

Phenomenon Acoustics Compilation #32

By

Desmond Fallout

Contents

To Raise an Army

Make Xilimyth Huge Again

Busting the Beah

The Celestia Diet

All these stories are made possible to my generous patrons and commissioners. Thank you all for the support. :3

To Raise an Army

Wise men would say there are no shortcuts in life.

Errol would say such men are suckers. What was the point of wasting years learning to twist the fabric of reality to one's will if not to cheat? Go ahead and judge such a philosophy, but consider how many people that did not gain success through self-serving tactics or lucky inheritance. No. Hard work was for talentless minions and losers.

Just like the regulars of the Wolf's Alehouse on this fine, warm evening. Five angry losers sat around Errol at a circular table, glaring and grumbling as they lost another hand to her. When the brown-haired mouse waltzed in barely into her twenties and waving gold around like she did not understand the value of currency it seemed like an easy win. Typical human riff raff looking down on the glorious genius that is beast-men. No one could even suspect an hour later that Errol had learned two important things in the past month; how to teleport small objects and count cards.

It turned out to be a simple ploy Errol had brainstormed a long ago. Having to search ten taverns and Inns for a group of smelly, half-drunken humans playing Hold'em was the hardest part. Once they had welcomed her to the table, she played the past twenty minutes coasting through each deal. Losing did not matter at that point, she just needed to add a magic mark to as many cards as possible. Now most of the deck was jinxed, allowing one clever and proud mouse to switch any of them around; usually putting them at the top of the deck or into her hand. The hardest trick was making sure she did not accidentally switch out another player's card by mistake.

Then again, the night was getting late and most of the players were showing very few coins left on their table space. It would surprise no one if it was the last hand. Only one robed man remained to stare down Errol's

smug grin. He took a minute to regard his two cards, and then the four already dealt in the open; a pair of twos, a four, and a queen.

“I bet all-in,” he said with confidence Errol did not expect.

She found it hard not to laugh when the meager few coins he had clinked into the pot. “The determination is cute and all, but you don’t have that much left to put in with me.”

“Not coin, but I have this.” The man ignored chuckles from the other bar flies as he reached into his pack. What landed atop the smile pile of metal discs was a long piece of paper rolled up and neatly tied by a red ribbon.

“Oh boy! Paper!” Errol rolled her eyes while twirling a finger sarcastically in the air. “I don’t care what spells on that thing. It won’t even come close to matching my cash.”

“You think so?” The robed man wiggled his eyebrows at Errol’s confused stare. “Why not try appraising it first?”

“Pfft! Fine!” With a snap of her fingers, Errol’s pointer finger emitted a faint blue glow, which she then directed at the moldy parchment.

Seconds later the mouse shot up in her chair, tail thrashing with anxious intent. When it came to scrolls, they were almost locked at being able to store only basic and weak spells. The power she appraised coming from this scrap resonated far beyond most conventional magic users. Errol had not felt such a similar force since years past, when she was tasked to communicate with a relic of godly origin.

“Interested now?”

“H-how? Wha?” Errol looked from the scroll to the man and back. Without hesitation, she rapped her knuckles on the table. “Call! All in!”

The dealer, who clearly did not understand magic, scoffed but dealt the last card. Almost everyone but Errol felt tension in the reveal; a ten.

“Hah!” The robbed man cheered as he promptly flipped his two cards over; another pair of two’s. His four of a kind gave plenty of reason to smugly shove it in this bratty vermin’s snout. “Ready to spend the night in the sewers?”

“You tell me,” Errol responded with an almost bored tone. Her cards got flipped, sending a ripple throughout the tavern. A pair of queens grinned back at the dumbstruck man’s faces, leaving Errol with a nice full house. She did not even need to cheat that round. Lady luck just has a way of rewarding brilliance like hers.

“A round of drinks on my tab!” Errol declared to less aggressive grumblings.

Maybe it was also luck that everyone took Errol’s amazing win so well, too. She expected at least one attempted mugging while trying to spool up a mountain of gold into one sack. Still, it did not hurt to offer a minor compensation to a bunch of already inebriated adventurers. That would increase her odds they would be too stone-faced to try breaking into her room later tonight.

The robe man was especially awkward, only staring at Errol until the mouse had departed upstairs for the night. Humans can go on being weird social creatures. She was way too tired to care about his loses right now. Once the deadbolt was on the door, Errol flopped onto the straw bed to unravel her new prize.

“Instant Evil Army Spell?”

Emerald eyes passed over the large top text several times. The implications alone were enough of an adrenaline rush to wake Errol up. She rolled out the rest of the scroll, giving its instructions a quick glance over. This was no joke, but a true summoning spell to raise an army for the casters every needs. No wonder it housed so much energy on a single slip of paper. There were almost no calls for reagents, and the few needed were common fodder already in Errol's pack. Apparently most of the conjuring was done through the caster themselves; a sharing of life energy to give form or some mumbo jumbo.

Summoning was not one of her favorite schools of magic, but Errol got the jist of it. Forget conning a few chumps out of their beer money. By tomorrow morning, this exceptional mouse was going to be annexing the town. This could be the start of a new empire for all beast-men.

Well, no point getting ahead of herself. The scroll did not even indicate just how big an army it would summon. Best to try that out first. Errol rolled off the bed for her backpack to dig out her usual spell-casting gear. A few minutes of lighting scented candles and drawing chalk on the floorboards allowed her to make a decent summoning circle. The diagram on the scroll was smudged but still legible to a mouse's keen eyes.

"Okay. Now... stand in circle and recites spell verse six through eight..." Errol felt odd stepping into her own creation. Most of her experiences with summons ended with the target creature being conjured into the circle rather than near it. Maybe it was more of a protection thing for her own safety. A single person usually took a lot of coaxing to recognize Errol as their superior. An army was sure to take longer and might be violent about it. Yeah, that sounded about right. Errol took a reassured breath and channeled power into the lines at her feet, mouth moving in a hushed whisper as she read aloud the glyphic incantations.

The reaction was almost immediate. As the last word left Errol's lips she became surrounded by a pulsing blue glow. Magic poured out of the scroll, using the lines of her summon circle to call on powers from another

plane of existence. They made themselves know as wavy tendrils that seeped from the floor to stroke and caress the fur between Errol's toes. She giggled reflexively, letting the magical feelers creep up her legs in gentle, exploring patterns. They seemed to take in every contour of her physical being, with rapt attention focused on her womanly hips.

In fact, they seemed to stop their searching at her waist. Errol's ears folded with rising concern for how the magic was making passes along her butt and between her thighs. Before she could reconsider, several tendrils converged on her crotch. The protective material of a leotard did nothing to hinder incorporeal forces. They slipped through the fabric to push hard against Errol's...

“Aah haa!! W-what the... nnggh?”

The mouse's legs would have buckled, were they not locked in place by forces beyond mortal existence. Ethereal power drilled against her pussy lips, driving it open to flood her deepest insides. The energy was surprisingly warm against Errol's tender muscles as it stretched them before bumping into her cervix at the end.

Try as she might Errol could not even jerk her skinny worm tail out of the hold this crazy spell had on her. As if in response to the resistance, the wisp inside her pulsed a massaging wave along her birth canal. Her body seized up, quickly finding her leotard getting damp and face growing flushed.

“O-okay. This is hot and all, but I'd really like to summon a-aah! Nnnggghh!!”

Another pulse stretched its bulge along the length of Errol's shaft, stealing her breath away. Arms slumped uselessly to her sides, letting the scroll slip onto the floor. It reached her cervix with a chilling blast that made her body shudder hard. Damn, this thing figured out all the delightful spots to poke.

“Aah! Paah! C-come on your stupid spell! W-what does t-this have to do with-MMPPHHH!!”

Despite expecting it, the surge running through her loins completely melted the mouse’s resolve to fight. It did not take a genius as great as her to figure out this god-tier spell was intent on fucking her. On the bright side, it was doing a fantastic job unlike the mouse’s last three lovers combined. It met her volcanic dripping juices with subtle ice magic to stimulate all her nerves. At some point she had regained enough strength to massage at her perky breasts through the leotard’s fabric. No reason to fight through what was surely going to be a great fling.

Maybe this was some kind of offering ritual.

BLUMP! BLUMP! BLUMP! BLUMP! BLUMP! BLUMP!

“SQUEAK! Aah! Aah! F-fuck yes! Bring on that AAAA-rmy!”

The pulses continued to drive into Errol’s pussy with quickening force, just like a mortal lover. Shame she could not convince it to tease her tail and hair a little. The mouse had a few passions for foreplay, after all. Oh well, it’s constant strikes against her sweet spots left little room to complain.

Speaking of spots, her insides were feeling oddly loose. Somehow it clicked in the back of Errol’s mind that her cervix was twitching, almost yawning open with each chilling blast that struck it. Was she being slowly fed some other magic? Its purpose did not seem to stop at her crotch either. Other parts of the mouse felt oddly shifting from her pleased shivers.

“Aah! W-w-what the fuuuuck!? Nngh!?”

Errol glanced down at the breasts in her hands, too heated from the thrusting to give a proper scream. Both mounds she used to take pride in being perky apples were inflating into the range of ripened watermelons. As another pulse of cold magic filled her insides, they swelled up a little bigger against her palms. The cups of her leotard forcibly slid down from the overwhelming flesh spilling out, revealing the outer rim of puffer areolas the size of saucer plates.

Normally this would have been a call for some anti-magic resistance. A mouse with a body as awesome as hers was a temple not even gods should get to spoil. Problem was that she was inches from orgasm and the forces at play were savvy to this. The pulses increased their speed to the point there they gave no pause. Cold magic poured against the end of Errol's shaft, filtering into her opened womb.

"Hnngh!" Errol arched her back with eyes squinted closed. Forget casting counter spells. It was all she could do to hold on to breasts that were squishing grey fur through the gaps in her fingers. The rush of pleasure left her too far gone to notice when her hips widened several inches. Excess fat thickened out her thighs and butt, which did nothing to stop the circle tendrils from continuing their work.

