

Change of Pace

By Cimmaron Spirit

Commission for Xilimyth

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WARNING: this story contains: macro growth, hydra, naga, destruction, planet destruction, implied death, giga macro, nudity, female masturbation and more. If you aren't 18, or it's not an interest you'd put on F-List, then you better turn around and go find something else. Otherwise, enjoy!

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There are many ways that civilizations have ended through history. Disease and famine cutting the population greatly from death and starvation resulting in the ruin of society; war and conflict sapping the strength and resources while allowing enemies to sharpen their prowess; political conflicts over the question of who rules and how dividing the leadership; economic crisis and collapse impoverishing the many and leading to revolution to overthrow the well off few, or some combination of all of them.

But this is not the story of that.

For there is another way to bring great cities toppling and armies in rout.

One much more devastating than any other.

Unleashing a God.

And it never takes much to bring an overpower deity strolling through the neighborhood.

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Xilimyth groaned and sighed, her claws tapping on the remote control making the channels on the TV change every second, with nothing to see or do except stupid reality shows, overblown soap operas, screaming heads going on about the news, and cheesy 80s action movies.

Otherwise, nothing to watch.

The dragon-cheetah hybrid groaned again, dropping the remote on the floor as she rolled over on the couch, her well built body, over seven feet of muscle and wings, making the wooden supports that held it together groan.

“Fuck,” Xili said in exasperation. “I’m bored. Nothing to do.” Her leg twitched, tail idly thumping against the cushions on the back of the couch. There was so much energy, so much need and desire to do *something* that it was getting unbearable.

Her friends were busy or unavailable. Her internet was down, her phone was dead and charging. No books caught her attention, and she’d already walked around the block a couple times. There was nothing to do.

Well...

There was one thing.

Xilimyth pondered for a moment, contemplating thoughts about *that*.

At first, she just wanted to dismiss it out of hand. *That* would have been too much. Overkill, really, to relieve some boredom. Surely she could do something slightly more productive than *that*.

But *that* would really liven things up for sure for a while, at least for her. Though there would be consequences, it wasn’t dangerous, really. It was fun: she had done it before. Multiple times in fact. It was a great way to

And *that* was incredibly enjoyable. She could feel her body tingle in anticipation already at the thought. An evil smile crossed her muzzle.

Her boredom, untapped energy, and power hungry urges quickly won over what little restraint she had.

It was time to shed this mortal body and embrace the full power that she had.

It was time to become a goddess.

The rush of pure, uncontrolled power washed over her body in tidal wave, and the changes took over. The bright blue eyes that smiled and shined to the world were replaced with solid red, flaming and burning in a blink. Her fangs grew longer and sharper, capable of ripping steel plates like tissue paper, her claws on hand and paws stronger than the best alloys devised by man. Her yellow fur speckled with brown spots darkened, turned an unsettling shade of brown, the spots turning into black holes that seemed to suck the light from the room.

But that could have been the shadows that her body cast as the urges of power and dominance overflowed the normally seven foot tall Xilimyth shot upwards, first to eight, then nine feet, then ten, then more. The tanktop she wore split under the pressure of the growing form under it, followed moments later by her bra, allowing two, cantaloupe sized breasts to bounce free. In moments they expanded even more, rivaling watermelons, pumpkins, then toward beach balls, casting an ever increasing shadow over a deeply carved six pack on her torso. The shorts she wore lasted no longer, as thighs and hips and ass fought to escape their cotton prison, leaving the quickly growing dracat nude.

The top of her wings bumped against the roof, as her flexing toeclaws began to dig into the carpet and wood of the floor. It creaked and groaned under her as her weight exploded, doubling every second as her body stretched and grew, filling the apartment that she had lived in for so long. But no Goddess would need such a thing anymore.

A low, deep, rumbling laugh echoed through the ductwork and the brick and steel walls of the building, making the other residents currently at home freeze in shock and terror from the unsettling, demonic laugh, before suddenly the walls, floors and roofs of their hundred square feet of living space suddenly collapsed and gave way, to be replaced with a fifty foot tall Xilimyth, standing in the ruins of the building, rubble and debris and neighbors under her feet now, shrouded by the grey dust of crumbled concrete that wafted through the air.

Xilimyth looked out over the neighborhood she had resided in for years, looking over the other apartment buildings nearby and how they were cast in the shadow of her figure, the cars and pedestrians that came to a halt to see what was going on, and why a building was suddenly replaced with a giant naked woman. Sirens wailed in the distance, racing closer as firetrucks and police officers rushed to the scene.

