

Macross Xilimyth

by

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"Macross Fifty-two, come in. This is VF-72 Specter requesting clearance to dock."

"Macross Fifty-two, this is Z-72 Tincat also requesting docking clearance."

After several long moments of silence, a slightly annoyed sounding woman's voice cut through the static of empty space. "This is Macross Fifty-two. We have you jokers on the radar. Please follow the designated flight path to docking bay two. And for god sake, remember to put it in Fighter Mode this time."

"I like how they're always happy to see us," Janus said flatly, staring through cockpit windows at the looming colony ship drawing closer. Hands moved almost out of habit across the command console. Without needing to look, he triggered his mech's transformation from a humanoid shape into a similar spaceship of much smaller scale. "You scratch the paint one time, and they never let you live it down."

"Since when is crashing through two diplomatic ships count as a minor incursion?" Xilimyth's voice crackled over the wolf's headset. An air of amusement was thick in her spiritual pitch.

"Hey! It worked in our favor since they were terrorists in disguise!" The air of blushing embarrassment was thick in Janus' stuttering reply. "Besides, I'm not the one that 'accidentally' sat on those anti-Zentradi protestors."

"And I told you they were in my favorite spot to eat lunch!"

Janus scoffed, diverting his gaze to the massive blue mech flying several kilometers off his left wing. Unlike his ship, it had not changed from its human-like configuration. In fact, such an event might have been painful for its operator.

"Cut the radio chatter!" The annoyed woman's voice stopped Janus' attempted witty reply for his wing girl. "General Schott is just dying to hear your latest debriefing."

He decided it best to just fall back in his seat with a sigh. The autopilot had kicked in to take him around to their designated docking bay, so there was little else to do. The brass always did like to suck what little fun could be had out of post-mission victories. Frequent requests for some rock music on these silent space coastings usually went unheeded.

Instead, things got pretty dull for several minutes. Janus was observing the Macross one minute and then suddenly got jerked out of his usual short nap signaling his ship settling on a landing.

Xilimyth came to the right behind him. Several boosters fired off her metallic legs for the mech to land with as light an impact as possible. While the bay doors closed up behind them, she walked a few casual steps up into a special station against the far wall. Each foot was carefully inserted into a notch that promptly clamped down with electromagnetic locks. Allowing her vehicle to join the line up of several more along the same wall.

They were all too happy when the bay doors finally closed. Within seconds they got the signal that air and artificial gravity had been restored. Nothing felt better after a six-hour flight than to eventually get out for a stretch.

And as usual, Janus almost got out of his Variable Fighter before the dock crew could properly wheel in some stairs. Good thing the health plan for the Macross fifty-two's flight crew is insanely generous.

Soon after he touched the ship floor proper, a loud grinding of heavy mechanics drew the wolf's attention to his co-mech. The lock on its torso had come undone so it could split open like a flower. A large pair of breasts helped push those segments away soon as they loosened. A gasp of immense relief echoed across the bay right before the cheetah's cute face was freed as well.

"Oh gosh, why do these things have to be so tight?"

Xilimyth climbed her way out of the mech-suit grateful to have recirculated air blowing on her spotted fur. Even more so to have a center of gravity pulling her bare feet back on cold metal flooring. She immediately broke into a stretch reaching for the ceiling while thrusting her chest out.

An act that always drew attention from the shifts current dock crew. That static resistant leotard Xilimyth wore while piloting put great emphasis her curves. She was really above-average from human standards, but at ten meter's tall Janus was sure he could get lost in those bouncing spots.

"You're staring again, hun..."

"Am not!" Janus said purely on instinct. His gaze whipped to some marks on the floor to feign interest in.

"I'm pretty sure you were." Xilimyth drew out each word with deep childish purrs.

Janus looked up to adamantly correct her way of thinking but was cut off to see Xilimyth had squatted down to meet him. The usual excuse was that she just wanted to get closer for conversation. Most of the crew she was friendly with however knew the half-Zentradi liked to give admirers a better look at 'the goods.'

The socially-inexperienced wolf was an especially fun target to tease. He would always zone out for seconds at a time only to come back with tail wagging and ears redder than tomatoes. This time when he snapped back, Janus promptly faked a need to tie his shoes.

Points for effort since pilots tended to wear strapless boots.

"I'll see you outside," she said when the silence started to get boring.

After giving a huffing Janus some gentle pats on the head, Xilimyth rose back up to step over him. Despite her looming size each step barely resonated through the steel of their landing bay. Her gentle humming of a merry tune was much louder. Her long spotted tail whipped high to each movement on the route to the micronization labs. Most of the crew still lingered a gaze at Xilimyth's hips twisting in great shows of mobility to avoid the other mechs and ships on her path.

A pretty standard procedure for all Zentradi, pure or half breads, when aboard human ships sadly. They were simply not meant for accommodating humanoids taller than the average Earth dwelling.

Good thing for the wonders of technology in the form of two tube gizmos. Xilimyth entered her 'decommissioning chamber' as she liked to call it, as it usually made things less fun for her when off service. It was a fairly narrow room line up with sets of chambers; one for giants like her next to one for meter-and-half tall tinies walking around her shins.

Speaking of which, Xilimyth's ears perked happily spotting a familiar cougar in a jumpsuit tinkering around with a control panel to one of the stations. Another of her short list of friends that both secretly enjoyed having a looming feline for company, and did not have a broom shoved up their tailpipe.

A disturbingly rare combo in this kind of military.

"Prff?" Bren's own ears and tail perked at catching her approaching footsteps. He gave a glance over his shoulder, matching eye contact long enough to give a welcoming smile before returning to his work.

"Back already, Xili? Thought you guys had a few days worth of scouting to do."

"It wasn't as epic a showdown as you might think." Xilimyth squatted down behind Bren. Her head tilted in curiosity to make sense of what he was doing. Although this inadvertently cast the cougar in a dark shadow. "Whatchu working on here?"

"Oh the usual outdated hunk's of junk is on the fritz again," Bren said. He continued diligently trying to work his tools in spite of the sudden vision impairment. "I tell you, one faulty wire and the whole system can't..."

The cougar straightened up with a deadpan expression. A standard reaction to suddenly have hot, heavy blasts of air breathed upon his back. He turned to find Xilimyth had gotten on hands and knees to get her nose within a meter of his head.

"Prff!"

"What?"

"You're doing it again."

"Whaaaaaat?" Xilimyth broke into another toothy grin. Another hot breath seeped out from between those fangs to wash over Bren. If they had not known each other for years, she might have looked ready to eat the smaller feline.

Bren retaliated by bumping her nose lightly with his knuckles. "The general's waiting, ya goof. Hurry up and shrink down."

Xilimyth's smile dropped so fast it threatened to breach the floor. "You know it sucks going through there..."

"Well, I'm not the prrfing captain of this ship. There'd be a lot more lax policy on casual wear otherwise."

"You're just envious I wear the jumpsuits better."

Bren rolled his eyes, returning to some calibrations. "Whatever Xili. Use pod three."

That might have been the last thing Xilimyth wanted to do. Sadly her crewmate was right. Even half-Zentradi could not wander around a ship designed for tiny little terran's. The few sections that were accommodating such giants still felt cramped. And there was the minor problem of getting her fat feline hips through the doors.

Speaking from personal experience, that is a very tricky feat.

Out of excuses to stall with, Xilimyth laid back in the larger of two chambers on platform three. The added weight soon clicked on the control panel so it could begin the micronization process. Whirling of engines slowly marked the descent of a glass lid that encased Xilimyth in her tube.

It was a revolutionary feat of technological wonder. A method that allowed earthlings and Zentradi to co-exist in whole new ways after generations of bloody war.

For Xilimyth it was more akin to falling inside a runaway elevator. Her ears folding back to loud revving of machines. For several seconds vision would be blocked in a display of colorful lights.

And then she would blink, and her entire perspective would change. With a loud hiss, the lid of the smaller chamber would open. A thick mist seeped out in president of Xilimyth stepping out at a significantly lower fraction of her normal size.

That might not have been so bad if not for the 'side effects' brought on by her half-Zentradi heritage. Purebloods would simply change size going through such a machine, but half-breeds tended to get a bit more drastic. In Xilimyth's case, she glanced over at Bren to pout at having to look up at the six-foot tall cougar man for a change. Worse yet, her muscles ached despite them having smoothed out to little twigs for limbs. Any remnants of the luscious womanly curves other soldiers would waste time gawking up at had been reduced to borderline pre-teen status.

At least the jumpsuit changed size with her, even if there was less for it to hug.

"Now isn't that better?" Bren could not help giving Xilimyth a pat on the head when she stomped past. "Have fun with your R&R, Tinycat."

"Your retribution will be long, harsh, and full of my fluff!"

Thankfully Janus was a bit more mature when it came to a half-Zentradi's sensitive condition.

"Sorry, kiddo. You'll need your mom's permission to board the ship's bridge."

Of course 'a bit' is not that impressive a term for it. At least the majority of the Macross Fifty-two's other crew members held a bit more dignity when on the clock. That made their trip up to command center easier to unwind from the tensions of post-combat.

Mostly because it was the rare few minutes of rest this duo usually got before a debriefing. By the time they were standing at attention before General Schott's desk tension had returned with a vengeance. Having to crane up to talk with friends was depressing enough, having a polar bear for a commanding officer developed irrational fears of being eaten. Pilots tend to get some good shade sitting in that man's wake.

"So you managed to flush out the entire pirate nest?" Schott rapped a pen against his desk. Shimmering blue eyes squinted dubiously over the data pad in his other hand. "Do I dare ask why both of you needed to exhaust your entire payload for such relatively small opposition."

"Well..." Janus stammered, glancing to Xilimyth for some help. She refused to stare at anything but the stripes on Schott's extra-broad vest. It was her bit of revenge for the last three short jokes delt on their lift ride over. "We found their hideout was inside a cluster of asteroids, as suspected. So when we did our first scout of the area, we found construction that leads us to believe it was their main base."

"Turned out it was just abandoned mining equipment," Xilimyth said to end his story faster.

Schott looked between the two with a single blink. "You bombed an abandoned and empty asteroid?"

"Actually Janus missed."

"He...missed?" The bears gazed focused intently on Janus, who looked like he wanted to be several feet smaller. "VR logs say you fired a dozen missiles in the first wave."

"Asteroid, uh, gravity scrambled up the guidance lasers." Janus looked unusually calm meeting Schott's towering eye level. He was dwarfed even with his commanding officer seated. "That's why my co-piolet followed up with a more line sighted ballistic."

Xilimyth tried not to wince when attention diverted back to her.

"And I suppose you finished off the deadly mined hunk of rock?"

"Well..." Xilimyth's tail tucked between her legs while she tried to play off forced optimism. "I did actually hit some asteroids, just not all missiles hit the same rock..."

"Turns out several of those we hit WERE the pirates current living quarters though," Janus said with genuine optimism. Xilimyth envied his positive outlook on life sometimes. "So we ended up getting the drop on them anyway. By the time they realized what was happening all they could do was high tail it out on a single cruiser."

"And then we exhausted our ammunition making sure to neutralize the area from future pirate use," Xilimyth finished with her chest swelled up in a bit of pride.

Schott looked less than impressed by their tag team explanation. "So you spent triple the projected budget to blow up some rocks. Excuse me, MISS blowing up the right rocks and complete your mission through sheer luck. I'd almost be upset, but this is probably the least ridiculous debriefing I've had with you two assclowns in the past quarter."

This time Janus and Xilimyth did exchange a quick glance. They had come to expect such responses by now, so could hardly complain. This was probably the nicest tongue lashing they received this past quarter.

"At the very least," Schott continued. "You managed to free up airspace for the rest of our mission. Those pirates were the last reported threat to our colony ship going through this sector. You may receive demerits for careless use of weapons, but otherwise, I'd feel better giving you both shore leave for the rest of the week. Make use of the military's line of credit on the colonies casino or something."

Both their eyes widened into bright headlights. It was too early for Christmas to have come.

"Now get the hell out of here before you give me a reason to be angry!"

They were all too happy to follow that order. Xilimyth exited out onto the bridge in a bee-line for the turbo lifts. Her tail threatened to get crunched by Janus' boot more than once with the wolf following behind. Short legs were just item six on the list of things that sucked about being micronized.

"Well he was unusually quick with us today," Janus muttered once the lift doors had closed. Lights flickered by in a rapid descent across decks.

"Almost nice even." Xilimyth leaned against the lift wall to stare at its ceiling lights. "Something must be really bothering him."

"Maybe we should get him a present?"

After a moments pause, Xilimyth rolled her head enough to stare blankly at Janus.

"Oh, don't be like that. You know he loves us."

"That's what you said about the electric toothbrush we got for his birthday."

"It worked, didn't it?"

"So well it almost filed down his front fangs." Before Janus could reply, the lift ground to a rapid halt. Xilimyth put her weight back on both feet to stride out soon as the doors slid open. "Come on, let's hit up that barbeque place Bren keeps talking about. I need some energy to burn off on laser tag."

"You'll never beat my high score!"

Janus followed after at a pace that kept Xilimyth's tail safe from his boots. Nothing helped well-trained soldiers like them unwind after active combat than holographic simulated combat. No one was really sure how the worst shot in the fleet could rank a record score over an entire colony ship in video games.

Xilimyth had turned to make a jab at that lacking aspect of his combat expertise when someone else decided to have a literal blast. A muffled explosion sounded off from somewhere beyond the ships hull. But it was close enough to cause the floor to tilt off its artificial axis. Panic cries sounded off from all around while lights flickered. Xilimyth had the unfortunate luck of her turn on one foot being utterly unbalanced, so she fell face first into Janus' chest.

Fortunately, Janus' tail broke his fall. A mouth full of brown dreadlocks kept his girlish squeals from hurting the cheetah's ears.

"What was that?" Xilimyth said, hefting elbows across Janus's chest for a look around.

Janus opened his mouth to reply, which came out in a whimper drowned out by loud sirens. They became coated in flashing red lights. Crewmen began tumbling out of their quarters in half-dressed panics while officers ran along the corridors shouting a wide assortment of orders. Above it all, they could both make out the resounding echoes of explosions and gunfire.

"I think we're under attack," Janus said more to himself. Like stating observations out loud had a profound impact on focusing his thoughts. What they ended up focusing on made him blush and try to divert to what open field of vision remained. "Also your boobs are in my face..."

Xilimyth drew in a sharp breath, having ignored the second statement entirely. She leaped off Janus almost overjoyed to yank the larger wolf back onto his feet. They managed to get back onto the lift they had just come from before it closed. A pair of other VR pilots had gotten on board still in the process of zipping up their flight suits.

"Any idea what's happening?" she asked them after catching a breath.

"Pirate attack," replied a husky woman that was busy adjusting her gloves.

"Looks like they snuck in from the Gamma Quadrant," said the other pilot, a fox man.

"Why does that sound familiar?" Janus wobbled a little on his feet letting the lift's wall catch him from falling over again. The feeling of dropping at high speeds did nothing to steady his spinning sensations.

Xilimyth, however, lost all enjoyment at the prospect of getting to go back to her giantess state so soon. "That's the asteroid cluster we just blew up..."

"W-what?" Janus tried to hide his blush when the other pilots glanced quizzically over at them. "That can't be right. I know we let their cruiser escape, but you scrapped their VR bay."

She could only offer her partner a shrug. "Maybe we only took out the vanguard?"

"Eh heh..." Janus felt an urge to end this conversation, if not his life, given the glaring looks of the other two lifts occupants.

Xilimyth was not in a mood to be judged. Soon as the doors opened, she was off at a bullet's pace down the hallways. Her death grip on Janus' hand was the only reason he was able to keep up, almost getting dragged by his knees in the process.

The bay was in surprising order despite constant explosions causing the walls to shake. They arrived in time to get blasted off their feet from continuous jet engines firing. Several VR were already launching in route for a mounting defense of the colony.

"What's our status?" Xilimyth said once she managed to sink her claws into a deckhand running past for the next launch.

"Two groups of fighters tried to take out our aft engines," said the ocelot once he had caught a breath. "We don't think they succeeded. We're trying to launch for intercept as they make another pass."

"Perfect! Janus, get your cruiser ready to fly."

"W-what? HOW!?" Janus managed to recollect himself after all the pushing and pulling to question the cheetah's sanity. "My VR and your suit are both out of ammo, and with the amount of fuel left we'd probably just be glorified targets."

"How's that different from any other mission we fly?" Janus gave her a long stare. "We'll just grab some standbys. Just hurry and get in so we can look good for the General when he kills us."

"That is sadly the most reassuring logic I've heard today."

But Xilimyth had already shot past the worry wolf. Explosions were getting closer, causing harder tremors for her to duck and weave around shifting equipment to get to the macronization chambers.

The doors whisked open before she even got there. Xilimyth yelped as she ducked aside to avoid getting kicked by the boots of a ten-meter tall vixen rushing past for the Zentradi battle armors. Aside from that, they virtually ignored each other for the greater threat. Luckily Bren was already hard at work keeping soldiers going through his chambers to come out as sexy giants.

"Just in time, Xili," Bren said once she had gotten close enough to hear over the sirens. "I just finished repairs on Chamber three, so jump on it."

Under calmer circumstances, there might have been concern for a freshly repaired DNA altering device. Instead, Xilimyth climbed into the smaller chamber with only concern for getting her muscles back to crush some pirates. Bren wasted no time sealing the chambers mechanisms before bathing her in bright, colorful lights. While shrinking down felt a lot like an elevator drop, Xilimyth did not have to wait long before feeling a pleasurable sensation of rising. Much like her body was being pulled up by crane wires. It made her close her eyes and purr loud enough for her friend to hear every time.

Outside Janus was still struggling to find a free VR to commandeer. Even at his rank most soldiers generally took him as seriously as a janitor due to their reputation. One especially short mouse girl seemed to be enjoying his mounting desperation.

"How do I know this won't explode like..."

Another explosion cut her off, causing them both to instinctively duck behind her VR's leg. A large hole had just been blasted through the hull thanks to a lucky pirate missile. And they only had just enough time to register that before the suction of space began pulling everything, and everyone, towards it.

Janus could not get an explanative out before losing his grip on the VR. Luckily the mouse had better reflexes. She managed to snag the tip of his tail with a firm enough grip to keep from getting sucked out into space. Granted the girlish yelp resonated a world of pain that strain was shooting through his spine.

