

The Wasteland Bites

By

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Click!

Don't they know, it's the end of the world? It ended when I lost your love...

Click!

I got spurs that jingle, jangle, jingle. As I go riding merrily along...

Click!

Do-do-do the flop! EVERYBODY DO THE FLOP!

Click!

Life is like a mystery, here in Duckburg...

Click!

Bren let out a groan that gradually built up into a feline roar. The brown haired cougar man abruptly stopped his march, putting emphasis on stamping the dusty old pavement with his boots. Tail frazzled out before it sliced through the air with his about-face to snarl at his traveling companion. "For prrf's sake, Xili! Pick a station or shut the dang thing off!"

The cheetah woman only a few paces behind Bren stared back through locks of a darker brown coloration. Her purple eyes remained open in shock at her best friends sudden outburst. Granted she had been spending the last mile of their march through the wasteland fiddling with

the electronic device strapped to her forearm; a Pip-Boy three-thousand according to the lettering along the top of its computer screen.

Both were surprised to have found the device working at all, considering the state the skeleton wearing it had been in. It was also the kind anthro corpse that bequeathed Bren the smooth-fitting Vault Sixty-Three suit he now wore. Naturally, it had received several dozen washes beforehand, but the cougar fancied only having one article of clothing to maintain wandering the wastelands. Not like Xilimyth, whose lithe body was cloaked in an old-world soldiers uniform.

Her logic was that all the grey and brown camo colors meshed well with the greyish-brown of their irradiated surroundings. Not that it did anything to hide her from Bren's current irritation. They continued to stare in awkward silence until Xilimyth's mouth cracked into the faintest of smiles.

Click!

If it's stubborn as can be, mean and ornery, it's a MAN!

Bren hissed a long stream of incoherent muttering through sharp teeth, which only made Xilimyth smile in that cute 'innocent' way only cheetahs could. His hand that was not holding a loaded magnum raised up in a shaking choking motion. Of course, it did nothing to actually hurt his companion standing well out of reach. He eventually threw the same hand up in defeat and turned to resume walking.

Click!

When you walk away, you don't hear me say, "Please! Oh, baby! Don't go!"

"Hey, come on!" Xilimyth could not hold back giggles after Bren broke into an angry run. Considering their third day of scavenging old buildings had resulted in little to carry, she had no problems keeping pace behind him. "You know there's not exactly a new trend of music going around out here. I'm just trying to find something jazzy."

"Yeah, right." Bren slowed back into a walk when his lungs began burning for fresh air. Every time they found a new electrical device he ended up regretting letting Xilimyth play with it first. The last one had been an ancient tool for playing video games. The fact it was childishly named after urine had Xilimyth giggling non-stop for days. And that was before they had found a working TV to play it on.

A group of rooftops poking over some hills along their road made Bren's tail perk once more. Any remaining annoyance towards a lack of good music was quickly forgotten in place of food and trade materials.

"Any idea what that place is?" he glanced back to find the cheetah still playing on her Pip-Boy.

"It doesn't say on the map," she said, surprising Bren that she had broken assumptions. Her claws tapped lightly across the screen a few times. "Oh, well, that is weird. It looks like a small neighborhood, but the map says 'Test site six.'"

"Always a good sign," Bren grumbled while his golden eyes rolled. "Let's be careful in case there are mutants hidden around."

Sarcasm aside, a little odd labeling was not one to deter the brave and desperately hungry. The cats had been out on the wastes for weeks without so much as a radscorpion to snack on. At this point, two-hundred-year-old cakes would be a welcome treat.

Xilimyth may have the quirks of a newborn kitten, but she was far from oblivious about her surroundings. As she followed Bren over the last hill, her Pip-Boy hand pulled the Japanese katana out of the sheath strung across her back. A souvenir from a previous exploration where they discovered the abandoned outpost of Chinese communist agents. It was very comforting to have a good melee weapon on hand when the accuracy-free spread of shotgun shells was not available. Those had been exhausted weeks ago to clear out a nest of feral ghouls, for thirty lousy caps, no less.

Everything looked fine when they got close to the outer houses. Bren and Xilimyth had done this kind of preparation enough times to be well-oiled machines. Their heads slowly turned to scan the area, making sure to face opposite directions to avoid flank attacks. Still, nothing could be seen hiding or foraging in the open.

The houses themselves screamed of typical middle-class residents before everything was nuked to oblivion. Some of the partially vaporized backyards even had erected slides and swing sets to compliment the grills. They continued a slow synchronized march towards the nearest backdoor. A slight jiggle of the handle confirmed to Bren it was unlocked.

"What do you think?" Xilimyth asked while lowering her sword. She leaned against the wall, chipping off the dry paint in her relaxed state. "Want to twin it or split up?"

"Hmm." Bren's ears twitched rapidly still unable to detect noises outside themselves. Feeling a bit risky, he rapped on the door a few times in a polite knock. Several tense seconds of waiting still left him hearing general silence. A wild animal would have at least been startled by the loud noise. "Seems pretty dead, huh? Let's split up; you go clockwise, and we'll meet in the opposite house."

"Sounds like a plan!" Xilimyth beamed as she pushed back onto her boots with a fancy twirl of her sword. "Good hunting and be safe."

"Prff! You too," Bren replied smiling over his shoulder.

Unfortunately for Xilimyth, the next house had both its front and back doors locked. It took breaking a few hairpins before she managed to pick the back door open. If there was one commodity the cats carried around were hairpins. Granted Bren was a lot more delicate with the tools than her.

A push from one boot slowly edged the door open. Xilimyth poked her head inside remaining firmly behind cover with sword at the ready. Sunlight poured in on a silent, empty living room. It remained the only apparent light source with every window having its thick shades drawn. That hardly made her feel any better. When it came to danger, the loud stuff was much easier to locate. Radroaches or wild dogs did not care about being quiet. Smarter creatures on the other hand...

When there was silence, there was no way of telling if the danger was waiting right in front of you.

Even the dirty carpet did little to muffle Xilimyth's boots when she stepped inside. First order of business was to open up some drapes. Even a feline can't see everything in the dark.

"ACK!" The amount of dust one set of curtains could hold was uncanny. Xilimyth flung open the nearest window so hard she became blanketed in a grey cloud. Attempts to wave it away did very little while she staggered back in a coughing fit. This, in turn, caused her shins to slam into the edge of a coffee table and completely lose balance. "Rwar!"

THUNK!!

The fall itself was not that painful thanks to Xilimyth remembering to point her sword out on the way down. It was her back landing on the carpet that made her ears perk up. Something about the floor had sounded a bit hallow.

Recovering quick, Xilimyth flipped onto hands and knees to comb through the shag rug. Sure enough, claws traced the outlines of a large square section cut out of the floor. Its Panel lifted off easily once she had moved the coffee table. Underneath it was another black void with a rickety rope ladder descending to depths unknown.

Just the sight to make a curious cheetah's tail flail in excitement.

Everything was still silent enough to make Xilimyth resist the urge to jump in blind. She pulled a thick plastic stick out of one belt pouch and snapped it between her thumbs. Immediately the chemical mixture inside began to glow in bright green light. Another handy little tool that came with scavenging the army uniform.

The glow stick was dropped down the hole first in a very short decent. There only looked to be about a ten-foot drop onto a concrete basement. Xilimyth sighed seeing two skeletons sprawled out close to where the ladder ended. Beyond that, the place looked very odd. Three folding tables had been set up still supporting what looked like chemistry equipment; beakers, burners, microscopes, all that crazy science junk. Shame, most of it, seemed broken by the test of time. But the cheetah's ears did perk at seeing these refrigerators, footlockers, and a safe placed around the room.

"Jackpot!" she sang while climbing on down into the hidden room.

Amazingly this place had a still functioning generator too. Guess it was true that nuclear power never ran out. It allowed the three still working light bulbs around the room to illuminate Xilimyth's find a lot better.

The first logical thing to check was the fridges. After nothing but jerky to eat for days any chance for fresh grub was worth taking. The cats were not that sure what meat their jerky was even from.

"Ack!" Xilimyth barely got the first fridge open before slamming it closed in disgust. Whatever meats were stored in there must have evolved into its own species of fungus by now.

Opening the second fridge a bit more carefully yielded a less sickening bounty. Xilimyth's mouth watered taking in the welcome sight of Nuka-Colas, canned spam, and jarred pickles. All the famous delectables nuclear armageddon could not erase.

It also did nothing to help loosen lids. Xilimyth snatched up a jar of pickled eggs only to find opening it to be one extreme challenge. She tried bare hands, a loose jacket sleeve, wedged between her thighs, even a few angry bites. Nothing could get the top off the desired nourishment container.

All the struggling and childish hisses accomplished was awakening the basements sleeping resident. A set of compounded eyes emerged from the dark corners fixated on the tasty spotted tail flicking about. Light clicks of hard chitin against the floor signaled its approach but went unnoticed over Xilimyth's rummaging. Her keen feline senses were too focused on the enemy in her hands to pick up the clapping of hungry mandibles.

CHOMP!!

When it came to this pair of wandering felines Xilimyth liked to think she was the better at grace under pressure. That being said, some parts of a cat-girl should never be bitten.

"NYAAAAAAHHHHH!!!"

She was also a cheetah with a very powerful set of lungs. Her brave roars of a panicked child echoed off the acoustics of the old building strong enough to be heard for miles.

Searing pain shot through Xilimyth's tail, eliciting an awkward dance out of the cheetah. However, no amount of hip shaking or leg thrashing could remove the attacker's grip on her precious fluffy appendage. If anything they were flung about with her motions completely unphased.

Failing a shake off, Xilimyth tried whirling to give the creep a swipe of her claws. That proved more futile. The damn radroach clung just far enough down her tail to stay safely out of melee range.

At least Xilimyth thought it was a radroach. In all their years in the wasteland, the cats never came across a nasty bug with pointed feline ears. There were even stripes of teal fur growing out of its exoskeleton, leading to a fluffy striped cattail growing out its rear.

"Xilimyth!? Kick that prrfing thing off! I can't get a shot."

"What do you think I've been trying to do?"

The rush of relief to hear Bren's voice on the ladder was compounded by pain-fueled annoyance. Xilimyth jerked her butt a few times to emphasize her point. The radroach was flung against the wall repeatedly as a makeshift flail with no sign of its grip loosening. If anything the bizarre catbug enjoyed the experience.

"Well, prrf! Hold very still!"

"Oh no..."

Nothing like seeing the barrel of your best friend's sniper rifle pointed at you to instantly forget any and all prior suffering. A soft click from atop Bren's scope ignited his laser reticle. Its little red dot bounced across the cheetah and bug trying to help him find a decent target.

"Um..." Bren's ears flicked noticing a sudden silence washing over the basement. He risked lowering his gun just enough to see Xilimyth and her insect attacker frozen in place. Both of them had their full attention on following the red dot dipping across the floor. "...seriously?"

Bren gently guided his aim behind the bug. It promptly released Xilimyth's tail from its jaws to twist around and follow him. He got it to do a complete three-sixty tracing his target dot across the wall back towards Xilimyth, who pawed at it with both hands as it passed by.

"Prrf! Come on, Xili. You do realize what that dot means!?"

"But it's so pretty..." Xilimyth's voice trailed off as she dropped to all fours. She easily bucked off the roach trying to crawl over her back so she could tackle the dot first.

There was no helping feline instincts. Bren had to admit he might have been doing the same, were he not the one holding a laser. Not out loud, of course. Xilimyth would tease him for days about it. He just settled on leading the pair of feline-like creatures from one end of the basement to the other. The fact they were now piling on top of each other trying to get at their new dancing prey made it impossible to get a shot off.

Neither showed any signs of getting tired after a while, unlike Bren's arms holding the high-caliber rifle. The cougars tail twitched with an irritated 'prrr' while considering risking a shot or at least trying to lure Xilimyth closer to him.

Before he could do either, another pass of the reticle around the room made him spot the mini fridges. It formed an immediate, stupid, plan that seemed worth trying. Once Xilimyth and the fuzzy roach were piled up against one wall he began making his aiming dot jiggle in rapid motions. That got both of them bouncing in anticipation for where it might shoot off to next. Bren paused for a second before using his full strength to wheel his gun around in a direct aim at the giant ice boxes.

BONG!

The cougar was amazed at how easy that cartoon style plan had worked. The catroach wheeled around faster than he thought any insect was capable of in pursuit of the red dot. However, it's limited instincts in the small space worked perfectly for a head-on collision with a refrigerator door. If that did not shatter its skull, it was undoubtedly going to lay there stunned for a good while. Plenty of time to finish it off and get Xilimyth to safety.

WHAAM!

Bren blinked a bit stunned watching the plan unintentionally repeat itself. It might have been a good idea to have turned off his scope laser sooner but, in his defense, Xilimyth should have better reflexes. There was no way she was getting up after making a dent in the other refrigerator door.