But the little folks down below weren't responding correctly.

So she inhaled, and let out a deafening roar, a mixture of feline, dragon and otherworld demons, that shattered glass and burst eardrums a mile away.

Then the screams started, and the panic and terror.

"That's it, puny insects," Xilimyth bellowed. "Run. Run! Scream! Cry! Nothing will save you now!"

She allowed a smirk to cross her face as the emergency siren began to wail in the distance, as she willed herself bigger, smashing into the building to her left, then her right.

stomping her feet on the sudden traffic jam and flattening the entire street's worth of cars with a single motion.

"Your greatest works are nothing to me!" Xili bellowed, as her lengthening tail plowed through the city block behind her, the spines and spikes that emerged from the tip and along its length catching building, car, and person unlucky enough to be in the way, wiping the slate clean.

In front of her, she spied little mortals that hadn't yet escaped the buildings across the street and with a lightning quick reflexes, she smashed her hand through the building's facade, grabbing the unlucky victim's into her grip, and yanking them back out. She looked down at her catch, five little furs that cowered in her hand with a dismissive sniff.

"Look at you," she rumbled, her voice deeper and darker. "Whimpering cowards, little bugs to me, oblivious of what real power is like.

"Maybe I should show you first hand?" She asked, but before waiting for an answer, as the answer had already been predetermined, she opened her maw, the rows of razor sharp fangs glistening in the sun, before she dumped them in. With a single swallow, she consigned the tinies to her stomach, a miniscule snack for Xilimyth.

Two hundred feet tall, the dracat goddess stood, before seeing the first of the resistance: police and soldiers, with handguns and automatic weapons, tanks and artillery cannons trained on her body.

"Do it. Do it!" Xilimyth bellowed! "Try to stop me!"

Some of the soldiers wavered, the police began to drop their guns, cowered or fled. A few steel nerved soldiers pulled the trigger of their weapons, emptying clip after clip. The tanks rolled closer on their treads, before opening fire, sending dirty grey smoke out the barrel. Rocket launchers were set off, sending a barrage of projectiles at Xilimyth.

Another foreboding, ice cold laugh of mirth echoed through the street, making even the most resolute warrior cringe and cry in terror.

"That all you got?" Xilimyth asked as the smoke drifted away, not a single scratch on her body. "Well, it's my turn."

Faster than should have been possible, the monster was on top of the failed military response, crushing fifty tons of armor and precision weapons, times seven, under her foot, leaving craters deep enough to turn into swimming pools. With another inhale, Xili let out a

bright yellow and green stream of flame shoot from her mouth, immolating and charring anything that escaped her feet.

Then a second stream of fire sliced through the soldiers that were missed in the first round. Those that would look up at the moment would see that a second head perched on her shoulders, identical in every way to the first, except that a long, snake like throat held up both of them, allowing them to look and move on their own. And another bulge appeared on her shoulder, with another long neck growing up until two red eyes, razor sharp fangs and a muzzle appeared, the dracat now part hydra from ancient legend.

With the soldiers now taken care of, Xilimyth let out a monstrous roar from all three of her heads, drowning out the tornado sirens and the screams of panic that filled the city, letting them know that it was the end of their world.

All the while, she was still growing:. Xilimyth's body rippled with heavy musculature that promised the power to crush mountains with her hands, biceps and calves bulging with god-like power and pulsing veins, her feet able to smash and pulverize entire city blocks with a single step. Her wings outstretched, casting the whole city in front of her into evening like darkness, little street lights flickering on in confusion at the sudden eclipse. Everyone in the city was both victim and onlooker, as she stood at nearly 500 feet tall, a living statue of power and might. And she was still expanding with every breath, every heartbeat, every flex of her muscles, dwarfing all but the tallest skyscrapers in the distant downtown.

That couldn't be allowed to continue, Xilimyth thought as she sneered at the tall steel and glass office buildings and tourist traps. Only one thing was allowed to be big here.

She marched toward them, her clawed feet smashing through suburbs filled with copy-pasted homes, shopping centers of cheap luxuries, warehouses filled with the minutiae of daily life, kicking, smothering, obliterating everything below her into rubble like a bully on the beach when they see a sandcastle. Except this sandbox spanned an entire city. Her six eyes took in the whole sight around her, and she couldn't help but give a malicious smile, a deep and evil laugh at the destruction, which drove those that heard it into uncontrolled fright, shellshocked terror, and mind melting madness.

