

# Wishing For More: Ascension

*By Dragonien*

It wasn't enough. she had outgrown her home, her planet, the very Galaxy in which she had been birthed. And yet it still wasn't enough. Time had lost its meaning to her and she had no frame of reference for how long it had been since her Ascension. The need to speak the trigger word had faded minutes ago... Eons ago? Whatever concurrence of fates had gifted her with this power had connected her to the primal energy of reality itself; granting her access to fundamental powers beyond the scope of mortal comprehension. But it wasn't enough... she wasn't enough. As massive as she had become, she was still an imperfect vessel. She simply could not contain the energy is in which she had called to herself. Even now she could feel the ache of sore muscles and the creak of straining bones struggling to support not just her physical mass but the very essence of her and what she had become. She knew what she had to do but a mixture of fear and nostalgia held her back in letting her become what she truly needed to be, was always meant to be. She likes who she was, what she was. She had been mortal her entire life. Then again, she also knew that thought was hilariously misplaced considering what she knew was ahead of her. The life she had known before her Ascension would soon be nothing more than a blip in her memory.

When a stab of pain shot through her stomach she was forced to hunched over, one arm sweeping through an entire arm of the galaxy and pressing a hand big enough to palm hundreds of star systems against her abdomen as she tried to hold herself in. In a moment of desperation she looked back towards the little flicker of light among millions of others that was her home star system... Or at least what she thought was. She was embarrassed to admit that she had long since lost track of which one was the Sol system, and she had grown so large that even where she to be looking directly at it she probably wouldn't recognize it from any of the other millions of dots of light. It was that thought, along with the sudden wash of regret and disconnection that she felt from her old life, that finally decided things for her. It was that realization that even if she wanted to, even if she tried as hard as she could, she couldn't even interact with anything she once knew. it would be like trying to befriend a germ. It wasn't even that she saw them is less than her... It was just but they were simply so different in both scale and capability that she couldn't even conceive of them anymore. With a final sigh of resignation she straightened her back and screwed up her face in determination. She didn't need to say it, but despite her surrendering to the inevitable, she still clung to that last vestige of her old self as if defiant in the face of the inevitable. The energy flowed through her regardless of her utterance yet the word still boomed out impossibly through the vacuum of space, carried on a wave of ethereal energy rather than anything as primitive and simplistic as vibrations or sound.

"More..."

As her grip on her old self released the pain magnified a hundred-fold. Yet at the same time that ethereal ache from far deeper within her flesh-and-blood felt oddly satisfying, like that burn of your muscles after an intense workout. Glittering blue lines of ethereal light began to spring up from under her skin, each and every one of the veins crisscrossing through her body filling with something far more powerful, far more primal than anything as laughably mundane as blood. As the lines traveled across every one of her limbs they crept up her neck and into her face, her eyes going wide in a sudden surge of unreasonable terror. It felt like lightning was crawling through her body, electrifying her nerves and forcing her muscles to spasm. Her breath came in desperate, hyperventilating gasps despite neither needing to breathe nor having any air to do so with. As the lines made their way across the back of her head and around her eye sockets they finally reached the focal point of her face and plunged into her eyes themselves like thousands of neon blue needles. The moment they did, she truly saw for the first time and it nearly incapacitated her.

The flesh on her forehead burst open the moment the veins crammed into her eyes, a new appendage ripping its way free from the inside of her skull where there had been nothing a moment before. It was a new eye, a third eye rimmed with a sclera of glowing blue rather than white framing an iris that no living being could ever conceive the color of. It was the kind of coloration that would make a poet weep and a writer throw his pen away in defeat knowing that he would never be able to conjure words that could properly describe it. It was a sight that would drive people to tears or madness or the sweet relief of death knowing that they had seen something truly, unequivocally beautiful and their life was now complete. Her normal eyes filled themselves entirely with that glowing blue energy, shining like spot lights compared to the dull glow of her third eyes sclera. Wisps of ethereal blue energy leaked from the edges of either of her eyes at a constant stream of wispy energy smoke that seemed to crackle and warp the very fabric of reality around it; her eyes glowing with the very fires of creation itself.

