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The Many Growths of Xilimyth

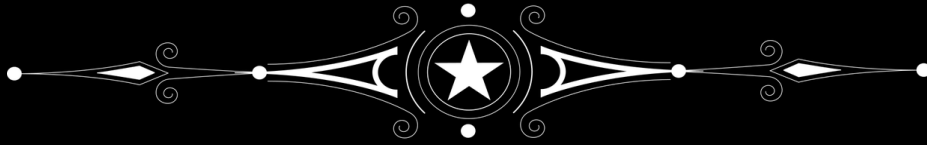
#1: Moving In

By

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The following contains: Anthro cheetah to eastern dragon TF, hyper breast growth, hyper muscle growth, tentacles, macro growth

Read at your own discretion.



It was everything they could have dream of with an added three hundred percent interest. Exactly why Brenda had been skeptical about it for the past two days.

"Prff!"

The cougar woman' stood on the threshold leading into what was going to be her new home for a while. Her pensive exhale came out sounding like the typical chirp of any old cat. A noise she made rather often.

This place was essentially a mansion; ten rooms, two floors, an extensive basement, and a swimming pool as the cherry on top. From her spot in the foyer, Brenda could spy a huge living room with two couches and a TV larger than the wall of her last apartment. This place has been advertised as furnished with room for personal belongings, but this was already looking ritzy.

All for the low, low rent of a diet Coke.

"I give up, Xili." Shrugging off a large duffle bag just inside the doorframe, she turned to her cheetah girlfriend making their way up the driveway. "There has to be a prffin' catch to all this. What is it?"

"Relax, Poom!" Xilimyths draconic wings jostled with her cheerful laugh. The chee's face wormed its way around the large box she was carrying to shoot a smile. It did little to ease Brenda's nerves. "I talked to our new roommate at length and we went over everything you could think of."

"Wha..."

"Yes. I asked about your science lab. There's plenty of basement space for you to set up a cougar lair."

"Prfff, it's not a lair!"

"Well, calling it your cave sounds a little mundane, doesn't it? Excuse me."

Brenda stepped inside the house proper, letting her dracat carry her blender collection inside. Actually, it was only the first of three boxes. All of them filled with blenders and an air fryer.

"Did you see where the kitchen is?"

"Think it's down to your right." Brenda's thin tail swayed low against the carpeted floor watching them stumble through the dividing walls.

There was a hard thunk, a short yelp, and then two seconds of silence before Xilimyth called out from beyond the veil. "Yup! This is the kitchen! I think I kicked over a water cooler, though. Not sure there's going to be room for the grills on this counter space."

"Prff, long as you get the espresso set up we can make do." Brenda laughed, long having accepted her girlfriend's need for three grills. She closed the front door deciding the rest of their stuff in the car could wait. The lock was an electric keypad, so it closed on its own after a short pause. "Where is our new roommate anyway?"

"He left us a gift basket in here."

"Prff?"

Following the sounds of excited chee squees, Brenda found the kitchen area to look pretty dang spacious. Granted, that might be because both the island and wall countertops were mostly bare. The only things already set out were two sets of cooking utensils and four different kinds of cooking ovens; microwaves, air fryers, toasters, and assorted mixes of all three. She almost ended up tripping on a black garbage bag set haphazardly beside the entrance arc, which was already knocked over from Xilimyth's earlier passing. Two more leaned against the wall in a line beside it. A small pile of crusty dishes in one of the four sinks helped sell the kind of person they were about to be dealing with.

"You think he'll mind if I put my Ninja oven by the second fridge?"

"Oh dear prff. Two hoarders in one house?" Brenda said in barely a whisper. An act that still made Xili's ear twitch.

"What?"

"Why does he have two fridges?" The cougar pivoted without missing a beat. Her question was genuine after realizing there was a refrigerator set up by the oven on one end of the kitchen, with a more boxy unit on the room's opposite end next to a doorway.

A doorway covered in warning signs and biohazard labels. Brenda felt a small red flag go up in the back of her mind the longer she studied this very decorative nook of an otherwise bland household. Did that fridge have a prrfin' retina scanner?

"Oh my god! Brenda!"

Xilimyth shouted so close and suddenly next to the cougar it nearly sent them jumping to the ceiling. When the cougar whirled at them with tail fur standing on end, it was to see them digging through a basket taking up the island counter like a miniature boat. Its contents seemed to consist of every confection known to man, plus a dozen bottles of different drinks.

"He got us chocolate covered coffee beans!" Xilimyth held up two bright blue bags at Brenda with the excitement of buried treasure. When Brenda didn't immediately accept one, it got dropped onto the counter so the other could be ripped open for immediate consumption. "Ah! Sweet, concentrated caffeine!"

"Try not to go into overdrive before we meet him." Ignoring the oddities in the corner, Brenda couldn't help giving their apparent goodie basket a glance over. Between two bottles of sparkling juice she finally found the expected greeting card addressed for them. "Prrrf? Says he had to go out to get us toilet paper. We can snack on anything in the fridge but he's also bringing back pizza just in case."

"Thanks the goddess! I'm famished after all that driving." Brenda was busy fishing out a packet of mint cookies from the pile, but could hear the cheetah opening the fridge door with a whoosh of released air. "Oh wow. You call me a hoarder? Our new friend really likes stockpiling milk."

"Prrf? Well, as long as he's sharing it's not so...PRRF! XILI!?"

Brenda had looked up towards the oven side of the kitchen before realizing the noises she was hearing came in the opposite direction. Her eyes went wide enough to swallow her forehead. The packet of opened cookies slipped from her fumbling hands and spilled across the floor.

Xilimyth stood before the fridge that looked reinforced to withstand a rocket launcher. Its heavy doors rested wide open showing various containers of glass and lock boxes within. One of which was a reused pickle jar full of white cream the cheetah was kicking back like water.

"What?" Xilimyth asked upon finishing. One hand absently wiped away milk that'd collected in her chin fur. "He said we could have anything in the fridge."

"Prff! Prff...prff..." The cougars could feel her legs getting weak, especilly with all the orange and green hazard stickers plastered on everything, including the empty jar in her girlfriend's hand. "I...I don't think he meant THAT fridge, hun."

"There's like eight more jars of this stuff if you want it." Xilimyth gestured with her free hand at the shelf of used pickle jars. The one with a conspicuously broken strip of yellow contamination tape. She seemed to take Brenda's hanging jaw expression as something different, for she shook the empty jar at them with a playful grin. "It's grape flavored."

The cougar shook her head, bracing against the counter. She'd worked with enough chemicals by now that it was hard holding back the panic at such a scene. At least neither of them were losing their hair or spouting a second head.

Not that she was aware of yet, anyway.