"This is incredibly undignified!" The mouse yelled in a deep struggle to hold onto their anchor. "Also you're very heavy!"

"Also in lots of pain, but please don't let go..." was about all Janus could get out in reply. Assuming his tail did not simply break off, it was going to be very sore later.

Something small and fast zipped past Janus, allowing him a distraction from the pain. It was quickly followed by dozens, maybe hundreds, more crashing into metal all around the wolf.

"GUNFIRE!" The mouse yelled. Spurred into a new degree of panic, she somehow managed to haul Janus back behind cover by the grip of his tail. Bullet's continued to rain hell upon the VR for several seconds until the pirate fighters had completed their pass.

In the macronization room, Bren has sparred a lame KIA report purely by the grace of feline luck. At the sound of gunfire, he had just happened to be standing in a position that put the chamber controls between him and the launch bay. This proved more than adequate cover to dive behind and absorb the projects randomly heading for his cougar tail. Not long after the emergency blast shields clamped down

to reseal the hull. Getting sucked out into space through holes the width of a pen was not a fun way to go either.

What was not so lucky was the condition of the control panel. Bren stood up to observe there was little of a console left. The top screen had been entirely blasted away, and only a few buttons remained over the decimated circuit boards he had spent all morning trying to repair.

Loud whirring noises from the chamber also remained him that the machine had also been in use. Gentle humming had been ramped up into a grinding of gears struggling to stay on their axels while the tiny and giant chambers shook on their bases.

"Oh crap! Xili? Xilimyth!?" Bren rushed to the human-sized chamber. The aura had increased to a blinding intensity, but he could see her from thrashing about in wild spasms.

This would probably cost him later, and he hardly cared. The kill switch for the machine had literally been killed, leaving a good friend in potential danger. Bren drew his standard firearm to unleash a round of bullets into the console until the machine finally let out a loud crack that ceased all functions. Suddenly he was grateful for all that free time in the gym. It took a lot of banging the hinges with the butt of his gun and a hundred percent cougar muscle to pry the lid off.

Xilimyth lay in a heap on the chamber's floor, unconscious but not apparently injured. If anything she looked flush and panting in very labored gasps. Much like she had experienced the most pleasurable thing outside of intercourse.

* * *

"I honestly think you bastards are a lightning rod for trouble!"

Xilimyth would wake sometime later to the always familiar screaming of General Schott. Fighting through a dreamy haze of a surprisingly restful sleep she could see them doing the usual looming routine on Janus. The bear had to hunch drastically to get within inches of the wolfs face.

"Stalling a fully functional pilot in an attempt to commandeer their VR. I can't believe you'd ever have the balls to ask for something so ridiculous."

"Actually I was just asking to ride with her..."

"Oh yeah, because that would make you super useful screaming from a backseat."

"I...get very passionate about expert combat flying?"

"Really? And when the hell would you like to demonstrate your supposed expertise? Maybe we could..."

Xilimyth meant to silently scratch an itch on her belly, but that alone caused a flurry of pain in some very tender muscles. Trying to stifle a moan did little good. All activity in the room suddenly went still. She could feel the attention of many eyes burning intently at her bed. Even so, only one eye creaked open ever so slightly in the hopes of still faking sleep.

The first thing she saw was Janus and the general at the foot of her bed. The poor wolf looked to be drowning in a pool of his own sweat but still managed to smile at seeing her stirring. No surprise, Schott was just as remorselessly intimidating as ever. She could have been shot, and he would be angry about it limiting her expendability in space combat.

Holy crap, had she been shot!?

Xilimyth dropped her obvious rouse to crane for a look at herself. She was still tiny, with barely a mound to her chest under the loose hospital gown. Legs and arms were still attached with all twenty digits. Even better was a lack of bandages or wounds. The only problem was that it hurt to move.

"Well, looks like the other disaster magnet finally decided to join us!"

Oh yeah, an angry bear was still glowering over her bedside.

"Sir, I..." Oh cripes, did it hurt to move her jaw. Something must have really messed up the macronization. An eight-hour gym marathon never felt this sore. "We...we tried our best to..."

"Save it, cat! You look like you can't get a good excuse out anyway." Schott turned to a corner where Bren and a human doctor were sitting in quiet discussion. The former stared back at Xili in a less than reassuring sense of worry. "Have you two figured out what screwed up this time?"

"We're not entirely sure," said the doctor standing up to pass off a clipboard. "She received no injuries from the bullet storm that destroyed her chamber..."

Xilimyth gulped, thanking stars she had not been shot.

"...but her readings are like nothing I've ever seen. My first scan when she arrived showed a large amount of energy welled up in her cells. The second one I just got the results in show that energy has still not dispersed in the slightest."

"Am I going to explode!?"

Everyone paused to stare at Xilimyth for her outburst. Janus took an unappreciated backstep at her notion.

"No, of course not," said the doctor, who turned to Bren. "But your friend here has been unable to recover the diagnostics for us to properly diagnose you. Considering the state of the chamber now, repairs are looking to take at least a week."

Schott snorted. "Is she dangerous?"

"No, of course not. We..."

"Good, get both these time bombs out of here and back to the barrack decks. They're grounded until further notice."

"WHAT!?"

Janus and Xilimyth could not have synchronized their shock even if it had been rehearsed. Technically you could not be on the ground in space. That was just the generals fancy way of stating house arrest.

"Sir," Janus started but suddenly went red trying to hide behind his tail when Schott shifted those burning bear eyes towards him. "We were only trying to help with the attack."

"Oh you helped those pirates find us perfectly fine, I'd say. 'Took care of all their VR's' my ass! I'd have you both locked up pending investigation for terrorism if I honestly believed you had the combined wit to plan this disaster."

They looked at each other lost for words. If the logical insult kept them out of solitary might as well take it.

Schott puffed his chest into a deep bubbling breath before letting it deflate. Apparently, that helped take any remaining rage out of him. Steel heels from his boots scrapped the floor when he did an about face to depart without a glance at his two favorite subordinates.

No sooner had the door closed than something previously said rang through Xilimyth's memories. "What was this about me being full of energy?"

The doctor must have been really lost in thought with how high Xilimyth's question made him jump. "Oh? Oh! Yes. Well, I'm not entirely sure what any of this is about yet. When the chamber was destroyed during your macronization, you somehow absorbed the energy yet failed to trigger its growth effect. I thought it would break down like our bodies normally do with such things, but this has remained welled up in your cells. Think of it like a battery being charged."

"I'd rather not." Xilimyth shuddered at having fantasies of her exploding from radiation overflow or something. "Let's just get me through another chamber, and that's sure to use up all my..."

"No way, tiny cat!" Bren said for the first time since she had woken up. That annoying, if true, nickname for her current state did nothing to calm rattled nerves. "The doc and I both agree that's the last thing you should try until we figure out what went wrong. Macronization chambers have never acted like that, so jumping back in now could trigger any number of bizarre effects."

The more Xilimyth heard the more she wanted to really go back into a profound sleep.

"So...I'm stuck as a pre-adult shrimp...?"

"Afraid so. At least until I can repair enough to get the diagnostics running. It took a good portion of the bullet fire saving my own tail. Might have to be rebuilding the thing from scratch."

"But isn't the data stored under the base of the chambers?" Janus asked. Bren gave a soft nod. "Great! So how long could it possibly take?"

Bren started to scoff but shot Xilimyth an apologetic look immediately. "To find parts specifically for Zentradi biology and recalibrating it all from scratch? I may have to get an expert in on that. Let's not

forget the launch hull took a direct hit from a megaton missile. It could take a month at the least before the entire bay is operational again."

Now Xilimyth did fall back onto her hospital bed in a weak whimper. A whole month stuck as some short, scrawny nothing. Looking up at all her friends towering by at least a foot and a half. Combat training might have been less emotionally stressing as this gloomy prospect.

The sight of a young cheetah on the verge of tears gave Bren pause. His mouth remained open in a vain search for something comfortable to say but closed after a few seconds.

Janus was equally lost on the subject. He was just glad that mouse pilot had not gotten hurt cause of his distraction. Granted she punched surprisingly hard for all the weapon damage her VR got. The damage he had absolutely nothing to do with.

The doctor ended up breaking the mood for them. "Listen, it's been a stressful day for all of us. Seargent Cruiser, maybe you should take your co-pilot down to the barracks for a good meal. You too, Mr. Derlin. A half day of rest will help us think of ways to solve our problems a lot faster."

There was little point in arguing against such truth. Now that hunger had been put into Xilimyth's mind the pillows were starting to resemble delicious marshmallows. Her legs continued to throb like crazy, but the boys were thankfully supportive of her little plight. Bren was quick to allow her a shoulder to lean on while they walked back to the barracks.

That turned into a waist to hug due to size difficulties.

A meal turned into a very dreary hour. Having to sit surrounded by soldiers double her mass took a lot of appetite out of Xilimyth. Even the females got a bit intimidating when they were close enough. Their mature breasts loomed over Xilimyth, looking ready to crush her head when each pulsing breathe caused them to swell slightly.

Barely a day went by before anxiety caused Xilimyth's entire sense of awareness to shut down. Once a positive enforcement morale, almost everyone on the barracks watched in sad disbelief at the child zombie shuffling the halls. Occasionally there would be visits to the gym, but her inability to lift weights lead to concise sets followed by light jogging.

At least she still managed to act normal around Janus. Being stuck restricted to the military decks together seemed to bring her some form of comfort. Most of their time was occupied by Schott's mandatory clean up and repairs; both to equipment and laundry of their fellow soldier's. At least the wolf had finally gotten Xilimyth into his brand of video games. Many ran on some borderline ancient technology, yet still provided a fun challenge.

If only Janus could do real combat half as good as he played simulated ones. They might have ended up the most terrifying squad in this fleet.

After two weeks the only problems seemed to arise when something triggered Xilimyth's realization of being stuck a fraction of her natural size. Like the day Janus found her in the break room trying to scale a chair and milk crate to get at some coffee creamer on the high shelves. She was muttering declarations to burn anything and everything within reach out of spite for the people that followed in after her.

Janus only regretted opening his mouth to get her attention when the bottle of rosemary slammed into his nose. A large deposit of its contents poured right onto his tongue as he fell backward. At least dropping over gagging on a tongue burning with spices seemed sufficient in breaking his friend out of their depression induced rampage.

"Oh, Karabast! I'm so sorry, Janus!" Xilimyth hopped down, fetching a glass of water to rush to her copilot.

"Don't...don't mention it," Janus said after managing to wash out enough herbs to feel his teeth again. "Least you're not throwing the metal cups again."

"Eh heh yeah..." Xilimyth wrung her tail sheepishly diverting her gaze to her toes. It was tough not to think of her as a child with such an adorable posture. "So how you dealing with our mandatory 'barracks detail?'"

"Bored out of my mind. Already read every comic I could barter off other pilots, and I'm all out of bubblegum." That had been meant as a weak attempt for humor, but it only seemed to make Xilimyth look meeker. "But hey! That's why the captain sent me to find you."

"They finally going to discharge a useless half-Zentradi?"

"Better! We need to report for a mandatory physical training."

"Oh..." Xilimyth blinked. That was unexpected since her current state made it hard to lift a flour bag. "But why would I be needed anywhere?"

"The general is calling it a 'retraining' session for, uh, both of us." Janus coughed feeling a blush come over himself. "Apparently pirate sightings are getting more and more frequent since we...demolished their storage outpost and, uh, lost a quarter of our defense's on the counter-attack. He wants every soldier combat ready to protect the colonists if they try a full on raid before we're back in secure U.N. space."

"They...want ME to pilot a VR?" Xilimyth spoke slowly in looming dread. "Janus, you know I don't like those things."

"I tried to explain that, but the general's not about to pay you a combat salary scrubbing toilets." At receiving a weird look, Janus shrugged apologetically. "His words, not mine. At least you get to play in something huge again."

"Yeah...something else huge..."

Before depression could set back in Janus disrupted Xilimyth's thoughts by giving the space between her ears a good ruffling. She swatted back with a reflexing yowl but did offer him a small smile. At least she was not being loomed over like in the medical wing. It was actually easy to get a few revenge jabs nearly being even height with the wolf.

"There's that kitty we all love," Janus said backstepping to avoid another finger into his side. "Better get dressed, I'll meet you at the gym."

"Dressed, huh?" Xilimyth flicked her tail in bewilderment watching Janus leave. There were very few garments in her footlocker outside standard military fatigues. For someone that never liked staying human-sized longer than necessary, it had always been a case of modesty over style. After being stuck like this for weeks, it was getting weird.

Maybe a workout would help relax her mind, at least. Heading back to her bunk already felt a bit better than the usual zombie shuffling between odd jobs. It might not even be embarrassing to curl some tiny dumbbells. She was only at ten percent her actual muscle mass, proportionally speaking of course.

Changing into some spandex was refreshing too. After washing the same pair of pants every other day, Xilimyth was not surprised they took some work to get off her boyish hips. Dang pair was even starting to pinch a bit. The feel of spandex hugging her frame almost made it feel like there were still curves left. There was also a spot of cleavage with how tight it pushed her chest. Might be time to order a new set with how much it had been washed too.

By the time Xilimyth made it to the gym, Janus was already down to his own scrawny work out clothes. The wolf was getting a usual treatment by the Sargent stuck with making sure every soldier on the ship stayed in peak performance.

She was a vixen by the name of Wanda; big as a tank and hits her underlings just as hard. Being stuck on a career that hinged almost entirely on an army lacking in personal fitness had convinced her to pass the misery onto everyone that came through her gym. In fact, it was custom to 'evaluate' people based on how hard they punched her bedrock of abs.

Bonus points were given to those that did not break their wrists.

"And here's the other dingus to brighten up our cloudy day!" Wanda said in a tone attempting to draw attention from the other soldiers from their routines. Thankfully there were only a few people doing sets, and two of them barely regarded Xilimyth for more than a few seconds. Leaving Janus to finish his first set of sit-ups, she strode over to personally greet Xilimyth. "Guess the general is starting to go nuts out in space. You were barely worth canon fodder ten meters tall. I fail to see what you can accomplish at two and a third."

"Ma'am!" Xilimyth said flatly. Both she and Janus learned long ago the best method of dealing with their drill Sargent was to bore them. A plan that involved standing at attention with all emotion checked at the door.

"Don't ma'am me, kitten! You have any idea how much of a money sink you two assclowns are to this corps?"

"Yes, ma'am! Sorry, ma'am!"

"It's a damn shame your fancy shrink machine doesn't work on terran's. All the colonists would just need me and about a quarter of this outfit."

"That is true ma'am."

Honestly, the idea of Wanda as a ten-meter tall war machine was both horrifying and titillating. But without much of a response to drill Xilimyth on, her imposing amazon figure eventually ceased it's looming with an angry flick of the tail.

"Get your tomboy ass to a machine and make sure you're sweating by the time I get to you. I'm still not done with your boyfriend."

Xilimyth shot past to the first open curling press she could find. Even before she set the weights Wanda's voice began resonating across the gym again. All she could do was sigh hoping Janus was dealing with the verbal 'motivation' as well as their training camp days.

Even with the pin sliding into the first plate, working up a sweat was going to be easy. There was no sliver of Zentradi strength on the cheetah's bones. But hell if that was not going to stop her from trying.

Xilimyth settled her scrawny tail-end into the seat with determination to accomplish something in front of their favorite abusive officer. Grasping the bar firmly in both hands she took a few moments to tense whatever muscle she had before giving it a hard curl

"GAH!"

The bar smacked into Xilimyth's chest, nearly rocking her off the machine. Not that her boobs were grateful for having to soften the blow at their minuscule mass.

She was still royally confused once the shock had worn off. Last time she had ever tried this was six months ago. Nearly threw out a shoulder just trying to benchpress with ten-pound weights. Sure, she still needed all her effort to keep the bar up, but she managed to hold for a few seconds before the pain in her biceps forced it back down.

Xilimyth started up a rep just to make sure it was not a fluke. Each curl somehow felt progressively more comfortable, although she was still panting in labored gasps by the time she was done. Flopping back against the machine, she raised an arm to examine it better. Not that there was any way to tell if something was different. It still looked like a scrawny twig of a bicep. She gave a flex and pondered over the way her bicep swelled. Perhaps it was just a little bit thicker.

"What is this garbage!" Wanda said as if suddenly materializing next to Xilimyth. Her angry, sensual, voice booming in the cheetah's ear quickly shut down any sense of curiosity. "I said I wanted you sweating, not chilling back like you actually accomplished something."

"But I feel...weird," Xilimyth replied. Having the unfortunate position of not finding the right words for her excuse left her feeling meek once again. Something just felt off after being startled out of her rest. She had to tug a quick tight wedgie out of her short before adjusting to a new position for sufficient curling again.

A distraction Wanda utilized to adjust the weights on the machine before Xilimyth had a chance to notice, much less object. "Yeah? And I feel horny, so we both got problems! Now we're going to do a

proper set, and you better give me some results. Otherwise, you'll be spending dinner washing my vibrators. Believe me, I'll be using them vigorously tonight too."

Xilimyth had little issue ignoring such vulgar talk. It was a bit of regular training to keep troops focused on their task. Granted, Janus had her beat when it came to discipline. The wolf once caught fire and failed to notice until he started looking for whoever was cooking bacon.

The real problem came from grabbing the bar again. She could tell just by gripping it into position there was an insane amount of weight added to her previous setting. One look at Wanda showed they were not about to let Xilimyth drop that bar without a severe lashing. With a tongue or a paddle was a bit of a mystery not worth solving in this position. Bracing herself for a world of hurt, Xilimyth took a deep breath and tried to curl with the same strength as before.

Nothing happened for five solid seconds. The cable connecting the bar to its weights vibrated intensely from Xilimyth's efforts, but nothing budged. When the burning of biceps could take no more, she let the bar drop with a hard gasp. She had made the mistake of holding her breath, and now lungs burned with her weak muscles.

"I knew you were a credit to your mixed species." Wanda was all too happy to throw out her two cents before the bar hit solid ground. "Can't stand being on equal footing with us 'little' people, eh?"

"To be fair, ma'am, there's nothing about you even Terran's would consider little."