Next thing Xilimyth was aware of; she was laying on a bed comfortably bundled up in dusty blankets. Sunlight pierced through window blinds, which told her it was either morning or dusk. Having to endure a concussion made it hard for proper assessments.

"Oogh."

Trying to get up was even harder. Only thing that kept Xilimyth from face planting off the bed was that she fell into a familiar cougars arms. Bren promptly guided her back onto the pillow with an annoyed prrf.

"Take it easy, you crazy nut. I just barely got you conscious."

"Mmh!" Xilimyth blinked with eyes that were out of sync. "What happen?"

"Radroach attack. At least, I think it was a radroach. Prrfing thing acted more cat-like than you, with fur and ears too."

"Oh...yeah." Xilimyth's memories replayed events oddly in reverse. Not that the throbbing ache in her tail could be easily forgotten. "It must have got me good. Did I lose a limb? I didn't even see it get at my head."

"Oh...yeah. It really got a sneak attack in on your skull." Bren averted his gaze with a nervous laugh. "But it only got a small bit of your tail in the end. No major limb damage today, just some stimpacks and lots of bandages."

"And the fuzzy bug?"

"Gone." Bren shrugged. "I had to carry your heavy butt up a rope, and then the little Prrfler vanished by the time I went back. No clue how it even got inside that basement."

"That's not very comforting."

"Yeah, well, prrf. You're injured, and it's almost night. No point in moving away from cozy beds until you feel better."

"Mrrf!" Xilimyth pouted, but her covers were an excellent and rare comfort in the wasteland.

"Good. I'll go scavenge for dinner. Try not to have a life or death fight with the pillows."

"Nyah!" Xilimyth responded with a raspberry watching Bren leave the bedroom. Footsteps receded down the hallowed steps leaving her in relative silence.

Getting some more sleep sounded like a great idea at first. Unfortunately, Xilimyth's tail would not allow her to ignore the piece bitten out of it. After a bit of tossing, she managed to sit up with a lot more coordinated movement than before.

The house itself was starting to become swallowed in blackness, but she still had some glow sticks in a belt pouch to light up. It was hard not to giggle at seeing the last third of her tail

encased in a lump of white cloth. Bren must have used an entire roll of gauze, if not their whole supply. Peeling it all off just for a look at her wound took a torturously tedious amount of time.

The bite certainly did not look critically in need for so much bandage. A few stimpack injections had healed Xilimyth to the point her spotted fur was barely cut. A few boils poked out in the pattern of an insect's jaw and would probably end up as minor scars in a few days. Far from the worst wound either feline has received in their adventures.

So why was it aching so much? Further gauze removal revealed most of her tail tip to be grossly swollen, but with no signs of discoloration. Still might have been a beautiful sign of potential poisoning. Xilimyth was sure neither of them was carrying antivenom.

"Mmph!" Getting out of bed was significantly better without the world blurring in dark colors. After only a few clumsy steps Xilimyth found her balance on such a heavy tail. At least enough to make her way into the bathroom.

A world reduced to rubble under the clouds of a thousand atom bombs, and the plumbing still worked. Sure, the water was irradiated enough for the Pip-Boy to tick off rads, but beggars can not be choosers. Cold liquid felt nice trailing off Xilimyth's chin while she slurped several handfuls down. Hydration was always an essential factor in day to day survival.

Now if only Xilimyth could tell her stomach that. No sooner had she finished filling up than her insides began gurgling in protest to the nourishment. That was a bit surprising. Usually, a minor dose of radiation never got this bad. Granted the cats tended to have a RadAway as their joke dessert for meals.

Speaking of which, Xilimyth directed her attention to the first-aid box mounted behind the door. Thank whatever god was left for putting these babies in every bathroom in existence. The cocktail of ailments was starting to make Xilimyth's vision blurred, but she managed to undo the lock clasps.

A mess of Stimpacks and more bandages rained around her feet. No aspirin, antidote, or RadAway to be seen. That was probably going to be a big problem for the rest of Xilimyth's night.

"Hugh!?! Nnnnggh!"

Well, said problems manifested sooner than expected. It was like the damn bug had returned for a second course, sending jolts along Xilimyth's spine. She collapsed onto the medbox clasping it desperately for support on trembling legs. Groans and yowls broke through the silence of the house as she waited for the rush to pass. Even after such a storm had settled it left the muscles in her tail throbbing with excess tension.

"Holy hell!!!" Xilimyth worked up the strength to glance back, eyes growing wide at the spinal extension twitching across the floor.

Not just the bite wound, but the whole end of her tail had swollen up several times in size. The very muscles around each vertebra were thick with power. It made rapid heavy slaps across the wooden floor while the thinner upper part tried to wag it about. This became less of a problem as the bulges continued to slink up the cheetahs spotted appendage. Muscles inflated in rapid succession popping each bone plate one at a time. Xilimyth's moans turned from ones of pain to very stimulated pleasure as her nerves adjusted and even began to like the way such growth popped them out.

"Oh no no no no!" Even so, watching her tail thicken out like a balloon towards her rear was not very calming. Especially when her base swelled out and promptly filled her cheeks with rising pressure.

"Xili!? Are you all right!?" Bren's cougar form suddenly appeared in the doorway, casting a shadowed backdrop. There was still plenty of illumination for him to see Xilimyth's enlarge tail lift up and present her throbbing butt. "...whoah!"

"GRWAR!"

Xilimyth's claws dug into the thin metal of the medbox. In one rush her rear swelled to quickly stretch out the slack in her camouflage trousers. A pair of pants that had been initially designed for men of much larger stature, no less. She managed to get out a few short breaths before another surge clenched her fangs together.

The clasp around Xilimyth's tail snapped off in the rush of pressure. Bloated butt cheeks began pushing down the pants themselves so their copious amounts of fat and muscle could pour out. It only helped slide them off further when Xilimyth wagged her hips in frantic mews. Her whole pelvis gave off echoing pops as it gained a broad womanly curve to them.

"Mmpph! Haa haa! B-Bren!? Nngh! Heeelp me, please? It's...it's too tight! Haah!"

The cougar blinked back to reality after having gotten lost in the fattest ass he had ever seen. His first thought had been there would be no way their combined efforts were getting her pants back over that jiggling shelf. But then Bren realized his friend was asking for the opposite. Her hips and butt were still expanding, which squeezed a heavy muffin top over a stubborn belt.

"Prff! What the heck kind of allergy reaction is this!?" Bren rushed to Xilimyth's side to fumble at her belt clasp. By then Xilimyth's heavy bottom put too much pressure to get any slack out of the notches. Luckily this cougar was the kind that believed in maintaining sharp claws in case of a bullet shortage. Only a few swipes got the leather chopped up enough to break.

That little relief was euphoric for Xilimyth. She resumed wiggling her hips all too eager in helping Bren pull the rest down her legs.

"Prff!?"

Legs that were themselves filling out with an incredible amount of protein. Try as Bren might he could not get the jeans very far down Xilimyth's thighs before they positively ballooned out. Ridges quickly formed in the soft cheetah fur as a natural display of strong muscles. Xilimyth herself gave out a small cry when her thighs began to squeeze against each other for room, but the tight pants forbid her from widening her stance. Even the dips and bulges of her shins became easily outlined in the durable fabric.

"Nyaah! Just rip them off!" Xilimyth moaned as she shifted her heavy bottom from one foot to the other. "It's too tiiiight! Mmh! Ahh-haa!"

SCHLUT!!

A pinching around Xilimyth's toes made her glance down just in time to watch the front of her boots break off their soles. Through the gapes pushed out toes so unlike the little digits she had washed out this morning. These sets were a bit more evened out and swollen to the size of fatty meatballs covered in fluff. A thick claw extended out from each one, scrapping slivers of wood off the floor as they involuntarily flexed in their growth.

"Ah Ah! Aw, man! It's going to be weeks before we find good boots again." Xilimyth's enormous tail curled around Bren's leg sadly.

"Prff!" Bren promptly tried to step around it, like one afraid of facing an anaconda. "Believe me, Xili. You probably won't be able to fit paws into any kind of footwear even without the elephant sizes."

That got a sour look from Xilimyth, but the pressure in her waist saved Bren from any sarcastic retort. The process of her body slowly stretching towards the ceiling did not make her look any less intimidating, however. Her camo jacket was starting to look tight even before the cheetah's upper body strength received an upgrade. The hem hefted up with her to reveal the white fur of her belly and the rising puffs of abs developing under it.

SCHIRK! SHRRTT!

At least the problem of Xilimyth's pants worked itself out. Having her whole body pulsing out several times in size brought enough pressure to rend the seams along both hips. What remained easily peeled off a pair of naked cheetah paws so thick with enough strength they could punt a giant mutated crab.

CRRCH!!

"...oops!?" Xilimyth staggered, finding balance on her swollen cat toes amazingly comfortable with such a meaty tail swishing against Bren's face. Good thing since her combined weight and muscles easily tore the medbox off its wall mounts. The tin itself had been crumpled into a useless ball thanks to her many unintentional flexes. She dropped the scrap on the ground finding wonder in the sharp spears that had grown out the tips of her fingers.

There was no way to see the other bulges trying to push out from under the back of her army jacket. A sight that filled Bren with many questions and concerns.

"Xili be careful! Prff! I think you got a-yeow!!"

SHII-RIIP!

FWOOMP!

The cougar had just enough wits to duck a second before Xilimyth's shirt exploded around the shoulders. From either side of him unfurled two spidery appendages that quickly bumped into the bathroom's far wall. They were unable to stretch their joints out in such a tight space, draping loose curtains of a membrane around Bren instead.

Xilimyth's mouth was left agape for several seconds. Suddenly having new limbs meant a whole rush of nerves for her brain to register, to say nothing of figuring out how such stiff muscles and joints flexed. She still remained dumbfounded when she did look over one shoulder to check on her friend.

"Did...I just grow wings!?"

"Among other things?" Bren shrugged with a meek laugh. More soft popping drew him back to the shifting fur exposed through Xilimyth's jacket tears. "Brace yourself, chee. I think you're still growing."

"Aw, nuts!" Xilimyth huffed a second before a cramp seized her back.

Xilimyth's hunched forward as her back rose into a large mound of rich muscles along her spine. They spread out in a wave that pushed out her shoulders and thickened strength around her waist. She could not resist purring so loud it drowned out all the little poppings of her growing bones. It was like the hands of god had pet her very nerves with their silk touch.

SHHTT! SHHT! SHRRRPPPPHHH!

So much mass bubbled down her arms that Xilimyth did not need to flex to tear her jacket sleeves. Not that it stopped her in the rush such growing additions were giving her. Plumping hands balled into fists so she could give a hard flex that showed off both biceps and all the ridges along her back to Bren. They loomed like boulders ready to crush the entranced cougars head.

DINK! DINK! DINK!

"Ah, whoop!" Xilimyth gasped as a pressure squeezed at her lungs only to suddenly release.

It was no mystery that her breasts were growing. In mere seconds the front of her ruined jacket stretched around two mounds inflating like sandbags. All the buttons down her front were pulled pucker as they reached a mass worthy of supplying daily milk to caravan traders. And still, they grew, popping off the middle three buttons in one burst. Xilimyth turned her gaze to the filthy mirror seeing her white-furred cleavage bulging through the gap. She felt another hard shift that filled out her girls into medicine balls that fired off all but the top-most button. It was only by the massive strength of her pectorals growth that such amazing boobs managed to hang above her belly button with an unnatural firmness.

It was kind of strange to see stripes had developed down the center. Their fur had darkened into a deep purple that almost entirely hid the exposed nipples.

"Wow..."

"That's one way to put it." Xilimyth cast Bren a bemused glance before returning attention to herself. Even her neck became incredibly thick, making her voice drop deeper with almost every word. Strange that two more purple stripes had developed on each of her cheeks. That looked exactly like the ones on that wired radroach. "Do bug bites normally cause excessive swelling? And...wings?"

"I prrffing hope so. Otherwise, I'm going to start worrying about what irradiated stuff we've been eating for the past week."

"Gee, thanks." Xilimyth gave Bren a sour raspberry, but could not help grinning. After all, the cougar suddenly looked so tiny only coming up to her sloshing boobs. It took everything to resist the urge to pick him up. "Better give me some room. I feel like getting out of this bathroom is going to be hard."

CRRCH!

BOOM!

Getting out of the bathroom while being bigger than a super mutant turned out to be incredibly simple. Good thing there was also no one alive to care about the structural integrity of the house. After trying to scoot her big butt backward and finding the frame too small, Xilimyth twisted best she could to one side. That promptly led to her getting jammed in thanks to the span of her new wings. In the end, three hundred years of chipped drywall was no match for the power of her sharpened claws.