"I do appreciate someone that's into recycling. He's got class." Xilimyth slammed the fridge close with her hip in a turn towards the sinks. "I'm going to do some of his dishes before he gets back. Just to be a little ebil."

Brenda continued staring at the fridge long after Xilimyth had moved on. "How did you even open the locks? That thing has two different combinations."

"This is why you don't buy stuff on Amazon, Brenda," Xilimyth spoke casually about her wanton pillaging over the sound of running faucet water. "That stuff is so cheap you could break it with a screwdriver."

There was a bottle of sparkling cranberry juice in the basket with a warning label. Brenda decided it best to pop that open for a quick chug. A

rush of bubbly goodness on her throat was just what the cat needed for calming her nerves.

She had a million questions for their home owner when they finally got in. No one just keeps a government level security fridge in their home for fun. Only a small sliver of hope kept her from going into full panic prrf mode. It's not like her chee was on the floor suffering from some obscure plague virus or going Resident Evil mutations.

Nope. She was happily washing up some used frying pans as her body grew taller.

"Oh...prrf it all, Xili?!"

"Hm?" She glanced back at her poom, ear wiggling the obvious confusion. A quick rinse off allowed her to set the frying pan aside on a preset towel for drying. "You okay, Brenda?"

"I should be asking you that!"

She gestured frantically at Xilimyth's general body. Even with their distance apart, it was clear the cheetah had gained a good six or seven inches of extra height between the pair. More was slowly creeping onto that, visible by the way her shirt's hem slowly rose up and exposed her white stomach fur. The same could be seen in her pant legs sliding up her calves. Everything was losing its slack and getting tighter, especially around Xilimyth's...

"Oh my prrf..."

Brenda's words became a mesh of fumbled cat noises as her face burned bright. Yet she couldn't avert her gaze just slightly downward from meeting Xilimyth's very concerned eyes.

"Are you sure you're okay?" Xilimyth asked, absently tugging at the front of her shirt. It was starting to register how tight it was hugging her chest, but only when a few adjustments didn't ease the tension did she finally look down too. "Huh. Where'd the ground go?"

"Prrf!"

Brenda would have face palmed if she wasn't currently trying to process the fact her girlfriends breasts were swelling. Her cheetah had always possessed a rather gifted pair of mounds before. Now? They were

stretching out the front of her shirt so tight that the fabric was outlining them into nearly perfect spheres nearly a foot away from her chest. Its hem continued to rise with each extra inch of girth, drawing her flat stomach out into the open. The cougar could even see the outlines of bra cups underneath, rapidly losing their battle to contain the inflating mass, much less support it.

"Wow!" was not the reaction one would expect from a normal person. Xilimyth grinned ear to ear cupping the bottom of her very buoyant mammaries. Spotted tail thrashed against the cupboards while gently stroking up and down the curve of their fronts. Playful cat noises only grew louder as each pass took her a little longer. "This is so cool. Brenda! How do I look?"

"Like you attached an inflatable bra to a tank of helium."

"Thanks!" Her smile grew into a full tooth beam, hands squeezing gently at her boobs through the tight shirt. Xili was already growing past her own head in rounded size and it didn't look like her girls were going to stop there. "But they are actually getting pretty heavy. Mmmh! I can feel them sloshing, hun."

"Prrrf, glad you're taking this so well?" Brenda glanced from her happily expanding girlfriend around the kitchen. Not that she had any idea what to do in this situation. It's not like there was an emergency contact number on the gift basket or magnetized to the fridge.

Oh. Right.

"Xili? Exactly what kind of milk did you prrfin' drink?"

"Hmmm?" Xilimyth stopped her game of jiggling her basketball sized boobs out of sync to look in Brenda's direction. The purrs coming off her increasingly taller, top heavy physique could be heard across the house. Her eyes followed where the cougar was looking and only now remembered the fridge. Its two combination locks and eye scanner still showed signs of being disabled, probably for good. "Oh yeah! You think it was that special stuff doing this? My girls feel super tingly. You should try some."

"I'm thinking no, chee."

"Awww. You're missing out! I...woah?" Xilimyth's hands flew away from her chest like her squishy beach balls had become super hot. They fell with a sharp drop that sent them bouncing against the straining straps of her bra. At this point her shirt had drawn halfway up the curve of their shelf. Plenty of creamy furred flesh was spilling out from under the stretched hem. Most of the soft globes bulged from the space growing between shirt ends and pink bra cups, making the clothes look minuscule by comparison.

The fact those mammary spheres didn't stop bouncing is what truly shocked Brenda. Despite Xilimyth holding her hands up and away, they continued to slosh about like waves on the ocean. They must have developed their own form of gravity to get that kind of effect.

"Oh nyaaaaah!" The cheetah's muzzle contorted into a tense smile. Fingers curled into raised fists as her breast gave a lurch that threw her entire weight forward.

Brenda could swear she heard the churning of milk with such a drastic growth spurt. More of the white furred globes bulged through an increasing space between strained shirt and failing bra cups. Xilimyth was starting to sport a shelf over a foot away from her chest. Signs of overly erect nipples tented through the tight fabric wrapped around their girth, along with some widely stretched areolas.

Such a rapid increase in weight sent the dracat staggering a few steps. Draconic wings flared in an attempt to counterbalance, knocking over their gift basket in a clutter across the kitchen floor. Even after her trembling legs found their footing, she was left with a permanent hunch that left her big guns hanging like overly large sandbags.

Seeing them struggle so made Brenda briefly forget about the proximity danger inherent in whatever chemicals her girlfriend had consumed. She was by their side in seconds, offering what little support holding the cheetah by her shoulders could manage.

"Prff! Geez, Xili. Maybe you should sit down if this isn't going to stop? You're bigger than prffin' beach balls."

"I know, right!?" The way Xilimyth's head snapped around to look at the cougar behind her was almost horrifying. Seeing that toothy smile of childish joy for the eighth time today simple left Brenda wanting to face

palm. "Can you believe my bra is even still on me after that last jump? I bet I'm going to touch the floor before these babies stop."

A large amount of air slowly pulled into Brenda's nostrils, which she let seep out through her muzzle. Eyes stared back at that adorable cheetah face in a half squint. "Prrrrf, I guess that'd be some miracle of science."

"No kidding. Our new roomie is pretty awesome to just leave this kind of stuff laying around for us." Brenda felt the need to point out the breaking and entering part, but Xilimyth's eyes sparkled enough she could have had hearts for pupils. "Hey! I should try some other stuff in that fridge while it's open."

"Prrf! Maybe one thing at a time?"

"Yeah. I guess you're right." Xilimyth shuffled a few steps towards the living room, allowing Brenda to keep both hands on her along the way. Granted, the cougar got bapped good when a sudden shiver rocked both wings and spotted tail against her face. "Oaf! My back is feeling a bit itchy, poom. Mind giving me a scratch real quick."