To the people below, unable to comprehend everything, their fight or flight instincts permanently in flight mode, it looked like a disinterested god strolling through their city, a giant woman just... walking like normal. Never mind that she was naked, had three heads,

and was trying to destroy the city with her feet, her gargantuan tail that was as long as she was tall, and the occasional blast of radioactive fire from one of her three heads.

But Xilimyth could feel every crumpled house, every flattened car, every speck of a puny mortal under her feet. And it felt good. Really good to unleash her power on an unsuspecting world. Shivers of delight and pleasure raced through her body as her growth continued unimpeded, doubling in height after only a few steps, then doubling again.

More carnal urges began to rise in her swelling body. One hand reached to cup one of her massive breasts, heavy and soft, and began to play with the semi-truck sized nipple, a deep, rumbling moan filling the city streets. Her other hand reached between her thighs, to her increasingly wet pussy, one finger, then two slipping between her folds, playing with a clitoris the size of her old apartment building, making her body shudder and shake as she slowly masturbated herself, deific juices running over her fingers and down, splashing onto the rubble and destruction below.

Another pair of arms, as muscular and defined as the first, emerged from her shoulders, another pair of hands to help with her pleasure making. One of the new hands grabbed her other breast, squeezing and toying with the nipple on her hill sized tits, while the other hand explored her muscular body, admiring and raving at the huge display of power and strength, feeling over her arms and abs, a body that bodybuilders would kill to have.

The downtown core was dwarfed completely by her body when she finally got there, the skyscrapers wobbling and swaying more and more violently as she got closer, each footstep an earthquake that promised to level acres of housing and businesses. Most of the buildings were just at her knees, with only a few others tall enough to see her thighs.

A wicked grin crossed her three muzzles, as she turned toward the tallest, which lined up right with her groin. Lights throughout the fifty storey skyscraper flickered up and down the side of the building due to the damage to the electricity infrastructure of the city makes it impossible to illuminate the offices and corridors anymore. The emergency generators in the basement struggled to keep up as lightbulbs pop, halogen lights burst. The steel groaned as it struggled to stay upright.

But what really caught Xilimyth's attention was that it was fairly cylindrical, unlike most of the other tall buildings in the city. And it was now just about the right size for her.

"Perfect," she grinned, swinging one leg to the other side, smashing into parking structures and smaller buildings, while the bigger building now nestled in between her ripped

thighs, her giant vagina resting on the roof. Hundreds of gallons of lady seed coated the sides of the building, one of the new pairs of hands rubbing her juices over the top, lubricating it for what was to come next.

With a low, rumbling moan, Xilimyth began to bend her knees, lowering her entire body onto the struggling skyscraper, steel groaning and inhabitants screaming as her pussy stretched around the makeshift sex toy for the new goddess.

“Oh yes!” the hydra dracat monster roared out, as foot after foot of smooth glass and steel slipped into her body, the metal tested and approved to withstand storms and earthquakes now reaching the limit of its structural integrity as hundreds, thousands of tons of flesh, fur and muscle lowered itself onto the building. Floors began to buckle, walls shaken and compressed, but the frame withstood the pressure as Xilimyth lowered herself more and more onto the building.

When she reached about the halfway point, she stopped, and began to stand up, moaning as the thick building now slipped the other way out of her pussy. But before reaching the top couple floors and freeing the building from it’s lewd, embarrassing embrace, Xilimyth let her knees unlock, and she dropped down, engulfing half the building in a single move.

“Oh fuck yes!” Xilimyth roared as the building penetrated her, making her knees shake and buckle as the megasized nerve endings in her vagina were stimulated all at once, as her other hands massaged and groped her breasts, the other hands, working with a couple of her heads, scooping up survivors from the wreckage and consuming them to add more fuel for her growth. “Fuck yes!”

In between moans and roars of pleasure, she began to pick up speed, raising and lowering herself on the building. Steel beams began to twist and bend, the people inside who weren’t able to get out were tossed around, crashing into computers and equipment and crumbling walls. Glass cracked and broke but couldn’t cause any injury to the giant’s muff, as the moans from three giant heads, all simultaneously screaming their ecstasy, of her rough solo lovemaking echoed through the crumbling streets and off the nearby hills.