Shedding off debris and the remains of her jacket Xilimyth purred louder as she checked out her body in a more open bedroom. Everything was so small, her butt would probably crush the bed even if she tried putting on supports. Not that she could go back to sleep with so much energy charging through her system. All she wanted now was something physical to do for a few...dozen hours.

Where was a deathclaw nest when you needed one? They would be so much fun for a cheetah tank to wrestle.

"Soooo..." Xilimyth turned to Bren, finding his eyes darting up from admiring her thick, curvy backside. "Do we have any RadAway, by chance?"

Part 2

"Uh, yes...actually." Bren forced a nervous laugh gesturing to the exit. "The house I was in had a whole medical lab with tons of supplies in it. Do you think it will even help?"

Xilimyth shrugged a dismissive gesture that sent every bulging muscle from shoulder to elbow shifting. "It's better than waiting to see if I grow out of this dump. Watch your step, big cat."

The hulked cheetah lumbered with careful steps towards the door, prompting Bren to scramble out of her way. They were half expecting the moldy floorboards to give out from her weight any second, but even old world homes can be fairly sturdy. With what happened with the bathroom, she also knew the futility of being careful. Instead, Xilimyth grabbed either side of the doorway and flexed. Veins rose through the fur of her spotted biceps in a tense strain for several seconds.

CRRRSSHH!!

Plaster and wood lost the brief battle with Xilimyth's enormous strength. Both edges were easily expanded out by a whole meter for the cheetah to easily pass her bulk through. She glanced back to give Bren a smile, only to have a chunk of ceiling smash onto her head. It hardly

registered as an impact but was still annoying to have tiny crumbs of rubble cascading into her puffy hair.

Xilimyth chose to ignore Bren's excessive giggling and head downstairs, trying to comb out as many white pebbles from her head as possible. The stairs were even more perilous than the floor. Each step sent a loud creak echoing through the empty house with Xilimyth's boulder breaths heaving in bated breath. She almost considered it a miracle when the boards managed to hold her up all the way to the base again.

Bren was hot on her thick tail making note that several steps were also permanently bent. He ushered Xilimyth into the more spacious kitchen where he had left a burlap sack full of goodies. Before the scavenging had been interrupted, the cougar had managed to hoard a caps fortune in medical supplies. Dozens of stimpaks and RadAway's filled up most of the sack, with a minor selection of every drug and painkiller in wasteland history to compliment them. And there were still several containers left to be searched back in the other house.

Money was also not their biggest priority at the moment. Xilimyth snatched up three bags of RadAway in each hand and carried them over to the fridge. They were simple radiation expunging medicines often stored in drip bags from the old world hospitals. Whoever designed such overly helpful packaging even equipped the tubes with auto-injecting needles. Even the stupidest raider just had to jab it in somewhere and let the feed do its thing.

Of course, a competent doctor might be able to cure over a hundred rads with a single bag. No such luck when it came to Xilimyth or Bren. They were not felines that spent significant amounts of time improving their medicinal skills. The cougar could barely blame his best friend when she propped the bags atop the old fridge and proceeded to stick one needle at a time into the bulges of her muscular biceps.

"You sure that's going to be enough?" Bren teased with an amused tail wag. He ignored Xilimyth's warning glare to sort through the rest of his salvaged goods. "We don't even know if washing out the bugs rads will cure you."

Xilimyth's breasts rippled from her lungs heaving a forlorn breath. The brown medicine flowed down their tubes to soon enter her body through the needle piercings. It filled her arms with an almost calming chill that spread through her body. "Even so, it'll at least stop me mutating. We don't need me growing into a bigger monster.

"Prff!? Monster, nothing! Those wings and spikes look completely awesome on your spotted curves. I'm a bit jealous you can own a dragon look." Actually, Bren was jealous of his friends buffing upgrade, but why bring up pettiness over solid state abs? Placing out the hoards of preserved foods he found felt like a much better action. "You hungry? Whoever lived in these houses really loved their canned beans and instant noodle cups."

"Mmh!" Xilimyth's thickened tail could not help thumping against the bottom cupboard doors thanks to Bren's compliment. She had not considered the subtle draconic aspects of her change before and rather liked the feel of that. It was far better than mutating into a radroach or something icky. Giving both arms a hard flex, she purred, "All this exercise has left me really hungry for some carbs. You think it's a good idea to eat irradiated goods?"

"Not like we have any other option?" Bren scoffed, grinning up at her gun show with a slight blush. "Besides, with all that RadAway soaking into you, a minor exposure isn't going to last long inside you anyway."

"Fair point, prrfler!" Xilimyth giggled and reached for a can of beans. Without even waiting for Bren to offer a can opener, she grabbed both ends and twisted. The hunk of tin protested for a second before exploding in half. Large globs of saucy protein plopped around Xilimyth's feet, but she was content scarfing down what remained in her hands. "Hrrm? What?"

Bren collected his jaw from the floor, realizing he had been gawking at his friend's method of feasting. He played off her concerned gaze by fumbling for a box of macaroni. "Prrf! N-nothing! This is probably going to take some getting used to."

"Right!?" Xilimyth tossed aside the emptied can to literally crack open another. "I hope we can find a good tailor. Military fatigues are so cool and hard to get without us having to hike to California."

"I'd rather not go to California either. Prrf!" Bren managed to shovel in a few globs of highly preserved cheese noodles, still concerned that Xilimyth ate the second can of beans and started on a third. "Careful you don't get sick, tiny cat. Radiation is one thing, but those are centuries past their expiration date."

"BUURP!" was Xilimyth's highly articulate response. It was just nice to have something filling up her belly after all that muscle growth had drained her of calories. The quality and texture of food only came secondary. "And who are you calling a tiny cat? Hmm? You're looking pretty small down there. And with these guns, I feel like I could wrestle a yaoi gui."

Bren noted that was probably because the RadAway's had almost finished draining into her bicep swells. But then Xilimyth was too busy ruffling his shaggy brown hair to let him mention it. More so when she stepped back to strike another hard flex in admiration of her refrigerator reflection. He could not help chuckling when she tried a pose that showed off her curvy butt and boobs at the same time. Even a mutation could not make someone as bendable as the contorted figures in old world artwork.

Neither cat really took notice of the excessive perspiration pooling into the cracks of Xilimyth's muscles. Aside from a bit of lightheadedness, she felt absolutely fantastic. Being naked was a minor bit of concern, but it was also the wastelands warm season. Odds were very low either of

them would find a pair of pants that could remotely cover her spotted butt. So much energy ran up and down her spine that the spiked cheetah tail could not stop throbbing, each harsh twitch slapped more cracks into the wooden kitchen cupboards at her knees.

The fidgeting grew steadily more severe to the point Bren began to worry again. All the drip bags fell off their perch to dangle from Xilimyth's arms as she shuffled around the kitchen. Their medicine had drained out into her bloodstream, clearing her of radiation poison maybe a bit too thoroughly. Leathery dragon wings beat in rapid little flaps until she seemed to be making a good impression of a helicopter.

"Wait a prrf?!" Bren's ears and tail shot up. His sudden realization also caused Xilimyth to halt in place. He ignored the big cheetahs curious mewling in his bolt for the window. Pulling back the curtain, Bren managed to spot something that had his stiff tail frizzing out its fur.

Xilimyth did not need to ask what put her friend on edge. Now that she had managed to stand still, her feline ears could also pick it up the rapid spinning of helicopter blades drawing louder and closer.

"Enclave?"

"Looks like vertibirds, but I can't be sure. I can't see the markings." Bren did an about-face, hand instinctively resting on his sidearm. Xilimyth moved to follow, almost bowling the cougar over when he stopped at the kitchen doorway to face her. "You should stay here, or better yet in the basement. I'm pretty sure both Brotherhood and Enclave will shoot you on sight looking like a fuzzy mutant."

"And what if they feel like messing with you?" Xilimyth scowled at the idea of letting Bren go into any situation without backup. It only now occurred to her to pull out the tubes stuck in her arms. Empty bags of RadAway fluttered to the floor around them. "Where is my gun, anyway?"

"Upstairs with the rest of your stuff," Bren huffed, nudging his head towards the bent and broken staircase. "Think you can get that bulky butt back up there silently?"

"Ugh..." Xilimyth opened her mouth to make another argument only to fold her ears back from a frantic clicking sound filling the room. Large amounts of dust and small rocks were being thrown against the houses. Sounded like someone in the helicopter decided this neighborhood was worth landing in. "I'm going to stay in the kitchen. If they do so much as pull a gun on you..."

"Oh, shush! It'll be fine." Bren patted Xilimyth's forearm, almost getting lost in its many ridged contours. It was more for his benefit than hers. When it came to factions, the wasteland was just a big rusty melting pot of jerks and murderers. The only thing that separated them was their logic behind each genocidal action.

Sounds of engines dying out and clankings of other heavy machines helped push Xilimyth into relenting her concerns. She shuffled a reluctant about face to wedge her bulky frame back through the portal into the kitchen, shooting Bren one more worried glance before walking out of sight. Taking a rest propped against the counter sounded like a good idea anyway. All this tension was starting to make her muscles contract in odd places, especially around her bean-filled stomach.

Hoping he could stand in a position that hid the stealth lacking cheetah, Bren took a deep breath and risked cracking open the door. Sure enough, a tilt-wing aircraft had plopped itself down in the central crossroads of the surrounding houses. Three humanoids covered in clunky, grinding armor were disembarking off its sides with big rifles and other strange devices in hand.

Power armor; a staple of United States war engineering. Why was it always the killing tools that survived a nuclear apocalypse and not the espresso machines? These ones looked modified in the lower back too, most likely for accommodating tail space. Bren risked edging the door open wider to nudge his head out. The sight of a familiar winged sword emblem on everyone's shoulder plates gave him a reason to relax if only a little. Enclave was nothing but human supremacists, but the Brotherhood of Steel at least accepted anthros into their ranks. The lesser of two evils was a preferred option in this situation.

"Sir! We got a live one!" A female voice cracked through the helmet filters of a suit that Bren realized was pointing at him.

It was obviously pointless, but Bren still reeled his head back behind the door with an angry, "Prff!"

Heavy footsteps rapidly approached, making Bren switch off his pistol's safety. Sadly, any thought of being intimidating was smashed when his folded feline ears picked up a chorus of much bigger guns cocking.

"Alright, cowboy," declared an older, gruffer voice broken up by electric filter static. "Come out with your hands up and empty. We ain't in the mood for any bullshit."

"Neither are we," Bren grumbled under his breath. It took some effort to get his stiff fingers uncurled from the pistol handle before slowly nudging the door open to make his way outside.

Despite trying to look disarmingly cute and doe-eyed, a typical cat perk, Bren's simple entrance onto the doormat caused all three armored soldiers to tense up. His whiskers wiggled watching fingers tighten around tense triggers. Tail drew stiff with the cougar's leg muscles ready to dive at the slightest sudden movement.

"Stand down, men!" Before tensions could go any higher, one of them raised a hand in an open gesture. Their lackeys seemed to hesitate due to surprise at the order, but slowly lowered their assault rifles. "It's not a Chesh carrier."

One of the others turned their helmet to face Bren, tilting in that way confused animals do. The female's voice again hissed from its mouth filters. "How can you tell?"

"Because it's still a guy, dumb bitch. And even if he weren't, the poor bastard would have boobs sagging to his belly button."

Bren did not need to understand the conversation to hate every word of it. He had to steal all his nerves not to glance back through the door at the mention of big boobs. No doubt a particular large cheetah in the kitchen had also become very interested in the reasons leading to this encounter.

"Who are you, cougar?!"

The supposed leader's curt tone broke Bren out of his worrisome thoughts. He made the mistake of taking that as a sign to relax. No sooner had his arms lowered than all three of their guns lifted again. They ended up reaching a silent compromise when he rested both hands on the porch handrail.

"My name is Bren Derlin. Prff! I'm just a wandering bounty hunter out for a milk run."

"Ugh! Another local." The third member of the Brotherhood trio spoke for the first time with an annoyed grumble. Bren's tail gave an irritated twitch since they sounded way too young to be playing in power armor.

"Wait, I think I've heard of you!" The female completely dropped her gun, excitement playing out of her helmet like a song. "Didn't you set a car factory on fire last month?"

"Well, I don't like to brag." Bren chuckled, only to be met with awkward silence. The bland plated helmets blocked any chance of reading these people's emotions. "Besides, it was the drugged up raiders that started it. Apparently, none of them understood how a chemical lab works."

"Doesn't stop many from trying."

"Cut the chatter!" The older man would have probably thrown spittle in their face were he not yelling through a visor. Whipping around to face the other guy he added, "Biggs! Scanner!"

"Sure, sir!"