They did not need to work for much longer. Errol took three gulping breaths before letting out a silent cry at the ceiling of her rented room. Juices poured out from her swollen pussy to sizzle away in the heat of the summoning circle. Inner muscles clenched and relaxed in several hard contractions, trying to milk a cock that was ultimately incorporeal. As it did so, the chill of its magic grew, almost like a real cock injecting its load deep inside the mouse.

Much like a typical man, the spell finished inside Errol and vanished before she had even settled into afterglow. It's force keeping her in place released so suddenly that she collapsed to the floor with a surprised squeak. The light faded out, leaving only the mundane burning of lamps to illuminate the room. A moment later the chalk itself evaporated, burning the summoning circle into the wood just enough to probably upset the innkeeper.

Errol had been too reduced to a quivering mess of gelatin to care about that now. While her stomach churned and gurgled, there was just enough strength left in her arms to pull up onto the bed for a proper sleep. An impressive feat with her tits ripping out of her leotard with loud sloshes.

“HNNGGH!!”

Sunlight filtered through that one fated crack in the window every establishment seemed to have. It was always in the right position to blind a person upon waking up.

However, that was not what abruptly brought Errol out of her dreams of being an evil empress. Credit for that went to a cramp seizing her midriff. Instinct caused her to grab at it with both hands, only to find a large hefty weight obstructing most of her body.

Rapidly blinking away the morning grog, Errol could discover many alarming things in the early morning light. For one, her breasts had continued growing over the night to become some hefty sacs of grey furred flesh and areola. Their twin mounds made it extremely difficult to gaze past or sit up. Not that she needed to do either to see the even bigger mountain of round furry skin rising beyond them. A giant sphere the mouse’s roaming hands quickly realized was her stomach.

The combined swollen weights had caused Errol to sink considerably into her bed. Good thing she was healthy and stubborn. It only took four tries before righting into a sitting position along the edge. Such movements brought attention to a very plush pillow under her, which Errol realised was her own bloated ass.

“Squeak!?!”

She could not question all this swelling before another hard cramp rolled over her distended belly. Errol leaned forward, letting breasts spill around her stomach's crest. Hands roamed around the tight surface, discovering a popped belly button at the peak. Breathes hissed out between clenched teeth, but then her eyes shot wide open in a gasp. Just as the muscles relaxed she felt a series of bumps push against her palms. There was only one reason these two occurrences would happen at once, and Errol did not like that.

“Son of a fucking fuck fuck fuckity fuck!”

The room became filled with the intelligent articulation expected of a brilliant young mage. Standing up on two feet with so much weight was a chore in itself. Trying to squat enough to snatch up the scroll on the floor was a complete adventure. Errol ended up taking it as a minor victory to recover it without falling on her ruined fat ass. But self gratification would have to wait while she read over the scrolls bottom text.

The parts she had not bothered to read before casting its spell.

“Uh huh... sacrifice life energy to conjure... six to eight hours gestation inside womb? Males should not cast without aid of high tier support magic? Expect to birth up to eighteen kids per cast? BIRTH!? Oh, that son of a f-f-f nnnngghh!! Ah shit!”

The burning rage inside Errol transitioned into what she realized was her hardest contraction yet. It also lasted uncomfortably long, during which she felt something inside her give. By the time her muscles relaxed, the heavily panting mouse found her feet in a small puddle of clear fluids.

“That goddamn mage,” Errol muttered, rubbing away some unkempt bangs from her eyes. A million thoughts raced through her panicked mind. Not only was her perfect lithe figure ruined, but now she was going to have to spend some mostly hard earned money on leotard repairs. “HURP!?”

As another contraction built up, something huge pressed into Errol's birth canal, forcing her stance wider. At least she was about to get her army, but were they going to be leaving in armor or baby carriages?

Make Xilimyth Huge Again

It might seem like a great idea to transform your boss into a digital monster goddess...

Because it totally is...

But then there was the mess that had to be cleaned up afterwards. When Xilimyth accidentally triggered the digivice that made her a renamon-cheetah with an amazon's physique, the backlash was equally strong. It had destroyed everything in her office, along with much of the workspace near her side of the floor.

In hindsight, they should not have used the parking garage when changing her back either. Highlander had nothing on a renachee's lightning effects.

Vehicular demolition aside, Desmond still had a lot of work to do. Much as the boss liked a little growth period he was not off the hook until her workplace was cleared, painted, and restocked.

Unfortunately, that first item was going at a snail's pace. Desmond was not known for his physical strength without lots of scientific, or magical, aid. Moving three pieces of a broken desk to the elevators was hard. No one else on Xilimyth's payroll was about to help him either. Not with his track record of spontaneously transforming people on a whim.

Desmond had begun dragging the second chunk of desk by the time lunch had passed. His struggles earned fairly pitiful looks by the few programmers that cared about his presence at all. Like their opinions hardly mattered while hauling lumber through cubicles. It was such grueling work he barely caught sight of Xilimyth rounding a corner just in time to stop.

The lithe feline looked up from her phone to shoot him an adorable smile. Desmond silently wished she had stayed a hulking renamon a little longer. It would have helped provide muscle to clear out the heavier debris, and a wonderful sight to admire. She felt it was more appropriate to punish an employee than clean up her own office personally.

“Dessy! There you are!” Of course, getting hugged in Xilimyth’s soft embrace was enough to melt anyone’s heart in forgiveness. That had to be some kind of cat secret weapon Desmond was weak against. “I got some new ideas for plots we should discuss. How goes the cleaning?”

“Oh. You know. Almost done?” Desmond lied between heavy breaths. “Just got the last of the desk, all the chairs, the plants under the window, the pieces of window, your filing cabinet, the broken drinking bird toy...”

“Oh, geez! The files are still in there?” A sudden look of concern replaced Xilimyth’s smile. She plucked the two foot long plank of wood out of Desmond’s hands, tucking it under one arm. “I’ll take care of this for you. If you can get the cabinet open, would you mind collecting everything and putting it on my temp desk?”

“Uuugh! That’s like... a hundred papers, boss.” Desmond threw his hands up, trying to look very grumpy. Of course, there was no way he could refuse such an order from a cute cat, even after hauling that broken desk drawer halfway across a room. He would have to find some way to muster the strength for heavy paper lifting now.

“Thanks, sweetie! Be right back!” Xilimyth gave him a pat on the head before turning tail with his confiscated junk.

Desmond’s knees ached from making three trips to the trash chute already. Shuffling the fifteen meters back to the disaster that was once an office felt akin to a death march. At least the file cabinet for Xilimyth’s many

plots and deals was right where they left it, in the wall bent at an angle. The thing must be made from some sturdy material to survive several stray lightning bolts, and without its contents catching fire too.

Getting it open in such a state would be harder, though. Nothing a few swings from a hammer could not fix. Unlike her employee, Xilimyth was also good at foresight and brought in tools for breaking down the useless furniture into smaller pieces for disposal.

If only Desmond had such a knack for planning. He might not have used the sledgehammer otherwise. On his third swing the entire cabinet gave out, blanketing half the room in scattered folders, papers, and photos. The heavy tool was quickly dropped, making a decent hole in a charred section of the floor, as Desmond scrambled to collect things. Perhaps if he was fast enough, Xilimyth would not notice and make him spend a weekend reorganizing what was essentially the cheetah's life.

Two folders in and he was already getting concerned on what went where. At least these things held a lot more papers than Desmond thought. They snatched a handful of Polaroids up to finish stuffing his third collection, but something about the coloration of the top picture made him pause. Taking a closer look, Desmond dropped the folder in his other hand, re-scattering its contents so he could shuffle through the pictures he had found with oblivious interest.

It took almost a minute to deduce the woman in the picture was Xilimyth. Desmond could only recognize her from the blazing violet eyes, and her almost signature yellow with black spots markings. Everything else was a far cry from the small and lithe cheetah he knew.

Being a photo of a dragon, that kind of went without saying.

Thanks to the trees in her image, Desmond could tell this version of Xilimyth was ridiculously tall. Way more than the nine-foot renamon he had made her. This dragon's body stretched incredibly long like one of those

Chinese style noodles. Her lengthy, flexible neck twisted over the top branches to give a toothy smile at the camera. An equally limber tail coiled around the tree's trunk to wave its tuft end.

Next picture was more like the cat version of Xilimyth, but bigger. Not like hugging tree's size, but she was thick with muscle. The rhino she was busy conversing with only came up to the edge of her bowling ball breasts. A view he seemed to enjoy very much.

There were not a lot of dragon traits prominent in this Xilimyth's build. About all Desmond could spot were the bat-like wings stretching out from her bulky shoulders. There might have been a few spikes sticking out of her tail but that was about it.

The third picture was the most confusing. Xilimyth was still in her mostly-cat-but-dragon-wings state, only this time she was naked. Her muscular curves were hugging a giant grey ball into the hard abs of her stomach. Otherwise it was a pitch black backdrop with specs of random colors thrown about. Someone did an outstanding job on the lighting too. Desmond could almost swear his boss was...floating...in...space.

Wait, was Xilimyth hugging the moon?

Who the hell took this photo!? HOW!?

"Dessy? Have you got the files okay?" As if on cue, Xilimyth strode into the office. Granted seeing her papers decorating the heavily burned floor ruined a lot of her perky attitude. There was only solace in the fact none of them were on fire. "Oh... I didn't say scramble the files, dear. I said transfer them."

"I know that!" Desmond whirled to shove the Polaroids into his boss's face. A sly grin spread across his muzzle. "You didn't tell me you were a mother fucking dragon! What's all these images of you being huge? I

thought you hated being a renamon hulk, and here you are a monument in space.”

Xilimyth staggered back, going cross-eyed for a second trying to figure out what all the babbling was about. Once she managed to properly view the photos dancing before her cute little nose, what remained of her good mood dropped with her tail. All the Polaroids were snatched out of Desmond’s grasp in a blur. She gave a low hiss that made him recoil.

“I don’t do ‘huge’ anymore, Desmond.” Xilimyth busied herself scooping up a folder. Any old one to stuff reminders of a previous lifetime back into hiding. “It was just a phase I grew out of in my youth.”

“Heh, grew.”