"Prrf!?" Brenda shook her head to clear it of the spots lingering in her vision. "Yeah, sure. I...um...Xili?"

She had gently moved her partner's wings aside in order to better access the requested area. That was when she saw where the shirt had precut holes for said wings and stopped short. The back of Xilimyth's shirt was bulging in a different way. Like there were socks stuffed just under where the cheetahs wings started.

Except socks don't squirm with the energy of ferrets on coffee.

Maybe it was the shock of the situation cupping with a catamount's natural curiosity. Whatever Brenda needed to justify why reaching out to squeeze these bizzare lumps seemed like a good idea.

"Rwar!" Xilimyth cried up at the ceiling in pure bliss at the touch. All at once the mass on her back increased, pulling at her shirt into a massive tent that threatened to explode in Brenda's face. Before that could happen, the growths found a means of escape via the wing holes. Tension of squirming through caused them to rip wider as a result, but that didn't seem to register for the growing cheetah.

"That hit the spot. Thanks Brenda!"

"Um... prrf?" Brenda didn't even realize she was being addressed. Eyes the size of dinner plates remained transfixed in the sleek, semi-transparent tendrils worming their way out of her girlfriend's back. Their movements showed complete free range, swishing about like prehensile tails that explored the air and most of Xilimyth's back. "I don't think milk is supposed to do this."

"Mmmh! Sorry. I just need to stretch out." Without further warning, the bigger cheetah arched her back using the kitchen island for a brace. Boobs so big they could smash a melon pour across the polished surface while her rear perked up at Brenda with tail raised.

It would have been hot if the tendrils didn't go stiff and extend out and around the horrified Brenda. They threatened to coil around her before she rapidly backpedaled until her rear smacked into the sink. Even then she pushed back more, threatening to fall in. When the dark limbs stretched out their full length they easily surpassed Xilimyth's increased height. Skin remained smooth and shimmered under the kitchen lights, yet still possessed the same yellow and black spots of a cheetah.

"Hurrreh!" Xilimyth's lips curled into a snarl. her lithe body twisted back and forth in a very awkward butt dance trying to work the right tendons back there. "Almost got it. Hang ooon! Gaaah!"

She arched her back, tongue hanging out in a drunk daze of pure satisfaction.

Brenda could easily see why while standing behind them. The large amount of mass that pushed out from the cheetah's back and engorged both tentacles at their base looked like it'd been an endeavor.

Xilimyth relaxed atop the counter using her inflated breasts as a cushion for a brief respite. Despite her lazy breathing, the newly grown tentacles continued flexing their muscles. Her hips continued to vibrate with every rapid fire undulation, occasionally eliciting the cutest of feline chirps.

A rhythm that horrified Brenda as it slowly worked the bulged further along their wiggling lengths closer toward her. Thoughts of ducking out in a run for the car were quickly squashed. No way she'd leave Xilimyth to whatever weird things science was unleashing on them. Even as the

bulges slip up against the tip, which hovered dangerously close to her face. Hands blindly reached along the kitchen counter and grabbed at some of the dishes that had been washed.

Although, she doubted a whisk and soup ladle could provide a good defense.

"PRRF!?"

Well, the large lumps of spotted cheetah limbs didn't explode in the literal sense all over Brenda upon reaching their ends. The way they distorted and stretched out was arguably not a better outcome. One second the cougar was expecting to get drenched in some kind of alien ooze. A few blinks later and she was having a staring contest with two heads floating in mid-air.

They resembled heads anyway, with wide muzzles, a general indentation of eyes that shifted with expressions, pointed ears, and long protrusions coming out the top for horns. There were even signs of tongues when their mouths would open and close to imitate breathing.

Brenda slowly straightened herself, head coking to one side with a cautious flick of her tail. Both strange tentacle aberrations turned to mimic the gesture despite having necks. She turned her head the other way and they followed suit. Their features reminded her a lot like dragons, if only the balloon style outlines of one. The kitchen became uncomfortably still. Such a deep quiet amplified the sounds of Xilimyth's happy purring. Eventually, Brenda worked up the courage to raise her hand holding a whisk and wiggled three fingers at a head in greeting.

"Um...hi?"

At least the creatures coming out of her girlfriend seemed to appreciate the gesture. Muzzles twisted into an unmistakable grin with a thick tongue falling out. Brenda almost thought they looked ready to start speaking in response. Something that would have had her considering going for the car again.

Instead, they both whipped forward in a rush. Brenda opened her mouth to scream, only to regret the reflex when both dragon heads planted kisses across her face.

"Prff! Ack! TPPHHHTTT!!" She collapsed against the sink cabinets flustered and blinded from the act of affection. "Prff! PRRRF! PRRFING PRRF!! Uuuugh! Why do they smell of coffee?! Prrrf!"

""Mmmh! You doing okay back there po...oh!" The paradise of sensual bliss waned a bit on Xilimyth's mind. At least enough for her ears to swivel back at Brenda's sputtering noises. She flexed her wings trying to gaze over her shoulder, only to be greeted by a spotted tentacle head twisting to boop its featureless snoot against her nose. "Hey! Look Brenda! I got two heads!"

"Prff! Three...actually..." Brenda threatened to fall into the kitchen sink as she continued wrestling with the other spotted dragon snake trying to lap at her face. "I don't think this is something to be celebrating, hun!"

"Sure it is! I can see and act everything they do. Watch!" The head Xilimyth had been eskimo kissing whirled back to face Brenda mimicking it's broad smile.

Oh we're halfway there..... Oooooooh.... Living on a prayer!

While the pseudo-head flapped its jaws in time to the lyrics, the obvious way Xilimyth's muzzle twitched told Brenda exactly where they lyrics were coming from. Although the flourishing way her dragon tentacle rocked its head back was well performed.

"Is this really the time to...prrrf...wait..." Brenda slow turned her attention to the dragon tentacle she had managed to pin against the kitchen counter with a frying pan. Eyelids closed into such a tight squint her pupils could barely be seen. Under such an intense glare the trapped dragon extremity continued to grin up at her, tongue lashing out as if its licks could reach her. "You have control over these things?!"

"Yeah!" Xilimyth giggled, her other head continued mirroring her facial movements. "It's like having sock puppets, but on snake arms."

"Chee! You're...PRRRF!" Brenda's next mistake had been relaxing her guard in the rush of exasperation. That rewarded the cougar with another assault of affectionate kisses from Xili's spare tentacle. "Aren't you a little concerned you just grew monster limbs?"

"I mean, they don't make me look bad. Right?" Xilimyth puffed out her lower lip, eyes shining in that cute feline way that melts hearts.