Bren's ears flicked curiously as he watched the younger soldier fumble blindly around the sides of his armor while trying to keep a hold on his rifle. Power armor had a knack for making the warrior strong and sturdy like a tank, but they were also rendered just as nimble as one.

The poor boy eventually got a hold of some smaller device hanging off his hip. A few more awkward gun juggling and button presses later had its glossy end pointed to Bren. Cougar ears could just barely pick up the faint humming of what was most likely a scan of his person.

"Got it!" The armored boy declared, only to do a double take when reading the machines results. His helmet lifted to look at Bren, then back down at his machine. "This can't be right, sir. I'm getting super strong FEV readings, and this guy is as flat as Sam over there."

"Oh, sure, make fun of the woman you share a bunk with. Really smart of you, kid."

Their commanding officer ignored Sam's sarcastic ramblings as he took the scanning device from Biggs. A few more buttons were pressed that had the machine beeping up a storm. Whatever its screen displayed seemed to have the older man's undivided attention for a long time. Eventually, some form of thought must have passed through that helmet to make it look up towards Bren with its reflective eye cover. Bren forced a smile, trying to keep a relaxed posture, but that was impossible when he realized the man was looking past him.

"Anyone else in the house with you, sir?" The officer passed the device back off to Biggs. Spring-loaded steal boots scrunched the patio steps as he moved up onto the platform inches from Bren. Yet they continued to face the opened doorway, no longer caring for the cougar in the way. "You're name is starting to ring a bell with me too. Don't you usually travel with a ditzzy cheetah gal? She run into something that might be making them a little sick?"

"Prff! Chill out, sir. It's just me here. All my friends are waiting back home for some grub, and I'm considering taking one of these dusty beds for the night."

"Reconsider," the officer said venomously. "But I must say, you've used an awful lot of RadAway for one scrawny person."

"Scrawny?" Bren's tail curled with his scowl but turning to follow the officers gaze made his heart drop. The six crumpled bags of empty medicine still laid in open view between the living room and kitchen doorway. "I...you see..."

"Ah, shut it!" Before Bren could even fumble an excuse, the officer bowled him aside with super armor strength. The cougar was sent sprawling across the porch while the officer used the barrel of his gun to edge the front door fully open. "Sam keep the wasteland trash in check. Biggs, we're doing a sweep."

"Wait, you can't just...!"

CRACK!

Bren's second mistake was thinking he had the freedom to stand back up. About halfway on his feet was when Sam had gotten close enough to bash the butt of her gun into him. This time he went down seeing a rainbow of colors while the warmth of fresh blood trickled out the side of his skull. There was a reason Bren had never been fond of self-proclaimed soldiers.

"If you're smart you'll stay down there. If your stupid girlfriend is infected with FEV, then the general is going to have a lot of questions for both of..."

CRRRRKKK!! SCHOOOM!!

Years from this moment Initiate Samantha would transcribe it for Brotherhood of Steal record keepers as one of the worst mistakes of her career. Before any of her squad could begin to enter the house, its front window exploded in a shower of wooden frame and glass. All of it was harmless to the thick plating of power armor. It was the giant, muscular arms of yellow and black spotted fur that emerged from this newly made hole that terrified her. Large hands tipped with shimmering sickle claws clenched onto both her shoulders and hauled all eight-hundred pounds of her ass inside the house without any sign of effort.

A moment later, Sam found herself being hurled through the houses side wall in a second explosion of wooden debris. Momentum had her power armor bouncing several yards in an uncontrollable tumble. Even inside her heavy equipment, it was a while before she finally slid to a stop. By then there were several long trenches dug through the dead grass of a backyard, and she was too nauseated to consider getting up anytime soon.

"Wha...aah!?"

Bigg's could not even pose the question before the cause of that series of events pushed its way out the broken window. He staggered back gun raised but unable to keep his barrel from constantly shaking off alignment with Xilimyth's looming form.

Xilimyth could not have cared less about the two armored jerks trying to appraise her appearance. Feeling fresh air run through her muscular curves and fluttering wings felt so divine after being cooped in dusty houses all day. But then she looked past the swell of her jiggling breasts to Bren and gasped, dropping into an alarmed squat. "Oh my gosh, prrfler! I told you these bastards were going to be...well...bastards! Are you okay? That looks like a concussion."

"J-just a scratch, tiny cat," Bren mumbled, more out of embarrassment for how close Xilimyth was getting with her naked body. The melee strike had cut a nice gash along the side of his head but thankfully had not caved his forehead in. "It's nothing a stimpak won't cure. Are...are you okay?"

Xilimyth tried to smile as she stroked Bren's hair, but shifting through her spine made the whole cheetah's body shudder. A queer look of sickness crossed her face with jaw slightly hanging open. "I...I don't feel so good actually. That RadAway doesn't agree with those beans."

"I knew it!" The officer shouted in his helmet, reminding the cats of his presence. "You dumb, stupid cats used all that RadAway on her, didn't you? Fucking hell!"

What might have been a whimper seeped out of Biggs' helmet. "Didn't the general say specifically not to use that stuff on infected FEV subjects? Like the radiation is what suppresses this strands mutation."

"Well, I'm happy you pay attention to something at the base, Biggs. And yes, we're all in deep shit. That bimbo's going to end up growing out of control before we ever get her back."

"S-so what do we do?"

"Shoot the bitch, of course!!" The officer followed up the blunt order by bringing his rifle up to bare. Unfortunately, he had forgotten the subject he so casually wanted to be murdered had only been yards away. By the time he brought his attention back around to Xilimyth, the only thing in his helmets field of vision was a pair of white and black striped breasts the size of ballista shells. "...oh."

Xilimyth's whiskers shook with an angry snort. One hand moved in a spotted blur to yank the officer's rifle from his grasp. Veins bubbled up along her thickened arm muscles in a hard squeeze. The metal squeaked and bent in her fingers until the weapon resembled a nonfunctional u-shape.

She casually released the broken rifle, letting it clatter to the ground where her tail gave it a mighty whack clear across the to the next house. While positively intimidating, she immediately hated herself for how the action sent sparks of pain along her spine. Her tail itself was writhing in small spasms with its muscles bulging along its length, almost looking like her flesh was boiling. A few hard head shakes helped the cheetah focus enough to glare at the equally large robot armor.

"Now that I have your attention," Xilimyth spoke through the near-constant growling in her throat. The feline purring felt almost involuntary with how her body kept twitching with sparks of energy. "You even aim another gun at me or the prffler I'll be using you for a lot more housing demolition. Now, why don't you all get back in your toy chopper and we can just...?"

BWOOMP!

Xilimyth had to admit it was impressive the officer gathered enough wits back to throw a punch. Problem was that he did not expect such a sound when his steel enforced fist smacked into the pillowy mound of the cheetah's boob. The impact sure stung like hell, but Xilimyth felt so little force he might as well have been wearing foam.

WHAM!

The favor was gladly returned with a good hook right into the officers metal covered face.

"YEEEEOW!!!"

Another action Xilimyth regretted as she stomped around the wooden porch nursing her throbbing knuckles. Even swollen with epic muscles and mutated strength did not make hitting solid steel with your bare skin a good idea. Granted her punch had sent the hunk of power armor staggering a few steps with a big inward dent on it's cracked visor. Pain just had a way of not making it feel as rewarding an exchange. Giving each finger joint a kiss felt a little better, even if everything was tender and swollen.

"N-nya? B-Breeeeeen!?" Xilimyth whined after realizing that swelling was not her imagination. She held up the wounded hand, looking slack-jawed at how each finger popped out longer, thicker, coiling out their claws with sharpening growth spurts. The rest of her arm followed suit, muscles bulking up in a wave that flowed through her limb. Veins grew thicker as they throbbed to provide all the developing tissue with vital nutrients. She was just glad to have already been strong, or the disproportions might have sent her tumbling atop of her still downed cougar friend. "Oh, no! No, no, no, no, no!"

A hard shifting in Xilimyth's chest jerked her attention downwards. She already guessed what was happening even before seeing that her tits resumed inflating like creamy striped balloons. The rapidly shifting weight sent her stumbling across the porch before getting a hold of the wooden railing with her uneven sized hands. Breaths escaped through the cracks of her teeth in saliva spraying bursts. Every expansion of her lungs for more air only seemed to help surge her mammaries into a whole new unit of bra measurements. They hung with an encumbrance to far surpass a rocket launcher Bren once found on their treasure hunts. A stray gust of cold wind across her puffing areolas sent a hard shiver through the rest of her body. So much rapid growth in a short time was making her skin super sensitive, not helped by the sweat exuding to make her fur damp and clump together.

CRACK!!

Despite, or maybe because of, Xilimyth's monstrous mutation in progress, the officer felt a perfect opportunity to try clubbing the cheetah across the back with a lawn chair. What slight gashes that managed to cause in the cheetah's wings and skin quickly healed as those parts of

her body pulsed and began growing in small surges as well. It also had the effect of completely shattering the wooden furniture in a rain of cracked wood chips.

"Ah..."

Xilimyth whipped a gaze of tense fury at the officer, unaware of how psychotic the moist clumps of hair across her face looked. In what was almost a dismissive strike, her enlarged hand struck the officers chest and sent him flying through the front wall of the house. Several more crashes were heard along with a series of panicked cursing, but she just hoped the ass would not be back.

Bren had been lucky enough to regain his own senses just in time to see the suit of metal vanish through thin layers of plywood and glass. He was even fortunate to be in a position to see Xilimyth's backside give a hard shudder and puff out several times thicker, hanging directly above his face. Beyond those glutes, her breasts continued to sway with loud sloshing sounds as they spilled over and under the banister supporting Xilimyth.

"Hrrggh! Rwwarg! Gah! Aaah!"

While the rest of Xilimyth's body cracked or bubbled in uneven growths trying to catch up to her bloating breasts, her tail really caught Bren's attention. This was mostly because it threatened to club him into the next settlement with each violent lash it made mere inches from his body. He quickly scooted away until the far end of the porch rail halted the cougar's retreat. The snake-like cheetah limb continued to pop and bend in cringy Z-patterns, but it did not appear to be bubbling with just muscle. The very skin of its long form was expanding out, stiffening it's movements the more it began to resemble a sausage.

Actually, a mass of meat inside a thin covering became a frighteningly accurate analogy for the mutation Bren was witnessing. Before long Xilimyth's tail had puffed up thicker than her legs, which themselves blossomed with enough muscle to become denser than the rail supports. He could not shake the image of his best friend having what looked like an overinflated balloon attached to her butt.

In such a swollen state, the poor thing looked like it could no longer bend at all. Bumps began pushing through the fuzzy skin from spinal muscles continuing to thrash about underneath. No wait that could not have been right unless Xilimyth's spine had suddenly become dislocated. The way her flesh bubbled over with increasing intensity started to look like more than one thing was thrashing about inside. With each push the skin itself stretched out further, thinning out until tears in the fur began to form.

SHRRTT!!

ker-FOOOOFM!

Bren was so happy there was no shower of cheetah flesh and blood when Xilimyth's tail finally exploded. Instead, there was an overwhelming rush of extensively thick fur spilling out across the porch. For several seconds he was left staring in shock at the yellow spotted mess until a low growl from Xilimyth sparked her new mass into motion.

"What the Prff!?" Bren swallowed hard as the bush of fur rose up to slowly split itself apart. One lengthy appendage after another peeled back to stretch out it's newly formed muscles. Tails, he realized once all nine had found some level of independence. Xilimyth's butt had just blossomed a whole cluster of densely furred cheetah tails. Each one twitched about in uncoordinated patterns looking like a ball of angry snakes. "X-Xili? Are you still in there!?"

Xilimyth herself had been rendered catatonic trying to take the multiple sets of nerves suddenly connected to her brain. Every so often her body would give a spastic twitch as it continued swelling out in sporadic growth. As the bulges of muscle and sinew under her spots began to get more symmetrical, Bren noticed that the cheetah stood only inches shy of banging her head through the porch roof.

Even the eight-foot power armor Biggs wore had to look up to see anything besides a pair of tits huge enough to smash his helmet flat. Such mammaries were still the biggest part of Xilimyth, but the rest of her had buffed up thick and proportionately supportive of them now.

Bren would have loved to believe the young soldier still felt confident in that gear, but a constant high-pitch squeal through the mouth filters suggested otherwise. He was not one to judge under the circumstances either.

SNNRRK!?

Xilimyth's wings jerked an impressive wingspan that ended up shattering a window. Her pink nose flared in a bestial snort before she opened her mouth in a very loud yawn. Eyes blinked a few times like she had just woken from a deep slumber and then slowly began to take in her surroundings again. "Bren? What the...o-oh!"