“You know what I mean!” The fur on Xilimyth’s neck and shoulders rose with her anger. It gave the usual cat trick of making herself look bigger.

“You can’t possibly be that old either.” Too bad Desmond was not so easily intimidated. “Come on, you were hugging the moon. And I could have sworn I saw one of you holding Venus in one hand. How did you even get photos of that?”

“You’re not the only reality bending squirrel I’ve worked with.” Xilimyth raised a hand to silence Desmond when his muzzle opened again. “And no, you can’t meet him through me. I just said I’m done with that business.”

“How can you be done with something that looks so fun? You can grow big as planets.”

Xilimyth could not resist a small laugh, continuing to kneel for papers to avoid eye contact. “Try galaxies.”

“GALAXIES!?”

Xilimyth regretted getting out of bed this morning. Back when she was a hulking renamon spilling over the edges of a king-size mattress. To think she had been eager to shrink out of that minor transformation to avoid slamming into the top of doorways. “I’m pretty sure my original body has two or three by now. They’re like basketballs with an orbit.”

She risked a glance at Desmond to find his jaw hanging for the floor.

“Real body?”

“We’re not having this conversation, Desmond!” Xilimyth slammed an overstuffed folder down to begin filling another. It no longer mattered what papers were for which project.

And yet Desmond loomed over her in a mix of excitement and surprise. “Well, I’m not about to drop this either. You’re a dragon...”

“Part dragon!” Xilimyth snapped more venomous than intended.

“And you can grow to the size of god. Yet I only add a few feet and lots of juicy muscle before you go crazy.”

“You also destroyed my office.”

Desmond waved a hand dismissively. “Same story, different details. I just want to know if you liked it, and if so, why try hiding it so aggressively?”

Xilimyth was running out of papers to bind together. Leaning back onto her hunches, she gave Desmond a tired side glance. Of course, he

had turned on that cute puppy face to coax an answer. That was totally a rip off of what Xilimyth liked to do. Cats legally owned the guilty stare tactics.

She also did not have the heart to tell him why she shrank back down. How being bigger than three galaxies did not mean you could interact in any meaningful way. Being big meant being lonely.

Still, Desmond's shenanigans had not been all bad. The rush of power as her muscles grew...pleasured relief from her tight clothes tearing off...

Nostalgia had to be one of the cruelest forms of advertising. Xilimyth took a deep breath before standing back up. Her arms crossed in an emotionless stare down with Desmond's goofy grin.

"What do you want?"

Cackling, Desmond pulled another photo out of his back pocket. Somehow he had snuck a Polaroid of Xilimyth swimming through some green planet's ring of ice rocks. The fact she was happily doing a backstroke in a bikini made from the same ice had Xilimyth blushing, although she maintained a stoic face.

"I want to meet the real Xili, even if it's not your biggest size." Xilimyth blinked only to find Desmond's yellow eyes had gone to extra Bambi-levels of pleading. "Can't you just grow a few stories tall? It'd be really awesome to see a true dracat transformation."

No argument could come forth. Xilimyth's mind was drawing blanks on all escape attempts. Sure, she could just order him as a boss to get on with the workday. And that probably meant conversations like this every day for another month. But was it really worth opening a Pandora's box to satisfy one employee?

A small... adorable... gushing fan employee?

“Ugh! Fine!” Xilimyth threw her papers back into the air, letting them redecorate the floor. “Let’s go across the street to the parking lot. I’d like to avoid having to pay off any more property damages.”

Desmond waited until Xilimyth turned to walk out before snatching up as many stray photos as his pockets could fit. With a happy bound, he fell in line behind her. “Yes, boss!”

The elevator ride down was short but full of anticipation. Granted their mutual feeling was for vastly different reasons. It elated Desmond that his boss was not only a half-dragon, but that he was about to see something really awesome.

Something Xilimyth could not believe she had agreed to. Now she was going to have to wreck two suits in one week. If anything, the chee’s mind reeled for any excuse to flee the second the doors opened. However, Desmond’s childish glee made it hard to skip out on one of her favorite employees. Just a quick growth, give him some fan service and we can all get back to work never speaking about giants again.

Both were too caught up in their own thoughts to make conversation. With a sharp ding, the elevator doors slid open and Xilimyth was off faster than a bullet. Behind her came the panting wheezes of Desmond running to stay with her, but that did not slow her high-heeled walk. They got out of the building where Desmond only got a moment to catch his breath while they waited for traffic.

The parking lot next to Xilimyth’s building was fairly idle in that most of her workers did not use it. Nor did many other people. The building it was assigned to had gone out of business long before the chee had come along. Only two cars were parked on opposite ends of the block sized lot. Perfect for growing without causing property damage.

Xilimyth was just regretting the audience they'd get when her head started peeking over skyscraper roofs.

"This should do! OOF! Careful sweetie!" She said, stopped so abruptly that Desmond crashed into her back. Good thing he was too light to send them both toppling over.

"Right here?" Desmond looked around after he had recovered from the impact. They had barely stepped over the parking lot's entrance leaving him a tad confused.

Xilimyth rolled her eyes with a giggle. "No, silly. Well, not for me. It might be best if you hang back here for safety purposes. Don't worry, the view will get pretty swell soon enough."

"Yeah," Desmond sighed as he already fantasized about this empty space getting filled up with the looming legs of a giant feline. "You make a good point... and what are you doing?"

"Nya?" While he had been lost in daydreams, Xilimyth had already undone three buttons on her blouse. Her face carried a confident smirk despite going being red in the cheeks. "After careful deliberation the CEO of this company has decided to minimize the destruction of her new work suit."

"Aw, but that's the best part. YIP!" Desmond struggled to catch the blouse when it was suddenly tossed upon him.

"Please don't drop these, Dessy," Xilimyth said in dismissal of his protests. She bent over almost casually to wiggle out of her skirt. It and her heels also fell into Desmond's arms. She was rather proud of the little guy for not staring at such an impromptu stripping.

Desmond was even folding them best he could under the circumstances. “How big you planning to get, any who?”

“Oh, um...” Xilimyth bit her lower lip as weight shifted between her socked feet. The underwear flaunting cheetah had not thought that far ahead. “Sixty-five feet used to be my normal size. That should be enough to satisfy your curiosity, right?”

“Heh, normal?” Desmond gave a mocking chuckle at such a mundane adjective. A sharp nose flick from Xilimyth’s finger shut him up. “Right, sixty-five is great. I’ll just wait here then.”

“Good boy!” She gave Desmond a pat on the head, promptly twirling to strut deeper into the parking lot.

Clad in just bra, panties, and socks left the cheetah’s lithe body on display for the whole city to enjoy. It gave Xilimyth pause to consider why she agreed to do this right outside her downtown headquarters. Probably because they would have needed a long drive into the countryside to get a building sized lady some privacy. Indulging in Desmond’s hype for giants was cutting into work time plenty already.

Besides, she had already stuck one foot in it. Best for everyone if Xilimyth just grew and be done with this nonsense.

A feat that proved easier said than done. While transforming was easy with an outside influence, such as an eccentric employee’s digivice, doing it under one’s own power required some effort. It was like a skill one could develop and improve over frequent use. Or, in Xilimyth’s case, stop using for so many years and the process became directionless. In other words, she was a bit ‘rusty.’

The first attempt involved Xilimyth balling up her hands into fists. Her eyes half-closed in concentration trying to make every muscle in her body tense. Spotted tail curled high as a rumbling growl grew in the back of her

throat. The core of her being asserted its will upon her form, demanding it to stretch and swell.

To no one's surprise this accomplished absolutely nothing. Desmond looked on for nearly a minute while Xilimyth would take deep breaths and then resume growling louder and flexing harder. He did not have the heart to comment Xilimyth appeared to be attempting a killer dump. The anime-style 'power up' pose was not helping the mental image.

"You doing okay?" he asked after another minute of watching the cheetah pose and growl. "I got some potions in my moped you could..."

"No. No. I got this!" Xilimyth gasped nearly falling to her knees from breathlessness. Taking a few deep breaths, she straightened back up to put a hand to her chin in idle thought. "Okay, straight up forcing it isn't working. Maybe it needs an emotional trigger? Ugh, it's been so long I can't even remember what it was like to hold planets or eat a star."

"You ATE stars?"

"Not helping, Dessy..."

Xilimyth closed her eyes again. Chest puffed up and deflated, washing away all tension with her breath. Yeah, that was what she needed; calm relaxation. A still mind always came to results faster than a wild one. It was just a matter of finding that special spark that incurred growth. After that everything would come rushing back as easy as...

HOOOONK!!

"Put some clothes on, you whore!!"

“Wow, rude!” Desmond wrinkled his nose at the sedan speeding past. Typical trio of rowdy teenagers getting whatever jollies they could get away with. “Some people can’t go five minutes without being impulsive, eh? Xili?”

Looking back at Xilimyth it was easy to see something had snapped for the cheetah. Her body quivered in a boiling rage. Hands clenched and released several times in sync with a rapid heaving of breaths. Instead of making her calm down, Xilimyth’s thoughts ramped up lingering on the nerve of those little punks. What did they think this was? She did not just drop her entire schedule to walk out here in a public exhibitionist display.

Okay, she kind of did that, but it was not her fault nothing was happening. This was supposed to be a simple, quick task. The inability to spark even an inch of growth was, ironically, making her so mad she could burst.

“Haa-Hrrk!!”

Bum-BOOMP!

Xilimyth’s body seemed to concur with such feelings. She gripped at her left side staggering to stay upright as her flesh seemed to jerk outwards by some internal force. For a few seconds, she and Desmond watched the slim waist in stupefied horror. That did not feel like something that normally happened.

Bum-BOOMP!

“Nya-ARGH!?” Another surge rocked Xilimyth back several steps. This time it struck her right shoulder causing it and the attached bicep to pulse several times large for a lone second. Drool hang off her chin as she gripped at it with her left hand, struggling to keep a steady breathing pace.

“Um...Xili?” Desmond half-squeaked, coughed, and found a less terrified tone. “Maybe you should calm down now. I’m thinking this was a bad idea.”