But in the race to determine what would break first, Xilimyth’s orgasm or the building she was using to achieve it, the building was the one to give in. The concrete core of the building finally gave way, making the whole building snap in half. Xilimyth’s knees impacted the ground, smashing the lower half of the building into rubble. But still not happy, she

reached to grab the base of the cut off dildo, and began to use it properly, pushing it in and out of her pussy with increasing intensity, hitting her g-spot with each thrust, pushing every button in her mind at once.

“Yes! Yes! YES!” Xilimyth roared, as her orgasm finally hit, making every muscle on her body flex and tighten, her pussy crushing the remains of the building, reducing the battered and strained skyscraper into a single mass of iron and concrete, compact, tiny, and useless, dominated by the giant dracat.

But Xilimyth wasn't done yet. As her body shook from pleasure, her knees, legs and tail began to fuse together, the muscle and fur being replaced with scales, bright yellow and tan and brown, reflecting the sun and making Xilimyth's lower body glow like gold as it snaked out longer and longer, hundreds of feet of massive, thick and power tail serpentineing it's way through the rubble of the city.

As the afterglow of her orgasm faded, Xilimyth, her body long since changed from her slightly above normal size, strong and beautiful dragon cheetah hybrid to a terrible giant goddess, a kaiju to dwarf anything in fiction, part snake like naga, part mythological hydra, and with only barely noticed or remembered draconic and feline features now.

With her true form revealed, Xilimyth now prepared to show off her true power.

Already a mile long from the tip of her tail to the top of her ears, she now began to grow in all directions. In seconds, the city she had toyed with now was buried under tens of thousands of tons of naga-hydra-dracat, impressing and crushing the city into a crater that could only be rivaled by meteors large enough to cause extinction level events.

As Xilimyth's body expanded, thousands of feet every second, her tail would slice through the center of another city and an idle flick would turn population centers, military bases and research bunkers into dust, while the upper part of her long snake like body would roll over and pulverize another, and her trio of mountain sized heads would unleash the power of the sun to fry and immolate entire counties at once, as he hands continued to explore, grope and massage her mind boggling huge muscles, her island dominating breasts, her volcanic erupting cunny.

With a moan that send hurricane force winds across continents, she lowered her entire expanding body onto the earth. The mantle of the earth began to crack, red and orange magma previously contained by the thin rocky crust of the planet now bubbling to the surface. One head would reach out, open wide to reveal fangs and dripping saliva, before it

would snap closed around great metropolitan centers, sending millions to her gullet, along with their homes, businesses and infrastructure. Multiple explosions erupted across her body, mushroom clouds as dozens, if not hundreds, of nuclear missiles impacted her body, futile attempts to stop the monster by the world powers that had been turned into little more than a plaything, reducing the results centuries of war, politics, culture and economics to forgotten memories in an instant.

Each twitch and movement of her body would send earthquakes around the world. News cameras that tried to capture the unfolding catastrophe from their vantage points could only catch a glimpse of one part of her body at a time: One camera would see her tail before being cut off, another the perfectly curved roundness of her boobs before turning to static. Many wouldn't even get that warning: a sudden earthquake where plate tectonics never met, a sudden shadow to turn the region to night, then the rapidly spreading fur or scales to smother, crush and bury them with no chance to escape. As the intricate and delicate systems of electricity, internet and satellite services collapsed from the intense destruction of a single creature, ever growing, ever expanding, ever destroying, religions were abandoned and ideologies crumbled in the face of destruction and doom. Pleas and calls begging for forgiveness, for salvation from a deity that not one person knew existed until now went unheeded, either from indifference or from neglect, the people of the world would never know.

The entire climate of the planet was now regulated by Xilimyth, her body spanning an entire continent. Weather patterns came crashing against her body, causing rains and hurricanes in places where they shouldn't happen, her golden scales catching the sun and turning it into a reflective laser that scorched and boiled those areas unfortunate enough to be caught in the wrong place, turning entire regions and nations into burning infernos, to be put out when the unceasingly expanding wall of muscle and scales would roll over and flatten the area.

The last people to see what was happening, as their communications with the earth were cut as power failed and the climate boiled and burnt away, was some weightless astronauts in a space station, staring in horror through the viewports as their homes were pulverized. The greatest effort of mankind, now alone to watch as their planet was reduced to the plaything of a goddess of power and destruction, her body spreading across the planet unimpeded by

anything, until an errant flap of a wing would reach hundreds of miles out of the atmosphere and smash into the fragile craft, sending it crumbling into space dust.