The hulking cheetah shot her friend a questioning gaze, immediately noticing he and the ground, in general, seemed further away than last time. Her gaze shifted downward only to lose her breath at the firm mountains of white fur and black stripes jutting out of her hardened pecs. A few minutes blacking out and suddenly seeing her feet was a lost luxury.

"Maybe I used a little too much RadAway?"

"Prff! Nah! It's been great for your complexion." Bren grappled with the railing to get back on his feet. A gentle tug from one of Xilimyth's hands, which wrapped around his entire forearm, helped a lot in balancing on shaking knees. "Thanks, tiny cat."

"You're still bleeding."

"I'll be fine. Besides, you should be more worried about the tails."

"Tails?" Come to think of it, Xilimyth did notice something else unfamiliar fluttering against the sensitive pelt of her rear. It took a bit of twisting with so much bulk before she got a good enough look at the bundle of tails waving about to yowl in alarm. "Holy cheese! I'm not one to complain about more fluff...but...what the actual fluff mutation is this!?"

"Maybe you were a kitsune in a past life?" Bren tried to joke, only to get a stary wide-eyed gasp of glee from Xilimyth. "Maybe also try shapeshifting first before we jump to conclusions."

Xilimyth nodded vigorously and squeezed her eyes shut with intense concentration. The spotted wings and tails thrashed about excitedly for several seconds, but Bren saw little else happen.

"No good?"

"Nope," Xilimyth grumbled as she gave a deep sigh. The many ripped muscles relaxing at once was enough to make its own faint groaning for all to hear. Her lips rose back up into a little smirk at that. "I guess I'll just have to settle for being boringly huge and fluffier than ten cougars combined, eh?"

"Such a terrible fate you must endure." Bren shared a chuckle with her. No sooner did they stop than the sounds of clanking metal footsteps perked both their ears.

"What's that noise?" Xilimyth's head whipped back and forth, nose twitching rapidly to catch a fresh scent to the irradiated air.

"Heads up, Sargent dimbulb and the cranky old woman are back."

"Hey! Biggs resembles that," Sam said while hobbling around to the front of the house. Bren did not get the chance to reach for his pistol before her rifle scope barred down on his chest.

"Please give me a reason to shot you and that monster bitch after that cute stunt she pulled. I really want one."

"No, it's not her," Xilimyth muttered apparently to herself. Those glowing, violet eyes of hers were focused past Biggs to the open street. No one else seemed to here the manhole cover jostling about. "B-Bren I think we got trouble coming in."

"Fucking understatement of the century!" The officer broke even more wall smashing through the hole Xilimyth had previously put him through. His gun may have been a crumpled ball on the

floor, but that did not ease his anger any. "Biggs, change your damn diaper and get to work. You too, Sam! Shoot these sacks of meat, and we'll explain something to the general later."

Bren whipped for his pistol the same time both armored soldiers raised their rifles. At least he could take out the officer before him, and Xilimyth's amazingly round backside got riddled with bullets.

CRRRSH!!

Turned out no one would have a chance to get a shot off, not on each other anyway. The manhole cover erupted in an enormous geyser of water that had everyone whirling to face the same spot Xilimyth was already fixated on. Ignoring the large metal disc that landed through the roof of another house, they saw the exposed sewer entrance crack and then crumble in on itself. From inside the expanded hole erupted two gangly hands even bigger than Xilimyth's attached to long, gangly arms. The dagger long claws on each finger sliced through the pavement to gain a proper grip for pulling out the hunched lizard-like body of a horned monster.

"Is...is that a deathclaw?" Xilimyth gulped, folding wings around her chest as a makeshift cloak for protection.

"That's a prrfing deathclaw!" Bren nearly shouted in affirmation. His tail rose up straight and puffed out in alarm as he shuffled behind Xilimyth. "It's a broodmother too. We might be a bit in trouble here."

"Broodmother?" Xilimyth blinked, staring the salivating creature up and down before looking back down to Bren. "How can you tell?"

"Prff! Well, the most important thing is that it's even bigger than you. Also, there's a lot of subtle hints in how the thing..."

CRUNCH!!

"They do have incredible leaping power, that's for sure." Xilimyth piped in. All nine of her tails fuzzed out with Bren's after seeing the deathclaw make a twenty-foot jump that tackled Biggs to the ground.

Neither felt the urge to do anything dangerous as the officer stomped down the steps to ram his own metal body against the monster. While the deathclaw reeled back that only caused it to start slashing at this new opponents metal coverings in a frenzy. The anthro underneath responded to the attacks with a roar of defiance and his own flurry of punches.

"You know, I don't like these guys, but he really earns his pay."

"I don't think they get paid. Prff." Bren glanced at Sam, who was stumbling to keep her rifle aimed at the deathclaw waiting for a good shot. "Not to be the cruel one, but now seems like a great time to haul tail out of this dodge."

"Yeah, I'm not fighting that thing meow." Xilimyth's long legs skipped over all three steps moving off the porch with her new looming height. Despite her size, all other parties concerned were too busy meeleing each other to notice the cats slinking around behind the house. "I know a place we can hide out for a while, assuming it's still standing."

Bren shot a hesitant glance back, slumping in defeat. Xilimyth could not blame him. Having to leave behind most of their weapons and supplies was not a favorable decision. Being forced to grapple with a mutated monster just happened to be slightly worse.

"How the prff do you suggest we get there?"

"You know how to fly a vertibird, right?"

"What? Oh, prff!" Bren followed Xilimyth's finger point to the aircraft their would-be captors had parked less than a hundred yards away. "I've only read a moldy old manual. There's no one around that'd let me actually fly one."

"Well, I'm not fitting in a pilot's chair with all this butt fluff. Come on!"

Bren was pretty sure it was more than the extra tails preventing Xilimyth's bulk from squeezing into a chair. Still, he followed in the cheetah's literal shadow across the street where he clambered into the empty cockpit. Of course, those dumbasses left the keys in it. They probably assumed there was nothing out here but radroaches to hijack it.

Then again, a feline-radroach hybrid piloting a chopper would have only been the third weirdest thing Bren saw today.

The whole ship suddenly rocked with violent squeaks from its wheel supports, nearly flinging Bren back out of the pilot's chair. Xilimyth managed to wiggle her way into the deck where her extra fluffy butt encompassed all three of the tail seats. Due to her height, however, she also had to hunch forward so far she was pressing her boobs into the steel floor and all the forward facing chairs. Those innocent, violet eyes stared through the window pane at Bren's annoyed scowl in confusion.

"What?"

"Prff! Nothing, just try to keep your wings in...uh..." Bren had just turned the keys that caused all three rotor engines to hum to life when an idea echoed across the front of his thoughts. "Hey, wait a sec! You have wings!"

"...so?"

"So!? Why don't you just fly us both out of here?"

It was Xilimyth's turn to give an annoyed scoff as she shifted to look over the leathery limbs coming out of her shoulders. No matter how she tried to fold them, the tips still hung loosely out either side of the vehicle.

"Oh, sure! Because I totally know how to use wings I just grew an hour ago and haven't practiced with yet. Just imagine how well that will go when you crash into the ground with this mega-chee on top of you."

"I..." Bren stammered but ultimately gave up. Not only was the logic sound, but it was also probably one of the most sensible things he had ever heard Xilimyth say. Not wanting to anger a giant curvey cat of bulging muscle further he focused attention on revving the engines until the blades spun with a nearly invisible roar. "Hold onto something and hope we're not exceeding the maximum carry weight."

"Are you calling me fat!?"

A glance in the rearview mirror could not help Bren figure out if his friend's expressionless stare was a joke. Giving a nervous laugh, he pushed all engines to their safest levels and gently pulled back on the flight stick. Everything creaked or groaned, half from gravity and half from Xilimyth grasping onto balance rails to stay in the vehicle. Just as the cougar worried something might blow, there came a hard shift, and the wheels slowly hovered off the ground.

If the three brotherhood jerks noticed their ride taking off without them, there was little they could do about it. From her steadily rising vantage point, Xilimyth could see one of them already had most of their power armor clawed off in mass chunks. Another was quickly losing its fight to keep the thing at bay with a rusty gardening rake.

"So where the prrf are we going!?" Bren shouted to be heard through the glass and engine noises.

"Just head straight to Seattle," Xilimyth replied. Having a bunch of extra throat muscles accidentally made her a bit louder than said engines. "I'll give you specifics once I can see some familiar landmarks."

Bren nodded and slowly tilted the control stick to one side. Soon the circle of houses and their suspicious, feline-bug infested labs were nothing but a distant memory in the starry night landscape.

Part 3

Getting a birds-eye view of the western coast at sunrise is a truly awesome experience. Most of the state may have been charred wasteland, but it still had some natural beauty left in it. The ocean and sky reflected tons of colorful lights as the sun crossed the horizon. It painted a nice backdrops to the eastern mountain ranges that still had peaks of snow on them.

For wanderers of dangerous lands it was such a rare moment to relax and enjoy living. Xilimyth would have gladly been doing such had her fat beefy legs been dangling out the side of an attack vertibird. Thank goodness these things were often built with open compartments. The last thing the grown dracat was in the mood for was a sliding panel slapping into her butt.

Much as she loved Bren, and experienced pilot the prffler was not. Barely a second passed they were not experiencing some sharp and rocky turbulence against the winds. There would have been a lot of loose things slapping against Xilimyth in the chaos. It did not help when he tried to make a turn when the skyscrapers of Seattle came into view. Neither cat would have ever imagined vertibirds were capable of a barrel roll.

HHHUURRRRRPPHH!!

Bren's ears swiveled about trying to pinpoint the source of a strange rumbling sound that occurred once he got the vertibird level again. By some miracle it was not the engines failing after performing the accidental menuiver. All the panels meters and lights weren't flashing yet. Glancing up saw no thunder clouds, and looking down saw nothing but the ruined houses and streets of subberbia.

"Hey Xili? Did you see anything making a roaring noise?"

"N-no..." The big cheetah's voice trailed through the air sounding surprisingly weak. "That was just me losing those beans you found...and maybe my stomach. Think we can circle back to look for it?"

"Sure! Prff! I always wanted to try an immelmann turn!"

"NO!" Xilimyth gagged up several dry heaves trying to catch her breath. Harsh winds whipped her hair about already blurry eyes. When they finally cleared she could see her hands were gripping the deck tight enough to bend grooves around the fingers. Trying to force her tensed goddess muscles to relax a bit, she shifted focus to the neighborhoods racing below them. "I think if we take a left we'll find the interstate, follow that north."

"You're the boss!"

"Please be gentle with the sti-URP!"

In his defense, Bren did turn the chopper to a degree it did not flip over again. It was still too sharp a turn for Xilimyth's guts to enjoy. She was so glad the rest of their trip was fairly short. Once the bird was coasting along the highway not even a twisted stomach made it hard to find the right exit point for another badly made turn.

Bren's ability to land a vertibird proved better than his skills at flying one. They came to a gentle landing atop a five story building that looked surprisingly intact. There was very little structural damage from taking a nuclear blast, most likely from being shielded by the much taller skyscrapers around it. While he worked to kill the engines the whole vehicle rocked violently as Xilimyth tumbled out to kiss the flat, stable, roof.

"I'm not that bad you!" Bren mumbled after he had climbed out to see his friends kneeling position. He could hardly back up that claim with the world spinning around his head, causing a few staggers to remain standing. "What is this place?"

"Ugh! Blech!" Xilimyth had sat up letting her tongue waggle out with the taste of irradiated dirt on it. "This is the old place I used to run a company at. You remember those projects I funded Desmond for before the bombs?"

"Oh yeah, like the one where you became a giant hulking renamon with huge boobs?" Bren's eyes drifted down to Xilimyth's generous rack for a moment. "Call me a crazy prrf, but your life seems to follow an odd pattern of events."

"He doesn't mean for that kind of stuff to happen...at least I don't think." Xilimyth rose up to her full height reaching her ripped arms towards the sky. The ride over had been long and cramped on her new dragon wings. She gave them a few stretches of fanning out and folding against her back, blasting Bren with a morning breeze. Such motions also helped untwist her tails from each other so they fanned out in a flower blossom formation. "Come to think of it, these tend to pop out a lot too."

"Maybe you were a goddess in another life?" Bren made his way over to the stairwell ignoring Xilimyth's amused snorting. He was once again amazed how intact the doorway remained after hundreds of years. Except for the keypad, double enforced, locking mechanism, of course. That had been completely melted into an immovable lump.

"Get real, prrfler." Xilimyth was suddenly beside Bren, gently brushing him aside with her imposing girth. Both her hands roamed around the door edges, wedging talons into the cracks for a good grip. "If I was a goddess the world would be a lot more fluff and a lot less radiation."

CRRSSSHHH!!