Brenda hated that both dragon heads could pull off the same pathetic pout.

"Prrrf, growing tentacles isn't normal!"

"Don't forget the kick ass boobers!" Xilimyth rubbed the squishy mounds she'd left spread across the island counter this entire time. Her hips wiggled with renewed purring. "I'm going to like our new roommate if this is what his best stuff can do."

"Hun, I doubt what they consider the best stuff is put behind sealed locks and bio-hazard tape."

"No way! The best stuff is always locked away. It needs the best security."

"Xili, I think we should...prrrf? Never mind, you're growing again."

"I'm wha...oh, neat!"

The absolute defeat in Brenda's voice caught Xilimyth off guard that she didn't notice the sensation of pulling away from the island counter. A little mew escaped the cheetah's lips. Head tilted to one side in wonder at the way her hunched posture never changed but her epic milkers lifted off the cold marble until they were no longer touching it.

Given Brenda's view, the cougar's face burned a bright red watching her loves butt progressively stretch out the jeans it was in. Seams strained in a humming symphony as they gave out little by little. Spotted tail swished about in the air, adding to the number of Xilimyth's limbs trying to take a playful swat at her.

It wasn't until the waistband slipped from the cheetah's hips and allowed ample amounts of fluffy white flank to moon a foot over Brenda that she realized her cheetah wasn't just growing bigger in general. Those hips were giving off hard snaps, making Xilimyth bump them back an fourth. Inch after inch of additional bone added to their spreading girth. Whatever she gained in height seemed to come back double in curvy width.

Those were just providing plenty of room for the amounts of fat pouring into her rising butt. Brenda's brain flatlined for a second. The way those thighs thickened until they had to spread further apart, making the cheetah's rear jiggle like furry jell-o sparked even her primal instincts for a

moment. Denim strained, squishing the expanding glutes together in a desperate attempt to find room.

With one final tear the jeans split clean down the middle. What remained of the leggings were tore along the outside of thighs looking ready to crush a watermelon between them. Now free to loom over Brenda, the towering giant of cheetah tush jiggled with Xilimyth's joyful shifting, threatening to cast a shadow over the cougar.

"Hmmp!"

Xilimyth grunted from the sudden series of cramps and popping release going across her back. Shoulders rolled, expanding with new found strength that puffed into various deep creases in her fur. Ridged poured down her body in a waterfall, pushing out the fur of her back and sides in ways most bodybuilders took a lifetime to reach. Within seconds her ability to straighten out with huge breasts became drastically easier.

"Ooooo! What's going on down there?" A hand absently rubbed across her stomach, curious meows following the way her creamy white fur bubbled. Each little push found a lot less give thanks to soft layers of pudge melting away. Plates of dominating abdominal muscles settled into place, building a brick wall around her belly button.

"Prrrrf....b-big..." Brenda's brain finally came back enough to realize her cheetah girlfriend reaching over ten feet tall was closing the space between them. The fact she had to duck so as not to bang her head against Xilimyth's butt moving away from the sink was a truly bizarre experience.

"Hey poom!" The giant cheetah called soon as Brenda had entered their line of sight from across the kitchen. Having her beefed up spotted thighs pushed up against the island counter didn't seem to bother how little area she had left to move in. "Check this out!"

Without waiting, Xilimyth shot both arms up and brought them down in an inward flex that squished her breasts between her biceps. The result was something Brenda considered working a bike pump. All at once, the cheetah's lean limbs tensed and swelled with the use of its muscles.

And then said muscles swelled several times in size, firmly grinding the tits trapped between them together. An act that caused them to inflate a

few more sizes until the excess was spilling over the bulking forearms under them.

"Prrrf!?" Brenda's eyes shot open so wide that her forehead vanished behind them for a moment. "What the...how the prrf are you doing that?"

"I don't know!" Xilimyth spread her arms, letting her boobs flop against her muscular front with a harsh snapping of bra straps. Soft coos escaped her curious open muzzle as she looked to one raised arm. It turned this way and that, her eyes intently studying how this new bulk stretched out her spots. Before Brenda could get another word out, the cheetah shot a wicked grin back down at them. "Betcha I can do it again!"

"Wait, Xili!"

Both arms flexed in the classic double bicep pose. It wasn't just Xilimyth's arms, her everything drew tight, creasing her fur from the tension, and then exploded in a rush of additional growth. The expansive spreading of her torso coupled with breasts billowing further away from her rib cage saw the cheetah's shirt shatter off her in six different pieces. What swelled out from under it looked nothing short of a mountain range of feminine power. Her biceps pulsed three inches, six inches, so thick they surpassed Xilimyth's head in size. The twin Dragon heads coming out of her back danced with the happy purring vibrating off the walls. Their wiggling bodies grew thick along with their owner.

More seemed to build up into her waist, which wanted desperately to keep up with the span of her shoulders. A butt bigger than the bumper of a car, and much softer than pillows, was spilling over into the kitchen sink even with her legs pressed up against the island counter several feet away.

"This milk is awesome!" Xilimyth gave another hard flex. Much to her disappointment, and Brenda's immediate relief, no further additional beef thickened out the cheetah. "Ah well, at least my curves are epic."

"Prrrf, among other things." Brenda felt satisfied seeking temporary refuge in the archway dividing the living room from the kitchen. Even then she had to crane her head pretty far back in order to glance Xilimyth in the eye. Granted, the enormous naked breasts lunged forward like tiny hills of snowy fur, making both of their viewpoints difficult. "Maybe we should get you outside or something before we lose our security deposit?"

Such a suggestion got an unexpectedly strong laugh out of Xilimyth.

"Silly poom! We haven't paid the deposit yet!"

Much as the cougar really wanted to explain how that didn't make this unfolding situation better, it was comforting that Xilimyth started doing her best to shuffle around the kitchen anyway. The cheetah had gotten so tall her purple haired ponytail came undone from rubbing against the twelve-foot high ceiling. All the cumulative muscle and fat filling out her thickened figure gave her tiny shuffling footsteps enough weight that the nearest cabinet doors rattled. And then there was the extra feet added to the draconic wing span to worry about.

"Oops!" Or perhaps not. A few unwilling flexes of her many additional limbs was all Xilimyth needed to clear the counter of dishes and appliances. She looked especially mournful when her tail brushed the java machine to an untimely death. "Remind me to pay our guy back for that."

"I'm still positive he'll be more concerned about the fridge."

"But I didn't break the fridge. Just its locks."

Brenda dragged one hand down across her face pondering if it was worth pressing the actual point.

"Oooooohhh!" Further commentary was put on pause after the loud, pleased gasp Xilimyth let out. Spotted hips gyrated in an awkward dance that might have been her struggling to stay balanced. The harsh back and forth sloshing of those fat cheeks were quick to unwittingly fluster Brenda into forgetting she was in danger of getting smacked by them. "Nyaaa! I'm starting to feel weird."