As her body absorbed the energy it began to mutate and change. It was no gentle transition, no slow modification of what was already there. It was a harsh, violent rewrite of everything she was and would be. The parts of her that remained were remade in fires hotter than any forge could conceive. Her bones hardened into something so dense that a single square foot of it dropped in a void would create a black hole around its near-infinite mass. Her muscles wove themselves into something beyond flesh, gleaming like silver if anyone were ever somehow able to see a cross section of the gleaming filament that wound so tight with so much power that an ant with the same type of otherworldly muscle would be strong enough to carry an entire mountain. The pelt of fur covering her body softened to become like clouds, so soft and fluffy to the touch that one might not even realize they were touching it until they were enveloped in the furry heaven of her embrace yet at the same time woven with the same impossible mass and energy that left each individual strand so durable that it would survive a supernova without even a singe.

When protrusions of scale and bone plate began to burst forth from her skin once more the ascending monstrosity that had once been a simple cheetah girl doubled over in pain, pulled from her dizzying attempts to make sense of her new vision. Hard ridges of plated natural armor burst forth from her left arm like a natural gauntlet as her claws on that hand burst forth obscenely and stretched out nearly as long as her fingers were. The tip of each ivory weapon became so impossibly sharp that even just idle movements of her hand seemed to rip through the very fabric of reality itself; causing tiny tears of absolute blankness behind where the claws moved for the split second before the universe could stitch itself back together. Around the wrist of her left hand a faint swirl of darkness began to twist and writhe just above the surface of her skin; a bracelet of pure darkness that would utterly erase anything that came in contact with it. Her opposite hand fared better, the fur thickening slightly and her finger joints becoming more pronounced, more flexible has the manual dexterity of her single hand escalated to a point that were she still a normal size she could weave a tapestry one handed in a matter of minutes. As if in contrast to the left, a glittering trail of glowing sparkles of white and blue light began to swirl around her right wrist; a bracelet of life and creation itself.

She did her best to focus on the smaller changes for fear of losing herself in the larger ones or be drawn back into the disorientation of vision she was unused too that showed her things far beyond mortal sight. As her arms and hands morphed, thick tendrils of ascendant flesh snapped back and forth between her legs and forced them together before wrapping themselves into a cocoon around each appendage. Her legs vanished entirely as they melded into the larger mass of flesh that became her lower body, coating itself in the glittering sheen of golden scales that matched her fur and each individually seem to reflect the full light of a burning star all by itself. The singular appendage that had become her lower body began to stretch outwards, writhing and slithering like a snake as it stretched off into eternity. not even she could truly conceive of how immense the coils of her new naga limb had become as, while she was able to clearly see the beginning of where it connected to her waist and the tip of her tail off in the distance no matter how long even her gaze followed one towards the

other it never seemed to reach an end. The coils of her new self would always be close to her yet could also stretch out to infinity and constrict all of time and space itself if desired.

Her wings fared similarly, the already semi-divine appendages creaking and cracking as new wing joints were attached to them and they spread wider out behind her. At their full extension, much like her new tail, there was simply no way to see either end of her impossible wingspan. The faint gleam of the night sky stretched between her wing joints lightened into something more as they filled with swirls of entire galaxies and realities and dimensions rather than the idle speckle of a few local stars. As she experimental spread them and tried to flap them once or twice she felt them catch on something. They didn't cup air or matter or anything else and push against it to pull her forward... Rather her wings simply grabbed hold of reality itself and moved the entire cosmos around her. She no longer had need of traveling, she brought the universe to her with the same effort of someone spinning a globe on a desk until the correct location was facing her.