Despite what Bren might tease later, demolishing the doorway had not been Xilimyth's intention. The cougar took several more steps away from his buff friend watching her biceps tense hard enough that veins began to rise under her fur. They had both been expecting a securely locked exit to take a bit of work to dislodge. Not a chance with that cheetah's harsh mutations. She only needed one tug for the steel chunk to rip from its foundation, taking the frame and outlining bricks with it.

That would have all been fine if the stairwell roof did not collapse from damaged walls seconds later. Large chunks of brick and plaster vanished into a sinkhole rolling down stairs and bouncing off metal rails into the deep darkness dozens of feet below. The accustices of the hallow space rang out in a symphony of destruction that had both cats peeling back their ears.

Bren waited until the very last brick had landed and silence resumed to release the breath he had been holding. "On the bright side, now anything living here knows we arrived."

"You shush!" Xilimyth stuck her tongue out, casually tossing the metal door off the roofs edge with one hand.

SPLOOSH!

It was a bit surprising to hear a splash out on the streets below. Both cats exchanged a look and simultaneously approached the ledge. The shadows of skyscraper ruins put the place in it's own area of dankness, which made the green glow reflect better off their fur.

"Huh. That's actually kind of pretty."

"Yeah, I've always wondered what an intersection would look like under radioactive waste."

Xilimyth tilted her head pensively observing the giant body of glowing liquid. What might have once been one of the busiest crossroads pre-nukes had become a completely impassable reservoir. In a bit of irony the overturned tanker trucks that had created it now served as dams on the four corners of the streets. "Looks more like a soup of nuka-cola quantum, rain, and dirt."

"Not sure there's much of a difference," Bren said, getting Xilimyth to chuckle. "Feel like going for a dip? We still got plenty of radaway."

"And become an even bigger muscled horror?" Xilimyth wiggled her wings and tails, teasingly brushing Bren with the many limbs. "You smell like you could go for a bath. Maybe we'll end up equally buff."

"PRRF!? N-no, I'm fine with clothes that fit, thanks!" Bren staggered back pushing Xilimyth's wings aside before they could encircle him. "Besides, you pump me up and we got no one to fly the chopper."

"Yeah, maybe for another chapter then," Xilimyth said, making Bren eye her with confusion. Dismissing any elaboration, she instead turned back to the exposed stairwell. "Looks like none of the steps took any heavy damage. We better watch out step with all the rubble, though."

Watching the many muscles of Xilimyth's spotted back bulge as she moved bigger chunks of brick made Bren refrain from teasing. Being at least the size of the mother deathclaw they had just ran from made it difficult to descend the stairs even without the debris.

"WHOOO!"

KAAASH!

It was not even rubble that tripped up Xilimyth, but the failure to remember she now had paws for feet. The high arch of her heels easily missed the first steps and sent her slamming shoulder first into the landings wall. Bren rushed down the flight after her two steps as a time. Both hands hugged around the swell of her free arm in case the dizzy cheetah needed balance support.

"Are you okay?"

"It'll...take more than a wall to stop this big cat..." Xilimyth's words came out disoriented with the limp rollin of her head. She used her sandwiched arm to give the wall a gentle push back onto shaking paws, grateful for Bren's support to keep her tumbling down another flight of stairs.

"S'okay. I'm getting the hang of this."

"Uh huh..." Bren let Xilimyth slip from his arms to descend the next flight of stairs. It was hard to tear his gaze from the spider web of cracks his friends shoulder impact left on the wall.

"Sooo...where are we going anyway?"

"Cafeteria, of course! Nyah!" Xilimyth staggered again, but managed to adjust for better balance. All her fat toes overextended almost halfway off the steps, leaving her with just the balls to balance on. "I kept a good stock of supplies on the second floor, and the garage across the street has a self-contained gas station. Pretty sure we emptied out the whole tank just trying to fly here."

"It was already on half before we stole it, yeah. Please tell me it's not across the street with the lake of glowing doom?"

"Nah! That's on the other side. Hopefully it hasn't been demolished by something else."

"I'd be more worried about meeting up with something else. Pretty sure the whole block has heard us by now."

Xilimyth scoffed at the concerns as she circled around to the second floor landing. "I'm sure if anything was here they would have already come running in to try eating us by now."

A gentle push of the bar handle failed due to the door being locked. Bren noticed the evil grin forming on his taller friend's face, but got no time to protest. Xilimyth rocked back and shoved into the door with all of, roughly, thirty-percent of her current power. Much like the last door to challenge her spotted might it went sailing off its hinges through several broken desks to imbedded itself through a drywall separating a desolate office space from many others like it.

Hushed silence filled the stairwell once more. Bren's hands remained firmly latched onto his gun ready to unholster it at the slightest odd noise. Xilimyth stood in stark contrast with hands on hips. Her eyes stared straight through the busted hole she had made just hoping to release some pent up spite on a few radroaches. Seconds passed with nothing but the occasional twitch of their tails to be heard. Apparently the cheetah's ear muscles had improved too.

"See? Nothing?"

Xilimyth beamed while crawling through her recklessly made entrance into the old office. It created an odd rush of returning to an old home. A few rusty nameplates laid on the broken desks allowed her to visit memories from a lifetime ago.

"AHEM!?"

And then Xilimyth turned to find the biggest pair of breasts she had ever found in a workplace. The black-furred beanbags hung inches from her pink nose, threatening to smack it with the sway of their owners rhythmic breathing.

Said creature loomed over Xilimyth, meeting her wide-eyes with a look of casual annoyance. While the cheetah guessed herself around a looming eight or nine feet, this monster had to be a towering twelve foot body from crashing through the roof. It was hard to tell since it was hunching forward dragging its meaty front paws along the floor to keep from bashing its bull-horned head through the ceiling.

After regarding Xilimyth for a moment, its blunt snout curled into a low growl while its fluffy triangle ears dropped. "You ever hear of a damn doorbell, you meatsack!?"

It leaned in to rest on its forepaws to make a lumbering step towards her. Xilimyth took several panicked steps back trying to keep the same distance between them. Unfortunately her momentum stopped as her butt plowed into the pointed edge of a desk. She just hoped it would not notice Bren, and that they were not preparing to foolishly open fire on such a mountainous

creature. The way its rocky formation of muscles bulged with such a minor movement she had no doubt it could suplex their vertibird without effort.

Sun light from stairwell across the creature's massive front arms and chest, causing it to flinch from such sudden brightness. That was Xilimyth's first good look at its features and sparked another odd sense of familiarity. Between its black sclera and rich blond mane, she could not help shaking a feeling of hearing that deep rumbling voice before too.

"Desmond!?"

The beast stopped rubbing its eyes to gaze back at Xilimyth surprised. Very slowly its hands lowered back on the ground, this time trying to approach an alarmed cheetah in a more neutral way.

"And who the heck are...oh...oh, no way!" The big snout got so close that its rapid sniffing tousled Xilimyth's hair about in hot air blasts. She was also not real fond of its rotten meat breath. Still, the skeptical threatening expression shifted to one of dawning delight and the massive paw-hands began to pound the ground in excitement. "Oh my gawd! Xilimyth! It's really the boss chee back at work! You've gotten so...big!!"

"Me!?" Xilimyth nearly toppled over the desk with how hard Desmond began pressing her muzzle against the whole of her face. She returned the gesture by giving her big black nose a boop with her palm. "You're one to talk. Super mutant behemoths got nothing on yo-OOMPH!"

FWUBB!

Desmond had meant to glomp her long lost boss and friend into a joyous hug. The biggest problem with that is having grown boobs bigger than the reach of her arms in the past hundreds of years. Xilimyth's head vanished in the cleavage of those massive black moons, followed to a lesser extent by her own buffed up shoulders. That hardly stopped the big purple and black monster from completely pushing over her until they were both on the ground in a mess of muscle, fat and snuggers. A long yellow tongue fell out of Desmond's grinning jaw to lick around Xilimyth's ears the best it could.

"So is this a good thing? PRRF!" Bren had stuck his head in from the stairwell to watch the whole tack down in motion. The mere sight of such mammaries blanketed a giant like Xilimyth left him dumbstruck, among other things. Least of all the cougar questioned any attempt to fire a few rounds into this mountain of swollen power to get it off his friend. That is until its meaty tail wagged into his chest, sending loose bits of rubble raining down the stairs along with him.

"Was that Bren?" Desmond looked up from her puppyish actions watching the cougar stumble onto his butt.

"Yup," Xilimyth gasped when the shifting removed enough boob and nipple for her to breath. She gave the edge of the giant mounds several rapid taps that Desmond recognized. The heavy weight were quickly pulled back for Xilimyth to stand once more. "We've been wandering a bit and ended up running here after a bit of a mess up."

"Tell me over breakfast! You guys must be starving." Desmond remained on all fours as she turned to stick her head out the broken stairwell entrance. A moment later she backpedaled, dragging a stunned Bren inside with his pantlang caught in her fangs. "Sorry about the tail. You okay, Bren?"

"I've been hit with worse this week. Prff, hey!" Bren barely got his bearings straight before suffering an assault of affectionate licks. He gripped hold of Desmond's big snoot to use as a brace for getting back onto his feet. When the licking threatened him back to the ground he was forced to deliver a solid smack on the nose that got Desmond to finally back away. "So you mutated into a...um...what are you?"

"Behemoth sounds like a fairly accurate term. Not sure if super mutant also applies." Desmond circled her bulky frame around towards the door, becoming the cats to follow with her blond tail tuft. The giant purple-furred rear that bounced with it had both bewitched for a second before following. For having a figure with such womanly thick hips and mammaries that dragged across the floor, Desmond's quadrupedal gallop in these tight offices looked incredibly natural. "Sorry about the mess, by the way. I sort of had to make room to accommodate my growth spurts."

"Totally understandable," Xilimyth said as they entered a hallway and blinked.

Suddenly the path of destruction she had carved through the building felt tame. The majority of walls around them were shattered outwards into grooves that perfectly accommodated Desmond's passing shoulders. Large gashes cut through the ceiling thanks to the behemoths horns destroying all light fixtures along the way.

Bren staggered trying to keep pace behind her bush of many cat tails. His boot had landed in a cracked groove on the floor suspiciously shaped like a paw. It seemed safe to assume there were no immediate threats to worry about after all, so he holstered his rifle. Before long the trio had settled into some rusty dining chairs of a former cafeteria. Their bulging, mountain of muscle host scuttled about a roomier kitchen fixing them a meal of instant noodles and expired canned ham. An amazing feat Bren thought with such thick sausage-fingered hands.

"So what happened to you after the bombs went off?" Xilimyth's tails thumped in a frenzy against the dusty floor when a bowl of steaming soup was placed before her. Any presence of utensils went completely ignored. She had her own perfectly good paw-hands to slurp from the bowl. "OW!"

"Try waiting two minutes for it to cool, ya prrf!" Bren chuckled, blowing on a spoonful several times before consuming. The minor traces of radiation stung his tongue, made smoother by ample amounts of ancient seasoning salt.

"No worries. I got plenty to spare." Desmond settled on her hunches at the tables end. It did not seem likely even three chairs could properly support her weight otherwise. A light clicking of glass brought the cats attention to a trio of soda bottles being set before them. Caps popped off easily under her claws, but no one was eager to take a drink that was glowing light blue. "But yeah, you saw that glowing lake of stuff outside?"

Xilimyth flinched. "Oof! Don't tell me you went swimming in it?"

"Oh gods, no! That's a disaster waiting to happen. I try to avoid it like the plague." Desmond snatch up a bottle of soda between three fingers, chugging it in several large swigs. "Aah! Apparently there was a whole convoy of Nuka Cola trucks going by when the nuke went off. I manage to save most of the supply and just held up here. For some reason there's a stash full of dried noodles and canned meat taking up a quarter of this floor. Dunno why I started bulking up and turning purple. I figured it was just a result of the fallout."

Bren looked to Xilimyth, who could just swallow her mouthful of hot soup and shrug. Desmond dropped a now empty soda bottle back on the table, making the cougar consider it. "So you drink a lot of Nuka Cola Quantum?"

"Hah! It's like the only thing I can drink. That mess outside is contaminating the plumbing so I ain't foraging for pure water if I don't have to."

"...so you've just been stuck in here drinking irradiated soda for decades?"

Desmond nodded only to pause. "When you put it that way it does seem kind of obvious. What about you, Xili? Hope you didn't trip into that mess outside."

"N-no...that was far different circumstances."

Bren slurped up some noodles before mumbling, "A bug bit her fat butt."

"Hey!" Xilimyth's tails puffed warningly, yet Bren continued to slurp his soup in defiance. Like a light switch, she turned back to Desmond with a calm composure once more. She gave off a quick recount about their last two days; finding the labs, fighting off power armored jerks, and running from a mother deathclaw. "But yeah, a radroach got the jump on me and tried to eat my tail. RadAway didn't help much. It made me start bowing up, my tails split and all this fat ruined my clothes. Oh, stop giggling Bren, I can hear you!"