"Prff! Only *starting* to feel weird?!" Brenda jumped back just in time to avoid a hard whip from her girlfriend's tail. Her back hit a wall just beside the arch into the living room.

Lucky for them, Xilimyth had taken several clumsy steps in a different direction. It didn't stop the left side of her flank from grinding against Brenda's nose with their turn, leaving the cougar seeing spots and love hearts as her glasses tilted off one ear.

The thick girth of improved thigh muscles made it impossible for Xilimyth to press her knees together for careful, dainty steps, not for lack of

trying. She barely made it three steps toward the door leading towards the back yard when her hips gave a really wide rotation under whatever force was compelling them to move. Arms, wings, and tentacles flailed out to her sides. unable to fight gravity's hold on her two boulder breasts and she fell forward off balance.

The resulting landing on all fours sent Brenda jumping a few inches off the floor, along with most of the kitchen furniture. Massive cheetah tits oozed across the tiles, squishing between and around the stiff towers of Xilimyth's bulky arms. Those mounds clearly had a few feet more reach as they practically served as bean bags in such a position.

"Oooh! Haaah!" Xilimyth's breathing became so labored there was a visible stream coming out her hanging maw. Eyes drifted back at her raised tail half-closed in ecstasy.

What little remained of the woman's pants didn't last much longer. Her rear jiggle hard enough that it made a soft clapping sound, followed by a sloshing of even more feline fat bloating it out. Xilimyth rocked back and forth against her breast supports in time to each extra inch spreading out her hips. The waistband of her jeans popped, sending scraps of denim sliding off her impressive furry hump. Another slosh and her panties gave a harsh snap that sent her hulking curves quivering.

"Prrrf! Well, at least she's a bit more balanced?" Brenda mused in slack jawed awe at the massive rear rising before her. No way they were getting out a doorway with that span. the arch into the living room might even be a stretch at this point.

"Oof!" Xilimyth might not have been paying attention in her drunken pleasurable fun. Her back arched against the ground, grinding her crotch against the floor with chest pushing out the best it could under so much boob. Dragon wings flared out, striking cabinet doors and scrunching against the walls. "T-there's that tickle again, poom! I think I...Nya-AAH!"

There was a popping like a champagne cork and next thing Brenda knew she was being watched.

"Oh prrfdamn it."

It was hard to tell from where among Xilimyth's already crowded back the new tentacles erupted from. The fact there were now six faux dragon

heads bobbing around the air on noodle necks started to make the cougar really worry about their situation. At least they seemed happy in their various actions. Two smiled down at Brenda like kittens ready to play. One looked like it was trying to get a coffee machine back onto the counter. The other three rummaged through cupboards and the real fridge. It made the cougar wonder how much of this Xilimyth actually controlled.

"What the hell?" The cheetah snapped so suddenly with a surprising level of annoyance. "There's no food in this kitchen."

"Prrrf?" Brenda's ears twitched in her almost blanked response. A quick glance at some of the open doors did confirm all their storage was completely bare. That still felt like a low priority to about twenty other things going on. Especially the tentacle attempting to coil affectionately around her waist.

"Yeah. That's why I left a gift basket, sillies."

A high pitched mew rang across the house before Brenda could catch herself. She had just managed to push away the overly playful dragon head when the masculine voice decided to speak right next to her.

"Sorry." The blue feathered avian waddling his way into the kitchen gave her an apologetic look. Both his wing-like hands were outstretched in an effort to carry no less than ten pizza boxes over to the kitchen island. Two of the dragon heads went ignored as they swerved their thick tentacle bodies out of the way, looking at him curiously. "I thought you might be busy with all the rumbling, but these are heavy."

"Prrf! Um, hi?" Brenda managed to squeak out. Her attention became divided between the bird brushing black hair out of his eyes and the behemoth cheetah moaning on the floor unnoticed five feet away from them. "I'm guessing you're Desmond, our new roommate? I'm Brenda."

"A pleasure to meet you!" He strode forward, nearly grabbing Brenda's hand before she could offer it in a shake. Yellow beak curled into a grin full of energy. All six of Xilimyth's tentacles hovered around behind him, sizing his pear-shaped form through many perspectives. "Yeah. I'm Desmond. I hope you and your girlfriend like it here. There's always some issue with retaining long-term residents. Speaking of which; where's this Xilimyth?"

"Prrrf, um..." Once Brenda was allowed to have her hand back, she made a spinning motion with it. After a few seconds of blank staring, Desmond seemed to pick up the hint and turned around.

"Wark?" Desmond gave a sharp turn and found himself beak to snout Eskimo kissing a very delighted dragon head. The sharp chip he emitted had a sing-song tone, giving this bizarre scene an almost Disney level of quality. "Oh. The paperwork said you both were cats. I thought this was your pet hydra."

"Why would I have...?" Brenda started, shaking her head violently in an attempt not to jump between too many points. "That's my girlfriend, Xilimyth!"

"Hey. Nothing wrong with that!" The bird was giving Xilimyth's extended limb scratches under the chin with both wing-hands, much to its tongue wagging delight. "I've dated some dragons in high school. Monster girls rock."

"Prff! Well...while I agree with that in principle, that's not what's going on here."

"What's a prrf?"

"Wha?" Brenda blinked. The almost random question took a hard shift off the wiggling was of tendril faces her mind had focused on. "Oh, that's just a sound I make. Hey! Listen! Shouldn't we be concerned about the mutated mess happening in the kitchen?"

Desmond had wrangled himself away from three of the affectionate heads in order to dig out a slice of pizza from his stack. "Probably, but it's not like we can do anything about it. This is why I lock my stuff up in that fridge you girls broke into. Would really like to know how you got past the retina scanner. You like Hawaiian, by the way?"

"I'm more of a sausage lovers. Also, what the prffin' heck do you store in that fridge!?"

"I don't like to brag, but I'm something of a scientist," is what Brenda thought Desmond was saying with a beak full of pizza. The blue bird took a moment to swallow a large lump down his throat and continued. "Spent a few years training in alchemy, learning nature, stealing data from various European governments, and had an adventure being kidnapped by native

tribes in Africa. You'd be amazed what a hyena can teach you about mixing chemicals."

"Not as much as you might think." Brenda raised an eyebrow looking down at the short rambling man. In two sentences, he'd somehow made her want to ask over twenty questions at once. Half of them involved the terms of their new rental lease.

"NYAAA! MRRRREEEOOOWW!"