Xilimyth was turned away so he could not see the excited grin spreading across her muzzle. However, he could hear the mewling laughter that followed her tail whipping back and forth. It was far too late to turn back now. That spark deep inside Xilimyth had ignited from her building annoyance for today. Heat washed over her shivering body setting every nerve a blaze.

With it came back the memories, the rush of how good it felt to just be huge. She needed to let off some steam, feel the wind in her face, and the ground smash under her paws. Of course she had been doing things all wrong. The power did not need to be forced. Xilimyth rocked her head back, spread her arms wide and just let it take over.

“AW NYAAAAH!!”

Desmond blinked in alarm from the sudden feral cry Xilimyth gave to the skyline. In that split second, things escalated to eleven as Xilimyth surge from her usual six feet to twelve. “Ooooooh heck...”

Xilimyth purred and giggled watching the parking lot lines move further away from her perspective. She took a deep breath of air and slowly released it, breasts gaining more lift as the pecs behind them firmed and expanded. Both hands clenched tight to tense up her arms. They began to visibly pulse in rapid, small flexes. Each one caused them to grow a little thicker, especially around the swell of her biceps.

“Get a good look, Dessy boy!” Her voice already carried a deep roar to it as she surpassed the third-story window. Turning around to face her employee, it was another small rush to see him gawking back up at this spectacle. Xilimyth crunched her stomach muscles with a hard grunt, causing not only her breasts to explode out her bra, but develop enormous

thick ridges down her abs. “Hope you’re enjoying the show, because you asked for this. Mrwar.”

Desmond could say nothing with his jaw nearly reaching the pavement. Poor thing almost fainted when Xilimyth teased him with a flirty wink that only lacked floating anime hearts. He was just glad to have listened and kept at a distance.

Even so, Xilimyth was filling up the parking lot fast. The claws of her feet were poking holes in the ground while she shuffled to present her expanding rear to Desmond. It was hard to keep still or her feet would slide out from under her with such a rapidly changing stance.

Even her tail was generating wind sounds as it swished around with her hip shaking. The ass it was attached to was gaining copious amounts of fat to help match the sloshing breasts of Xilimyth’s front. Thighs ballooned up into the thick beef dreams were made off. A tank could get crushed between such lovely legs.

A death Desmond would have been proud to accept. More so if he could have been on an equal height with the looming cheetah.

“Nyaa haha! That’s the stuff!” Xilimyth flexed and posed to admire her reflecting in the skyscraper windows. Ears were poking out over most of the surrounding buildings, with the rest of her head shortly following. Even so, she still turned to teasingly run her hands across the swell of her backside. Another fun pose to show off her rippling legs in case those damn punks were circling around for more trouble. No one would dare call this goddess a whore and expect to get away.

Desmond gulped, enjoying the show too much to be concerned about the blood dripping from his nostrils. The boss looked to have reached her mentioned size of sixty-five feet pretty quickly, if the surrounding buildings were any kind of measurement. A second glance brought her closer to the eighth floor windows though.

No wait, ninth floor.

Now she was looming those spotted zeppelin tits dangerously close to the twelfth floor rooftops.

“Hey! Xilimyth!?” Desmond was surprised to find his shouts still reached her. At least enough to make Xilimyth stop posing and twist to look past her hips at him. “That’s... um... really cool! Yeah! You can...like...shrink down now?”

A series of sharp thunder came back, causing Desmond to clasp his ears in pain. This was the laughter of the soaring Xilimyth, who was becoming on par with the tallest of twenty story company buildings a block away. She did not seem to care in the slightest when her echoing booms caused several nearby windows to crack. Including the ones in her own company.

“Shrink down? Babe, I’m not even warmed up yet!” Xilimyth brought her hands up towards the sky in a stretch. A quick twist of her body trying to loosen her torso muscles. This caused her tail to take out the windows of two floors in one building, while the swing of her boobs knocked a roof off another. Again she only seemed to enjoy the tickling of debris on her curves as she brought her hands down in a pumped motion. “Watch THIS!”

“So much for avoiding collateral damage.”

Desmond lamented his choices today watch Xilimyth’s foot raising towards him. Toes were digging up deep trenches as she continued to grow. Each one looked the size of a small car.

Too bad they were way beyond the safety of a mere parking lot. Xilimyth did not have to move. Her body simply demolished anything in its continued path of growing upwards and outwards.

Her butt dug deep grooves into the corners of buildings.

Her boobs smacked a radio antenna off the roof of a sixty story tower.

The constant jabs along her lower legs barely registered as they tore up streets and cars.

The air became filled with the sound of Xilimyth's body straining and groaning. Muscles filled in and puffed out into deep ridges under her spotted coat. Fat continued to pile on making sure her breasts and hips remained just as large as her thighs and biceps. She was an air balloon puffing up on an unlimited valve at this speed.

There was only one thing Desmond could think to do under such circumstances. Soon as Xilimyth's toes came rumbling over he jumped with all the strength in his paws onto the swelling meatball of fluff. Like everything else, the fur was steadily growing thick and dense around the blue squirrel. At his relative size, it was cake grabbing onto the large fibers to climb atop Xilimyth's paw.

The safest place during a macro incident was usually directly on the thing growing. While the fur rose around Desmond to become a forest, it doubled as a great shield against debris when the paw itself slammed through a building.

"Mmmm, so good!"

Xilimyth purred a deep rumble mistaken for lightening by people miles away. It went along well with how most of her naked sexy curves loomed over the horizon. She stretched out her arms and neck to enjoy the breeze of the high-altitude winds washing over her tender ripe muscles. Only the tallest building left came up to her thigh, and those were continuing to dwindle under her feet. With a loud crack, literally heard across the world,

two leathery dragon wings sprouted from her back. Their spotted hide waved to test their new muscles, knocking over many of the damaged buildings below in the typhon they generated.

The impressive wingspan left what remained of the city, and much of the coast, shrouded in afternoon darkness. Xilimyth reeled her arms back in another flex to show off her breasts for the peons watching. They were moons in their own right, hefted firm and round by the bulge of thick pectorals behind them. Although she did absently wonder if there were a few cameras's out there picking up on her growth and silently admiring the swell show.

"How's that for you, Dessy?" Xilimyth giggled. The adrenaline rush was waning now that the explosion out of the city had long past. Although her growth still continued to outspan the girth of the planet under her feet. "... Dessy?!"

Xilimyth looked down and her ears dropped with a crushing sigh. Of course he could hear the voice echoing across the countryside, but had no way to communicate back. She was not even aware he was busy setting up camp along the base of her right paw. The city she had been working in for years now looked barely larger than a toy landscape.

The sky was no longer blue. Xilimyth's upper body was gliding past the stratosphere. Only the vast blackness of space hung overhead, with a twinkling of stars in the far distance for company. Clouds tickled at her butt, with the slightest twitch of her tail completely changing their formations. Wind no longer brushed through her fine pelt, but her wings still shuddered from the cold.

Space was so empty.

Xilimyth hugged her small planet breasts with another sigh. Her growth slowly came to a stop and promptly reversed. The cheetah's overall

size seemed to shrink faster than it buffed, but Xilimyth was unconcerned about details. It was not worth going back out into the void again.

The act of getting smaller could be subjectively as amazing as growing huge. Xilimyth felt like a skydiver watching the ground rapidly expand around her feet the closer her perspective got. The city went from a stain on the dirt to abstract blocks until details formed around everything.

Specifically, she was fiddling with her tail looking at the smoking piles of rubble and holes in buildings her brief explosion had caused. This was going to take a few favors from celestial friends and a lot of power from her bloated behind to repair. That was fine, she rationalized. A few phone calls once she was back to door-fitting standards and this day could easily go back to normal.

KHHST!! CRACKLE!

“Um...” Xilimyth gulped looking back down at her amazon body. It sounded and felt like every bone in her body had shifted at once. Thankfully, it was not in a painful way but it caused many other problems. Her body was no longer shrinking, stuck between the six and seventh floors of the ruined buildings around her. Not to mention neither curves nor muscles had dwindled all that much. At such a decreased height they now made her look almost cartoonishly hulk-ish. Wings also remained poised on her back, possibly haven grown thicker with muscle mass.

“Xili!?” Words could not describe how glad the cheetah was to see Desmond poking out of the fur on her foot, even if he remained a doll in size. “What’s wrong? I thought you were shrinking back.”

“I was, I mean, I am!” Xilimyth closed her eyes and tried futile to concentrate the warmth of her power back into its cage. Something was so wrong with her body. It was less like the power could not be contained, but there was no longer a cage to contain it. “I... I can’t... NNGGHH NYAH NO!!”

CRRRK!! FWOOSH!!

Unable to do anything but cry out, Xilimyth staggered in earth quaking footsteps as her growth resumed. This time too fast to adjust with the shifting of foot size and landscape under them. She fell back with a loud crash that flattened two parts of neighboring stores with her butt. The rest were quickly crushed under the rolling fat of her glutes as they continued to expand. Xilimyth could not even try getting up at the rate she was inflating. Her limbs plowed in an endless train wreck through walls and anything else unfortunate enough to still be around her.

“Dessy, help! I CAN’T STOP IT!”

“First thing, calm down!” Desmond’s voice floated up growing more distance by the second. “Second thing, don’t squash our workplace. You got this boss.”

He was right, this was not about to beat her yet. Xilimyth shuddered, but forced her eyes closed while taking a deep breath. Just that simple exercise was enough to slow her growth spurt, so she repeated the action. Heavy breasts hefted up with a big intake of air and slowly dropped with an exhale.

“Stop growing! Stop growing! Stop growing! Stop growing!”

The rush of heat died down inside Xilimyth. She could tell her body had listened to her rapid chanting by how her butt stopped shifting over structural debris. One eye cracked open, and then the other, giving visual confirmation she was not about to crush the city under her spotted hide.

Just a few minor buildings that Xilimyth’s insurance might be happy to cover. She must have splurged back up to ninety, maybe a hundred feet

tall. Hard to tell when one was sitting down with floor counts for reference. Lungs puffed up in their biggest breath yet as Xilimyth shut her eyes again.