When the major changes had begun to slow the ethereal light began to ripple across the surface of her flesh as if fine-tuning it. Even the most insignificant mar or imperfection found itself burned away beneath the heat of the fires of creation itself. Minuscule scars too small for even her to have ever noticed disappeared and were replaced with smooth, flawless flesh. Areas of thinning fur thickened with a lush regrowth they gave her a perfectly equal coat across every inch of her furred form. when the fire is finally reached her face they softened her expression, narrowing her muzzle slightly while extending it outwards into a shape more akin to that of a reptile or a dragons rather than the stubbier, short muzzle of a feline. Her teeth sharpened to an impossible degree, something beyond anything that would ever be practical for a living being until her mouth was a cavern of nothing but razor teeth lead on either end by a massive Sabretooth fang that's stuck out from the top of either side of her mouth like a saber-tooth tiger and hung down as far to the tip of her chin even with her mouth closed. As her face softened into a mask of pristine femininity the top of her head erupted with a thick rack of draconic horns the curled out from the back of her head and angled downwards behind her. Each one was made of an ebony bone so impossibly dark but any mortal looking too long at them might feel their very soul itself being tugged towards the endless void of their coloration. Her new form toed the line between beauty and ferocity, between life and death, between creation and destruction. Every aspect of her that promoted life, creation, wonder was countered by one of primal strength, destruction, unmaking. It was a symmetry beyond the purely physical that made all that dared look upon her know that with but a flick of one hand she could bring a thousand galaxies into existence or with a snap of the other snuff them out instead.

When the changes finally slowed she was surprised to find she didn't feel herself panting for breath like she expected. If she had still been her normal self she would have been down on all fours gasping raggedly for breath to recover from the agony she had just gone through. Yet oddly enough she neither felt winded nor exhausted nor even bothered by the memory of what she had just experienced. It felt... Small, lesser in her mind now. it's like when you were a child and you got a paper cut on your finger and it hurts so bad that you couldn't possibly conceive of anything hurting worse, only to look back on that memory as an adult and realize how silly that was and how you couldn't even remember the pain that had made you freaked out so much. there was a strange peace that came with her new self, no longer feeling the constant battle of a mortal shell struggling to contain the infinite power that her divinity had blessed her with. Nor did she feel regret for letting herself go beyond what she had ever expected to be. As she looked across herself and became accustomed to her new sight she found that she actually could see what she had looked for before and failed to find. Her third eye gleamed and she found herself staring at a tiny little ball of water and dirt oh so familiar to her and now oh so foreign. The Earth. It was almost quaint in its insignificance as she examined it with her new sight. she found that her new I gave her insight into things Beyond what she had ever conceived of. She knew she was vast, and yet now not only could she see her home planet but she could look down into it like zooming through a mental version of Google Maps in real time all the way down to the subatomic level. She could even see the past, the future. She could see where her former friend that had teased her about taking her to the mall would call her again for

the third time that week trying to get ahold of her. She made a quick mental note to do something nice for them. She could see how their neighbor stole the newspaper every morning, or how the mailman was coming down with a cold. She could see the weather patterns transitioning into a snowstorm and could actually count how many snowflakes would fall during it.

She felt she felt like the information should have been overwhelming but that was her thinking from a mortal perspective. If her brain had still mortal then it probably would have burned out trying to handle all of that information, yet now seeing the entire history of a billion mortal beings was nothing more than an afterthought to her. Examining herself more closely she could better catalog the changes. She was still muscular, but not quite as much so as she had been before her change. Her body had leaned out and thinned into a more powerfully built feminine form rather than the hulking behemoth of mass that she had been before. Her breasts had comparatively shrunken a bit as well. Each was still easily larger than her own head but neither was so immense that she couldn't sweep her arms around them and hug them against herself. Oddly, that bothered her for a moment. As she stared down at her still-impressive rack she focused with just the slightest inkling of her concentration, no more than you might use to do something as simple as blink or twitch one of your fingers, and suddenly they were ballooning outwards. Like beach balls inflating with pure flesh, her breasts surged outwards well beyond the breadth of even her embrace. They surged thicker and heavier until even her impossible strength found itself being weighed forward by their similarly immeasurable tonnage. With a grin that showed off her teeth she wrapped her arms underneath her bosom as she deflated it back to a more 'reasonable' size, even if reasonable for her was still enough that she could have smothered someone the same scale as her with them.

