual clothes from earlier, the redhead was wearing some sort of ancient-looking, silky white toga. Before poking for fashion details, however, Xilimyth was caught up on something in her last sentence.

“Nigh-omnipotent...? I mean, I’m big... like really big. I think plastic surgeons are going to hate me on the internet big, even. But...”

Lola grinned. “Oh, don’t you sweat the details yet, sweetie. I promise things will make sense soon enough. I’m just glad that I found out you have what it takes to deal with Her...”

Cat or not, Xilimyth’s curiosity was starting to get the better of her. Now that she had Lola around to answer her questions, it was time she informed herself. But that, is a different tale!

To Be Continued...