Judging by the way Wanda's hands reflexively moved to her cannonball breasts, that attempt at a joking compliment had been taken the entirely wrong way. An awkward pause settled between them making Xilimyth's tail coil under her chair. Amazingly Wanda's expression remained unreadable even after catching her hands back to her hips. Suddenly, without a flicker of emotion, she went around the back of the machine. Sounds of soft metal grating and clicking were all Xilimyth needed to know that the weights had been increased again.

"You better hope this next one reaches your amazingly tiny tits," Wanda said upon re-entering Xilimyth's vision. "Or we're going to be canceling your pilot training til tomorrow. Oh! Did that make you angry? I'm so sorry. I completely forgot I was talking to a carefree idiot! Then how about you do so much as one curl and you both can go crash some VR's early."

Well, this was going worse than expected. Xilimyth hated herself for letting the slightest flicker of anger cause her lip to curl attempting to pull the bar down at least once.

Did Wanda really have to attack a body physique Xilimyth could not help? Comparing proportions at her real size, Xilimyth would have put those vixen's jugs to shame. It was not like she wanted to be this tiny forever. Gods forbid everyone just shut up about it and get on with the day.

Cheetah ears flicked about, almost startling Xilimyth to realize Wanda had gone dead silent. The bar slipped from her chest with a thunderous bang that drew many confused stares from the other soldiers working out. Turning to figure out what her problem might be now, Xilimyth was caught off guard to find Wanda gawking at her in apparent disbelief.

Other things began to register to Xilimyth too. Her palms burned from holding the metal bar. Biceps and chest burned from keeping it close to her chin. All of which was covered in fur burning with a hot sweat that left it starting to clump together. The arms themselves looked notably thicker, even for having their muscles worked raw. "Did I...do one?"

Wanda closed her jaw before giving a single, slow, nod.

"Six in fact. Almost a full rep." Wanda seemed to realize there were lots of eyes on them. She straightened back up with a cough that seemed to reset her standard bitch settings. "And almost just isn't good enough, in the long run, little cat. But I am a woman of my word. You are dismissed for pilot training, and take that noodle of a wolf with you."

They were not about to argue with that kind of order. Janus looked like someone had given his VR got a new paint job for Christmas.

"That was so badass!" he said once they were safe in the hallways. "Did you chug a Redbull before we got here? I didn't know you could curl eighty pounds like that."

Xilimyth was not actually paying attention to all the gushing praise. Something about her burst of exercise had rocked her sports bra entirely out of sync. No amount of shifting, stretching, or pushing seemed to get the cups perfectly rested back over her chest either. Her poor babies were getting pushed a little too tight. They almost gave a brief illusion of having cleavage again.

"Uh, y-yeah. Hey, we should go change into our flight suits. Maybe we can get done early there too."

"Wha?" Janus had been distracted looking Xilimyth over for signs of her sudden burst of strength. He certainly did not find her as 'curvy impaired' as the cheetah liked to often mope about in this state. This was probably the third time he had to avoid a direct stare at her attempt to dig that stubborn spandex crease out of her butt. Luckily he had already thought of a topic when she seemed to notice his blush. "It'd be great if Darius could be that generous too. Now that our confinement's lifted, what say I take you out to dinner?"

"Nya?" Xilimyth paused with her hands still tugging the back of her shorts to stare up at Janus. Something felt a bit off in that he no longer seemed to have that looming presence like most people she had been interacting with this past week. But that curiosity was quickly crushed under the growing realization she had just been asked out on a date.

"I-I mean, just as friends, er, partners. You know what I'm saying, right?" Janus must have read her mind with how frantic he tried to expand on his ideas. His blush was starting to rival hers in color depth. "Don't think I haven't noticed how everyone's been acting around you since that attack. Let's get all fancy over a nice meal and dancing without being ridiculed for a few hours. It'll be fun!"

Xilimyth blinked very slowly before straightening up. Hands continued to remain hidden behind her hips somehow looking professional and sheepish at the same time.

"You can dance?"

Janus' mouth opened but seemed unable to form a response for several seconds. "Can you?"

For the first time in days, a genuine smile crossed Xilimyth's muzzle. "Touche. But I suppose getting my toes stepped on by you is better than Wanda whipping our rears."

"Great! I honestly spent most of my recreational allowance on bribing some staff at The SuperNova to give us a good table."

Xilimyth blinked unsure if she had correctly heard Janus mention the restaurant specifically lorded over by Macross Fifty-Two's rich bastards. But the wolf was already retreating down the halls before she could offer a response.

"Don't forget to be fancy!"

"Uh...kaaay...."

She stood dumbfounded only managing to give a weak wave. And Xilimyth was still waving at nothing for some time before a rabbit rounded the corner nearly walking over her.

"Whoa! Hey, tiny cat! You okay down there?"

That quickly broke Xilimyth's stupor to shoot them a warning glare. Tiffany happened to share the top bunk with her, so they were on general polite terms. Still made Xilimyth's spots ruffle to be called 'tiny' by someone only a few inches taller.

Wait, taking a second look Xilimyth tilted her head. Not counting the ears they were not that far different in size or shape. Which is funny, since Tiffany at least had enough of a rack to bounce when she walked.

Although...

"Yeah, I'm great Tiff." Xilimyth's hands ceased ghost measuring their busts when Tiffany actually looked in her direction. "Say...don't suppose you have a dress I can borrow?"

After a promise of future favors, Xilimyth was off for a shower followed by a quick change. The acquired dress had already been laid out on her bunk upon returning fresh as a daisy. But that was for later. Xilimyth instead knelt to open the combination on her footlocker. Inside was a mix of many things that had never seen use in her years of service; a sidearm, rations, fatigues. All general stuff she never liked to stay small enough to actually need on missions.

Consequently, that meant her standard flight suit was slightly dusty with an odor that made Xilimyth's nose wrinkle. This might very well be the first time it would ever be worn.

And even then, the sleeves hung off her wrists like an oversized sleeper. Having to roll them up into dense bunches at the elbow was a depressing reminder of what a speck that machine made of her.

Combined with the absolute torture that is flight training killed Xilimyth's sense of satisfaction for showing up Wanda rather quick. It was run by a lemur named Darius, who's skinny body could actually

make Xilimyth feel buff by comparison. Especially with how small he felt today laying back in a hammock staring blankly into a tablet screen.

"Y-yeah, just go through autopilot basics, or whatever!" had been his official orders before Xilimyth had climbed the dummy VR used for today's practice. And they liked to call footsoldiers like her 'useless'...

Janus had already made himself comfortable in the cockpit when she had climbed in. Unlike their supposed commanding officer, he was all too happy to explain every switch or button in a systematic textbook-like fashion. Not that Xilimyth minded long streams of technical terms. Their mutual love for machines was a key component to their friendship.

It was also cute watching those wolf ears flap around in excitement at getting to explain such things in detail. A rare treat for a nerd.

"So did you actually get any of that?"

"Uh huh!" Xilimyth said in an automated response to having her thoughts disrupted.

"...you were staring at my ears again, weren't you?"

A hint of pink began to brighten up the fur between Xilimyth's spots. "N-nooo..."

Janus twitched his ears a few times watching her eyes still follow them. "Okay, well then, go ahead and do the start-up sequence we just walked through. If you're really such an expert as us tiny mortals."

Pink turned into a flaming red across Xilimyth's face. She did not hesitate to stride forward within reach of the controls.

"I'll have you know just cause we're like this doesn't make things more complicated. It's just like moving my mech suit."

One switch flick proved it was not like moving in a mech suit. Today's flight training ended very early thanks to their dummies spontaneous transformation from GERWALK to fighter mode. Thankfully Darius had stepped out of his office to check on their progress before it got crushed.

"Fourteen demerits in one day. I think that's a new record for us."

"It's a bit unsettling how proud you sound of that," Tiffany said while she brushed mascara on Xilimyth's eyelashes. Although it was difficult for her to show anything other than amusement at rehearing the days antics. Such stories were worth letting her bunkmate bum off a bit of make-up.

Xilimyth had literally never needed such things while being small before. But something about going to a fancy place full of elegant people made her want to at least try. She was still a perfect blend of Terran and Zentradi, and everyone needed a reminder of that.

Heck, it surprised both girls that Tiffany's dress did not need that much padding to fit her slender form. They rarely interacted so they might have overestimated their difference in build. Tiffany tended to work guard detail for the colonist homes, so never saw space combat.

"That should do it." Tiffany closed her makeup kit before handing Xilimyth a vanity mirror. "How are the heels?"

"Unexpectedly snug, I must say."

Xilimyth fiddled with her borrowed shoes hoping to at least get out the room without tripping over them. It was either high heels or going barefoot, and both girls were relatively confident one option went beneath the dress code.

She straightened to examine herself in the tiny mirror. The cheetah reflected back flashed her dazzling fangs back in a broad smile. There had only been a slight relenting when Tiffany had insisted applying makeup for her 'friend date.' Yet the results of light mascara, blush, and lipstick application made her face shine in the light was amazingly satisfying.

If only there were some boobs to go along with it. A set of those would really make heads turn.

"How do I look?" Xilimyth turned her smile to Tiffany. Self-confidence issues were not about to ruin her first decent night in weeks.

"Like a child playing in grandma's closet."

"I hate you too, Tiff! Thanks so much!"

Xilimyth held her tail high while nearly skipping to the door. That stopped after she slipped on a heel and crashed into the door frame. Still, her mood never faltered. The little journey through Macross Fifty-two allowed her to get better accustomed to walking on such silly things. Having a bit of extra height never hurt either. No one was calling her tiny or giving snarky grins in passing. In fact, a few heads had actually done double takes to watch her stroll down the street. A feeling of attraction Xilimyth never thought possible while micronized.

By the time she had entered the Super Nova Xilimyth was glowing from more than just makeup. The entrance room held a stunning array of decorations from an ice sculpture fountain to six small chandeliers. She actually did not feel overdressed for something, another rarity in a combat pilots line of work.

"And that's why you don't use GERWALK in caves. You never know when those tunnels suddenly start getting narrow on you. Especially the 46B models. Their backsides are even bigger than...oh! Hey, Xilly!"

Janus waved cheerfully over from the host podium. His appearance nearly caused Xilimyth to crash into a chair from staring. It was hard to tell his level of the dress code at a glance. Especially considering the mystery of how one finds a purple tuxedo.

Behind it stood a very exasperated lemur girl with her face half buried in her hands. She looked just as excited to see Xilimyth as Janus. If only to have an excuse to end the conversation they were having.

"You were right, she is a lovely young lady indeed. You'll grow up into that dress amazingly well in a few years. Right, this way please."

"Thank you," Xilimyth said after giving Janus a hug. She was not about to correct the hostess with her real age. That was a surprise for the bartender planning to card her for a good cocktail.

They were lead through a short hallway into a very spacious, two floored, dining area. The lower area was set with big tables to accommodate dinner parties among higher officers and wealthy class citizens. The upper level was serving a different layout, with a dance area taking up most of the space with sets of couches and smaller tables for smaller parties. Beats of music thumped across glass walls to the rhythm of their hearts.

It certainly got Xilimyth's blood hot before they were even seated on one couch upstairs. Much like the hostess, who seemed super excited to bid them a final goodbye before almost running back to her post.

A strong fox man came by moments later to collect their drink orders. To his credit, only his ears perked at checking Xilimyth's ID before taking her request for a long-island tea. Tarren's had weird customs, but they knew how to make great drinks.

"So..." Janus grinned, only to get his attempt at a conversation cut off before the first syllable. No sooner had their waiter left for drinks than Xilimyth was back on her feet yanking him along by one arm.

"W-what?" Janus looked surprised but allowed Xilimyth to drag them onto the dance floor. He was more than willing to endure a bit of social embarrassment if it helped cheer up such a caring wing woman. "You do know I can't dance, right?"

"Me neither!" Xilimyth kicked off her heels, wasting no time starting to wag her tail to the music. "But don't tell me you can't resist cutting loose after weeks of gray corridors."

She had him there. Janus hesitated a bit too look around. Everyone seemed more interested in their own good time than laughing at them, so he soon began bobbing to the groove. Seconds later his tail waved to the beat just as heartily as Xilimyth.

The only thing more surprising than their uncharacteristic lack of inhibition was how few times they ended up crushing each other's feet. After about two songs of straight dancing Xilimyth finally felt drained enough for a break at their couch. Drinks were waiting for them on the glass table, rich in chilled condensation.

"Whoa! hey, don't get too wild!" Janus said upon seeing Xilimyth chug over half her long island in one go. "We haven't even ordered dinner yet. Besides, I don't think they'll let me hold your hair in the bathroom."

"I'll be okay, silly. HIC!" Xilimyth's hand cupped her lip at the sudden motor reflex, only to laugh off Janus' raised eyebrow. "We just got here. I'm not going to get wasted."

"You sure you're okay? Last time you were this energetic was when we discovered those catnip imports."

"I said I'm fi-ooonnngh!" Xilimyth leaned forward with both hands clasping her stomach. Any attempt to look offended got undermined by her insides sudden desire to do a cartwheel.

"Fiongh?" Janus gave a nervous chuckle taking a sip of his grape juice. "You look more like a 'yarrg' to me. Maybe we should go someplace a bit more relaxed."

"No way! We're not wasting all your efforts to get in here." Xilimyth's protest ended punctuated with another roaring hiccup. The mere thought of her friend's stubborn concern possibly being justified was embarrassing enough. However, she was starting to feel hot for other reasons. Eyes blinked a few times out of sync, doing little to make the dance floor appear less fuzzy. "O-okay, maybe I drank a bit too fast. G-going to take a breather in the bathroom. Order me something Italian, would you sweetie?"

"Hey now..."

But Xilimyth was already up and leaving Janus in her high-heeled dust. Something felt off ever since they got inside but Janus could not put his finger on it. Maybe his friend was right about being paranoid. The elation at having some genuine fun might be overwhelming for couped up dorks such as themselves.

"E-excuse me?" Turning to a waiter passing by, Janus softly waved him down to order some appetizers. After dinner, he figured they could hit up that laser tag arena down the street.

Odds were he would still lose with Xilimyth's handicap of wearing a dress.

Then again, Xilimyth was staggering into the woman's bathroom having far less coherent thoughts. It was everything she could do to get over a sink for a fresh splash of water. She did not care if Tiffany's makeup job ran, everything felt hot. What a great way to thank someone for a good night out, coming down with a fever an hour after arriving.

Quick splashes across both arms and her minuscule chest dramatically helped. Clumped fur seemed to almost drink up the moisture, cooling her down but almost looking dry again in minutes. How was she this hot and still standing?

"Oh good..." Xilimyth said to her messed up reflection glaring back. The mascara ran down her cheeks in black tears, while her bangs were all frazzled out of place. With no reliable knowledge of facial decorating, she settled for grabbing large clumps of paper towels from a dispenser. A lot more refreshing cold water helped her scrub off the mess until her face was clean once more. "Hopefully he won't notice. Guess all the bouncing around is giving him enough to worry abooooOWOWOWOWOW!"

Xilimyth fell over the sink in a fit of rapid yowls. A hard cramp seized the base of her tail. The whole appendage fluffed up until it looked half a foot thick. Everything only spread out worse from there. Her glutes involuntarily clenched up tight, followed by her thighs, stomach, arms, every part of the cheetah's body systematically clenched until her whole body refused to move. At least the counter stopped her from suffering an embarrassing fall. Did not need anyone walking in on a collapsed cheetah right now.

Seconds stretched in a very discomforting eternity before whatever force constricting Xilimyth's muscles released her. She shot back up whipping around as if in search for some kind of assailant. Naturally, she was alone. All the stalls were open and vacant, while the servant hired to handle toiletries had a 'back in ten' sign on her stool. Of course, it was silly to think of that random spasm as an external attack in hindsight.

Xilimyth caught her breath coming to a realization something might be wrong after all. She really hated to spoil such a promising evening, but Janus would likely agree on a stop to the doctors before they did anything else. It was when she reached for the door handle that Xilimyth was greeted with concrete evidence their evening would be taking a turn away from normal.

"Oh, karabast!" Xilimyth whispered in awe. Arm still outstretched, she watched as the sleeve of her dress was slowly moving of its own accord. The hem pulled back further across her arm by the second, eventually leaving her elbow exposed. A brushing along her shins made the cheetah glance down and see that its hem was also moving. It rose up like a curtain revealing more of her spotted legs until settling well past the knees. Despite remaining rooted in place, a logical conclusion struck her the same time her fingers suddenly tapped against the door that had previously been a foot away. "You gotta be kidding me. I'm growing back NOW!?"

"NGGGH!!" Xilimyth tried to grab the handle again, but another hard cramp sent her stumbling back.

CLUNK!

"NYAAH!" Grasping onto the towel rack was all that saved Xilimyth from an unpleasant fall. She looked down aghast both heels of her shoes had snapped, unable to support her sudden increase in weight. "Mmph! Tiff is totally going to kill me. Ngggh!"

The fancy looking footwear was not spared further destruction. Xilimyth bit her lip in a wince watching her feet bulge increasingly worse through gaps in the laces. They put up a good fight for a few seconds, but her toes could not be contained. In several rapid snaps, the entire front of her heels blew apart. Cheetah claws wiggled in relief at their newfound freedom. The feet sporting them continued to grow larger before Xilimyth's eyes until they shed off her shoes entirely. Her stockings fared little better, starting to tear under the strain of legs too long and thick for their design.

CRUNCH!

Xilimyth staggered when the towel rack suddenly gave way. Thankfully she was able to regain balance with her heels back on flat ground.

"Holy fff...nya!?" She blinked dumbfounded at the towel rack clasped firmly in her hand. Large chunks of rubble still remained attached to the nails at each end leaving gaping holes in the wall she would probably have to pay for.

"Oh...oh goodness..nnggghh!" Xilimyth tried to keep herself calm, but that was hard with how her tendons kept tensing of their own accord. Each flex ran through her body in rhythmic pulses. The metal bar had no chance under such pressure. Each squeeze of her hand caused it to bend more like a U shape.

That was only slightly less impressive as Xilimyth's arms themselves. The micronization chambers were nothing like actually witnessing your own body start to fill out bigger and thicker than ever. Granted if Xilimyth was not dumbfounded by the sight of her arms filling out, all the tension pulsing over her nerves would have prevented a reaction anyway.