Xilimyth didn't notice, nor cared, about what was happening to the rapidly plummeting population of the world. She had more important things to care about, such as her own pleasure. She let out a moan from one of her heads as she ground her breasts into the largest mountain range in the world, titty-fucking great mountains into pebbles as her tail finally reached the ocean, and began to shoot across the saltwater, brushing entire islands away, turning the greatest ships in the world to shipwrecks before a distress signal could be sent, as the tip raced for other continents. Gushes of lava and magma would tickle the few parts of her skin and body still sensitive to feel it: her nipples as they burrowed deeper than any man could dig, tens of miles into the earth and oceans where temperatures would melt the greatest rocks and metals, the tips of her fingers as they dug into the world to get a better grasp to get herself off again, her pussy as she ground her hips into the great plains that once fed a quarter of the world.

In the distance, Xilimyth looked up with one of her three heads to see the other end of her body, the tip of her tail, having circumnavigated the globe, crossing oceans, mountains and entire nations in but a few minutes as she grew, feeling every bump and crevice, every canyon and lake, as they were compressed and flattened.. One head grinned, as another moaned and another ate, and she willed herself to grow even faster.

Her tail zipped past her head, and began to coil around the world again, as her shoulders grew wider to cover half the hemisphere, her boobs rivaling the moon that had long revolved around the planet. But now the grey, airless surface started to wobble, being dragged in closer to Xilimyth as the combined mass of her body and the planet that was crumbling beneath her increased the amount of gravity acting on it.

A second, then a third time her tail wrapped around the world. By now she was hugging the entire world in her embrace, her upper body large enough to span an ocean and grab either end of the continents that bordered it.

Xilimyth's entire body trembled, the sheer power she had overwhelming to those that lay crushed and pulverized under her body and incredibly sensual and pleasurable to herself. This form, more in line with eldritch monsters than mythological gods that once may have interacted with the population in a long forgotten time, cared not for the billions that lived on the planet now, but for one single, overriding desire... her body.

She ground herself into the planet with moans that couldn't escape the planet's rapidly faltering atmosphere, mountains turning into boulders into pebbles into dust as she shoved her vagina, her chest, her entire body into a final, all embracing hug into the planet.

She pulled back, her mouth open in a scream of ecstasy that should, would have echoed through the infinite blackness of space had there been any air thousands of miles up. The planet, abused and crushed under her body for not even an hour, finally gave up: thick chunks of rock and mantle blasted away, the immeasurably hot liquid iron and nickel core splashing over her body as she came again, sending new meteors and asteroids into space as her growth spiraled out of control, exponential growth as moons impacted and crumbled against her body, asteroids little more than specks of dust.

Even the sun, the largest object in the solar system was soon dwarfed by Xilimyth, her body bumping against the tens of millions of degrees, and not suffering a single scratch. In the throes of her ecstasy, Xilimyth grabbed the flaming ball of gas, and shoved it against her vagina, roaring out into nothingness as her body shook and rocked and grew. The star in her hand and against her muff began to falter: the juices of her own orgasm was too much, quenching the simple interactions of hydrogen and helium that had gone on for billions of years in but a few minutes, turning out the light of the sun that once allowed living beings to live on the now ruined and forgotten planet.

Now, the only light around was the twinkling of a billions stars, tens of light years away... and two red blinking eyes that would soon come to overpower even the other stars of the universe...

Xilimyth collapsed, blinking her eyes as she looked around. It was her apartment.

She looked down, to see that she was naked, lying on her couch, her fingers in her pussy, slick with the juices of a couple orgasms.

"Oh... fuck," the dracat moaned, sighing as her sexual fantasy ended, lying in the afterglow. "That was intense."

She looked over her body, and felt at her neck. Only one head. One pair of arms. No snake like tail where her legs was.

Xilimyth sighed. "Damn, that was so real..."

She was now partially disappointed that the idle sexual daydream she just had never happened.

With a yawn Xilimyth stood up, stretching. "Better shower, I guess."

She took a couple of steps, before noticing a piece of paper on the wall leading to the bathroom. She frowned. She never put that there.

Coming closer, her eyes went wide.

Next time, let me know before you decide to destroy the planet. TY!

-Cimmaron