As she examined herself, she found that she felt... more of herself. It was an odd sensation for someone so new to her divinity and it took her a few moments to parse out the meaning. Then it hit her. She was feeling more of herself, or rather, more of her selves. Her third eye began darting back and forth as it searched along the infinitesimally small, even to her vision, lines of light that lead to the other realities in which she inhabited. She found herself a hundred, a thousand, a trillion times over. Infinite alternate versions of Xilimyth inhabiting their own universes and living their own lives. Some were powerful beings of magic and mysticism, though none could even hope to challenge her power, while others were completely normal people working nine-to-five jobs. Some were tall, some short, some ripped like the hulk while others were thin as rails. Most were female, with some male and a few in-between to varying degrees. But what had gotten her attention was that every single one of them, all at once, had become AWARE. As one, the entirety of her parallel existence was sitting up straight, looking around in confusion as they felt... something new. They felt their connection to her, to the Prime Xilimyth. Her power had grown so vast that a tiny fragment of it had extended beyond this single shell of her and into the rest of her selves as well. For a moment, she found herself amused by this thought. She wondered what the others might do if they found that spark of power within them. Would they be able to nurture it and grow in strength and power as she had or would they shun it for fear of what it could be and how it could go wrong?

Privately, she had been concerned that her new status might have elevated her beyond anything that might entertain her. After all, when you have all of creation and destruction at your fingertips with a lifespan that would outlast the next thousand realities how long could you keep yourself entertained? But as she found herself staring down more and more of the thin blue strings that connected her to her other selves, she found her interest growing. Maybe, if she was feeling playful, she might even help some of them out.

Experimentally, she reached with her ethereal grasp towards one of the strings. The moment she touched it she saw that version of herself bolt upright again, eyes wide at the realization of her attention. They clearly had no idea what was going on but they felt SOMETHING was watching; was tampering with something fundamental to her very existence. It took nothing for Xilimyth to push a tiny fragment of power down that

connection and watch it slam into her other self with the force of a train. yet as she did so, she couldn't help but grin sharkishly as she murmured that now so familiar word to herself.

"More..."

All of creation vibrated ever so faintly with her utterance as she watched her alternate self rapidly begin to burst out of her clothes; outgrowing them, then the restaurant she had been in, then the entire city in the span of just a couple of minutes. Within that span of time the formerly average-sized cheetah had become a living titan amongst her own people. Xilimyth giggled as she watched her other self nervously try to step her way out of the city without destroying any more of it than her growth already had. Then she giggled even more as she watched her other self's backside smash into the side of a building and topple it like a house of cards.

Her attention averted to another string and she found herself grasping on to the strand of a scrawny runt of a Xilimyth. She stood in the middle of a gym wearing an oversized sleeveless shirt and gym shorts that looked ready to fall down if she jostled too much. She was struggling to lift a dead-lift bar with no weight at all over her head while trying to ignore the taunting jeers of those around her teasing her for her weakness.

"More..."

Another surge of power sent that Xilimyth's body exploding with muscle the likes of which would make The Hulk blanch in jealousy. Her shirt pulled skin tight then nearly ripped down the back as her pectorals surged larger and wider than her entire torso had been seconds ago, her arms bloating to girths thicker than any of the legs of the pro bodybuilders in the room while her own legs each turned into living flesh tree-trunks. Her shorts ripped down the sides as her thighs simply blew them apart and she found her head abruptly smacking against the ceiling of the weight room, the now seemingly-weightless lift bar held, forgotten, in one massive fist.