Eyes watched wide as the bicep of each arm swelled into a tight flex before relaxing a few seconds and then flex again. However when they relaxed they never deflated all the way. Spots kept stretching wider and wider with new deposits of rich sinew. Soon the skin itself began to crease over muscle bulges piling on thickening bones. The sleeves of her dress ended up getting caught right in the middle of each bicep, creating many tears along the hems.

SNAP!

"Meow!?" Xilimyth yelped when the towel rack had taken its share of bending and finally broke. Both halves fell in useless chunks at her feet. A crumpled metal sliver remained of its middle, falling from her grip before she realized motor control had returned to her arms.

"Ngggh!?" It quickly became apparent Xilimyth's arms were not the only appendage getting thick. Running her now thick clawed hands over her body, Xilimyth could feel her dress stretched taut across a stomach brimming with a heavy six-pack of abs. Wanda did a hundred crunches a day and would still be jealous to see Xilimyth like this.

SHRRRP! TRRPHT!!

At least the stockings were cheap. That was Xilimyth's best comfort when they finally tore off her swollen legs. The increasing girth of her thighs caused the cheetah to stagger around a few steps trying to accommodate for a wider stance. There was no way to avoid them rubbing together where ever she went now.

KRRK! CRACK!

"YEEK!" Xilimyth's hands flew to her hips when they suddenly started popping out. More accurately she tried to grip the bottom hem of her dress to stop its sharp rise upwards. Instead, she ended up accidentally squeezing her own butt when it began to inflate against her palms. Multiple levels of fat poured up to give her a round, perky shelf that molded like two marshmallow's between her fingers. Tiffany and her expansively loaned attire were momentarily forgotten to process this delightful sensation. Loud purrs radiated off the walls while she kneaded her behind overjoyed to feel curves that have been lacking for so long.

"Rrrr-gah!?" Only one thing could have made Xilimyth any happier, and that began to manifest in a sudden tightening of her bra. It only took the few seconds for it to register her breasts were growing. They had already filled out the cups of her padded bra and were now digging the straps sharply into the muscles of her broadened back. A few seconds more and she appeared to be stuffing two foam softballs in her dress. The twin orbs squeezed against each other as they grew, bulging out the neckline of her dress trying to contain them.

Xilimyth quickly undid her bra, letting such a demoralizingly small undergarment join her mess on the floor. Taking a breast in each hand, she gently tugged them up and let gravity pull them back down. She repeated this action several times along their inflating crests to spurn the twins onto greater girth. Sadly they stopped just shy of rivaling her head in size, but Xilimyth was not about to complain. They stretched her dress to its limit spanning a half-meter-wide neckline, with cleavage probably as deep.

"Oh, my goooosh!!" Xilimyth whirled to the mirror to check out the Amazon goddess uncontained by its borders. She began to flex and pose from every angle she could think of not caring for reasons why this miracle had happened. The once robe-like dress now clung tightly to every curve and ridge of her muscled frame. Its hem stopped right below her hips, failing to completely hide glimpses of her panties with each movement. "I'm friggin sexy again!"

Xilimyth blinked, running a hand gently around her neck. Like everything else, it had swollen thick with muscle. Just like that, her voice had gone from high and childish to something profound and powerful. It made her grin a very toothy smile. Janus' reaction to an improved 'tiny' cat was going to be priceless.

Forgetting all about her mess, Xilimyth left the bathroom accidentally snapping off the door handle in the process. Although she needed a second to duck under the doorway, the sound of breaking metal helped lavish her with attention for such a towering body immediately. Virtually all heads turned to watch the giant cheetah woman sashay past without clear awareness of her dress code violations.

Social crowds parted like a sea when she came close.

A bartender accidentally poured really expensive rum all over the counter while mesmerized by the jiggling of her rear.

A couple that had been lost in a debate suddenly got their argument resolved when the boyfriend was accidentally knocked aside by the sway of Xilimyth's tits.

It was akin to being in heaven after weeks of hell. Xilimyth almost felt like her real, ten meters tall, self again.

Janus was too busy with his own thoughts to really notice a growing commotion following up the stairs. Their couch had been set facing away from it, so even when a shadow suddenly blocked out the dance lights, he saw little reason to look up.

Fortunately getting his attention was not that hard either. Xilimyth turned to make sure she was in the perfect pose before draping her tail across the wolf's lap. As predicted Janus stared dumbfounded at the furry twitching tip for several seconds. Once his mind processed what it was his gaze slowly followed the winding path of spots only to get his nose scrunched up against Xilimyth's firm butt. He promptly let out the cutest yip before backpedaling so hard he fell over the armrest, also according to plan.

"Hey there, sweetie!" Xilimyth erupted in giggles before taking a seat that took up a cushion and a half of couch. "Sorry I took so long, I had to freshen up."

Janus's dinner plates for eyes slowly peered over the armrest to take in the sight of Xilimyth's looming form. The rest of his face shortly followed looking redder than paint on a VR. "X-Xilimyth!? What in the name of Alderaan happened to you!?"

"Do you like it?" Xilimyth ran a hand through her hair, arching her back to make her chest bulge out a bit further for him. "Looks like that stupid chamber is finally wearing off on me. Maybe we should go shopping after this. I could use help finding underwear that fits."

Janus blinked as his mouth dropped open. What Xilimyth had not expected was his expression turning almost angry. The wolf leaped to his feet rushing before Xilimyth to yank on her arm urgently. "S-shopping? Are you losing your mind? If that chamber mishap is still messing with you, this is the last place we need to be!"

"W-what are you...oh...OH!!" Xilimyth blinked at the wolf. He looked so dang tiny and adorable after having such a drastic perception change. But soon his words began to turn the gears in her head. The rush of such newfound power faded from the setting of cold hard reality.

She was growing big again...

Greater than she had ever felt at the normal Zentradi size...

...in the middle of a colony ship.

"Oh...oh crab baskets!" The crushing realization of their situation was matched only by the humiliation of their location. Xilimyth promptly slapped her knees together trying to pull the hem of her dress over them. It refused to budge an inch without suffering further tears. "Oh man, Janus. Help me! What are we going to do?"

"Get up for one!" Janus yanked on her arm again, needing both hands to hug her bicep. While his strength did nothing to budge her, his actions did spurn Xilimyth to stand. "Just stay calm. We'll call the doctor and have him meet us at the micronization chambers."

"Why there?"

"Lot's more room, mostly."

"R-right!" Xilimyth burned red from ears to tail tip letting Janus lead her out of the club by one hand. Her other was busy trying to close the neckline around her boobs to prevent their nipples from popping free.

She almost took out the top of the doorway getting out in their hurry. Hopefully, they could get to the VR docks before all that muscle refused to fit in the turbo lifts.

As was standard distribution from Lady Luck, the duo's nightly supply would be minuscule. By now the streets were jammed with colonists out for their dose of nightly entertainment. The last thing they were expecting was a giant cheetah running out of a building with assets audibly bouncing to her gait.

"Taxi!"

Xilimyth's mind froze up when Janus let go of her hand to try chasing down a ride. Being left alone with dozens of stunned gawkers surrounding her made it hard to really move anything.

"Nya! S-stop staring please," Xilimyth said in barely a whisper.

If only it were that easy. Xilimyth stood almost a whole meter over all but the tallest of street goers. Trying to cover mountainous boobs with an already strained dress was also not making a lot of people divert attention. They swelled and contracted rapidly with the rhythm of her panting. Xilimyth shut her

eyes hugging her chest tight trying to shut it all out. The noise of the city fading away to a dull thumping against the inside of her skull.

"Gyaah!?"

Xilimyth's eyes shot open as she felt the breasts in her hands expand without the aid of her lungs. The harsh beating of her heart seeming to pump them up a little fatter with each pulse. She tightened her grip which did nothing to halt their growth. A loud tearing formed a rough V tear down her cleavage.

"Oh nooooo!" Xilimyth twisted her hips when she felt the hem start to move along them as well. Her butt poked out gradually from underneath the dress like a rising curtain to moon the people fortunate enough to be behind the cheetah. Most of her once modest panties were getting increasingly wedged between her plump glutes. "Please stop. No. No."

It was over as quickly as it set in. Xilimyth whined softly trying to press her breasts and legs against her body. Attempts to make herself look smaller proved futile. The areola's of each pillowy breast overflowed the torn neckline of her dress. A stray draft of cycled air also made note that her panties were pinching into a very uncomfortable cameltoe.

"Xili!" Janus snapped her mind back into focus as he came running through the crowds. "Are you...okay?"

The growth spurt must have only been minor, or Janus simply had a hard time telling with an already big girl to deal with. But he did seem to give pause feeling something was a bit off. Xilimyth could, unfortunately, tell right away he had become a little smaller in her perspective.

"It...it's still going." Xilimyth gave up trying to cover her breasts when she took a step. The motion completely bunched up her dress around the broad span of her hips, causing hands to instinctively try to pull it back down. They were incapable of reaching the widest part of her butt now. "I can't stop it."

"Okay!" Janus said with a stern nod that surprised them both. Taking a hand that easily enveloped his own, the wolf pulled Xilimyth along towards a waiting transport on the road. "Got us a car that'll take us back to the main lift in less than a few minutes. Just try to stay calm until we get to Bren. Emotions might end up making you grow faster."

"What are you basing that on?"

"When have our biggest disasters not been caused by wild emotional outbursts?" they looked blankly at each other until Janus broke into a sheepish grin up at her. "No pun intended."

"...Good point, but everyone is staring."

Janus opened the doors to the transport. By some little favor of the divine, he had managed to catch a van meant for multiple people. "So? You love when people look, remember?"

"Y-yeah, but that's cause I'm dressed...and in control...and not likely to squash my admirers."

"Good point. Now hustle your spots!"

Easy for him to say. Janus's body did not take up almost the whole width of the door. Even after she managed to wedge such rippling buffed shoulders inside, Xilimyth had to lay sprawled out across three seats on one side.

The driver, a rather unshaven human, cursed slightly when Xilimyth's weight caused his vehicle to violently rock. Turning back to see this lumbering cheetah squeeze herself in left him dumbstruck for several agonizing seconds neither pilot could spare.

"Who the hell is this monster?"

"Call my friend and wing girl that again and I'll...have stern words for you!" Janus snorted as he clambered on inside. He had to be careful not to bump said curvy cheetah breasts after taking a seat opposite. "Now floor it if you want my six hundred credits."

The driver scrunched his face in bitter suspicion but began steering his van back into traffic.

A gentle hum of motors with the blazing neon lights whizzing past brought a sense of calm back among the couple. Xilimyth finally managed to steady her breathing resting hands in the middle of her stomach. It was hard to resist tracing along the contours of rich abs wrapped under her tight dress. She had never had a chance to be so strong at a, relatively, terran size. That favorite part of being herself was always getting stripped away by that stupid microchamber and Tarren laws. Full Zentradi never had to deal with the indignation of being flattened out to look like a boy.

"You doing alright, Xili?" Janus said, feeling a bit calm himself now that his friend had begun purring from self-tummy pets.

Xilimyth rolled her head to give Janus a lazy smile. Things were going about as well as she could imagine thanks to his springing into action. Talk about a side of the wolf that is rarely seen. Normally he could not be assertive to bandits in roleplaying hologames, much less to a cab driver. Such protective chivalry was enough to make a helpless hulking kitten blush.

"BURRRRPPP!!!"

Then again, so was opening your mouth to have your stomach let loose one hell of a belch instead of proper thanks. Xilimyth had no time to be embarrassed though. Her hands clenched at her stomach felt the whole middle start to cramp up. Abs pushed back against her palms starting to tear out up the remains of her dress with their mounting brawn.

"Xili? What are you...on no!"

"Hey!" The driver shouted back over his shoulder. He was already annoyed by Xilimyth's rude release of gas, but getting his seat kicked was too much. Of course, he could not see how Xilimyth's legs were stretching out and thickening up by the passing second. "What the hell you guys doing!?"

"Nya!" Xilimyth cried when her head involuntarily hit the back windshield. A suddenly wobbling in her balance made her promptly grab a support hook. Her whole body began to overflow the seats as she watched it helplessly grow. With a final snap, her dress gave way, allowing breasts rivaling beach balls to

bounce free. Their engorged nips bounced around in a cold relief at having some fresh air. Trying to scrunch back her legs caused, even more, rippings as her panties snapped off at the tightened area of her inflating hips. A good portion of whom was starting to squish against Janus's legs even as he tried to lean away from the growing cheetah. "I...I think getting into a car was a bad idea."

"You clowns better not be messing up...my..." The driver finally had enough free road to risk a glance back. It was amazing how he only needed a few seconds to comprehend staring at a naked Cheetah woman taking up the majority cabin space. One thickly muscled foot was even creeping over the armrests to give him a peek down at a vagina he could lose an arm in. "HOLY HEEEEEE...."

At least there was no oncoming traffic when he simultaneously spun the wheel and slammed on the breaks. One of those actions had probably been unintentional, but it still was what caused Xilimyth to go rolling out of her seat. With a thunk to his head from a foot equal in size, the poor man slumped against the driver side door out cold.

The van itself went into a complete spiral thanks to Xilimyth's sudden rocking weight. Black tire tracks followed in their wake to spin three complete doughnuts before the vehicle finally thudded to a stop across a patch of grass and sidewalk off the road's far side.

"Oooo ugh!" Xilimyth broke two aid hooks trying to heft her massive breasts off the van floor, and some of the seats. Their abnormal size was making it difficult to tell, but she had little doubt they were growing in mass faster than the rest of her. Looking left and right she found it difficult to observe further damage. Most of Xilimyth's vision was getting blocked by the girth of her own shoulders pressing against the insides of the cabin. "Janus? Sweetie, you okay?"

"Mmmhhhhmppp!"

Xilimyth blinked, and then looked down parting the mountains of her cleavage. From out of the deep canyon popped Janus's familiar wolf head taking a deep breath of desperate air. Xilimyth quickly sat up and leaned back on her haunches as best their tight space could allow. There was a lot of pushing against her pliable bosom involved, but Janus managed to wiggle his way out. Fortunately, he was too busy struggling with Xilimyth's mammarys to notice her elicit an involuntary groan. That caught her off guard somewhat. Usually getting smaller and bigger never had a profound effect on her bodies sensitivity.

"Are you hurt?" Janus said once they had confirmed his only injury was a minor nosebleed.

All Xilimyth could do was give a defeated laugh looming over the wolf. "I'm pretty sure I'll do more damage to the car at this rate. Can you get out?"

"Um...yeah. I think I can reach the door." Janus gulped, his eyes drifting back to Xilimyth's chest blocking the entire walkway. Uttering several rapid begs of pardon, he threw himself along the mammary closest to the door in a clumsy attempt at scaling such soft, furry flesh.

Xilimyth gasped in surprise at first but soon caught on. She tried to help a bit by rolling against the opposite wall. There was something almost relieving at seeing Janus flail about on her body. His shoes kicking desperately against her boobs finding no solid ground to push off from. One hand gingerly tried

to cup under Janus's feet for a boost. However, an opportunity at some evil seemed a shame to pass up. Her hand continued on up to cup the whole of Janus's hapless butt to give it a firm pushover.

"YIP!" Was the cry when Janus hit into a tumble across the row of seats. He shook it off feeling his rear tingle where the soft cheetah's pad had squished it. "T-thanks a ton..."

"Don't mention it." was the reply beyond a wall of bicep muscle and boobs that Janus could see.

Janus was happy to at least side the door open without difficulty. Another crowd was starting to gather a short distance away to observe the erratic spin out they had. Most were wary about approaching in no small part to the giant Catwoman face staring back through the windows. That was good as there was no time to explain. Janus moved around to the drivers' door to pull him out a safe distance before the next growth spurt.

"Is he okay?" Xilimyth asked from inside her tight metal cage.

"Looked like he's out with a nosebleed too. Not sure if that's from your kick or...um...can you get out of there?"

"No," Xilimyth replied, having already tried edging a beefy leg out the same sliding door. "I can't twist enough to get both legs out."

"Okay sit tight." A growl of annoyance echoed out of the van making Janus blush. "Bad choice of words, yes. Maybe I can cut you out if we find a..."

Their ears perked at hearing a jingle suddenly emanate from Janus's butt. Reaching into a pocket, the wolf produced his phone and felt a sigh of relief at seeing the caller ID.

"Hey, Bren!" Janus said when hitting the answer button. "Funny you should call now."

"Yeah, sure, listen; whatever you're doing, drop it now and get Xili down to the macronization chambers pronto!"

"Well, to tell you the truth we were...uh..." Janus lost himself looking back at the van for a second. Xilimyths spotted tail had snaked it's way out of the open driver side door gaining inch after inch closer to the ground. The ass it was attached to inflated at an even faster pace that bent both front seats inching towards the windshield. "...we were trying to get to you already?"

"Okay, cool. If we hurry and get Xilimyth micronized enough we might be able to avoid a catastrophe."

SNAP! Krr-shrrrtttt!"

Janus winced before forcing himself to look at the van again. Xilimyth was shifting rather uncomfortably now after the hardened muscled cheeks of her butt broke through the windshield. The van itself was rocking from her motions, straining the struts and bending the frame around her increasing mass.

"What was that?" Bren said in a tone that already suggested he knew the answer.

"A really big cat-astro..." Janus bit his lip to avoid making a very bad pun about the ridiculous sight breaking before him. "N-never mind. Why do we need to micronize Xili? Hasn't that already happened."

"Oh, we WISH! It took forever to recover the data from that crushed pod, but what we've made sense of so far is very bad. The bullet that broke the process completely disabled the macronization shut down protocols for standard use. Xilimyth was in a seven-minute loop of the same process cycling over her."

A soft groan of despair echoed through the bloated bubble of a van. Apparently, Xilimyths growing kitty ears could hear just as well in there.

Janus gulped but found a way to keep his voice steady. "So you're saying she got macronized seven times in a row?"

"Seven!?" Bren sniggered over the radio. "Try dozens, maybe even hundreds of times. She had so much energy pumped into her it's probably why there haven't been any immediate effects yet. The doctor says her body has been likely adjusting itself to deal with it in a single rush. Most likely he means when she's ready she's going to grow up really big and FAST."