“Shrink down! Shrink down! Shrink down! Shrink down!”

While the fire deep inside the cheetah refused to go away, it seemed to yield to her desires. Flesh twitched before pulling back. Ground shifted along her thick legs. Wind rushed through her fur in a rapid descent.

However, sixty feet seemed to be the last floor. Xilimyth huffed, closed her eyes, and chanted with all her might. A good ten minutes of Xilimyth shifting, squinting, grumbling, and flexing passed. Regardless of anything she tried this was as small as her power wanted to get. When she finally gave up and opened her eyes, it was alarming to find emergency services swarming around her.

“I’m in trouble, aren’t I?” Xilimyth said to no one in particular. Her dragon wings folded around her front in a cloak for some vestige of modesty.

“Not as much as you might think.” Desmond’s voice came floating over surprisingly close. A quick glance to her right allowed Xilimyth to see he was standing atop an outstretched cherry picker. Although Desmond’s attention was more on an iPad than her enormous boobs, for a change. “This city gets so much macro disturbances these days you would not believe how efficient the protocol is.”

Xilimyth could not help smirking at the thought. “I bet they have you to thank for that.”

“Why? I don’t even work with emergency services, much less collaborate with their finances.”

“... I meant with all the macro related...”

“ANYWAY!” Desmond gave a nervous laugh trying not to meet the eyes of police officers glancing up curiously at them. “We can discuss specifics in a less incriminating scene later. It looks like you’re pretty stuck a big kitty for a while.”

“Yeah, I... wait, why are you sounding sad?” Xilimyth brought an arm out from under her wings to give a hard flex inches from Desmond’s face. The swell of her biceps showed off every crevice now being bigger than a bus. “You got exactly what you wanted; a big ol dracat with extra swell.”

That was intended as a teasing flirt, but to her surprise Desmond’s tail dropped. He looked on the verge of tears averting his gaze from the boulders of spotted cheetah muscle close enough to be petted.

“I didn’t mean to get you permanently giant boss. This is not how I thought anything would go and you.... I...”

“Hey! Hey!” Xilimyth’s giant hand moved over to carefully stroke Desmond’s head with two fingers. Her smile also had a way with calming nerves, especially being bigger than a jumbotron. “This is nothing, silly. I told you I’ve been around galaxies worse than this. At least I’m not floating alone in space this time. Besides, this doesn’t feel so bad.”

Desmond’s tail gave a single, hopeful wag. “R-really?”

“Heck, yeah!” Xilimyth rose slowly to her feet. Luckily a good perimeter had been set up for this by friendly police. “When you don’t do something you loved for a long time, it almost feels like new doing it again. And let me tell you, I kind of missed being big! Of course, if I’m stuck like this we must make a few adjustments. My office for one, and then there’s getting clothes.”

“Way ahead of you, boss!”

Xilimyth perked her ears at Desmond. “Nya?”

The little blue employee smiled back, pointing down to a flatbed truck that had just rounded the block. It seemed to carry large folded circus tents, but as police allowed it closer through their barricade, she noticed they had a distinct denim fabric.

“Oh, no way!” Xilimyth’s own tail wagged, generating a small breeze. Plucking each sheet off the truck unfolded them to reveal possibly the cities largest halter top and jean shorts ever made. They had even made the cut with ease of sliding around her wings, and she was quick to slip them snugly over her muscular curves. “How did you even?”

“I called Jason while you were occupied trying to go down,” Desmond explained with a shrug. “She’s an expert on this stuff. Has whipped up clothes for me in minutes with any shape and size.”

Xilimyth glanced down to see the young raccoon woman waving back while reversing the flat bed out onto the street. She gave an awkward nod back watching Jason drive off. “Does she even own that truck?”

Desmond gave another casual shrug. “I didn’t know she had a license to drive.”

Xilimyth fidgeted with her new shorts uneasily. “Uh...”

“But yeah!” Desmond whipped back to her, or rather her crotch with how high the cherry picker could go. “Glad to see they fit. Now, the police say that since you caused no serious injuries, we can at least go home for the day. You just have to sign these damage waivers for the block we kind of crumbled under butt.”

“Yeah, sure.” Xilimyth sighed as her ears dropped. That was still better than she was expecting to get after such a mishap. She was not eager to learn the protocol for ‘bad’ giant rampages. “A few building renovations should be fine, right?”

“Um...”

Desmond handed her a rolled up carpet. This turned out to be invoices printed on the back of several tarps. Xilimyth was really surprised when her hand reached into a pocket out of habit and found a giant pair of reading glasses. They fit almost perfectly on her muzzle to read over the still small font.

And then she read it again, slower, tail curling as her eyes opened wide behind the rims. Breathing exercises kicked back in trying to keep nerves calm. Maybe if she grew out of the stratosphere and hid behind the moon for a year, the IRS could...

“Xili?”

Xilimyth snapped back to reality, swiping a cruiser with her tail. “Ugh! Sorry officers, just add that to my bill. Desmond? Be a sweetie and call Georgie for me.”

A confusing request to be sure. Not the response Desmond had been expecting. “Your lawyer?”

Xilimyth looked down at him just as confused. “No. The coffee shop two blocks away. Tell him I need a cement mixer full of mocha, because balancing this budget will take me all night.”

Busting the Beach

Being sucked into an isekai was supposed to be all flashy, overpowered mechanics followed by crowds of cheering adulation for heroic deeds. That was how it always worked in the light novels. The protagonist served as some blank slate given the powers of a god and the natural attraction of a movie star.

Instead, no one gave a damn about Desmond. Hell, he wondered how he was still alive after so long. True to his title, the shield hero was no warrior. The heavy tool permanently latched to his forearm only served one purpose; blocking. Bashing it into someone's face had no hope of doing anything significant except annoying them. And that was speaking from experience. Many people in this shitty other world kingdom loved to antagonise Desmond, and he was not one for social etiquette. He just resorted to what felt got his point across.

Long story short, the king and his first princess did not accept such counter points once their black eyes healed.

“Master Fallout! Look, I caught a crab!”

Desmond allowed a content smile to break the black fur of his muzzle. Turning to watch the athletic cheetah woman bouncing towards him was a welcome sight. The triumphant shine on her face while holding out an impressively large king crab in offering oozed a cuteness the shield squirrel never expected to feel again.

“Good work, Xilitalia, but watch the pincers. Those won't be kind to you.” He reached out to pat the woman's head between her rounded yellow ears. That got her tail wagging faster.

“I’m wearing battle gloves, master. It’d have to be a demon to pierce them so easily.” Xilimyth huffed in her tornado of emotions. She had the body of a mature adult, but could act so moody like a teenager.

Honestly, Desmond had no idea how to deal with her. He just continued smiling while she worked to tie up the crab’s claws and get a pot boiling for lunch. It might have been no exaggeration the cheetah was probably the sole reason for his making it this far.

Circumstances had forced him to buy a slave just to have any offensive capabilities, but their dynamic changed fast. While the rest of the kingdom seemed hell bent on killing the shield hero over stopping an invading force of monsters, Xilimyth was risking life and limb for his sake without prompting or hesitation. She was everything; a friend, family, and the perfect sword to his shield. At least there were some good things in this world.

A chorus of giggles was quick to remind both of them there were plenty of bad things as well. Just down the slope to the nearby beach was the spear hero strutting his way across the sand with nothing but swim trunks and signature weapon slung over his shoulder. No surprise his party of entirely female humans were swarming over him, all in bikinis to show off their attractive bodies. The sight was not morally pleasant to take in, but Desmond’s gaze still lingered for a bit long after they had passed their humble campsite. At least they did not stop to share friendly words. Being one of the people that has given them the most trouble, that might have ended with another shield bash incident.

Their unexpected appearance on the beach gave Desmond an urge to go for a swim himself. It had been a long time since he got to enjoy any kind of luxury, much less with a friend. He turned to suggest the idea to Xilimyth, only to lose his voice under the angry scowl she was giving him. “W-what?”

“You were staring at them for a very long time, master Fallout.”

“Y-yeah, sorry,” Desmond said meekly. There was no point trying to lie about it, Xilimyth had a way of knowing when he did anything even if she was not a direct witness. “We both know what an idiot that guy is. I’ll never fathom how he can get a whole harem swooning at his feet.”

Xilimyth dropped her crab into the pot, giving a disgruntled huff. The lid was slammed on top so hard it was amazing the sticks supporting it held. “Neither of you seem to complain about their huge breasts, though.”

“I... huh?” Desmond’s ears lowered with his raised eyebrow. “What’s that supposed to mean?”

“Just that you could aspire to much higher standards than his shallow gains, master.” Xilimyth turned away, making a grumpy noise, tail thumping the ground. While her anger said one thing, her posture seemed to try expressing another. It was almost like she was trying to show off her profile. Countless weeks of grinding levels on local monster quests had given her an impressive muscle definition. They showed even under her usual skirt and hide armor.

“Are you saying you want bigger boobs?”

“W-w-whaaaaat!?” Xilimyth recoiled so badly she nearly went into a tumble down their hill. A blush spread until her face was practically red with black spots. “What the hell are your priorities, pervy master!? You’re such an idiot spending so much time gawking at huge women that don’t even care about you. It’s not like I’m a flat plank of wood either, or... or that I’d mind you looking at me... I mean, uh... mmmph!!”

“Uuuuhh...” Once again, Desmond had no idea what this cheetah was thinking. Picking up on this, Xilimyth shortened her speech into a silent glare for several seconds before directing her gaze at the fire boiling their meal. Tension drew so thick, he would not be surprised if Xilimyth was magically burning the pot with her mind. “Oh, hey, I’ve been practicing my spell casting on our way over here.”

“Yeah?” Xilimyth’s mood flicked faster than a light switch, ears perking and tail raising as she turned to him curiously. She must have been just as happy for a topic change as Desmond, although she probably could not have suspected his motives. “That witch shopkeeper said you were attuned to nature, right?”