She couldn't get a syllable out before Xilimyth's pleased groans and billowing roars reminded the pair she was taking up half the kitchen. A quick glance over made it quickly apparent to them that she was proceeding to demand even more space. The mutating cheetah rose onto hands and feet, looking like an over buffed feral animal for a few seconds. The mesh of tentacles danced around above her, bumping into walls and whatever furniture unfortunate enough to get in their way.

Loud pops range out across the cheetahs dense range of bulging muscles. Limbs stretched out first one way and then the other. Hips twisted in opposition to her shoulders as if trying to ring out her spine like a towel.

"Oh, wark!" Desmond chomped on some more pizza. Yellow glowing eyes became enrapture at the way her feet were shifting. Heels rose high into the air riding along growing bones in a permanent arch. That put all the pressure on the balls of her feet, which were crackling wider and thicker into massive platforms for increased support. Toes popped like popcorn one after another, bloating triple their size with claws to match. "Did you know there's a cheetah under your hydra girlfriend? They got some wicked sweet paws."

"Prrrrf, the cheetah IS my girlfriend!"

"Oh? So you're in a polycule?" Desmond chewed on the last bit of pizza crust, still enraptured at how Xilimyth's fingers dug little trenches in the kitchen floor. Those were also getting pretty thick and padded for a paw-like appearance. "I've got plenty of bedrooms to spare so it's not like I haven't hosted them before."

"Prrrrrf..." Brenda had both hands gently running down her face, not wanting to dignify this man's comment any further. It was when she looked

back at Xili to check their progress she got something new to worry about. "Is she getting longer?!"

"Hm?" Desmond took a step back, avoiding another pair of the dragon-headed tentacle's growing fresh out of the cheetah's back. Joining Brenda pinned against the far wall beside his busted fridge safe made it easier to see what they were talking about. Xilimyth's plump backside nearly reached the kitchen sinks while her shoulders were starting to pad on paw-hands into the living room. The space between elongated into a heck of a spotted waist.

"Ooooh!" Xilimyth's head rolled back and forth, bumping into the swell of her beefy shoulders. At least for a bit. Her body wasn't content with stretching out her middle. Every attempt at a stretch popped a new spinal plate into her neck, gradually pushing that feline head further towards the ceiling. "This feels so nice! Could you guys give me a belly scratch?"

"Prff!?" Upon feeling Desmond step forward with scary enthusiasm, Brenda's arm shot out, pinning him back against the wall with her hand.

This had been more so he didn't get thrown aside when Xilimyth's tail erupted in a growth spurt going the opposite direction. The bird had just barely missed getting his head rocked by the tip of a spotted yellow tail gliding past like a giant anaconda. So much muscle was growing out of her extending spine that it was even driving her glutes apart at the base. As time went on the changing cheetah began to resemble a meaty barrel with limbs attached than a humanoid.

"Neat!"

Desmond had somehow squirmed under Brenda's hand and was busying himself petting the tail slinking around the kitchen and back out their front door. Despite some distance away from Xilimyth's hips, the twitching appendage still came up to his waist easily.

From craning her head a bit, Brenda could see a large bush of spotted hairs had grown out of the tail's tip. Something it used to sweep dirt off the pavement on its trip down the driveway.

"YIP!" A loud crash brought both their attentions upward, where Xilimyth's head had the unfortunate introduction with a ceiling fan. Her neck had gotten a good four or five feet long in its own right. Although, the rest of

her growing body was taking up most of the kitchen and well into the living room by this point.

Desmond's eyes grew watching that cheetah head dance around in experimentation for her neck's newfound flexibility. After which, it coiled back around, only needing to bend it's equally limber waist a little in order to bring herself nose to beak with him. The crumbling of plaster with her bulk crowding the archway between rooms went ignored. "Hi! I'm Xilimyth. Brenda's pet hydra."

"PRRF!?" Hearing her name seemed to jolt the cougar out of her stupor. The sheer marvel of seeing her girlfriend becoming bigger and longer than two elephants was truly a sight. And the ceiling was sounding like it didn't care for all the tentacles getting pushed against it. Xilimyth had to have grown another three sets out of that cluster, with signs of more bumps rising out of the growing room across her back. "Xili! You're not a hydra!"

"Tell that to these guys!" Xilimyth jerked her head at a group of four dragon heads that'd wound around to grin at Desmond. "This is Bob, Brenda jr, Steve, and Mable."

"Don't prrfin' name them!"

"You are taking this surprisingly well," Desmond said as he eyed the grinning bunch of floating heads with calm curiosity. "Most roommates I get sample one experiment and immediately ask for their security deposit back."

"Can..."

A loud rumble followed the collapse of the wall separating most of the bottom floor. Xilimyth's thickening torso continued pushing her body across the living room while dragon wings fanned out, flipping pictures off walls and spilling fake plants.

"No. It's way too late to recover my spare house."

"Heh. It was pretty good milk." Xilimyth's head bumped playfully against Desmond's in lieu of a handshake, given her hands were big enough to encompass his head and currently breaking down another wall over a hundred feet away.

"Xili!? Come on. I don't think..." More crackling noises stopped Brenda short. Xilimyth's tail had gotten so thick it not only took up the entire doorway, but was forcibly widening it with every extra foot sliding its length outside. "Actually, we should probably get out of here now."

"Yeah," Desmond agreed. Both wings were scritchng along Xilimyth's offered chin and neck. The cheetah's muzzle hung open in a pleased grin despite the soft snaps of her jaw lengthening. Teeth were visibly dropping into vicious dagger teeth. Thick whiskers grew in bushels under her nose, which the bird seemed to enjoy playing with. "This is not going to end well for my insurance claims."

Brenda gave a few flustered 'prrrs' in her efforts to scale over the enormous cheetah-spotted dragon tail crushing most of the kitchen space. The island counter had been crushed to dust somewhere between Xilimyth's tail and muscular thigh. Good thing cougars are naturally good climbers. She rolled over to the side, landing on her feet in silent grace in what little floor space remained.

There came the crinkles and shattering of glass, but she had no idea if it was coming from the kitchen, living room, or just everywhere in general. Xilimyth had a hand going down one hallway in a stretch while seven of her tentacle heads wound their way up the stairs in search of...Brenda couldn't begin to guess their intent right then.

There didn't seem to be a point trying to count all the extra limbs bunched across the ceiling. Every extra foot of back Xilimyth stretched out got just as quickly overtaken by another growth of tentacles. Brenda was starting to wonder if that cluster of wiggling muscles were becoming the dominant part of her body, despite the hulking cheetah-dragon under them.

"WARK!"

Desmond had gotten himself distracted by the enormous boobs bulging their way out the back windows to notice Brenda shaking him by the shoulder. When that failed, the cougar picked him with both hands for a quick carry out the back door around said boobs. The bird's weight was surprisingly light for how thick his lower body was curved.