As if on cue a loud scrapping overshadowed all noise of the city around them. Glancing back Janus could see the spotted hindquarters of a cheetah finishing off the window frame of their former ride. The back windows shattered soon after by large cream furred marshmallows squishing their way to freedom.

The rest of Xilimyth soon followed by shredding the roof of the car asunder. Her back slowly merged glossed in sweat that pooled within all the numerous crevis of newfound muscles. Shoulders had grown incredibly broad leading down in a sea of bulging ridges across her waist and lower back. A rock climber would have no trouble scaling that mountain of spots.

The great buffed back reversed its arch once freed. Xilimyths head shot out of what remained of the van, followed to a greater extent by her breasts spilling over the vehicles torn frame. They were easily the biggest part of her now, which was saying a lot when observing the contracting swells of her bicep and butt muscles while moving.

Xilimyth glanced back at her rear slowly spilling out across the hood as more fat and muscle built up in her hips. Those burning brown eyes drifted to Janus in an odd mix of panic and pleasure. The very flesh of her breasts jiggled with each labored pulsing breath while she became bigger than the car they had just occupied.

A long silence deafened cries of a startled populace around them. All the pair could really focus on was an increasing discrepancy in their height with each other.

Bren felt keen to break their silence of a crackling of static. "She's already going, isn't she?"

"And FAST!" confirmed Janus, sounding rather steady despite the bouncing nipples breaking apart the vans back bumper. "But something is a bit off. She's getting really...huge...I mean in other ways!"

"That's probably because she's half-Zantradi," Bren said. "It's a lot like the side effects of micronizing. The doc thinks all that energy might start mutating the biology from Xilis...other halves."

“What other halves?” Janus tried to ask only to get echoed by Xilimyth’s booming voice asking the same question.

Such sudden thunder must have shaken Bren silent like the crowd around them. It was a few dead seconds before he called back.

“Better we explain when you guys get down here. She already sounds big as her old self.”

“My old self was a lot less...bulgy?” Xilimyth said as she tentatively stepped out of the crumbling van struts onto the solid grass. She curiously flexed an arm getting slightly dazzled by how big her spotted meat swelled.

“He's right though.” Janus had shut off his radio so they could refocus on their literal growing crisis. “We need to get you to the cargo lifts before you get too big to fit. Something tells me you might not stop at ten meters.”

“Mmmh...” Xilimyth nit her lip, absent cupping her breasts. They overflowed any effort of lift like sandbags. I'm not even that tall, and I already look like swollen. It'd be really awesome if this weren't scary and drafty.”

“Try not to think about...naked spots...” Janus coughed pretending to look for something to hide his blush. It was getting really hard to look Xilimyth modestly in the eye. Her dark colored nips were nearly casting a shadow upon him. “I mean, focus on getting down to the macronization chambers. I think the cargo lifts are five blocks that way.”

Xilimyth could not register a word the wolf was saying after ‘naked.’ Despite his encouragements, that was the only thing she could think about. Gazing across the sea of gawking faces in a half circle around their wrecked van, her hands instinctively moved to try covering her crotch and breasts in a bid for modesty. The latter proved to be a rather impossible effort. Even without her arm being a thick meaty ham pushing back against her soft bosom, their sheer size could not be covered by just one limb alone. All Xilimyth’s efforts amounted to was an awkward display of self-groping that got expressions of approval from a few members of her audience.

No, she was going to need cover before anything else. Xilimyth refused to have public streaking down on her career records. Even Zentradi would give her crap the rest of her life for that. Luckily salvation was just across the street.

“Xili? What? No, wait!”

Janus stuttered when her footsteps began thundering down the exact opposite path he had pointed out. Their crowd of gathered onlookers parted faster than the red sea to escape Xilimyth's looming shadow passing from grass to pavement. Cars screeched on their breaks to narrowly avoid legs thicker than trees coming down just meters away. Yet that barely registered to Xilimyth any more than the cracks her steps created on the road. Tunnel vision on rescuing what modesty she had left had taken over.

Janus followed along occasionally tripping on chunks of upturn payment. Arms waved around wildly with desperate shouts to regain some attention. “Xili, stop! We need to get to the lifts before you’re too big!”

“Can’t walk. Too naked!” was about all the words she could coherently rumble out. Anything else was drowned out by her own thundering steps or the cries and honks of civilians looking up at the giant cheetah.

Her goal became easily apparent when she reached an intergalactic bank office building. It only took one tug for Xilimyth to rip off the banner advertising their ‘Free Toaster with deposit. Inquire within.’ Janus could only watch with stunned curiosity as Xilimyth used her freshly grown claws sharpness to cut the banner in very methodical ways with ease. Before long she had warped the material enough with its attached ropes to make a decent bra and loincloth out across her swollen curves.

“How does it look?” she said to Janus while striking a simple pose for approval. Xilimyth immediately regretted that action when the civilians piling across the street murmured various levels of responses.

“Uh...” Janus himself was at a loss for words looking her over with a strained neck. It was difficult to summarize his feelings over seeing such bountiful breasts advertising ‘free toast’ under their cleavage. And then there was the sight of her crotch encouraging everyone to ‘inquire within’ it’s wrinkled loincloth. “Y-you...uh...you look great! Like you just spent the last decade bench pressing a battelroid.”

“Oh, you tease. You always know just what to say.”

Before Xilimyth could even try giggling at her own attempted humor, she let out a sharp gasp. Her shoulders hunched forward with face skewed like someone had punched the poor girl in the gut. The real cause was only slightly different. With another gasp, Janus could clearly see the defined ridges of Xilimyth’s abs jiggle before giving a hard squeeze that caused them to plump up thicker and tighter than anyone he had ever seen. Within seconds Xilimyth’s stomach turned into a fuzzy brick wall. Her waist was even losing a bit of its inward curve as side and back muscles grew upon their sinew with deep rippling strength.

Not that she had to worry about her girlish figure, as hips and butt were not about to go without their own deposits of raw strength. Xilimyth’s newly formed loin cloth quickly tightened as her hips spread, quickly losing the wrinkles of loose slack. With a sloshing noise, Xilimyth yelped meekly as her hands shot back to try keeping the back from sliding down her ass cheeks trying to flow out and over their coverage.

No sooner had Xilimyth got her thong back into place over much tighter accommodations than she let out a second yelp. Hands flew to her breasts, only able to hold onto their lower curve as they began to surge further out from her chest. She was so glad to have tied the ropes for a lot of slack in case this happened but did not expect a spurt so soon. Within the few seconds she grew, Xilimyth could already see her bikini struggling to contain breasts squishing snugly over the hem. Plump stuff nipples erecting their own tents under the synthetic vinyl fibers twinging her nerves in a hunger for release.

Xilimyth bit her lower lip trying to stifle the pleasurable urges teasing at her nerves while they stretched along her thickened form. She took several steps back causing several bricks along the bank’s front side to crack off when she leaned against it for leverage. Some more distance was needed as the scope of her cleavage suddenly blocked Janus from her view. The ground itself inching ever farther away while her limbs caught up with her torso. It was getting noticeably tough to move such arms with how ripped they were getting.

“You done?” Jannus called up nervously.

After a few seconds of labored panting passed, Xilimyth steadied back onto her feet. Ironically her feet would be trembling if their thighs were not so thick it forced her into a very wide stance to walk. Something that really made her blush upon noticing it gave a lot of sway to her jiggling rear and tail. But at least it was a relief to see the poor tiny wolf was not getting any smaller yet. Although judging by the clear view Xilimyth had through the bank's second story windows, and startled desk workers, she was really close to being ten meters tall again.

“Y-yeah. Dang it, so much for keeping it loose.”

“Right, we need to hurry before you surge again. The lift should just be-HEY!”

Janus yelped with tail shooting between his legs when Xilimyth unexpectedly pulled him into the air by the neck of his dress coat. Their embarrassment was pretty mutual when she followed this up with a gentle settling into the squishy marshmallow folds of her cleavage. Holding onto the banner bra was all Janus could do to keep from completely sliding to get trapped between those spotted mountains of fur.

“W-what are you...”

“S-sorry, hun!” Xilimyth said with a very deep blush, eyes diverted to pretend the ground on her left was more interesting. “We...it'll just be faster this way, and I'm a bit shy on pockets unless you wanna wedge into my butt.”

“...I'd comment if we had the nerve or the time, but okay!” Janus adjusted into as comfortable a seat as he could before pointing off at a gap between buildings. “That alley looks like a good shortcut. Try not to get your hips stuck.”

“You don't have to tell me that!”

Xilimyth huffed with slight indignation before breaking into a gentle run. The real trick now was hurrying without risking the lives of innocent people with her size. She kept her pace painfully slow, so their spectators had time to scatter in their panic while the deck of the ship shook under them. Thankfully they got to the alley with no real hindrances to worry about.

Taking two steps in nearly sent Janus flying out of Xilimyth's cleavage with the sudden lashing stop she made. Looking back, the cheetahs blush deepened at seeing their movement halted by the building on either side locking her hips into a tight vice grip. She gave a little wiggle that caused several bricks to crack, as well as shatter the nearby windows with vibrations, but their foundation stubbornly held.

Janus looked up at her chin fluff, ears folded back annoyed. “What don't I need to tell you again?”

Eyes big enough to be their own windows loomed down to stare just as annoyed at the tiny wolf between Xilimyth's cleavage. Strange Janus thought Xilimyth had normal purple eyes, not shimmering golden orbs with deep vertical slits. That glare they made would have been very terrifying if he was a pirate.

“Shut up, or you’re going in my butt!”

Xilimyth braced a hand on either building for a boosting push. Even when trying extreme restraint, Janus had to marvel the way her entire body seemed to bulge with tension. A few veins even appeared on her biceps and neck. Too bad Xilimyth was busy slowly squeezing her extensive butt fat through the narrow blockage to notice.

Janus got slightly worried when her pecs started squeezing her boobs together, squishing the air out of his lungs in a bizarre fashion. But with a bit of a crunch, followed by a shower of bricks, Xilimyth staggered down the ally in teetering steps finally breaking free. Turning to examine their handiwork it was at least comforting to see there was no threatening damage to the structures.

However, they did leave a good meter long groove in both corners.

By some miracle of the heavens, they managed to make it to the cargo lifts without further incident. Xilimyth stuck to the nice wide spaces of public streets for safety sake. Colonists were all too happy to clear out once they saw a bulky Zentradi thundering down on them. More importantly, no further growth spurts erupted from Xilimyth to finish off her already destroyed dignity.

There was a nice sense of some relief to crawl into the semi-privacy of a cargo lift only half loaded for the docks. They did not need to try hard to convince the operators to let them pass. It's not like anyone wanted an upset mountain of fat, fur, and muscles pacing around them waiting for security clearance. The lift doors could still not close fast enough for Xilimyth's liking.

"That was a bit odd," Janus said rather suddenly once they got moving.

Xilimyth had almost jumped when he had spoken from the nest of her cleavage. She had been too lost in thought about the past hour to really focus on something outside panicking. Everything still felt hot and tingly, with muscles tenderly swollen giving off the occasional twitch. They were not lucky enough for all her macronization cycles to be over already.

"What was that? The spontaneous growing or that I can finally arm wrestle Wanda?"

She tried to pet her tiny boob companion with a few fingers. Janus grunted from a bit of overpressure but did not shy away.

"No, I didn't see a single sign of security from up here. You think colonists going crazy about a naked Zentradi downtown would at least send us a battleroid with a change of pants."

"Huh, those would be nice right about now. It's cold in here." Xilimyth subconsciously shifted her beefed-up hips against their seat of cold metal crates. She gave herself a hug, hefting Janus slightly from biceps squeezing against her chest.

"Also you're still not tanked enough to take on Wanda."

They shared an awkward staring contest to the tune of grinding gears of their lift.

"You know, you're taking this pretty calm." Xilimyth could not help nudging her muzzle against Janus's head. "Especially considering your current location."

A deep blush washed of Janus' face before he averted his eyes upwards to take a false interest in the lighting. The seeming realization of being stuffed into his friend's cleavage after years of teasing about it only seemed to now hit. Seeing their routine skittish nature resurface almost convinced Xilimyth she was still normal.

"I...well, a lot is going on pretty fast tonight," Janus said nervously. He looked back to here tapping the cheetah's big pink nose with his palm. "We can reverse the cycles first and then worry about me swimming in your bewbs over breakfast. How's that?"

Xilimyth blinked before bursting into giggles that sent her chest jiggling. Janus had to hold on in a scramble not to get kicked off what essentially felt like a wild waterbed. "I'm going to hold you to those waffles, hun."

Everything came to a lurching halt, causing Xilimyth to rock off the crates onto her knees. The lifts struts shook in protest to the sudden weight, but thankfully the doors dinged open without raising any red lights.

"S-sorry," Xilimyth said sheepishly. She very tentatively wrapped a hand around Janus to safely carry with her outside. The wolf had been jettisoned from her cleavage by her sudden jolt forward. Only by grabbing onto the flags making up her temporary bra saved him from a sharp drop.

"Don't worry about it." Janus blushed a bit, clasping onto Xilimyth's thumb still looking a bit ruffled.

"Xilimyth!?" The giant cheetah and he little passenger looked down to see Bren sprinting towards them for all a cougar was worth. Which is actually quite a lot for a cat. "I should have known you were already growing. Janus, you're lucky you got her down here as is before-WHOAH! Were you always that ripped?!"

Xilimyth gave a soft huff, flexing her free arm while directing her response to Janus riding the other. "See? I told you the bulges were noticeable."

Both guys stared up at her, or best they could given the far-reaching crest of her boobs. After a bit of awkward silence, Xilimyth huffed at not getting even a pity smile.

"Just get us to the dang chambers. This banner is chaffing me bad."

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Elsewhere, on the bridge of Macros Fifty-Two, General Schott stepped out of his turbo lift seriously debating having someone shot. He had been awoken from a very pleasant of anime samurai rabbit magical girl to his phone exploding in alerts, notices, and threats of incompetence from the primary colony city. It only took one file photo of a giant cheetah woman's ass wedged between two privet sector company buildings for him to figure out who was responsible for civilians running in a panic.

He had no idea when Xilimyth found time to work out in her Zentardi scaled size, but those muscled glutes were not about to deter him. By the time this is over Schott swore he would be wearing that pair's fur for a bathrobe.

"General Schott!" said the Captain with a curt nod once the polar bear had stomped his way into a copilot seat. Wison was an aged but always energetic otter. One of those high commanders that tended to have a soft spot for bumlbers like a certain half-Zentradi. "You couldn't have come at a better time. I just alerted security to prepare the civilians for lockdown and was about to put us on yellow alert."

Schott blinked trying not to show overly expressive joy. Maybe he was not such a softy for the screw ups in their ranks after all. "Don't worry, sir. I've just been informed of the situation and am already having Captain Cruiser, and Seargent Xilimyth set up for a public flogging. I assure you, I had it on totally medical disclosure that she was unable to macronize. And may I say I am absolutely disgusted she would do it in the middle of a public city, naked of all things. Those two have always been a sub-par member of this corps and...uh...sir?"

Wison's expression had changed during Schott's tirade from one of surprise to clearly 'running out of patience' agitation. "Son, what the flying hell's are you...oh! The incident on the Super Nova? My god, general, pay attention to what's on the screens! If we live through today, I'll be too tired to care about Xilimyth's streaking."

"Wha..what?" Schott punched a button on his armrest, bringing up the appropriate readout screen.

According to what came up, he was viewing external camera eight towards the starboard side. The display then went through a series of magnifications to show another ship coming around the gravity well of an asteroid. It's model looked immediately recognizable, despite appearing to have just traversed hell. The only difference between it and Macros fifty-two in appearance was its clear lack of a clam-shaped colony ship in tow. Its paint job was meant to be a navel blue but was blotched in an attempt to make it brown. The hull itself brandish large signs of wear with many plates of very sloppy 'patch jobs.'

Projections estimated it to be on a full speed intercept course with them.

"What IS that?"

"Probably the Macross thirty-seven that went under last year," said Wison stroking his whiskers. "It vanished without any survivors."

"That can't be, sir." Schott pounded on key commands to alert any and all squad commanders to get battle ready. "Survey's and reports said it had a core malfunction and self-destructed into a supernova."

"There was never any sign of wreckage, and the scouts sent out were a bit sketchy. I'd wager these are the same pirates your men have been skirmishing with since our voyage started. That'd solve the mystery of how they found us after two-course changes. Launch everything we have soon as your men are ready, General."

"Aye, captain. Already sent out the orders."

Lights all around the bridge staff dimmed. Long stripes marking the walkways between consoles and entrances slowly pulsed a deep red as they went into full combat alert. Wison pulled up his own seat screen, frowning that civilians have still not been properly evacuated to the more armored decks of the colony section.

"Good. Now let's just pray nothing else turns into a disaster."

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"Oh, my gaaawd! How big did my butt actually get!?"

Xilimyth blushed a shade of orange neither Bren, or Janus had ever witnessed before. The macronization chamber had been opened to allow Xilimyth entrance. However, they had all seriously underestimated the extent of the machines recycling breakdown. She was still just shy of the usual ten meters tall her awesome Zentradi form towered. Their real problems started when she tried stepping a foot into the chamber and discovered the span of those spotted hips slightly exceeded it. She kicked and pushed with her newfound strength making metal groan in a way that panicked her watching male audience.

All the wiggling and force quickly shredded the banner of her loincloth, but by then Xilimyth was beyond caring about modesty. Letting out a roar, she gave one hard kick that finally got her hips wedged through the gap with a loud pop. It quickly turned into a pained yelp when her ridged back slammed into the chamber proper, violently jostling her beach ball breasts.

Good thing it was roomier on the inside. Xilimyth gave out a sad moan as she tried to relax on the chamber bed properly. Hands absently ran along her sides gauging the drastic outward curve from waist to hip.

"I'm not getting fat, am I?"

"N-no! Not at all!" Janus had spoken first, being quick to recover from watching a nipple slip out from under Xilimyth's flag cover.

"Yeah, don't be silly!" Bren quickly chimed in, hiding his blush by working the chambers control counsel. "You're probably more muscle than cat now anyway."

"That's only mildly comforting..." Xilimyth gulped watching the glass door close itself around her. The soft swell of her chest only rested decimeters shy. Each breath threatened to rise it enough to get smooshed against the cold transparent shell. In some ways, it was nice to be built better than Wanda, but on the other hand, she could not see a damn thing below the ceiling of the macronization room now except jiggling white fur.