"Seems a bit odd for a bug bite to cause dragon wings." Desmond raked the black fur on her neck in thought. "If I was to hazard a guess the venom of it's bite must not be that radioactive at it's base. By removing the rads out of your system that only made its presence potent enough to impose changes. Not something I've ever heard roaches of all things capable of doing."

"Prff! It was no normal roach, Des." Bren kicked back the broth left in his bowl before continuing. "Ever hear of bugs with cat ears and tails?"

"Y-yeah!" Xilimyth affirmed. "We found a whole labs under those houses doing weird experiments. Dessy?"

To their surprise the behemoths eyes had narrowed in a serious expression.

"Cat-roaches, huh? Did they have blue fur and teal stripes?"

The felines exchanged a look, Xilimyth finding her voice first. "You've heard of them?"

"Nicked a few messages off the brotherhoods, not so, secret radio signals. That must have been a development site for something they're calling the Cheshire virus. Apparently it's a pet project various scientists pick up and drop over the years. No real mentions of growing wings and extra tails, just a lot of muscles and even more boobs and hips. Hell, sometimes they confuse me for the same results. Can you imagine?"

Bren and Xilimyth glanced down at the black mounds of flesh pouring from Desmond's chest onto the table. There was really no innocent way to answer that.

"So will Xilimyth be okay?"

"Of course she will, silly." Desmond waved a hand dismissively. "If we're talking a cheshire infection than I highly doubt she's done growing, but it's hardly going to kill her. Most likely the exact opposite. I'd be more worried about the surroundings when it happens. As long she avoids anything that might energize the venom, she should be fine."

KASSSSH!!

The loud rumble echoed across the hallow halls, most likely noticeable all the way to the buildings top floor. All three diners sat bolt upright with ears erect not daring to move from their seats. Despite the acoustics it was easy to discern the slapping against metal had come from the ground floor below.

KASSH! KASSH!

"Um...prff...don't suppose another behemoth is living with you and got stuck?" Bren offered weakly optimistic.

Desmond shook her head before wordlessly shuffling his way over to the side windows. The large tuft on his tail rose in a curl of curiosity. "Is that the same deathclaw you were talking about before?"

Xilimyth bolted from her chair hard enough to send it crashing across the room. Her and Bren joined Desmond at the window to see the unmistakable horned monster racking at the front doors with its boney claws. "That is definitely a deathclaw."

"Den mother too! I can't believe it followed us here." Bren gulped, glancing between Desmond and Xilimyth. "We should be able to make it back to the vertibird if we hurry. It seems to be having a hard time getting through the doors."

"Right." Xilimyth gave him an affirming nod. One of her hands reached out to gently shake Desmond's thickened bicep, as they still regarded the beast outside with mild interest. "Dessy, do you have a backdoor you can get out on your own? Our ride can barely fit me, and you're way bigger."

It seemed to take a while for the behemoth to fully understand what the duo was implying. Even when the pieces did fall into place she slowly turned to gawk at them.

"I'm sorry, you two want to run!?"

"Of course we prffing do!" Bren checked his belt pouches. "I barely got any ammo at all."

"Yeah, and I lost all my weapons along with the rest of my clothes." Xilimyth gestured to her naked bust and abs thick with fat and muscle respectively. "How are we supposed to fight that thing."

Desmond's lips twitched several times from her trying to hold in some harsh laughter. "But Xili, you just told me you were strong enough to take on three brotherhoods in full power armor. How are either of us not capable of suplexing a deathclaw with our bare paws?"

"I...huh..." Xilimyth had started talking with the intention of listing the number of reasons radiation had made Desmond insane. However, the behemoths point did ring a lot of bells she had completely failed to consider. A glance over at Bren gave plenty of relief as he looked just as oblivious to this notion. "Even so, it's not every day someone just blimps up into a titan much less thinks of wrestling the wastelands alpha predator."

Desmond gave a hearty chuckle, nearly knocking Xilimyth through the window with a slap on the back. "Well, there's clearly a first time for everything today. Let's hurry and plot a defense before..."

KSSSHHHH!!

"...nevermind, there's now a deathclaw in our lobby." Desmond must have forgotten their current location, for they rose up only to crash their head through the ceiling mid-turn. The behemoth's nose wrinkle in the shower of dust and plaster that followed, but she tried playing it off. "Hope Bren is carrying grenades."

Bren had to jump back to avoid the rain of debris himself. "Prff! We got flares?"

"Cool, no problem!" Desmond shook her head so a second shower of debris could fly off her mane. Pumping a fist into her palm, she glanced down at an alarmed Xilimyth. "Don't worry about this. I can do most of the fighting and you jum...jump in if th-aaah...an opennnggh... gah! AH-CHOO!!"

Behemoths seemed to enjoy doing everything strong, that included lung power. Under the force of a simple motor reflex Desmond found herself propelled backwards with her bulk easily crashing through the glass windows. Xilimyth could only watch in jaw dropped horror as the big monster toppled over and vanished out of view. A hard thump seconds later signalled they had at least hit solid ground without hitting anything lethal. They had learned long ago what simply shutting a nuclear powered car can accomplish.

Not that this turn of events was found very encouraging either. Bren and Xilimyth glanced at each other before scooting up to find Desmond sprawled in a small pit, most likely just dug by herself. The glazed, lopped tongue expression on probably meant she was not getting up anytime soon.

"Was she supposed to do that?" Bren shot his partner a bemused look.

Xilimyth could only shake her head as all nine of her tails slumped to the floor. "I think we're in trouble again."

Part 4

A slow thumping up the stairs helped emphasis the sentiment for both cats. They turned as one to watch the bull-horned deathclaw head bounce into view. Its boney snout twisted into an

unusually smug grin full of pointed teeth. Beady black eyes never drifted off Xilimyth's hulking form even after it reached the landing, twitch twitching lazily on the top three steps behind it.

"Why isn't it attacking?" Bren wondered in a hushed whisper.

"Um..." That was one of a dozen questions Xilimyth wished she could get answered. She tried to sidestep from the broken window only for her tails to bump into another dining table. Rapid clicking of glass had her hand reflexively slamming on top to steady it's rocking. In the process, something small but smooth pushed back into her thick palms. A faint glow of green seeped between her fingers. "Huh?"

"Oh, prrf! It's got a radio."

"What!?" her friend's outburst had Xilimyth palming the small object while following Bren's finger.

The giant monster had turned its head slightly, seemingly catching some interest in food Desmond had left in his kitchen. Pivoting its neck gave the cats a clear view of a small transmitter embedded at the base. Its short antenna flashed a rapid red light.

Of course, it was only after this discovery that Xilimyth's ears caught a now-familiar sound of approaching rotor blades. Glancing over her shoulder, her jaw dropped to see a whopping six vertibirds landing in front of her old office building. Bren noticed her gaze and all the color drained from his fur, eyeing the squad of power-armored furies jumping out to surround Desmond's unconscious body.

With a loud roar, the deathclaw regained their immediate attention. It half-turned, opening a path down the stairs, gesturing down it with one elongated hand. The gesture itself left both cats gawking for several seconds before catching on.

"Are Deathclaws usually able to act so...sane?" Xilimyth said, more to herself as she thumped heavy paws past their monster captor.

"Prrf! Your guess is as good as mine," Bren mumbled, recoiling when the looming beast shot him a hungry glare.

They were escorted down to the lobby, where a whole congregation of Brotherhood soldiers now assembled in waiting. Low growls from the deathclaw behind them helped deter Xilimyth from initial thoughts of attempted escape. Even if she could hurl some statues to plow a path through, the monster was within arms reach of Bren. She almost felt bad; the cougar had ended up a runt sandwiched between two titans. If one had been Desmond, this might have been really fun for them.

"Thanks for wasting so much of our time!" A scratchier female voice cut through the lobbies acoustics. "You could have just waited at the control site for extractions, but nooooo! We have to go on a little hide and seek through flipping Seattle for you."

The crowd of armored soldiers parted, making a pathway for a single woman wearing an officer's coat. Everyone noticed immediately that was the only thing she wore; no pants, boots, or even underwear to speak of donned this small woman's lean body. Her long white tail wagged in a high snake dance making sure everyone got a nice view of its pink underside, leading down to a pink furred heart blotching her naked butt. Short green hair shifted with her deliberately harsh steps constantly dropping it across her sparkling blue eyes.

Just when Xilimyth thought she could not feel worse, a spark of recognition this tiny cat girl brought her situation to a new low. "Sorsha? You can't be serious!"

"Surprise, beeches?" Sorsha rocked her head back, posing with knuckles on her hip. Having her crotch exposed kind of made it lacking dramatic effect. "That's right; I'm a Brotherhood Elder. I've been working with them to splice Cheshire cat attributes with FEV for over a decade now. I was almost ready to give up when a compatible test subject literally gets her ass chewed off and can't seem to stop blowing up."

Xilimyth shuffled in place, flexing her arms slightly, trying to convince herself she was not that huge. Her hand might only cover most of Sorsha's head if she wanted to grab them. "That weird cat roach thing was your doing?"

"No, I think that was just Chesh influence seeping in on the wildlife. Frankly, I'm surprised this Deathclaw we subjugated there doesn't have hooters big as yours. It's got a whole nest incubating next to the main storage. Probably thought you and my scouts were coming for them."

Xilimyth looked to the deathclaw, who only shrugged back. Glancing over Sorsha, she had to resist laughing upon spotting three brotherhoods in the back, looking a bit out of place. All of them were missing whole parts of their armor with the furry bits underneath heavily bandaged. They met her gaze with lips curling and ears folded back.

Before she could respond, Bren's hands gently came to rest on the large cheetah's waist, just to hold balance so his head could wind around her frame. "So you're going to create an army of giant busty anthros?"

"That's right!" Sorsha puffed her average chest out, displaying her decorative coat medals. Upon closer inspection, they all appeared to be made out of different flavors of bottle caps. "Genius, is it not?"

"I guess. But why?"

Sorsha's smile dropped into a vacant stare. "What?"

"Um, prrf, I'm not trying to complain about busts that can engulf my head. I'm just wondering why the brotherhood would want this. The cost to transport nine-foot-tall hulks alone, and that would require big vertibirds. How are you going to even control such an army?"

Light metal grinding filled the hallway, the sound of many helmet-clad heads turning to face their half-naked commander. Apparently, this line of logic had never occurred to most of these soldiers while under the catgirl's command. Prolonged silence exposed Sorsha for never having put much thought into her projects either. Her little muzzle flapped several times in a stupor, unable to form coherent thoughts.

"You know what, shut up!" she finally snapped, regaining some sliver of smug confidence.

"There's no reason to ask why anymore. We got proof and results looming over me. Speaking of you, Xilimyth, get in the vertibird so we can take you to a proper lab. For all, we know you'll be having another growth spurt any minute."

Four Brotherhoods began to approach Xilimyth, but the sudden twitching of her many tails made them pause. They did feel smaller after yesterday's brawl. It gave her just enough confidence to try an intimidating flex, making the attach boobs jiggle while she matched Sorsha's smug grin.

"And just what's going to happen to me? Or Bren? Or even Desmond out there? I ain't saying these odds are laughable, but at this point, we don't mind making this hard as possible for you."

"Prrfing what!?" Bren's surprised squeak went ignored behind Xilimyth.

Sorsha responded with a light giggle. "Your friend hiding behind that fantastic ass of yours can go free. I got no reason to bother with him. Although, if you're itching to go bad karma on this situation, I could always see what injecting a gallon of Cheshire FEV does to him."

Xilimyth wrinkled her nose in a challenging snort. "And, Dessy?"

"You know damn well, I'd never do anything to hurt my precious husband-to-be! But I can't just let a monster go wandering around. He'll be my perfect pet and guard puppy."

"Yeah, I don't think so!" Xilimyth strode forward, putting her entire being into a single step. Her paw created a thunderous boom amplified by the empty old building. Cracks spread from her toes across the concrete in sharp web patterns. The shaking foundation sent the four soldiers tripping over themselves, trying to back away.

The effect would have scared Sorsha if Xilimyth had not lost her own balance. She let out a sheepish mew stumbling forward onto her extended knee. One open hand slammed another fissure into the floor, keeping her from going completely over.

"Xili, baby, I love you, but you barely know what you're doing." Sorsha laughed triumphantly, watching the bulky cheetah angrily thrash her tails. "Just give up already. You got no weapons."

"No, but I got this." Xilimyth raised her other hand for all to see. Thick fingers slowly uncurled, revealing a small glass capsule resting in her palm pad. It's bright green glow was unmistakable, considering the lack of it outside.

"W-where the fuck did you get that FEV?" Sorsha said, already backing down the way she came in.