“Yup, watch this.” Desmond stepped back for space, raising hands in the air in a wide stance pose. Almost immediately, the air around him changed. Green lights leaked from the surrounding plants, including the grass at his feet, drawing into the squirrel’s blue fur to create an aura of energy. “I am the Hero of the Shield who commands the origin of power. I have read and deciphered a law of nature. I call forth the power of nature...to make Xili the bustiest thing on this beach!”

“WHAT!?” Xilimyth leapt to her feet, but even a trained swordswoman could not dodge the beam of nature energy fired her way. She let out a soft grunt as it collided into her hide breastplate, easily bypassing the physical protection to absorb into her chest. The magic flowed through her being, tensing muscles and straining her senses. Tail fur puffed out into a thick spotted bush, cracking hard through the air. That was not nearly as worrying when the sensations passed, leaving an intense heat rising inside her breasts. “M-master! That is a horrible misuse of magic. Y-you c... could have let me change out of m-m-my traveling gear... Ummmpph...”

Desmond’s smile quivered, only half sure he had made a wise choice. Not that either of them could stop the pressure boiling under the cheetah’s soft flesh. “You were jealous of the spear dorks entourage, right? I was planning to use this to mock them later, but now you can even the playing field.”

“T-that really doesn’t help, ma-aaah!”

Xilimyth’s breaths quickened, eyes locked in horror down at the pulsing leather she wore. It was not just the movement of her lungs shifting anymore. With each passing second, the sturdy material lifted further

outwards away from the cheetahs torso. Material groaned in weak attempts to stretch around increasing mass underneath it.

Too bad leather is rather accommodating. Xilimyth wiggled in place, giving strained grunts, trying to tug the collar of her armor for more room. As it curved out into a small shelf, she gave up on that and struggled to tear off the ties binding it. The breastplate gave a sharp pop open from the pressure, matching Xilimyth's soft mew of relief. She quickly removed the tight covering, only to yowl in dismay upon seeing the damage.

Even Desmond's eyes popped out, watching Xilimyth's chest bulging far and wide under her traveling blouse. His cheetah companion already reached the same density as the first princess who had tried the hardest out of everyone to get them killed. But the spell continued working, quickly swelling Xilimyth past even a royal's ripe melons. The top lace of her blouse creaked, trying to hold the heavy mounds, only to snap when she took too deep a breath.

"Aah... aaah... nya! M-master! How big am I going to get!?" Spittle leaked out of Xilimyth's muzzle with her labored pants. Delicate gloved hands hovered around the ever-expanding spheres on her chest, heavily reluctant to make contact. She was afraid to confirm such weights pulling down her front were real. Knowing Desmond, anything she did might accidentally make their growing condition worse.

The question caught Desmond off guard. Two fingers tapped his chin, but pensive yellow eyes refused to gaze at anything but the other laces of Xilimyth's blouse snapping. The undershirt she wore fell out in the ripping space, losing what slack it had left. Its material tightly outlined a pair of round orbs easily bigger than his head. "Well, I was going to make that bitch princess into a cow until she could not move, and I only gave you like twenty percent of the spell's power. So... not a lot bigger? Hopefully?"

"Hopefully!?" Xilimyth felt a flush of anger parroting her master's uncertainty. That only lasted three seconds when she felt a hard shift in her mammaries. They inflated in a huge growth spurt that destroyed her blouse

under the pressure. Loud tears filled their campsite, quickly complimented by soft sloshing noises. The poor cheetah was nearly rocked off her feet with heavily laden breasts shifting wherever gravity dictated.

Now with only an undershirt barely keeping Xilimyth's breasts held back, Desmond could not keep the blood dripping from his nose. Just one of them had swollen bigger than the toy ball he had bought her shortly after their first meeting. And still they continued to bloat bigger and rounder. Bits of white fur bulged out from under the hem as the shirt strained on taut threads.

The realization that she was on her last barrier of any common decency sent Xilimyth into a panic. Both hands slapped across her expanding bust, clearly unable to do anything against their growth. She could barely hug her arms around the massive rack, it's soft flesh squishing pliantly as pillow over and under her limbs.

"M-master, please! Make them stop! Make them... o-oh, I... I think they stopped...?"

Neither really noticed with the vast size Xilimyth's bust reached when it actually stopped. Xilimyth stared at her squishy cleavage bulging through the shirt's neck for a long time before finally being convinced the ordeal was over. Arms slowly pulled back, letting the mounds rolled off into a low hang at her waist. The firm bit of abs she had developed were hidden under large furry sandbags, overfilled with milk glands and fat. In her exhausted state, the cat's tail snapped again, sure she could hear the liquid sloshing inside them.

"Well...good to know the spell works for next time we see them, eh?" Desmond chuckled nervously. "Hey, mind if I try your butt next? We could at least give you a sense of symitr-EEEEEEEEEE!!"

Despite having gained effectively thirty-pound weights to her chest, Xilimyth remained a blur of speed. Barely a second passed before she

cleared the distance to Desmond, grabbing both his pointed ears in a hard pinch. She did not feel the least bit guilty about using claws on the sensitive lobes, bringing Desmond to hit knees squealing from the pain. The fact this brought his face planted between her new canyon cleavage only strengthened her resolve.

“That was so careless and stupid, Master! Not only are you abusing magic people train their lives for, but how am I supposed to be your sword like this!?”

“W-what? OW!”

A sharp twist of the ears let Desmond know interruptions were not appreciated.

“Have you ever tried fighting with water-skins slung over your shoulders? That’s ten times better than what these stupid tits are going to be like.” Xilimyth heaved a few times, trying to calm her thoughts. Thankfully, she did not notice how it punched Desmond’s bloody nose between the aforementioned tits. Nor did Desmond desire to bring it to her attention. “What’s going to happen if we get attacked or I need to help with traveling problems? If you get hurt because of your own stupid perversions, I don’t know how I’m going to feel. You dummy.”

The pressure on Desmond’s ears released, but before he could take a breath Xilimyth wrapped both arms around to hug his head into her pillowy mounds.

“Uuuhhhh...”

“If this is what makes you happy, master, I might as well let it be.” Xilimyth could feel the heat radiating off her face from such embarrassing circumstances. Still, at least she got her wish for a bit more loving attention.

At least until Desmond reached up to give both mammaries a squeeze. That was just the extra effort push needed to overtake her undershirts limits. The entire front bounced once and exploded in a shower of white cotton scrap. Now completely free, the cheetahs boobs flowed out to blanket her belly. Almost all of Desmond's face became buried in cleavage, with his paw pads being the only support for their heavy weight.

With a bit of wiggling, the squirrel's face resurfaced, resting his chin atop the white rack to give Xilimyth his best 'innocent' face. "So, uh, I'm forgiven then?"

A chill breeze moved past the area across exposed nipples, tickling Xilimyth into a hard shudder. In response, Desmond found himself suddenly struggling to breathe. Not from the overwhelming mammaries pressing into his head, but the spotted yellow arms tightening their hug on his neck.

"You have a long way to go for THAT, master!" Leaving their crab meal on a dying fire, Xilimyth turned and effortlessly dragged Desmond down across the coastline. There was a tiny fishing village visible some distance away. "First, you're going to give me some damn clothes to cover this mess. Then we can talk about how you're planning to dispel this before the next wave invasion. And it's definitely going to be over a meal. An expensive one too! Not those cheap copper stuff you're so frugal about. Honestly, you dumb goof! How am I supposed to do anything for you looking like this!?"

If Desmond had not been suffocating for the next several yards, he might have noticed the anger left Xilimyth's voice. If anything, his best friend was smirking a little as she pondered what other ways he might make her grow. Hopefully, they could include growing clothes with it.

The Celestia Diet

This mirror was a bold-faced liar!

Princess Celestia's gaze narrowed suspiciously at her reflection. Naturally, the glass copy mimicked her expression, even when her neck dipped in for a closer look. The alicorn practically pressed her nose into the smooth surface, dipping her muzzle left then right. Shining purple eyes examined the curves of her face, noting possible inconsistencies from what past year's pictures showed her.

Maybe her cheeks had gotten a bit fuller. That was nothing to get concerned over. It was still a face, bright and full of youthful vigor.

The clop of her hooves echoed through the bedchamber in her slow turn. Long bird-feathered wings lifted so Celestia could admire her profile. Everything seemed in order upon a cursory glance. The mare's chest stuck out strong and proud, leading to long regal legs.

Shouldn't there be more space between her thighs? Celestia gave an angry snort and shook her head dismissively with a swishing of rainbow colored mane. That was just outside insecurities trying to poison her thoughts. Sure, routine exercise might have been a bit lacking after dealing with all the peril Equestria suffers. That didn't mean she was becoming some kind of slouch during peace times.

The analysis continued along her strong, curvy back, noting her healthy, filled horse's barrel. Celestia bit her lower lip nervously shifting her hind legs. Abdominal muscles clenched hard, causing her stomach to compact into the regal arch her subjects expected. Good, not that heavy of

a sag. Some ponies even said a little pudgy was a sign of a healthy diet. They might not even notice anything off.

Celestia would find that fantastic, because trying to hold her gut in was incredibly difficult. Letting out a breath that allowed her belly to billow out once more, she turned to present her sun cutie mark flank to the mirror. She glared at it over one shoulder, watching her rainbow pony tail wave back with no breeze. There was nothing wrong with her elegant posterior. It always stuck out round and white.

Round like the moon!

“Luna speaks such childish nonsense,” Celestia grumbled out loud. With an angry nicker she strode out of her bedroom, head high and expression calm.

The pegasus posted beside her door promptly raised his left wing in salute. A gesture she completely forgot to acknowledge in her sea of arguing thought. Great, now the poor stallion might think she was rude and ill mannered.

Or maybe he was too busy wondering if her figure looked a bit thicker.

“Mmph!” Celestia closed her eyes, clenching teeth behind pursed lips. She was used to holding a professional demeanor under pressure, so her subtle gestures went unnoticed by the other guards she passed on the way to the palace dining hall.

Unless the bouncing of her girth also distracted them.

“Uggh! Stop thinking such stupid thoughts!” Celestia flopped into a huge decorative chair at the end of a long dinner table. Her long spiral white horn emitted a strong glowing aura of magic that, without having to look, levitated a doughnut off a half-eaten breakfast plate over to her muzzle. “Ahm!”