Which is why only Bren and Janus jumped in alarm when the entrance burst open. The doctor nearly tripped over his own sandals scuttling along the cold metal doors. Loose papers fly in a trail behind his bushy tail thanks to their overwhelming amount hugged under both arms.

"Where's Xilimyth!? Is she safe!?" he got out eventually between heavy, labored pants. Soon as he reached the other boys, all concern for his load seemed to disperse. The papers slipped from his grasp into a pile at their collective shoes.

"I just started the micronization process," Bren said, pointing to the switch still held by his other hand. "Please don't tell me I wasn't supposed to do that."

"Oh no no no! Quite the opposite actually. We should be getting her cycles reversed as quickly as possible." The doctor seemed to reach for something in thin air, then realized his problem and stooped down to shuffled through his papers. "After we got the diagnostics of the chamber I was finally able to examine the effects on her genetic levels. I still can't believe what I found. Maybe even Xilimyth isn't aware of it. Not even the military records showed any clues to her lineage."

Janus and Bren exchanged a nervous look, followed by 'I dunno' shrugs.

"Doc, what are you..." Janus was cut off by getting one of the many papers shoved against his nose. When the doc allowed him to pull it back, the resulting graphs and equations explained nothing but how to induce a headache. "It's...uh...very pretty stock options."

"Oh, you silly military grunts. Don't you understand what's going on?" The doctor paused to be stared at awkwardly by Bren. Janus was busy hoping that turning the papers upside down would have them make sense. "The process of macronization cycling has stimulated Xilimyth's half-Zentradi genes to a whole new level. That might make her grow bigger than any pureblood could ever hope to achieve."

"I'm pretty sure it already did." Janus glanced back up at the activated chamber. Xilimyth's bulked up figure loomed right back. "Have you seen those abs? I don't think gyms can get us that good."

"That's not because she's half-Zentradi, you silly wolf! She's also part dragon."

"PRRF!?" Bren's tail shot straight up, and Janus nearly fumbled over his weakened knees. "Are you going nuts, doctor!? How can Xilimyth be half dragon and half Zentradi?"

"I didn't say she was half dragon. I said she was part dragon." The doctor scrambled over sheets again. One of which he held up pointing at a stream of numbers he failed to realize still made no sense to the pair. "It's a very weak gene passed down subtly through her family line. I would guess the dragon to be the fifth generation at least. She may not have shown any characteristics, but the gene is still dormant in her family line. Turns out the process of macronization always had a one in a billion chance of stimulating it. Looks like a few hundred cycles back and forth finally hit that one. It's truly an amazing discovery with how rare dragons are."

"Is Xili going to be all right!?" Bren had hopped down from the console to stomp over to the doctor. This was a series of news that none of them should be getting excited over yet. "Are you saying she's going to mutate into something bigger?"

"That is a distinct possibility." the doctor shied away from an angry cougar trying to get up in his face. "However she should be fine. If you've already started micronizing her, the genes should go back to their original dormancy before they start melding with her cheetah side. Maybe she'll have a few minor alterations to her body, but why worry about it? It's a lot safer to get her shrunk down right away so we can experiment on this in a more controlled fashion."

"So we're fine as long as everything is going back to normal?" Janus pipped in with immense relief.

"I assure you the worst is over, gentlemen."

BAH-BOOM!

In one thunderous explosion somewhere in the distance the very floor under everyone seemed to jump a meter to the right. While everyone else took a straight tumble over themselves, Bren managed to keep his balance long enough to brace against the macronization chambers control console. But just when he was about to try standing again, another shock staggered everyone again. His hand grasped desperately across the board, managing to snag a switch before his collective weight caused it's base to snap off.

Fortunately, Janus was already there to break his fall.

"Prff...sorry..." Bren carefully pulled himself off the poor pilot squashed under him. He then looked at the broken lever still clutched in one hand before tossing it away with a sigh. Already the consol to Xilimyth's pod was beeping several different tones while displaying incoherent readouts. "Anyone else feeling a sense of deja vu?"

"I'm more worried about what's hitting the ship!" The doctor was on his knees collecting all the papers he could hold. "Another pirate attack?"

"Oh, come on! Don't we get enough of those." Janus eventually found his footing thanks to Bren's aid. "Everyone okay?"

SQUEAK!

No one really wanted to look up and actually check on Xilimyth's progress. Soon as they saw the broken switch in Bren's hand, it was clear everything had plunged into hell. Even so, they needed a moment to comprehend what was filling the chamber with the cringest squeak of rubbing on glass.

Up above the three men, Xilimyth had her breasts pressed up against the glass of her micronization chamber. Although this was no fault of her own so much as when the machines dull blue glow switched to a bright red. Her massive girls almost immediately began a process that was the opposite of shrinking. They jumped out of their flag-bra in seconds, pushing large, and tender, nipples against the glass in their bid to occupy all the chambers space.

The rest of her spotted body quickly followed absorbing harsh influxes of energy that made her swell a little with each labored pant. Squirming became incredibly hard with the rapid bulking of muscles upon muscle. Xilimyth's butt continued to push back against her seat, developing a shelf of fat helping to slide her crotch against the glass door as well. Panic decorated the cheetah's face while she banged a meaty fist on the glass. It only took two hits before the thing cracked. Mounting pressure from her plush chest quickly spread the damage across its entire surface.

Everyone had to dive for cover behind another pod when the door popped off. It landed with a harsh crackling noise, yet thankfully kept it's scattering of glass to a relatively minimal scale.

Although two moons of white-furred mammaries spilled out right away, Xilimyth could not escape the prison she had grown into as easily. Each hand clasped onto a side of the frame, and she pushed with

such might every bit of her arms bulged with tense, throbbing muscles that squished her assets almost painfully together. Bren had to cover his ears to block out the strained groans and crunches of metal as he watched stunned. Even a pure Zentradi could not have pulled apart a macronization chambers steel base with their bare hands in their wildest dreams.

Once the opening was bent significantly bigger, Xilimyth tumbled out desperate for more space. Getting several meters worth of hips stuck on the way was of little hindrance. The artificial gravities pull on Xilimyth's new top weights helped her squeeze through without effort. Sadly the macronization chambers across the way were not suited for catching the cheetah's fall. Xilimyth flopped across the door with another large shattering of glass that allowed her breasts to wedge their way inside. Grunting with a scowl, she grappled with the edges to bend the steel frames wider just so she could pop them back out.

Standing upright Xilimyth let out a fearful mew while shifting around frequently. Everyone could clearly see she was stuck in a constant state of growth now. Her feet had to constantly shuffle to accommodate an ever-widening stance of monumental feet. The broad spans of her shoulders and hips made her bigger than the chambers she was propped up against. That realization was probably everyone's most prominent cause for concern.

"So..uh...how do we get her back down now?" Janus asked. When no answer came, he managed to force his eyes away from the encroaching cheetah toes to Bren. "Hey!"

The cougar had been gawking at Xilimyth's abs since her chamber explosion. There was no possible way a six pack could get that deep. "Well...I..."

"Nyaaa!"

THUMP!

Xilimyth fell to her knees in dismay. The only sensible course of action when her head had banged against the ceiling. Even in that position, it was not long before her twitching feline ears threatened to brush their overhead lighting. It went without saying micronization chambers were out of the reversal equation. No Zentradi in the history of existence could boost the size she was starting to sport, and still, her body inched upwards and outwards. Thighs wiggled around to their increasing bulk looking ready to crush a VF fighter between them. Spotted-tail lashed about with Xilimyth's awkward hip dancing, built up with its own amount of muscle enough to crack the glass on two more chambers from its force.

"H-heeelp guys!"

It was hard to tell if Xilimyth's falling over or another explosion was what rocked Bren and the others off their feet. What did spring the dazed cougar into action was when she toppled onto all fours. Xilimyth's index finger came down upon Bren, narrowly missing squishing his lower half under a blanket of soft finger-pad.

Once the shock of near death had calmed down, Bren stared up at Xilimyth. She stared back with fatigued apology. Her labored panting barraged Bren with blasts of heated saliva that was starting to ruffle his hair. It took them both a few seconds to notice the Bren-sized finger, and by extension

Xilimyth, had stopped growing. Not much of a relief since it left her on all fours with maybe a meter between her dense canyons for shoulder muscles and the ceiling.

"We...we have to get her back to the city dome!" Bren whipped his head around before finally spotting Janus clinging desperately to Xilimyth's other tree of an arm. "She's going to outgrow the whole doc like this. It's the only place with space."

"How do you purpose we do that!" Cried the doctor, hidden somewhere behind Xilimyth's hindquarters. "She's already too big to get out the door, much less the lift."

Xilimyth gulped, easing the tension of fear that had gripped her heaving lungs. They were right, of course. She had to get somewhere a lot safer before the next spurt actually started threatening lives or the very ship structure. It was hard enough trying to get used to a body that was constantly gaining a new sense of balance. Hell, Xilimyth was sure she had muscles in places she did not know she had by now. Just trying to timidly move her hand away from Bren caused an involuntary twitch that sent her claws jutting out in surprising speed. They were nowhere near impaling him on a spiked tip but sure gave a fright.

In fact, they were looking really sharp at this point. Xilimyth hummed softly turning over her hand to flex out its entire set of claws. Ideas of a questionable nature were starting to formulate inside her giant brain. Looking further down at the Many of which they would all regret later, but when one's plump backside is grown into a corner, there was little room to be picky.

"Janus?" She looked down at the wolf still full body hugging her other forearm. He looked back up surprised at such a deep sounding boom in her voice. "Could you please get down and find cover with the others?"

"W-what are you planning?" Bren asked as he and Janus quickly moved back to the rooms exit door with the doctor.

"Making an exit." Xilimyth shot them a sheepish shrug before using her legs to press shoulders up against the ceiling.

"Oh, prrf!" was all she heard of the boy's commentary. They were quickly drowned out by straining of metal against her bulky frame. A few seconds later the lights began to give out, shattering to pieces and raining down across her fur in a sparkling shower.

Arching her spine helped apply her entire back to the effort. Before long the entire series of metal enforced plates began to give, developing an increasing outward groove escaping her body. Still not enough for her to get a foot underneath her body, but Xilimyth just wanted to weaken the seams. With a quick adjustment of her stance, one mighty fist shot up with a loud explosion of tearing metal and breaking bolts.

The claws ripped through like rice paper. Xilimyth punched through with her other hand with the same expected ease. It was hard for her not to start giggling at the dawning scope of her new muscles. The thick mass of her body swelling and bulging with each casual tension was more than just a new kind of gun show. Repeating her actions with the chamber entrance, both arms swelled up with extensive

tension as they pulled in opposite directions. Plates groaned in resistance trying to hold back epic cheetah strength, but with an unexpected give, the ceiling blossomed open over Xilimyth.

She cautiously shifted one foot after the other back onto solid floor to slowly stand again. Xilimyth's head shot through her newly made opening with enough room to wedge her shoulders in along with the upper ridge of her titanic bust. A few quick pushes further parted the flooring into the next deck giving her plenty of wiggle room. One glance of pots and stoves told her she had found a way to someone's kitchen deck. The city dome was still up a ways, so she was just grateful all the staff was a bit scarce for mid-shift.

Janus and Bren said nothing as they heard Xilimyth punch and tear her way into the next deck. Her thick hips wiggled as they slowly vanished up through the hole to the sounds of further tearing and meowing. Xilimyth climbed from deck to deck being careful to rip a path loud enough, so hopefully, people had the sense to clear out before she came through. The pads of fluffy toes gave the boys a parting wave before all trace of the giant cat vanished. Although the sounds of her strength rending the ship apart still rang clear through all decks she breached.

"So..." Janus gulped when somehow finding the nerve to even move again. The other two jerked their heads stiffly at him. "W-what do we do now?"

"We should probably see to those explosions," said the doctor. When he saw Bren scowl and open his muzzle to object, it was followed with. "We can't exactly do much with her problem now. The least we can do is see to making sure the ship suffers even less damage from other forces."

Janus and Bren reluctantly had to agree with that logic. Neither of them exactly had a device for shrinking people stuffed somewhere in their personal artillery.

While they were busy getting to their respective stations, Xilimyth continued her climb through decks without much hindrance. It was even a bit of a rush how quickly she could carve a path through basic hull structures. As the actions of breaking holes to climb through became repetitive, her thoughts began to wonder how this strength would fare against actual VR's.

Ugh! There's another nightmare scenario to panic over. The giant boobs alone would make for an enormous vital target, not to say much better about her backside. Still, that would be amazing to out wrestle those ships. She had to be even more significant than the tank class models at this point. That would make building decent sized fighting armor a pain. They were already tight enough of a squeeze on her standard ten-meter build. It would be suicidal, even for a Zentradi, of her scale to engage in nothing but her spots.

Xilimyth's thoughts were sharply broken, much like the last floor, when she saw nothing but shining stars beyond. A breath of overwhelming relief escaped her lungs before Xilimyth hoisted herself through the self-made hole back onto the colony dome. Thankfully she was a ways from any of the nearby city centers. In fact, she had just crashed through the storage unit for the civilian bus system. Being next to such tiny vehicles really started to send her mind reeling. A single foot stomp could flatten almost half a bus. Not to mention the scale of the stations four-floored building barely coming up to her hips. She was half tempted to try using it as a seat if only to see if the structure could support all her muscles. Even the nearby skyscrapers, where the rich lived in penthouse luxury, looked like they would poke the top of her head.

She guessed that kind of made sense. She had just outgrown a room designed for beings ten meters tall after all.

A sudden flash washed over Xilimyth and the surrounding landscape. She nearly toppled over when the ship rocked from a violent explosion. Looking back over her shoulder the cheetah's mouth dropped. VR's and cruisers were zipping all over the sparkling void of space. Lasers fired by, rockets exploded into brief little suns, and occasionally some unlucky pilot got their life cut short by their vehicle shattering into rubble. Beyond this chaos loomed a Macross of messed up brown and blue colors. A seemingly endless swarm of fighters buzzed around their metal hornet's nest decimating anything not part of their hive.

"Well, that's definitely not good either."

Xilimyth staggered around the landscape with mind swirling for ideas. There had to have been some way for a ripped up half-Zentradi to help save her home. At least without dying to the vacuum of space. No way was she going to fit inside her mech armor like this, the dang thing had issues squeezing her boobs when they were a more proportionate size. Maybe an improvised suit of buses and building walls could...Nah. Where was she going to find a four-meter-long welding torch in a battle?

"Nya-ah!" Xilimyth cried out as she suddenly reeled on one foot. She had gotten too lost in thought watching the distant dogfights that that building went unnoticed till her hip smashed a big divot into its corner. Trying to bring her other foot back down only sent her toes crashing through some display windows of another buildings shop. Their mix of wares and stands jabbed painfully at her soles, making Xilimyth recoil off balance.

Fortunately, that meant there was a perfectly good building to cushion her fall. The broad ripped cheetah back landed with a seismic thud breaking several dozen windows in one go. By some miracle, the structure's foundation held. Although it was undoubtedly going to need a paint job for all those cracks formed by her weight. Xilimyth laid back on her makeshift bed letting skyscrapers and neon ads swirl in her vision. It was only after they slowed back into focus the realization hit that she had blindly wandered right back into the city.

It was just as well. By now there did not seem to be anyone besides Xilimyth's giant self-wandering the streets. Most likely they were evacuated to the lower decks with knowledge of a rouge Macross running wild. One good barrage would probably do more damage than the dome's auto-repair systems could manage, exterminating thousands in one go.

Something that brought Xilimyth sitting up in a panic when another loud explosion caused an echoing crackle across the city. Looking up it was clear a stray missile had impacted atop the dome. A large section of the thick glass had become etched in jagged cracks. All of which were already gaining a shimmering rainbow glow as the nanite synthesis system kicked in. The dome itself was set to work weaving new strands of glass fiber to fill in and reinforce the seams against the next attack.

Xilimyth hunched forward with a mixed groan and sigh. She must have crushed a chimney or something landing on this building because her upper back was really starting to hurt. One of many frustrations as she thought of her friends and hoped everyone was safe out in that chaos.

"Now what am I going to dooo-woo woo WHAO!!!"

Buildings exploded left and right in a shower of broken metals and glass. This was mostly because Xilimyth had failed to realize she had resumed growing again until her feet had stretched directly into the nearest structures flanking her crumbling seat. She meowed softly trying to yank them back out while squishing her muscled thighs together. That only caused her expanding toes to yank off, even more, chunks of the wall making the department store partially collapse. Still, she tried to hunch up and remain as small as possible. Also if the building under her began to drastically dip around the curve of her butt.

"Grrwa-nya!?"

Xilimyth jumped to her feet when she felt her building seat start to give out. There was just enough time to make out the heart-shaped groove cheetah hips had formed on the roof before steel snapped and everything fell two stories into rubble. And still, she continued to stretch and grow. The ample space of a four-lane street was quickly filling up as Xilimyth's muscles twitched and groaned with each little pump of fresh iron deposits. It was hard to keep adjusting her stance with every meter she shot up. If her feet stood still too long, their pads would start digging little trenches in the pavement from their rapid expansion.

If anything Xilimyth began to question if it was still worth the trouble. Forget a few cars, she was starting to threaten the entire city. It might not be long before she became a greater danger to the ship than the pirates. It would be incredibly hard to work off a damage bill if everyone was space debris.

"Aahh? What the-RRRWAAGH!"

Whatever worries Xilimyth had for preserving space civilization would have to wait. The pain in her back flared from a mild annoyance to bone-melting agony after only two thunderous footsteps. And it wanted to quickly become an external problem as pressure began to mount in her upper back. The giant cheetah collapsed onto hands and knees, rocking cars and trash bins over from her shockwaves alone.

All things considered, Xilimyth became more annoyed through her discomfort than anything else. Loud pops rang out next to her ears as the bones just behind each shoulder popped and formed into joints entirely alien to her feline mind. Calcium of vast amounts piled on into thick deposits. Bones rapidly developed out of these, fitting into her new points before growing out. Spotted flesh tensed in resistance but eventually gave way, stretching around expanding sinew and nerves for budding appendages.