A low rumble told Brenda she had gotten them out with barely time to spare. She set Desmond down and turned in time to watch every window explode from the internal pressure. The roof collapsed shortly after,

flattening everything atop the first floor walls. Something told her that surviving support had more to do with the monstrous cheetah inside than the wall's quality. Especially with the way their home's remaining foundation was trembling, slowly bending outwards in all directions.

"Prff! How big is she going to get!?" Brenda jumped at a loud crash. The front door, and by extension the house's front in general must have given way for Xilimyth's butt. She could see the tuft of the cheetah's meaty tail waving back from across the street.

"How much did she eat?" Desmond still had his attention on the plush breasts slowly crumbling away the walls around his kitchen windows, rolling out across the grassy lawn with spotlight areolas staring back at them.

"I don't know. About a gallon of milk."

"Oh, well...wark! A whole gallon?!"

Brenda's ears fell flat. That was the first sign of genuine worry she'd heard from the chocobo since his arrival. "Prfff, y-yeah?"

There was a loud crash that made both of them jump. One of Xilimyth's massive hand-paws had busted through the remaining back wall. It landed with a crash on the ground in front of Brenda, nearly rocking her over from the tremors. The dang paw could have blanketed her if it reached just a bit further.

"WE are nowhere near far enough away," Desmond mumbled as he watched a cheetah head rise up out of the crumbling house on its extended neck."

"Hey, Brenda! I can see our last place from here!" Xilimyth's voice boomed cheerfully across the entire neighborhood. Several car alarms went off as a result, which didn't seem to bother her. The cheetah was busy wiggling in the tight walls as one dragon tentacle after another busted through the layers of wrecked floors.

"Twenty-six...twenty-seven...thirty-four..."

Brenda's head slowly turned from the insanely long cheetah-dragon breaking up her new house to the blue feathered roommate trying to count each fuzzy dragon head that emerged. Truly the mess of black spotted

yellow limbs was a living forest all its own, using Xilimyth's body as the planter.

At least until the walls finally came crumbling down. Xilimyth's animalistic feet stretched out across the street, overturning asphalt with her thick paw pads. What remained of the other three walls toppled over, allowing her to uncurl a body that had become as wound up as a garden hose. The length of her body ended up having hands crashing through the fence of one neighbor while tail plowed through the garage door of another from clear across the street.

"Heehee! I'm so loooong!" Xilimyth giggled, wiggling around in the open space and destroying four different properties at once. Roof debris flaked off with help from another seven dragon heads sprouting out of her lower back. It didn't seem to matter if there was even room for their thick girth anymore. They found some way to grow from within the cluster of limbs.

Desmond crossed his wings with a knowing nod. "I'd say about three hundred feet...rounding up."

"Prff! And she's still going!?"

Brenda's jaw dropped when Xilimyth finally rolled over onto all fours again. Her girlfriend seemed rather content with staying in this posture despite the way her mountainous breasts threatened to drag along the street. If anything, the cheetahs growth looked to be picking up speed the larger she got. They made trains shorter than this woman. Loud whooshes could be heard with her tail lashing through the air as her thickened backside did a happy dance.

"Does the HOA know about your experiments?" Brenda asked Desmond. Anything to distract herself from the tangle of countless dragon heads casting shadows across the houses.

"They tried to stop me a few times," Desmond replied rather casually for such words. He was watching as Xilimyth turned to talk to them, only to become distracted by the pile of debris that'd been the bird's property. "Funny thing about turning people into bunny-taurs is how quickly it can change their minds."

Don't threaten the landlord with legal action. Brenda made sure to note that as super important for the future.

"Besides, I already said this was a dummy house, anyway. Our real living quarters are a few miles south of here."

"You built a dummy house?" The cougar didn't think her jaw could drop any further today.

"What? It's not like I'm going to test experiments where I live. We can gather your stuff and settle in before dinner."

"I guess that's some good news. Prrrf." Brenda let relief ease out the tension in her tail. "Waaait—" One bad thought later had her staring at the bird with heavily squinted eyes. "You sent us to your dummy house with experiments in it!?"

Desmond's mannerism devolved into a series of nervous chuckles, unable to look her in the eye for more than a second.

"Oh my goddess!!" Xilimyth's sudden scream was close enough that both of them had to clamp their ears trying to save their hearing. Another round of car alarms were set off by such a thunderous boom. " Brenda! I can't believe this! This is horrible!"

"Prrf! Calm down, Xili!" Brenda nearly screamed at full volume herself, given she couldn't hear how she was talking after that outburst. "We can figure this out with a bit of extra science. It'll be okay."

"We can't science back a house, poom."

"...what?"

One of the massive hands, or maybe front paws now, reached out and dug around the debris of the house decorating more of the yard. Xilimyth's mooney face looked and chunks of plaster being turned over in her claws and over to Brenda. Eyes became glossy in pouty tears, while the cougar marveled at being able to see herself reflected in them.

"Our house is gone. Now I gotta find a bed long enough to fit me."

"Prrrf? Wait! What!?"

A harsh vibration knocked Brenda off her feet. with one big push off the earth, Xilimyth reared back onto her massive paw feet. An action that parted clouds and demolished fences from the windstorms. The dozens of tentacles dancing off her back threw shadows across houses, if not the entire county, an extension of her body's shadow reaching down the street into the distant mountains. Rounded toes gently dug deeper into the street, making it clear the enormous dracat was still growing.

Xilimyth's hard pivot sent her tail sailing over the neighborhood. Wind picked up from its thick girth was enough to fluster Brenda's hair. They were just glad she raised it high enough not to bowl over the houses before strolling away. Every thumping footfall tickled her rear on the grass with soft tremors, even after getting quite a distance away.

At some point, Desmond had flopped down next to her, joining the spectacle of a dragon-cheetah exploring a mountain landscape. Some of which she was getting big enough to lay of stretchy body across. A few flaps of wings sent snow flying off the tops, possibly creating an unseasonable blizzard for residents in her path.

"Prrrrf, she's going to be okay...right?"

Xilimyth flopped across three mountains at once. The resounding boom of which reached the pair seconds later. Light pouting snuffles danced across the air, confusing everyone for miles around.

"She'll be fine," Desmond said, giving his new room mate a reassuring pat on her shoulder. "Nature is healing, Brenda."

Rusty metal joints could almost be heard squeaking with how Brenda turned her head in slow, jerky, twitches to stare at the bird smiling beside her. All emotion had left the cougars face, overwhelmed by every event in the past hour.

"This sucks not having a roof over my head!" Xilimyth's commanding voice whined in the distance. Countless tentacle dragon heads danced in the skyline enjoying their time in the sun. "I didn't even get to eat any pizza."

"She has a point," Desmond said, gaze drifting at the pile of broken walls and dreams before them. "You think any of the pizza survived that? It wasn't exactly cheap."