Celestia took the biggest bite of fried pastry her royal lips could manage, too grumpy to care what the guards thought of her eating habits or if she yelled at nothing. Not ten minutes ago she was enjoying this sunrise breakfast of cinnamon waffles, cream cheese crepes, and doughnuts like any other morning. No pony knew when it became her comfort food of choice to cope with being a daytime ruler.

Then her younger sister, Luna, had to come staggering in after a tiring shift of overseeing the night. One look at Celestia’s platter sent eyes rolling, followed by subtle scoffing.

“I dear say, sister, if you keep stress eating like this you’ll swell fatter than the moon. Trying to rule over two white orbs would be a demanding job even for me.”

It was Luna’s attempt at casual hazing, no doubt learned from visiting the dreams of the more extroverted of their subjects. Unfortunately, both princesses were unskilled at ‘being casual’ around each other, much less taking teasing in stride. Celestia gave a polite nod and smile while watching her dark blue furred sister stride through the dining hall towards her room with a heavy yawn. The older alicorn finished a mouthful of waffles, took a deep breath, and slammed cracks into the marble table with her forehooves.

Clearly Celestia let such exaggerated comments get the better of her. Scarfing down a delicious chocolate éclair only did wonders for her mental state. No way was having one a day going to make her some blobish mare.

“Your highness!”

“Mwrah!?” Celestia snapped back to the present, all but forgetting her pastry chewing was on autopilot. She swallowed the lump of delicious dough and cleared her throat with a blush. “I mean, what is it?”

The guard that had approached her blinked at the lapse in demeanor before moving along. “Lady Rarity has just arrived for your scheduled dress fitting.”

“Oh! Uh, that was today!?” Celestia ceased her levitation spell, accidentally dropping the remaining doughnut off its plate. They planned this meeting weeks in advance, but the last thing she needed was to be measured. “Oh, right? Have her set up in the arranged room and I’ll receive her there shortly.”

The guard saluted and trotted off. He didn’t make it out of the room before Celestia lost all sense of appearances. Her angry frowns could curdle dairy while she slumped into the royal chair. Within seconds another doughnut levitated towards her muzzle for a few comforting bites. Sweet sugar could help her relax and think of an excuse to postpone this whole affair. She just needed to sum up all her cunning for a brilliant plan.

“Hello, Rarity,” Celestia said upon marching into the fitting room utterly defeated. Two doughnuts and a waffle proved sadly inefficient in helping the princess think of any reason to send the white unicorn away, without looking rude about it. Decorative hooves dragged across the floor in

a death march, eager to get this over with. “Thank you for arriving so punctually.”

“Oh, please, Lady Celestia! Don’t be silly. A chance to design for royalty is the dream of every seamstress.” By a sharp contrast, Rarity bounced around the room like a filly on a sugar rush. Her white horn poking out of a stylized purple mane glowed brighter than the lamps, its spell manipulating tools, fabrics, and pony fitting statues simultaneously. It was a rather impressive display of passionate skills. “Now, we should... uh... dearie, are you all right?”

“Hm? O-oh!” Crap! Celestia completely forgot to turn on her ‘professional’ relaxed appearance. Granted, Rarity represented the element of generosity, but the proverbial grumpy cloud hanging over the princess remained noticeable without such traits. Nothing to gain about being dishonest at this point. “It’s nothing, little pony. A few misplaced critiques on my figure have put me in a sour mood this morning.”

“Ah, say no more. I’ve dealt with critics far too often, and the skin never truly gets thicker.” The genuine delight behind Rarity’s smile while she talked helped disarm Celestia’s apprehensions for their meeting a little. She let the younger mare lead her onto a platform, bringing along a pony figurine wearing a very plain fitting gown on it. “Pay them no mind. No one will complain after seeing your new dress for the year.”

It was nice to hear some gentle reassurance for a change. Celestia let tranquility ease her anxious mind for a few seconds, letting her lungs expand in a deep, calming breath. And then the measuring tape floated into view. The alicorn gave out a meek gulp, biting her lower lip as pupils dilated to take up most of her irises.

Rarity failed to catch her princesses reaction that time. While the long band unraveled, she busied herself looking along Celestia’s profile, trying to mentally size them up. Eyebrows wiggled in a subtle air of uncertainty

that sent Celestia's heart racing. Front to back seemed the most standard approach, Rarity's mind continuing to ponder so hard she didn't notice the bigger alicorn flinch when measuring tape wrapped around her shoulders.

"Now we just need to update your measurements from last year so I can get the basic dimensions to work... from... hmmm."

Celestia felt her face burn hearing the energy drain from Rarity's words. The tape ground firmly into her shoulders and then chest, showing numbers she could not see that made Rarity stare off in deep thoughts. Suddenly everything was all business, with legs and neck getting quick measurements that a levitating quill jotted down on some parchment. Did she really have to react to each measuring with a deep 'hmm' noise? All they did was jab the alicorn's anger back to the surface. It reached a breaking point when Rarity finally got to Celestia's stomach and hanged on the area for a noticeable amount of time.

"You seem really lost in your work today, Rarity," Celestia kept her voice civil while speaking. It was her expression when glancing over her shoulder that lacked any restraint. The alicorn's smile was crooked with eyes twitching out of sync in a hallowed stare. "Is anything the matter?"

"What? AH!" Rarity glanced at her princess and promptly recoiled in momentary alarm. "It's... uh... nothing to worry about, darling. We just need to make bigger updates to your figure than I expected."

"Bigger, you say?" Celestia's hooves shifted slightly, her smile cracking wider. "A lot must have changed then."

A light layer of sweat covered Rarity's forehead. In an instant, this room somehow felt more dangerous than the many times she and her friends saved Equestria from certain doom. "Well, yes. Growth spurts

happen often over a year. A lot of changes we don't expect. I can only imagine how Twilight will look when she grows into a noble alicorn like you."

"Yes, well, don't be surprised if I might change a little more during your process. I hope that won't be too BIG a problem."

The way Celestia's face contorted at the uttering of 'big' sent shivers through Rarity's purple tail. "N-no. Certainly not, highness."

"Okay then!" Celestia went back to facing forward, once again looking dignified and patient as a princess does. There was only a slight twinge of crazy eyes when the tape continued back to measure out her flank.

Meanwhile, Rarity approached their remaining fitting session with the care one has when disarming a bomb. She worked the tape fast as she dared on Celestia's rear, having to bite her lip to stifle any pensive noises. With most of the measurements taken, other tools hovered and flew about for their designed purposes. While the unicorn took down Celestia's leg numbers, pins and markers began arranging the outline gown for the pending dress.

It did not escape Celestia's notice there were a lot more adjustments for widening than slack tightening. That was not given a comment aside from slowly puffing out her chest in a calming, deep breath. If anything, this will be a goal to show them all. The ruler of Equestria was not some bloated miniature sun to be pitied. By the time the next holiday comes around for her dress unveiling, she will be so thin it'll hang off her like a tent. Rarity will hum for hours having to readjust for all that slack while Celestia mocked about it to Lunas fat, stupid snout.

But first, the alicorn really needed to calm down. Her horn glowed for a second, using magic to yank on a rope cord near the door. A distant bell rang, followed by the door opening seconds later.

“Yes, your highness?” Asked the guard that poked her head in. Another pegasus with a muscular build.

“Errr...” The envy that flowed from Celestia seeing this guard’s fitter figure almost made her forget why she had called. Everything seemed out to mock her existence today. “Have the cooks deliver a snack to my room immediately. I’m feeling cheesecake with heaps of candied berries.”

“Yes, highness,” the guard bowed only hesitating when she turned to leave. “How much cheesecake do you desire?”

“As much as they dare think I’ll need!” she snapped with a flash of anger on her beautiful muzzle.

The guard yelped and left without a second word. Silence fell on the room save for slow timid snips of Rarity’s scissors on the fitting gown.

“Um...” Rarity had no idea where she found the courage to speak, but the way Celestia whipped around to stare at her made the unicorn regret it. “Isn’t it a bit early for such heavy sweets, princess? We still need to test the size of your gown. YEEK!”

“Oh, for the love of me!” Celestia’s horn blazed a fiery light, yanking the gown off its stand so fast a bit of hem got torn from Rarity’s stuck scissors. “There’s nothing wrong about me. Let’s just get this over with.”

“B-but princess, I have to widen the...” Rarity lost her words with the realization she could not prevent an incoming disaster. She only hoped to not be blamed for any ridiculous reason.

Ignoring the tear damage, Celestia ducked her head under, navigating the dress onto her body. She got her neck inside with only a tight pinching around the neck. That was fine until she caught a glance at the mirror and growled. Damn thing pushes excess skin up to the point she looked like a massive frog.

No, this is fine. Rarity can just loosen that up on the real thing. That’s the whole point of a fitting. Celestia shook off the bad thoughts with a forced giggle. Her front legs slide through the sleeves just fine. Nothing to worry about as the material stretched across her chest and back snug, but not uncomfortable.

“URRFH!”

And then Celestia brough the skirt across her stomach and hit a jam. Rarity took a nervous step back, seriously considering the importance of voicing a professional recommendation over a lot of angry horse noises. Celestia glared at the offended dress that refused to cover her flank, increasing the spell’s intensity with harder tugs. Attempts to suck in her gut did little to help. The white, furry waistline mashed into rolls simply refusing to go in the dress.

SHRRRTTT!!

Ignoring the seams’ pained straining, Celestia conjured all her power in one hard tug. Some might have found it impressive her back end proved the sturdier of the two forces. The dress split at its waist in four different gashes, sliding its skirt across the alicorn’s flank before slipping off into a

pile of slivers at her hoofs. Celestia's eyes grew wide for a second, processing the destroyed half of a gown on her before giving an angry snort.

"It seems you might have brought a fitting gown for filly's by mistake, Rarity." Celestia stared ahead with an amazing amount of deluded dignity. "I guess we must make use of what you have."