Trying to reach back to feel what the flying slag was growing out of her only frustrated Xilimyth further. All these thick bulging muscles, while impressive, had noticeably started to limit her flexibility. Even her neck had become too bulbous with the power to glance back very far. It was not until the protrusions had reached a length equal to an arm that they could be wiggled into view on their newly developed muscles. What an odd sensation; having to learn limbs you never had before.

Their exact purpose was no less a mystery just by seeing them either. A second set of shoulders had formed while they grew out into a slight arch. Already muscles around fresh bones swelled into bulges just as ripped as the rest of Xilimyth. And still, the perverse effects of her macronization failure continued to change them further. After growing out behind Xilimyth a considerable length, their tips

suddenly bulbed into another set of joints. From this, the limbs snapped at a sharp downwards angle towards her hips.

The muscles were growing in a bit behind the bones and skin, but she could still cause them to already twitch slightly. She thought it was just lucky her skin was not tearing with how fast everything else inside these new limbs was developing. If anything she seemed to have an excess of that in spite of growing beefy. Loose tissue slowly dropped itself across space between both limb sections as Xilimyth watched. Thin membrane connected everything together in a strange curtain-like fashion, developing an odd sheen texture to contrast the still furry base of the limbs.

"W-wings?!" The realization of what was forming struck Xilimyth almost as hard as the missile exploding somewhere outside her dome enclosure. She would have been enthralled, maybe even excited, by such a miracle of transformation were her comrades not fighting for their lives nearby. Of course, they were still uselessly small in proportion to the rest of Xilimyth's swollen mass of curved fat and muscle, making them relatively useless on a spaceship.

A spaceship for thousands of people she was quickly feeling cramped inside.

"One thing after another today..." she grumbled while getting back on trembling legs. At least the thick levels of her thighs kept her knees from hitting each other too much. Her wings were still growing out but at a reducing pace. It made their initial rush of pain wane into something more like a dull cramp. Still annoying for a pilot rendered helpless in a situation of gaining wild, massive power.

"NYA-GAAH!"

Boy, it would be a lot less annoying if weird mutations did not keep breaking Xilimyth's train of thought. Especially when the motion of her jump alone was enough to take out the windows of a building's third floor with just her hip. Getting glass out of cat fur can be a very major pain. One of a hundred priorities the changing cheetah was finding difficult to keep up on. It was barely registering to her how small this four-lane street was getting.

At first, Xilimyth had thought a stray bullet cracked through the dome straight into her jiggling butt. But then she calmed down enough to realize most of the discomfort focused entirely on the base of her spine. Hands strained their thick muscles to reach back at her tail in alarm. Her favorite appendage was becoming another innocent bystander in these imposing transformations as she felt the very vertebrae shifting under the spotted fur. The very cheeks of her butt slowly parted around widening vertebrae, followed by muscles of density to rival Xilimyth's other limbs.

Fortunately, all that sensitive tush fat was easily pliable. That spotted fur warped around its growing intrusion to easily blanket such forced gaps with ease. Although as Xilimyth tried twisting around to observe her tail base inflate, this new grith was forcing a slightly wider sashay to her already sloshing walk. She also ruffled her whiskers at how almost balloonish the new muscles looked compared to the rest of her still normal, albeit half a kilo long, tail.

Not that it stayed that way for long. One by one each vertebra of her tail followed the same process of engorging on increasing bone structure before plumping up with a new piece of her godly muscles. It really was like watching an extended balloon inflate; dense alien strength cascading down her tail that rapidly bulged it into a very powerful appendage indeed. The fur seemed to thin out slightly, becoming

absorbed into this growth, but it was the way the tip seemed to be flaring out that peeked Xilimyths curiosity. With a sudden, hard, flick her tail slammed into the ground in an apparent desire to demonstrate its power for her. It's resulting impact knocked four nearby cars and a bathroom station over while leaving a groove three meters deep in the asphalt.

"Great mother of nya-rah!" Xilimyth's eyes went wide watching the event unfold. Her attention became so captivated that she completely missed the strange mix of mewing and roaring sounds she made. Soon as that tail hit the road, it's tip unfurled into a thick fluke. This new membrane looked almost like a brown spade capping her tail as it flapped about. Apparently, a rudder to help to steer with her growing wings, assuming flight would even be a possibility in this environment.

It looked especially cool when the spikes started growing out. In a strange reverse of transformation direction, the very last vertebrae of Xilimyth's tail suddenly sprouted a slightly curved nail. Another boney protrusion jutted out from the next plate, and then the next. Each one became noticeably bigger along to match the rest of Xilimyth's trunk of a tail until the last one poked through like a giant sickle at her coccyx.

"So cool..." Xilimyth purred as a hand ideally felt the curved spines of her new tail. The experience had not been so much pain this time. Perhaps her nerves were starting to get so fried her new body was releasing macronized levels of endorphins to help. Was sure starting to make her a bit drunk over this tiny city. "I really am part dra...part dra-aaahh-aARRGGH!!"

While she could not feel pain, extreme discomfort was still a thing. A large rush of it followed with an odd tightening around Xilimyth's ankles. Trying to stretch it out with a few clumsy steps only seemed to strain her sinew further. It especially did not help when one foot came down to flatten a java stand and part of someones corvet.

There was no way to regain balance after that sharp building jabbed at her footpad. With a startled yelp, Xilimyth stumbled through two whole buildings before falling into the embrace of a nearby skyscraper. The impact of her breasts alone took out every window on the three floors squished into the soft flesh, with enough boobage to mold slightly around the corners.

Not that they were spared when Xilimyths thicker arms wrapped the building. In one big hug, all floors leveled with her bountiful chest gave a ringing groan across the landscape. Windows shattered in a symphony of sparkling explosions as the whole exterior of the building warped to her superior strength.

"Aw nerts!" Xilimyth said, tightening her grip to bend metal support floors further inward. Having a death grip on a frame of reference brought attention back to the fact she was in a perpetual state of growth. Pillowey cheetah breasts ascended rapidly onto the next floor, and then the next in a rapid climb. Xilimyths moon-sized areolas rubbed across crackling glass before the whole exterior gave way to let them splash on inside.

Xilimyth was starting to go up whole meters in seconds. Her destructive hug repeated its demolishing process as arms and breasts past floor after floor. Soon there was less skyscraper as much as a bent frame of its steel supports.

Granted she would have given anything to let go. The only problem was the other mounting length of her feet. Some force continued tightening tendons in her heels causing them to stay in a rising arch to

her toes. The later of which began to plump into thick meatballs that helped balance things out the higher their heels got from the ground. Each toenail curved outwards with the growths, darkening into a fierce set of tearing black claws. Xilimyth would not readily see them for a while, but her feet had swelled into an impressive pair of animal paws.

For the moment she was just glad when their strong cramps finally ceased. Although she had trouble with few steps realizing the effects forced her to walk on tiptoes. How such a feat was possible with all her ripped girth was anyone's guess. Still not the strangest thing to come out of a botched macronization today.

KA-KSSSH!

"Nyarr!?" Xilimyth finally found enough motor control returning to release her death hug. Not that there was much skyscraper remaining to hug. A curious glance down shocked her once more. This latest rush of changes left only the narrowing tip of the building poking meekly through the canyon that had become the cheetah's cleavage. That lasted just a few seconds before a loud crash sent it sliding down through Xilimyth towards the ground. What remained of the mangled structure rapidly collapsed in on itself, leaving dust and rubble around her new padded paws.

"Well dang!" Xilimyth stretched out a muscular trunk of a leg to get a better view of her new foot. They certainly looked as bulky as the rest of her with plump toes spread and wiggling through the air. Although putting it back down safely proved impossible as one paw took up the whole of the main street, with enough bulk to crash through adjacent display windows. "Dang it!!"

One of the best parts about being half-Zentradi had occasionally been looming over a nervous terran. But Xilimyth had never expected to get so big she loomed over their whole ship. Even the skyscrapers were slowly shrinking into the void as she grew. Just trying to find a safe place to step was impossible. Her new paws were leaving deep pad imprints on the floor as whole sections of smaller buildings were crushed like paper.

Wait, even the tallest skyscraper stopped at seventy meters. That was only like ten meters away from the top of the...

"OW!"

That felt more like only six meters, but Xilimyth was also not near the crest of the dome when her head conked into it. However, that was little comfort as she hunched forward to rub her noggin. Fingers suddenly brushed against more than a slight bump. Two of them in fact. They were rising up through her tangled hair right behind each ear into distinct points. The skin of her skull did not stretch far before sliding off a pair of very sharp horns. She gasped softly feeling them grow with both hands. The fresh, dense, bones bent into lightning jagged patterns while they stretched out several meters behind her

Remarkable as they might have looked with the rest of her partial draconic features, they were also adding to Xilimyth's mounting list of problems. The space between her and the dome was filling up quickly even in her pause to examine this growth. Before long the ripped spots of her back muscles were pressing against the glass, pinching its newly grown wings something fierce.

Heading towards the center was the only option. At this rate, it might only buy her minutes but still beats risking a ship-wide decompression. The shrunk city around her paws just made Xilimyth feel worse. Roads only helped to minimize damage at this point. Each footfall left behind deep trenches of paw pads and rubble in her jiggling wake. There was no desire to actually wreck the city like some old Japanese monster movie, the skyscrapers just seemed to like trying to pincer her fat hips attempt to squeeze through their maze. Heck, she would not be surprised if all those dragon cat curves were shaking the decks below at this point.

Reaching the center was a bit worse than expected. For with each step Xilimyth took only gained her a slight bit of leeway as her body continued to stretch up and out in all aspects. The city was becoming little more than a toy model that was getting really hard to wiggle her paws through. Well, hard in a sense she could get through without sending whole skyscrapers tumbling before her bulging legs.

By the time she reached the center, it was easy to see one side of the dome to its opposite. The clam-shaped ship was starting to feel really claustrophobic. Dragon-wings snapped outwards and folded back in while Xilimyth shifted around the city square in agitation. It would not be long before that impressive wingspan could actually touch opposite sides of the glass. It was already helping her cast a dark shadow over what remained of the small buildings at her paws.

CRRSH!

“Eek! Uh oh...” Xilimyth had not counted on the extra height of her horns until they had grown right into the dome glass itself. Usually, she would have been incredibly impressed two simple juts of bone could punch through glass meant to resist asteroid impacts. But such observation would be better made when said holes did not suddenly start pulling on her with the dense vacuum of space.

Luckily the MACROSS space fleet was more than a little prepared for most contingencies. As Xilimyth tried shying away to avoid the rush of air, the glass began to glow around the rims of her two horn holes. Within seconds the automated repair system had welded enough fiberglass to at least patch up the wound.

Wait, that got an idea forming inside Xilimyth’s horned cranium. One of those really awful ideas even relative to the circumstances. Although it was either that or continue watching her paws wipe out entire buildings as she grew across the landscape. Her wings were really starting to get cramped against the glass of the dome too. Escape was really the only option to prevent herself from destroying the colony before the pirates.

Xilimyth shuffled along awkwardly feeling along the dome's frame. Getting one's fat butt poked by skyscrapers as it grew across the skyline did little to help preserve what was left of the city. Trying to ignore the bottom pain, she gave a flex in her palms that brought all ten claws jutting from their fingertip sheaths. Even they had been changed from delicate black tips into fierce white daggers.

Hopefully, dragon talons were as sturdy as the rest of Xilimyth felt. With a keen eye scanning the dome, she spotted the seam she needed, hitting her hand hard against its thick glass shielding.

The results were better or worse, depending on your perspective regarding space. All five dragon claws punched through glass designed against warheads with the ease of ripping paper. Immediately she panicked at the pull of the universe on her fingers but found her strength more than a match to resist it.

Automatic repairs began to kick in around the hole rims, giving her no time to marvel at another new augmentation to her form.

Xilimyth raked carefully through the glass along the metal seams that kept it welded into place. The noise alone was enough to make her grit sharpened teeth in a pained snarl, but she kept pushing to slice through. Air began to whoosh around Xilimyth's naked buffness as the rift got bigger. Huge chunks of building debris crashed against her thick body barely noticeable while she worked. All she could hope for was the rubble did not damage the glass more than she already was.

Thankfully she had soon clawed enough of a hole to peel back enough of dome section to squeeze her fat curves out. Taking a deep breath, Xilimyth pushed off lightly with her paws almost certain that had shifted the whole colony ship a foot in the opposite direction. Even her muscles were not so ripped in artificial gravity that the vacuum could not help pull her out into the crushing cold of space. One hand pulled at the glass behind to close the hole up behind her, making it a huge relief to see the entire rim of it light up with activating nanobots. With any luck that would seal up everything before decompression collapse.

Looking down at the poor city below struck a soft cord with Xilimyth. She could actually see foot and paw imprints all across a wasteland of rubble. Their size varied drastically as she had grown across the confining landscape. It was hard to tell if she had even stopped growing at this point. The fact she was using the dome as a, somewhat uncomfortable seat made getting out a small consolation. Her spotted bubble butt and muscular thighs blocked out a large section of starlight to the remaining buildings below.

Flash! Xilimyth jerked her head up only to suddenly swerve in a loud squeak across the glassy surface. A pair of VR's in fighter mode narrowly swooped by the colony ship, dodging a hellfire of nearly a dozen pursuing freight cruisers. The pirates were using all sorts of jury-rigged garbage heaps, but it was apparent their sheer numbers were overwhelming the MACROSS fleet. From her perch, Xilimyth could see dogfights of similar desperation going on around the ship.

Slag! Slag! Slag! The entire colony was still in trouble, and here she was becoming one of the biggest targets to hit with a missile barrage on top of it. How is it possible one could get so freakin huge and strong only to be rendered entirely powerless? Friends were dying all over trying to protect her fat spotted butt. It was not like the pirates were just going to fly their backwater MACROS vessel in range for her to swipe at.

Of course, the rising, burning sensation deep, deep, under her moons for tits reminded Xilimyth there was very little time left for her anyway. Being half-dragon, half-cheetah still did not amount to something that could breathe in space. Looking down at the dome between her legs only made things feel more hopeless. There was already enough broken glass to light up the inside with glowing nanite repairs. Any more holes punched in to get some fresh air might end up shattering the whole thing.

Still, the burning mounted inside Xilimyth. Every fiber of her newfound muscles began to cry out from their rapidly diminishing supply of oxygen. Slowly her slitted gold eyes drew to a close. Fists flexed testily across the dome before balling into trembling fists.

"There was no way it's going to end like this," Xilimyth told herself. Her body began to tremble all over. Little spasms rocked across every limb and womanly curve trying to fight a lost battle for life in space. "I

did not just grow into a planet busting dragon cat just to float dead across a battlefield! Do something you stupid beefed up excuse for a body!"

Apparently, something close to Xilimyth's heart did not care much for that train of thought. Her breasts gave a harsh jiggle as something deep in her ribcage gave out.

POP!

Xilimyth's butt slid back across the dome with a hard wince. It had finally happened. Her body may have been built to the stuff Zentradi gods could only dream of, but the crushing vacuum of space ultimately caused her insides to implode. The shock had been so harsh that she barely felt any pain at all. Guess that meant these were her final thoughts. Any moment now she would fade into unconsciousness as chunks of her lifeless muscles sailed across the battlefield into the void beyond.

....

Any moment now...

Xilimyth very tentatively cracked one eye open. The other quickly followed as she looked down at her massive boobs heaving up and down. The lack of gravity turned their jiggling into a slightly hypnotic kind of ripple pattern, not unlike waves in a pond. Shock turned to wonder as Xilimyth raised a hand to flex its swollen mass of plump bicep. She had surged even bigger still, and somehow remained in one piece. Quite a sizable set of squashed cheetah cheeks now bloated out the starlight above the ruined city where her hunches rested.

"How the heck am I breathing in space!?" she mused, and then grasped at her throat. "How the heck am I TALKING in space!?"

An answer came when Xilimyth's hands drifted down a little lower. Right in the area between shoulder and neck, she found several loose flaps in her scales. Incredibly sensitive ones that opened and closed with the rhythm of her breathing. In fact, she barely needed to inhale through mouth or nose with them working. Xilimyth could only guess that popping sensation had been her lungs ripping open their own set of gills.

That was when Xilimyth noticed her hands. The tips of each finger were emitting their own soft glow. Every claw grew even as she watched, becoming thick and sharper than mech knives. From them, streams of light whisked down along the length of Xilimyth's arms. Something was following the flow of her veins through every rigged muscle or jiggling load of fat in her growing body.

Realization struck Xilimyth better than a spray of stray laser shots; the ship's nanites! She must have gotten cut ripping open the ship's glass, letting those little pests right into her bloodstream. They were already going everywhere inside her body working to repair what their programming might perceive as broken. That would probably explain why there was not even a sign of a blemish where they entered among her fingers. Not to mention why she was suddenly changed into some sort of space fish.

Actually, that line of explanation just raised a heck of a lot more questions...

Like why was she growing scales?

"Cooooool!"

Xilimyth held up a forearm lost in wonder. It's spotted fur shifted to make room for the series of scutes rising out of her flesh to form an armored bracer. A matching bracer formed on her other arm, and then both elbows. Legs were going through a similar process of armoring up; the front of each shin gaining their own chitin plates. The edges of which scrapped decent gashes in the domes already injured glass. Dragons must be made of some very tough stuff indeed to produce such natural protection.

"Nnghh! Wha?"

Which was to say nothing about dragons natural weapons. Another mild pressure hit Xilimyth along her poor feline scalp. Feeling with both sausage hands confirmed this was her horns slinking out larger in rapid growth. Another pair grew out behind those to make a fan pattern, followed by a third pair jutting under her ears to follow along with the sides of her jaw. Xilimyth really wished she had a mirror with how badass these kilometer long protrusions must have made her look. Way neater than the head of Janus' VR, and she did not even need a helmet.

Plus she had spikes now, apparently. Xilimyth thought her joints were starting to get a bit stiff at first, but then elbows and knees jutted out into very sharp points. They quickly ruptured through flesh and fur into thick slashing weapons. No sooner had they settled in than Xilimyth flinched at her collar blossomed into a thick ring of bony spines. Their curved patterns worked perfectly protect her neck and shoulders. Some smaller spikes even grew out the joints of her wings.