As she played with her other selves, she found herself floating through the cosmos similar to how she might have once laid on her belly in bed and played with her phone. Instead of sending texts and checking twitter, though, she was looking through the parallel lives she may have once lived. Most were left to their own devices while some were directly influenced by her either when she felt like they deserved it or she just thought it would be entertaining. More still found themselves nudged along with more vague and indirect bumps of power or knowledge, Xilimyth curious to see how far her other selves could push themselves with just a hint at what lay in the larger multi-verse. Most of their lives didn't change that much from the day to day, but they all as one felt a small sliver of confidence they hadn't before. It was a feeling of self-assurance that told them everything would be OK in the long run, that there was something greater than them watching out for them. And Xilimyth was OK with that. She may have once blushed in embarrassment at the audacity and narcissism of such a thought before, but now she reveled in it as she lay there, serpentine lower body flicking back and forth happily behind her like her old feline tail might have when she was amused with herself. All the while quietly muttering that little word of power under her breath over and over again.

After all, who better to be your own personal god than yourself?

Suddenly she paused halfway through turning another version of herself into a monstrous, near-mindless behemoth of kaiju monster. Her eye began flickering around various strands of herself searching for different worlds. She found it was a bit more difficult to find as much detail about the other realities as she had herself when she wasn't dealing directly with her alternate existences but with enough focus and concentration she found what she was looking for. For a moment she lay there, smiling with an almost wistful sigh escaping her lips. That silly little dork of a fox, Chris she believed his name was, that she had probably scared senseless

during the initial stages of her ascension. For all his awkwardness she'd found him oddly endearing. Granted this wasn't the same one she had played with, but she had been able to find an alternate version of herself who worked close enough to him that she could make due. She began her work, the first real experiment with her manipulations in other realities. Small twinges of her power here and there moved fates and shifted chances around until finally she got what she was looking for.

She watched as the fox stumbled over a crack in the sidewalk and fell face first into a wall of softness that was her alternate self's cleavage. giggling girlishly like a voyeur watching a friend flirting with a cute boy she liked, Xilimyth watched the fox profusely apologize to her blushing counterpart. After they parted, she wove the strands of fate once more around the two, slowly entwining the two separate people together until they kept meeting again and again. Finally, their meetings stuck and the fox worked up the courage to ask the alternate version of herself out on a date. The two got along swimmingly once they were able to drag each other out of their respective shells. She watched them laugh, joke around and discuss all sorts of nerdy endeavors and movies specific to their universe. Finally, after a few drinks the two retired back to one of their apartments and their lowered inhibitions led to them snuggling up on the couch together. She waited until just the right moment, that split second before their lips finally met for their first kiss. Suddenly her alternate self felt a surge of strange electricity shooting through her, the sound of ripping fabric filling the air as her clothes shredded off of her. She heard Chris exclaiming something in shock at seeing his cheetah date abruptly outgrowing her clothes and rapidly expanding outwards in front of him. He watched as her modest chest all-but exploded out of the front of her shirt as her breasts surged from their modest orange-size to each easily rival a watermelon in sheer girth and mass. Her lean body rapidly swelled with newfound muscle-mass; shooting past anything that could be considered athletic and straight into what most people would consider 'ripped'. Her thighs swelled to be thicker around than his waist while his arms and stomach gained the definition most pro bodybuilders spent years of intense work straining to create. Confused and concerned, Chris rushed to her side only to have one of the now nearly nine-foot-tall cheetah's arms wrap around him in an attempt to steady herself as she stumbled backwards and fell on her ass; taking Chris along with her. The poor, confused fox ended up sprawled out atop her, muffled protests coming from her cleavage where her heavy arm now pinned his head without realizing it. Despite his confused exclamations the Xilimyth of that reality could only hear a rumble of someone familiar speaking the word "more" echoing through her mind like the ringing of a gong; the sound itself somehow amplifying the strange energy that was forcing her to grow around her little vulpine date. Then, just as suddenly as they had started, the changes stopped. A different word had echoed through Xilimyth's head that time, followed by two more that sent a strange shiver of nervous anticipation through her that made herself wonder if maybe she was losing her mind. All the while the other Xilimyth, the 'true' Xilimyth smiled deviously to herself

"Enough... For now."