"Y-yes. Of course..." Like Tartarus would Rarity argue that the gown is meant to measure a minotaur if necessary. To think that this morning she felt bringing the cheaper material would be an insult to royalty. She could only sigh, silently glad it was not her silk stock suffering such a messy demise.

Restitching the skirt back on Celestia's flank turned out a bit crude yet necessary under the very threatening air around the princess. Rarity just got a sense of what dimensions the actual dress would need when the door opened. The same muscular mare guard wheeled in a trolley that had Rarity's jaw hitting the floor. Not one but several cheesecakes filled its three shelves, all lavished with various kinds of toppings.

"Your first batch of cakes is ready, majesty."

"Excellent work," Celestia said, already levitation an entire cake to her eager muzzle. "I would expect nothing less than three batches like this."

"There will be an extra two just in case." The pegasus looked amazingly calm about sharing this. Should such an extreme binging be treated so normally?

Their mutual ruler seemed to think so, giving the guard a dismissive wave with a mouthful of cake. Rarity could only continue her measuring best she could with a ripped gown. Their hour planned fitting suddenly felt like it would take all week.

Celestia burped upon completing her first cheesecake, picking up one buried under whipped cream with only a moment's rest. Adding six inches to whatever measurements were made today sounded like a safe bet.

* * *

It took only two weeks to complete Celestia's new dress, thankfully, with no more practical visits to the princess. Rarity practically flooded her shop in sweat during the waiting period of sending it off and getting a response for the final results.

Intuition had saved her tail in spades, according to Celestia's letter. They compliment her design, which Rarity always put the most effort into, yet complained about slack in the skirt. Thank goodness it actually fit her. Maybe that was a sign Celestia brought her stress eating down along with her excess girth.

Regardless, that was the last Rarity heard on the matter for a while. Business continued on like normal, making it easier to forget about such tense interactions. Many more dresses were made, and they thwarted a few ancient evils through quick wits and friendships.

Only when the summer sun celebration came around did Rarity's past anxiety catch up. Naturally Twilight Sparkle got invited as Celestia's student, which welcomes the unicorn and all their friends to join in. Their leader made it a point to mention celebrating her duty in raising the sun while unveiling her new dress.

A fact that made Rarity ready to faint standing among the crowds of Canterlot. If her luck, and that dress, didn't hold out, Celestia might do something drastic. Something like humiliating the dressmaker by forcing them to binge eat with her. Ugh! The unicorn would look horrible with a dump truck flank.

"Take a deep breath, Rarity," Twilight Sparkle said soothingly, one hoof on Rarity's shoulder while the other offered them a glass of punch. "I'm sure Celestia's got everything under control."

"Dear, you don't understand!" Rarity paused to chug the whole glass in one breath. It did little to help her shake. "Our poor princess was teetering on the verge of a mental breakdown. I've seen no one so proudly in denial before."

A stray thought caused both ponies to shoot a glance towards a blue pegasus eating a pear nearby. Rainbow Dash promptly brushed her titular rainbow mane out of one eye to give them a scowl back.

"Everyone has bad days," Twilight continued from the digression. "The princess has had plenty of time to do a little dieting and exercise. At worst, I've read a five book series that's kept me in shape, so helping her lose a few pounds would be a cinch."

"Maybe not," Rainbow Dash countered.

Before Rarity could question that, her friend's meaning became apparent to the hundreds of ponies present. Somewhere near a lifted platform came the rising notes of an orchestra that ended all conversations. Like every year, it reached a crescendo building on the ceremony's

expectations. With its end, their beloved Celestia descended from the clouds in a burst of flare, leaving the crowd in awe.

Frankly speaking, few attendees have ever seen a princess the size of a cow. Rarity had designed the dress with a sun theme in mind, using heavy emphasis on reds and yellows. The way it now clung to the bloated roundness of Celestia's torso instead made her appear like some overripe strawberry. When she walked across the platform, the skirt clung tight to her bouncing wide butt, causing its hem to ride up and expose her back legs.

"Greetings, ponies of Equestria!" Celestia said while her horn glowed. Magic pulled the skirt back over her hammy thick legs, helping her act like the problem didn't exist. "Here's to another year of glory and prosperity."

A pause shook the crowd. They were used to a bit more of a speech when it came to formalities like this. Slowly a few began nervously stomping hooves, with more joining in until the crowd was lost in half-hearted cheers for their corpulent ruler.

"I told you!" Rarity seethed through her teeth. They stood several yards away from the stage, but even that didn't prevent her from whispering.

"Not enough, apparently!" Of course, Rainbow Dash could be counted on for curtly blurting out what literally everyone around her was thinking. "She puffed herself into a whale overnight!"

"Rainbow Dash!" Twilight Sparkle hissed, blushing at the audible snickers of other ponies nearby. Turning back to Rarity, she added, "This is fine. She's rushing through the ceremony a little, so we can just go talk to her afterwards. Offer some great friendship advice before things get crazy."

“Too late,” Rarity said, ears flopping against her mortified face. She couldn’t avert her gaze from Celestia’s having to make several hard wing flaps to get herself airborne again. There was a halfhearted attempt at some flying acrobatics that just looked like a sandbag sloshing about. “I only used silk stitching for the seams because I had nothing sturdier with me. If she’s not careful at such an excessive size, the whole thing might...”

Words trailed off with only pure silent horror in their place. The moment Rarity dreaded arrived and she could already tell what was about to happen. Her pupils contracted as Celestia swooped into position in front of a big decorative hoop. With a flourish the princess spread her wings and all four legs, raising the sun over the mountains so its light washed through the ring onto her similarly round form.

KKRRTTTTTT!! SHOOM!

Celestia’s dress lasted just long enough for her job to be complete. Then, as if cut by the sun rays themselves, her dress tore apart in one explosive burst. White furry flab bounced free before gravity took its hold, sagging across her hips in a rich pear shape. Her pose remained stiffly spread out in the presentation of a winged star. A slack jawed crowd continued staring at the now naked princess, ignoring the rain of red silk blown over them.

Rainbow Dash proved first to regain her wits, noticing the way Celestia’s face violently twitched. That vein in her thyroid could not be healthy. “Uh, maybe we should run?”

Both Rarity and Twilight were about to confer what a great idea that was, only for a shrill wail to cause everyone to flinch, hooves clamping at their ears.

The display area became a blazing inferno of light, literally. As the ponies looked on Celestia rocked her head back screaming in anguish towards the heavens above. Seconds later, her mane and tail spontaneously combusted into flames. The unorthodox hairstyle billowed out in an eruption that sent the crowd clambering over each other in a panic.

“This is not fine!” Twilight Sparkle shouted over the seemingly endless screaming. One hoof went over her eyes, trying to squint past the blinding inferno. Seeing Celestia in her current rage however crushed any remaining hope to lend them aid. The princess’s hair fanned out in a wall of fire behind her while the torrent from her tail incinerated the hoop stage under her.

“That’s what I’ve been saying. We need to... uh...” Rarity’s eyes also squinted, noticing something a bit odd about their broken princess. Despite billowing harder than a volcano, Celestia’s white body shone in a waterfall of sweat. As she watched, Rarity became dumbstruck that the alicorns body seemed to contract in slow, rhythmic pulses.

“Is it just me, or is she literally sweating off all that flab?” Rainbow Dash asked, unsure what they were witnessing.

“I... think you’re right, darling?” Rarity gulped, finding the absurdity of the situation a bit overkill. Little by little Celestia’s round belly collapsed on itself, her four legs thinning out into firmer muscles once more. “Pardon the pun, dears, but I think she’s only burning off the water weight. Look, it’s already slowed down.”

Twilight Sparkle looked on, amazed to see that was true. While Celestia melted off much of her size, she still looked thick for her large alicorn size, especially around the stomach area. Eventually her scream

waned until finally dying out. The rush of fires flickered into dispersing fumes, leaving her normally waving mane and tail behind once more. All energy left the princess while she fluttered clumsily into the ash pile that had been her stage.

“Uhhhh...” Celestia blinked, looking like she awoke from a dream. With a deepening blush she glanced frantically around her into the many frightened faces of her subjects. The ones that hadn’t dashed off in pure terror. “Perhaps I overdid it a little?”

* * *

“Huff! Huff! Huff! H-how is this even remotely fair?”

“Oh, tsk sweet sister!” Luna said with a smug she couldn’t hide on her best days. The dark blue alicorn rested upon the treadmill to stop its rhythmic shaking, less it broke. “You asked for my help and now I got to pull double duty raising the sun and moon WHILE spotting your exercising. Who’s really losing out on this routine?”

“I’m...going...to...die!” Celestia heaved a breath with each labored trot. The blasted belt constantly moving under her only mocked such inadequate jogging capabilities. Both her sports top and spandex shorts, made by Rarity of course, did nothing to stop the constant sloshing of her love handles making balance even harder. “That’s got...to...to be five miles, right?”

“Mmmh.” Luna leaned over to check the console and shook her waving star mane. “Still need one more to go. Then we can break for our diet shakes and salads.”

“If you love me, you will kill me!”

“Cripes, Celestia! What would Twilight Sparkle think if she saw her teacher so readily giving up on a typical endeavor?”

“She... w-would end my suffering quickly.” Celestia couldn’t stand much more, lunging forward to at least slow the belt’s speed. “Please, at least water.”

“Of course,” Luna said. Her smile gained a lot more sincerity in hating to see her older sister struggle so much. That’s what happens when you love cheesecake so much. Horn glowed, but then her gaze shifted about confused. “Now where did I put that water bottle. Oh, yeah.”

THHRRRKKKK!!

Celestia’s ears shot up at the tearing sound. She almost tripped off the damn treadmill when she caught sight of Luna bending her front legs to look under a nearby bench. This raised her tail high into the air in a flex that severed the back of the younger alicorns spandex shorts. A rather plump looking dark moon loomed before Celestia, along with its equally moon cutie mark.

“Um... Luna? Been sneaking some late night snacks?”

There was a dejected sigh in response. Luna had one hoof over her blushing face in no rush to stand back on all fours. “More like early morning treats. I’m going to need that treadmill after you. Working three jobs is... stressful.”

Celestia would have laughed were she not worried her lungs would shoot out of her mouth.