"Prrrrrrf!" Brenda couldn't keep a slight irritation out of her voice this time. "Xili just became the largest and curviest muscled monster I've ever seen and you're worried about the pizzas!?"

"Actually, I'm worried about the tentacle winding its way back to us."

"The wha..."

Turns out having a dragon's head the size of a dump truck come crashing down upon the wreckage is one way to startle an already stressed cougar. The cheetah furred monstrosity seemed to ignore the mewling cries of terror, dragging its tongue across rubble that lapped it up into its eager maw. Brenda didn't bother trying to get the frizzle out of her tail after noticing the large puddles of white liquid pooled under what used to be a roof.

"Uh, Desmond? Your fridge broke open!"

"Hm? Oh that?" The blue hybrid rubbed at his fox nose with a chuckle. Seeing Xilimyth's appendage lick it up like a kitten must have been endearing in some weird way. "I wouldn't worry too much. You're hydra's hungry, is all."

"Prff! Xilimyth is not a...is that your fridge?"

The draconic looking head rocked back and forth, pseudo-teeth gnashing at the square metal object it'd managed to lick up. Looked like reinforced steel did very little to hinder its snacking. After a few seconds of grinding it, and all the experiments inside, into smaller debris, everything got swallowed down with ease. Desmond could visibly see a large lump traveling along the outstretched tentacle, going miles back to the cheetah still in a slump on the horizon.

"Well, that's not good!"

The almost emotionless way he said that somehow made Brenda wonder how badly the world was going to end.

"Burp!" Xilimyth's main body shook hard enough to cause landslides, her head rearing up on its long neck in surprise. "I'm feeling those tickles again. Ooooo! My neck itches!"

Watching the world's longest cat attempt to scratch at a neck longer than the muscular arms reaching for it was a sight beyond words. All that

beef bloating out her biceps looked to be hindering their flexibility to the point she could only reach a little ways past the base. No where near the midway point that was puffing into a spotted bulge.

"Prff! What the heck is happening to her now?"

"She just ate half a year's worth of unrefined experiments and you expect me to know that?" Desmond laughed, but then rubbed his beak. "I'm kinda jealous though. Only a genius would think to try them all at once."

Brenda squinted her eyes down at the sitting bird. "You can't be real."

"Gyaaah! Hooaaaa RRRRWAAARRR!!"

Xilimyths roars echoed loud enough that most of the state could probably hear her to some degree. Her head rocked back and forth with a look of great strain, though the neck it was on had become so grossly rounded it lost almost all mobility. Concern about some actual harm occurring made Brenda almost miss the fact her girlfriend had resumed growing. The tuft of her tail had started slinking past the mountains down into valleys and towns beyond. The rolling moons that were her breasts were doing a great job reshaping the entire landscape with their rolling squish.

"PRRF!"

Brenda nearly felt her heart stop when a loud tearing noise sounded off, followed by a lot of wet slapping sounds. The mass inflating Xilimyths neck had reached its limit, splitting her flesh into several segments.

It took a minute of fighting the need to faint for the cougar to realize the enormous spotted dracat wasn't raining bits all over the state. Wiggling around the space between Xilimyths shoulders were seven individual necks, each a stalk for their own identical head.

"Weeeeeee!!" One of them exclaimed as it took in the view looming over the cloud lines. "I can see the earth's curve from here!"

"Ooooh!" Another exclaimed. "I think my toes are dipping into the great lakes. Look how big our butt's getting."

"Our boobs are even bigger." The cheetah's massive paw-hands drummed the top of her rolling tit bed. Its resounding 'wubs' sloshing against the planet's crust might have caused an earthquake somewhere."

"Hi Xili!" Yet another dipped in and gave its sister a playful head butt.

"Hi Xili!" It bumped the other head back.

"Hi Xili!"

"Hi Xili!"

Their greetings between seven dracat heads continued on for quite some time. Almost all the skyline was little more than yellow and black spots. Those at a good enough distance could still make out the intense muscles of an eastern dragon body with feline traits.

Brenda flopped fully onto the grass of her destroyed home's lawn, unable to entertain what it must be like up close and personal with those giant bappers of Xili's.

A sharp whistle reminded her of Desmond's presence. "I knew she was a hydra. Think she'll end up in space?"

"Prff!" Rolling back and forth on the ground with hands covering her face was probably not how he expected Brenda to answer. One of the dracat's hands had come down nearby, sending a dust cloud over the neighborhood, but she remained where she laid.

There seemed little point in worrying that Xilimyth was prancing around the country on all fours. It's not like either roommates had any means to stop her. While four heads were holding a conversation on how they planned to cook a kaiju-sized dinner, the rest amazed themselves at how her feet could be on the coast while hands dipped their meaty fingers across four state lines.

"OH!" One head certainly got a jump scare when something big and metal went sailing by, narrowly missing her nose. Everyone else swiveled on their neck stalks as they caught sight of a few more listing through the air. For having a lot of vantage points, it took her a minute to realize they were satellites orbiting the planet. Many of which had their giant camera lenses trying to take in the scope of her lengthy, beefed up form.

"Hi!" All seven heads smiled and roared at once. One hand rose off the atmosphere to wave at her audience from space. "I'm Brenda's hydra, Xilimyth!"

"Does she really have to introduce herself like that?" Brenda said, her chest heaving an exhausted sigh. A sudden rumble from her middle had the cougar bolting upright. Both hands hugged around her waist. "Oh prrrf! Ugh!"

Desmond raised an eyebrow at her. "You okay over there?"

"Y-yeah. All this stress is making that cranberry juice I drank want to come back up, is all."

"Ooooooh!" The word came out in a long, very alarmed, breath. Brenda slowed turned to squint at the bird, who was actively scooting across the grass away from her. "I forgot about the gift basket in all this."

"Prrrrrrf..." Brenda squeezed at her belly trying to stifle a groan. Hearing him say something like that somehow made the churning of her insides monumentally worse. A vague recollection of a warning label on that drink bottle flashed in her mind. "Desmond? What was in the cranberry juice?"

"Nothing!" After a few meters, the chocobo jumped to their feet and continued stepping back towards the partially destroyed roads. "I'm just going to go...get my...hair done. You girls should be back to normal in a few days. Have fun while I prepare the real home."

"Prrf!?! What do you mean *both* of us? HEY!" Brenda held out a hand but her legs were feeling too noodly to get up. She could only watch rubbing at her abdomen while Desmond hopped into the closest car and took off. "That's my prrfin' car. Jerk!"

<title>

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Afterward

Hello, you beautiful person! I hope you enjoyed this story as much as I loved making it. If you'd like to read more, feel free to check out several of my other platforms where I post content for free and special exclusives.

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