Now she really wished for a mirror to see all the scales cascading across her breasts and chiseled abs. Xilimyth was utterly oblivious to how her nose stretched to a more angular configuration. Her once pink top pulled flush into a reptilian muzzle full of meat shredding teeth. Overall she probably assumed her appearance to become something like royalty, or a kaiju monster, possibly both...

"Uuuuaaggh! I'm hit!"

Xilimyth nearly jumped off her dome perch, which her legs now straddled on its dwindling size. Head whipped around unable to comprehend why such a pained scream sounded right next to her. Fighters and cruisers whizzed around but way too far a distance to even broadcast any audio.

"A whole squad coming in on the left!"

"I see five more under...what the...Guys, what is that THING on the colony ship!?"

Xilimyth folded in on herself with a blush. Overactive imagination suddenly helped visualize the hundreds of tiny eyes observing her naked dracat body in the distance.

"Is that Xilimyth?"

Ears perked in response to a familiar voice. "Janus? Where are you?"

"Wait, you can hear me!? Xili, please tell me you're not a physic voice in my head."

"I don't think I am. But how am I even hearing anything? I'm sitting on the freaking dome without any...um...radio stuff."

"Yeah, we can see that," balked a random pilot. There was even a trail of static to his voice.

"What the heck!?" Bren's voice suddenly broke the conversation. "I knew something was blocking the external cams but was not expecting Xili's aah...you know what, nevermind. How the heck are you still growing!?"

"You tell me!" Xilimyth threw her arms up in a shrug, then yelped as one hand absently swatted away a pirate VR attempting a fly by her looming nipples. "Some repair bots on the glass got into my blood and just went to town."

"Yeah, but the doctor said you were only a part dragon! This is definitely not part...well...you look a lot more regal than with that dress on."

Xilimyth blushed through her new facial scales fidgeting to stay sitting on the dome. Had she actually heard the radio communications through her head? More importantly, was this a result of the nanobots or her grow into a demi-goddess?

"I'd joke about your moon tits, tinycat, but I'm getting shot at," added another pilot. "Maybe you could get that cosmic butt up to help us, huh?"

Xilimyth could not help huffing a bit but reminded herself friends were fighting for their lives in those little hornets buzzing around.

"That's not a bad idea," came back Janus' voice. "The pirate ship looks like it's going to take a swing at you while it's still big enough to cause damage."

"What?!" Xilimyth whipped her head around.

Approaching in at full thrusters, the patched-up Macross ship had already converted into its humanoid mech mode. Xilimyth's wings and tail dropped hard across the dome taking in her opponent. The twin blasters in each hand looked almost as big as the metal body holding them. There was no way of knowing if her new armor plates could hold up to a flagship barrage. A few rounds from those would doom the colony ship for sure.

Might as well make that less of a collateral target. Xilimyth pushed as gently as she dared off the dome's glass, trying not to send the poor colony ship hurtling through space. Being in zero gravity helped a little. A few flaps of her wings got her to stay on a level course to meet the enemy Macross head on.

Those pirates had no intention of being as careful. Both rifles raised to take aim, but it was not until Xilimyth got closer she realized they were poised over her ripped shoulders. Those damn cowards were actually going to take pot shots at the colony just to avoid fighting her directly. Or at least they were hoping Xilimyth would use her bulk as a self-sacrificing shield.

These guys knew a selfless soldier even when she was a hulking monster with jiggling mammaries. While the rifle barrels glowed in their charging phase, Xilimyth pondered fanning her wings to shield the blast.

That was just stupid, though. The membranes would be scorched right through without preventing any casualties. Merely ripping the mech's arms off would not help. At her current velocity, Xilimyth would still take several minutes to collide with the slightly bigger ship.

If only another VR could get close enough to hurl at them, but wishful thinking was not on the timetable. The rifles were starting to blind Xilimyth with their bright pulsing energy. With only seconds left to think it was all she could do to raise both palms up in the estimated path of their firing trajectory.

Turns out Xilimyth had guessed somewhat accurately as the guns fired their twin beams of blue colored death directly into the thick scales of her palms. By all accounts, this should have been a bad thing. While the colony might have been spared an immediate demolition, Xilimyth fully expected her beefed-up arms to be spontaneously transformed into raw chunks of stew meat on bones.

Instead, all she felt was warm.

Very warm.

Xilimyth refocused attention on her arms. Their spotted skin illuminated the same blue glow as her palms greedily sucked up both rays. Not a burn mark remained on her fingertips, but the warmth flowing down into her body sparked a rush of less gory transformations. Another series of spikes erupted from her knuckles to form very long slashing knives. More grew out behind the ones at her elbows to make a saw pattern across her biceps.

There was only a second to register these new growths when Xilimyth felt a sharp contraction at her sides. Trying to hug herself, while being mindful of many new pointy bits, it was clear something else forming just under each armpit. Bulges bubbled up into welts, and then...

"GRRRWAAAHHH!!"

Her flesh suddenly gave, and Xilimyth found herself gawking at a second set of arms. Fingers wiggled about as they grew sharp claws and spikes atop meaty hands. Spots developed across scaled and fluffy skin before ballooning up in the rippling muscle power identical to her original appendages.

"Oh, Em Gee! Janus! Bren! I'm still mutating, and it's so co-OOPH!"

It was shortly after developing four arms that Xilimyth's weightless flight through space caused her to collide with the pirate's mech. Fortunately, her planets for breasts did more damage to its reinforced bulkheads than it could do to her. She tried to push the giant robot away only to meep in alarm. It was bringing down both the bladed edges of its rifles upon her neck in retaliation.

Diamond-tipped weapons slammed into the dragon's bony protrusions crowning her shoulders to promptly get themselves shattered into hundreds of tiny pieces. The pirates needed even longer than Xilimyth to realize their melee attack had been mostly ineffective. At worst they nicked a few points off her impressive thorn collar.

Fashion was far from the first priority right then anyway. Xilimyth was more interested in the warmth she sensed from this mech smooched into her cleavage. It felt so much like the blaster fire she had

absorbed, but on a much broader scope. And since said blasters were now scrap caught on her shoulders, something else would have to scratch her itch.

"Come here, big boy!" Xilimyth pouted in her usual flirty manner to the face of an expressionless mech.

No doubt the crew behind those window 'eyes' went into an absolute panic at seeing her pointed dragon muzzle close in. Fangs dripped warm saliva across the empty void between them. An alarm for complete evacuation sounded moments before all four hulking arms encompassed the mech's torso. Muscle swelled in their strain to administer the cosmic equivalent of a bear hug.

The sounds of metal bending echoed across the entire battlefield. Watching a mech get wedged into the curves of a hyper voluptuous monster was a sight to behold for both sides. Poor ship only lasted a minute before getting snapped at the waist. Xilimyth's quadruple biceps did a smooth job flattening its midsection. Its legs and head flew off in separate directions taking their helpless crew with them.

That was fine for the spikey dragoness. Her claws made for easy work digging through the ship remains in her grasp. They tore through metal like butter digging through each deck before finally finding her destination; the engine rooms fusion cores. Grasping one generator in each hand, Xilimyth let the inert husk drift off her swelling curves, now useless with her theft of its power supply.

Ignoring panicked calls over the 'radio' in her head, Xilimyth licked her lips before taking a bite out of one of the reactors. The energy being generated within literally exploded across her tongue, not unlike a juicy apple. A deep rumble of pleasure resonated from within the thick muscles of her throat as she savored such sweet energy washing into her body. Eyes grew hazy in the growing lust for more delicious nectar to feed on.

Xilimyth alternated sinking her fangs into each fusion core. Their metallic structure rendered them nothing but fancy ripe fruits to her draconic physiology. The effects of such continuous energy flow were almost instantaneous even for her audience to see. Muscles jostled about, growing in rapid surges over her body. Often times the ridges bulged too fast. It looked like the skin could not keep up, but then scales would stretch to compensate, and her stature gained just a bit more density.

"Xilimyth...ssshhhtoop...waaiii..."

It was not until Xilimyth was licking her hands for any atomic residue that her pointed ears caught the fading words of Janus over the radio. She looked around confused at first. There were no longer any signs of a battle, much less ships buzzing around her hulking figure. Eventually, a soft glint in the distance brought attention to her feet. The dragoness let out a frightened mew seeing the once massive colony ship almost the size of a literal oyster it resembled.

At least relative in size to her foot. One wrong twitch and she could accidentally send her fleet across the galaxy, if not directly into a sun.

"Ooof! Janus...Bren...I'm so sorry."

Speaking of Suns, Xilimyth could see more than one floating about in the distance. The little marbles resembling planets became increasingly difficult to spot in their orbits. But that was probably because of

their dwindling scope inside her growing range of vision. Perhaps it was a bit late to reconsider eating four sources of continuous energy.

"I...I don't think I'm going to stop growing." Xilimyth shuddered, hugging herself with all her arms and wings. She could only hope such movements did not destroy any inhabited systems. Heck, she had no idea if anyone could still hear her at this range. "I'm sorry...goodbye..."

Strangely enough, the more prominent Xilimyth grew, the less relevant time seemed to become. She had no idea how long she spent panicking over the fact she could not stop her muscles from rippling with each flex. After a while things just sort of became complacent. It was not long before she lost sight of the colony ship among the glint of billions of stars. And then the system they had been in was little more than a cluster next to her left hip.

The fusion cores inside her stomach seemed no less efficient on her no matter what size. Abs continued to press tighter together as they swelled into tough scaled bricks. They were soon joined in by the many thick muscles of her waist, leading into canyon ridges of buff along her back. Hips and ass continued to expand, swallowing many a sun to further feed into the fat amassing within her flesh. Not to say anything less about her tits. They continued to easily be the largest part of Xilimyth unless you counted all four of her biceps. Zero gravity kept them sloshing heavy with fat and milk rapidly generated by the energy she absorbed. Occasionally the load got a bit too much, forcing Xilimyth to find some pleasure in massaging her nipples until spurts of milk released.

Knowing her luck the metric tons of lactose shooting off into space created dozens of more systems to make up for the ones her body devoured.

Every now and then other mutations happened. Xilimyth had not even noticed her tail split into three separate limbs until they all accidentally smacked at her wide shelf of a butt at once. It was actually pretty cool making them do silly snake dance battles with each other for a while. Not long after that Xilimyth was struck with a massive headache. At first, she thought it might have been a comet smacking her head.

But that was until she noticed suddenly being able to look left and right at the same time. There were worse things than suddenly sprouting a second head after all. It was only a shame her consciousness held control over both. It would have been nice having someone to talk to, even if it was mainly herself.

Xilimyth had no idea when she actually outgrew the galaxy. It could have been minutes or centuries since she had started outpacing planets. All she knew was that one minute she was counting stars, and suddenly there were no stars left. She blinked and looked left with one head, right with the other; just black empty space. Gazes drifted up and down respectively. Still nothing but the epic span of her cleavage. Her tails dipped in growing fear.

"YEEEOW!!"

A burning sensation seized on one tail, shooting up her spine in a painful rush. Twisting around discovered the culprit to be a spiraling mass of white stars and planets hidden under the curves of her backside. That explained why her legs were so warm.

"Wow! Cool!" Both topmost palms gently cupped around what had once been Xilimyths galaxy. She must have been generating her own gravity field to keep the mass always a set distance floating from her flesh. To think everything she grew up knowing could be viewed with the same perspective as a light bulb. She had indeed become a universe class dragon alright.

Not that such thoughts stopped her ears from sulking. Bren, Janus, everything she knew was now too small to be relevant. What can a god even do when they achieve infinity?

"AAH-PHOO!!"

Well, sneezing on a galaxy might not have been an excellent first action. All those dots of burning gas swirling around were really irritating to a dragon's nose. Xilimyth started to panic but realized the futility. She already could not tell her spray of spittle from any other glittering mass of stars.

She could only hope they did not obliterate that sun nearby...or those alien space stations...or...

Xilimyth blinked with both sets of eyes wondering how she could be seeing fuzzy blue aliens running around on a primitive world. Moreover, her perspective was amazingly versatile going through a supernovas colorful light. It was like those hologames with full three-dimensional cameras.

And then it hit her with an amused chuckle; the nanites in her body were still active. Not only had they grown with her but apparently they also evolved to become an intricate part of her godhood. With little more than a thought, she found she could make the robots turn asteroids into planets, stars into suns, even random squirrels into laser blasting behemoths.

Granted she had to change the last one back out of guilt. Hunky as the panicked guy was everyone else had started to freak out in a riot around him. Still, it left Xilimyth feeling like a real goddess now. She could do practically anything to anything in her little galaxy.

And that notion lead to an excellent idea.

It took a few light years of searching to implement her plan, of course. Xilimyth was far from skilled at mapping time and space. Still somewhere inside that bright little galaxy, the Macross fifty-two continued to float along its designated voyage. The pirate attack had dinged things up pretty badly, but the fleet looked no less capable of its mission.

If anything the hundreds of crewmembers were still reeling from the battles unorthodox conclusion weeks later. Watching a spotted dragon crush hug a Macross and then devour its insides was not a good test of sanity for many. Except for those who were into it. They kept well-documented recordings of the incident with their ship cams. Most of which paid particular emphasis to Xilimyths breasts and butt jiggling in open space.

Granted the commanders back on Earth saw little reason to believe overwhelming video and medical evidence. Eventually, the pirate's failure was attributed to their shoddy repair jobs on the hijacked Macross ship. Business continued on as usual.

In a way, Janus was somewhat happy for that. At least his friend and wingman would not go down in official records as a hulking monster. Granted being listed as MIA was not much better. The ship had

grown rather quiet while his usual routines dulled considerably. Nothing felt right without a cheetah's breasts looming ten meters overhead to blush about.

Heading into the macronization chambers for a visit, Janus could see Bren was not taking things much better. The cougar's tail practically dragged along the floor while he made repairs in stiff, robotic motions. Their job was really just a way to keep busy at this point.

"Wow, he looks like someone died."

Janus managed a weak chuckle, giving Xilimyth a light elbow in her side. "You might as well have with the way you just grew out into space like that. All those muscles and...fat spreading out. The poor guy has felt responsible for it coming from his chambers."

"Ironic that I want to give him a kiss for it then." Xilimyth wagged her feline tail, fighting and failing to keep the stupid grin off her face. "I mean, deep space isn't as cold as people make it out to be. And now that I'm discovering omnipotence it's not as boring either. It's kind of like watching a dozen vid screens playing at once."

"I guess things could be worse for you." Janus gave a reluctant nod before heaving a sigh. "Still, it would be nice to have you back...here!?"

The wolf's ears shot up as his head whipped around to finally face the figure next to him. There was no way of telling why it took him this long to realize the soft, familiar voice was not coming from some delusional sense of loneliness.

"Hi!" Xilimyth waved happily down at her co-pilot looking exactly as she used to be.

Well, more or less how she looked trying to flirt with Janus at the SuperNova what felt like a century ago. No longer a flimsy little school girl in appearance, Xilimyth stood a towering seven feet of lean perfection. Muscles swelled from the slightest movements around her arms and legs. The bulge of her bosom ached to rip the zipper of her jumpsuit apart, matched only by the jutting contours of a perfect behind. Wanda no longer had anything on this feline amazon.

Suddenly having to look up at his partner did not deter Janus from leaping into her soft mammaries with a happy bark. Xilimyth had easily expected this and returned the hug with extreme care for her strength. What had not been expected was the bark grabbing Bren's attention. His jaw fell to the floor upon turning to see what had started Janus so severely.

"OOF!!"

Having a wolf tackle you was one thing. When a much larger cougar joined in even Xili could not support all three of them on just her feet. They teetered then fell over, laughing and enjoying the warmth of their embrace despite the fall.

"Okay...prff...HOW!?" Bren said half demanding and a hundred percent just happy to be holding his cheetah friend.

"It's...uh...kind of hard to explain," Xilimyth said once she managed to peel both boys off her boobs so they could stand. "I kind of outgrew the galaxy and then...came back?"

"You mean you shrank down from a gazillion feet tall?" Janus' tail wagged so fast the room was starting to get a breeze.

"Not really?" Xilimyth blushed struggling to figure out her own thoughts. "It's kind of like playing those hologames where you make your own avatar."

"Oh, okay! That makes perfect sense."

Bren raised his eyebrow at Janus' confident acceptance of this logic. Guess it would make sense to a hologame addict. "Well, it's great you found us again. And, prrf, you're definitely looking...healthy. Want to see if that new body of yours can go through the macronization chambers?"

"Hm? Oh no, thanks, prffler! I got that covered just fine. Watch! And be amazed!"

Xilimyth took a step back before seeming to tense her whole body in a hard flex. Both boys cried out and backpedaled as the already large cat shot up into 'huge' status. Delightful mews filled the air as each flex inched Xilimyth bigger. Boots slid across the floor in her widening stance to knock over stray tables. Her spotted tail lashed about in a rush, bopping Bren in the face when Xilimyth turned to show off another flex.

The spandex of her suit squeaked as it stretched along her growing form. Somehow it clung tight to every curve of muscle yet stayed loose enough to prevent ripping. That made it easy to see the swelling of her thighs, the deepening cleft of her butt, and broadening ridges of her back. When she reached the usual ten meters tall, neither blushing boy would ever call their hulking friend 'tinycat' again.

"See?" Xilimyth turned for another flex, raising her mountainous boobs for their viewing pleasure. "With a bit more practice I can get Xentradi down to an art. Nggh!?"

Xilimyth gasped in surprise, involuntarily hunching her shoulders in another hard flex. From her back unfolded two signature dragon wings. The threads of her jumpsuit sliced cleanly open to accommodate them as if always designed for such appendages. Sadly they jutted out into their full span before Xilimyth could gain total control, smashing the ends through the glass of two macro chambers.

"Oops! Guess I can't keep the dragon out of the cat." Xilimyth giggled sheepishly. Her wings wiggled a few times before folding against her shoulders. "Oh well, not a problem now."

With a casual wave of one hand, the damaged chambers suddenly glowed in blue light. Hundreds of nanobots replicated off Xilimyth's little puppet form to repair the giant machines until they gleamed with the sheen of freshly forged metal.

"Huh. Didn't know I could do that." Satisfied with the results anyway, Xilimyth turned back to stare down at the two dumbstruck men. "Soooo...wanna go talk to Schott about our next mission? I'm dying to get fitted into a new battle suit."