"Go asked, Dessy. He likes experimenting with this stuff more than you." Xilimyth winked before balling her hand back into a fist. Under the dead silence that followed, everyone could hear the muffled cracking of glass between her flexing fingers. Moments later, the green fluid was seeping its way out of the cheetah's digits, mixed with bits of blood from being cut on the glass.

"Xili!?" Bren rushed to Xilimyth's side as she collapsed fully onto her hands and knees. His hands rested upon her shoulders, feeling the rigid muscles shivering with increasing intensity. "A-are you...prff...are you sure that was a good idea?"

"Nope!" Xilimyth chirped with a quivering smile back at him. A hard twitch made her glance at the exposed hand again. FEV was seeping into her system through the intentional glass cuts, eager to expose her to a strong catalyst for mutations. Veins visibly rose through the fur of her wrist, lifting pathways that wound around forearms and biceps towards her heart. "You...hnn...might want to step back. T-this is rrr-RWARG! This is going to be big."

"What...o-oh....ooooh prff it all!" Bren's eyes widened to the size of dinner plates seeing the spotted fur of Xilimyth's back pulse and bulge through her torn army fatigues. Veins were becoming a visible network across her growing muscles, swelling with them to better deliver the virus.

Attempts at a reluctant retreat were thwarted when Bren's back collided with a wall of emaciated ribs. Just as he remembered the deathclaws existence, it's giant hand clamped down on his shoulder. The monster's namesake claws drilled through his suit and into warm cougar flesh with relative ease. The overwhelming pain prompted Bren into a struggling fit that only deepened his fresh wounds. Bloodstains rapidly stained his prized Vault suit while the deathclaw blasted the back of his head with hot, hungry, breaths.

Before Bren could properly make peace with death, another shadow loomed over him. A force grabbed onto the deathclaw's wrist with such intensity the cougar almost went deaf from the

crunching of bones. The deathclaws scream of pain was even louder but was promptly cut off by a second force clutching at its throat. With these two grips, it was easy for the mountain of spotted cheetah fur to yank its hold off Bren, tossing the giant monster over several stunned Brotherhoods.

Only the far lobby wall kept it from traveling further, although it left a large cracked impacted point in the concrete. The deathclaw strained for a second, looking ready to bounce back, only for its body to drop limp with a defeated groan.

All eyes then turned to the even larger monster that had dispatched their trump card with one attack. Silence blanketed the lobby so thick people could hear the rapid 'ba-dum' of Xilimyth's heartbeat. Her whole body pulsed in synchronized growth spurts with it, widening the tears in her army fatigues with puffing, dense, muscle bulges. Her shadow stretched far over the ranks even with her posture hunched forward. Heavy breathes came out as soft growls, sending spittle flying from her open muzzle.

"W-what do we do, commander!?" One of the Brotherhood in the front row finally gathered enough wits to dare speak. Even so, there came no response, turning more than a few heads. "Commander?"

If Xilimyth was not in the midst of a horrific mutation, she might have laughed at the empty space Sorsha used to occupy. Like the nervous gathering of soldiers before her, she had no idea where the tiny cat officer had vanished. That was until a whirling of vertibird motors directed everyone's attention outside.

"You are all great soldiers in my book!" Sorsha's voice boomed out the rotorcrafts loudspeakers as it took off. "Give her hell, and I'll see you back at base with the samples."

No one really knew how to react, watching one of their precious transports fly off behind desolate skyscrapers and out of sight. Some turned to stare at each other unable to offer any comforting insight. Most continued to gawk at Xilimyth's massive frame, still trying to figure out if this growing woman was worth the pay rate.

"Grawk...RWARRR!!" Xilimyth tried to shrug at them, which turned into a harsh popping in her shoulders. Sleeves erupted off her inflating deltoids, to say nothing of their attached biceps. What remained of her army jacket flew off with an explosive surge of breast tissue. Creamy boulders of rounded white fur fell out in a hard bounce with the tight ridges of thick pecs behind them for support.

While Bren found this a fantastic sight to behold, the soldiers directly under Xilimyth's mammaries looked terrified about being crushed. It was hard to blame them, with the cheetah constantly tensing and relaxing her growing strength. She was well past even Desmond's behemoth size and threatened to outgrow the lobby itself.

Another loud tear saw the destruction of Xilimyth's already damaged army pants. The thick bouncing butt that jutted out in naked freedom was an equally impressive shelf, especially with the massive thighs supporting it. Muscles were growing over muscles down her legs, forcing a wider stance every few seconds.

"Somebody shoot her!"

Bren chirped in alarm, surprised someone had regained enough wit to do more than ogle a transforming cheetah.

The sudden barking of orders seemed to help stir much of the gathered squad as well. Not that it did them any good. Before anyone could raise their weapon, Xilimyth was upon them. One massive cheetah hand clasped the chest plate of the one that had shouted, metal snapping under the piercing grip of her claws. With no apparent effort, she proceeded to heft them up and slam them into the ground several times. Each impact dug into a deepening groove until finally, the soldier's power armor completely broke apart in a shower of scrap and sparks. The exposed sparrow underneath could only give a weak exhale, grateful armor was all Xilimyth had broken.

Xilimyth relished the rush of power such an easy feat brought her. Unfortunately, a trickle of numbness down her legs cut off plans for a follow-up rampage through the ranks. She released the dazed sparrow staggering back with flailing meat logs for arms. Not even nine tails could help keep her balance. Knees completely buckled with her attempts to stand up, becoming non-existent. Nothing refused to flex or bend like they should, she could not even get her toes to wiggle. "Bah? W-what is...NNNGGHHH!!!"

A hard shifting rocked Xilimyth's butt with tense cramps. The very base of her tailbone seemed to be reversing direction, driving the mass of wiggling cat tails between her numb legs. That was not nearly as weird as when said tails took on minds of their own.

Acting completely independent of Xilimyth's panicked thoughts, the nine limbs coiled around her thighs to draw them tight together. They continued this system of intertwining down her shins encasing everything below the waist in a cocoon of spotted fluff. Body parts became indistinguishable from each other, which she realized was a result of her own flesh fusing together.

With a final effort that got her big toe to twitch, Xilimyth watched her feet melt into a formless pointed lump at the end of a big mass her lower body had turned into. She fell back on the support of her hands, grunting at the harsh grinding that changed how her hips worked. Lumps could be seen bulging and rippling under the blanket of cheetah fur as old bones dissolved for the basis of a new skeletal structure.

Muscles shifted onto these supports in preparation for a different type of locomotion. But it was bringing something else with it. Xilimyth's lip curled in a snarl under the rising tension deep inside her lumpy lower body. Bulges pushed from inside the thick mass in rapid succession like a pot boiling over. It only continued to swell like a fuzzy balloon getting ready to pop.

"Ooof! Aah aah! NYAAAH!"

To say the soldiers directly in front of Xilimyth were having a bad day would be an understatement. When the tension inside her finally broke, it did so with a spring of growth that sent flesh racing across the lobby. Two whole rows of power-armored thugs were sent flying as the pointed tail-tip snaked between their legs, sweeping them aside with the thick meaty limb.

Any sense of discipline quickly crumbled after that. Anyone not getting knocked over by Xilimyth's extending lower body was grappling with each other trying to find some means of escape. Bren yelped, having to dodge panic fire behind the reception desk. Occasionally he would peek out to prrr in awe at the rich snake-like tail that had replaced his friend's legs. It was like watching a tree log lay across several yards of the floor before connecting to womanly hips big enough to crush a robot underneath.

Xilimyth ignored the random bullets whizzing in her direction, stupefied by the feeling of soldiers tripping over her body from so far away. Whatever bullets or lasers hit did not seem to possess the force to even singed her fur on impact anyway. The cheetah's hide had grown highly durable thanks to so much rich beef stretching it.

Without thinking about it, she easily rolled onto her belly before trying to raise up on the alien muscles in her fuzzy coils. It only took a bit of clumsy hand waving before her bulky cheetah torso gained some sense of balance.

Trying to turn as a cheetah-naga, on the other hand, was a bit more impactful. The harsh sweep of her tail was enough to send half the room crashing atop each other again. Shouts of panic, angry cursing, and the rapid clang of metal armor pained Xilimyth's ears.

"Yeah, I've had about enough of this shit..."

With an almost elegant twirl, Xilimyth spun her tail in a complete circle. Soldiers could only hear the whoosh of its thick mass sailing through the air before its girth impacted into their chests. Bren could only blush, watching whole groups of power-armored bodies fly through the air with only a jiggle of the cheetah's hips. Those that dared get close were plucked off the ground to be crushed in tight holds against her sloshing rich boobs.

Each strike or half-nelson tossed off helmets, crushed torso plates, and ruptured the hydraulics on limb supports. Within minutes the entire brotherhood was fleeing in whatever open direction

they could find. Not a single one left with their power armor intact, leaving furry limbs, tails, or heads exposed in their panic.

"That was...kinda fun!" Xilimyth said between heavy breaths. She turned to face Bren, giving a retreating ferret girl a tail whip across her armorless ass as a parting gift. "You okay back there?"

Bren gave several curt nods, swallowing the lump in his throat. Suddenly remembering the harsh pain bleeding all over his side, he slammed a stimpak into the injured shoulder. Soothing cold blanketed the area while the open wounds rapidly healed themselves. "Yeah, I think a bullet grazed me, but we got plenty of meds to spare. More importantly, what the prffing hell is this!?"

"Um!" Xilimyth glanced down at the thick body shifting side to side atop a giant furry snakes tail. She could barely see a thing beyond massive white tits, and muscles thicker than boulders, but could certainly feel the hard bounce of her hips flexing to control her extended lower half. "Heck if I know! Maybe Desmond can help...fill us...oooh nyah! I think there's more, damn it!"

"Prff! Seriously!"

Xilimyth flicked her head about, patting along her shoulders, trying to feel the rising tension around her collar bone. Hands came to rest on her neck, feeling it extending with each soft pop of additional spine. Suddenly attempts to look around became increasingly easier until her head was resting atop a three-foot stalk with surprising flexibility.

"Wow, this is kind of cool. I guess?" Xilimyth gave a nervous laugh as she tested out fresh neck muscles. At least the other pressures around her shoulders were fading. She could even get a view of how massively ripped her back had become. "Good lord, my butt really did get fat."

"Yeah, no kidding. Snakes should never get this dummy thick."

"What the-OW!" Hearing a hauntingly familiar voice right up against her ears sent Xilimyth in a fright. She whirled to face the speaker, only for her forehead to collide with another cheetah's snout. They both recoiled with pained yowls that perfectly echoed each other. "Ugh, I'm so sorry."

"N-no problem. That was...weird?"

Xilimyth blinked, finding herself face to face with...herself?

"Weird is a bit of an understatement!" spoke a third Xilimyth head.

Bren almost made himself dizzy, watching one head after another sprout from Xilimyth's shoulders. All perfectly grew to match his friend's facial features and even mannerisms while they danced atop bending neck stalks. They were using those to great degree glancing between each other, probably in the hopes one out of the seven could provide an answer to this mutation. Frankly, the cougar was more curious, which of them was controlling their body, or how that worked at all.

"Grwar!" Perhaps that was a curiosity for later, as the seven Xilimyth flinched in unison.

The large naga-chee hunched over, apparently trying to hug herself under the massive boobs. Seconds later, her hands were flung aside with the growth of additional arms under her armpits. Heads gawked at one hand or the other, giving their meaty fingers a few test flexes. Before Xilimyth could even register this, another pair of arms grew out of her waist under the second pair.

"Prff...damn," Bren mumble with a deep blush. Those were not the only extra things Xilimyth was growing. His eyes were unable to drift off the second pair of breasts, pushing out from under the deep hang of her original mounds. And those became squished between a third pair swelling out practically from her stomach. "I think that might have been a bit of an FEV overdose there."

"Maybe a little..."

"Gah, I can hear them sloshing!"

"Anyone else getting really horny about all this?"

Xilimyth's mind swam just trying to take stock of her sloshing, bulging new additions. Some hands were feeling up the many breasts covering her front while others ideally touched different snouts. Speaking was especially the worst to get a hang on. It was like every head voiced a different thought at once, but at least they were all her thoughts. Maybe this is what it meant to be a hive mind.

"Ah, fuck!" Several heads cried at once. The remaining ones merely growled.

Xilimyth threw back all six arms arching her chest forward. From her upper back came the slick wet feeling of multiple forces rending her buff flesh open. Out the cracks slithered even more limbs, blacked by rubbery skin and lacking vertebrae for even more free movements. Looking back, it was a lot like her nest of cheetah tails, only now tipped with creepy looking, spinny gripping barbs.

"What the heck even am I anymore?" she mused out loud, though two or three heads were glancing at an equally alarmed Bren.

"Some sort of...prff...cheetah...naga...hydra...displacer beast...monster hybrid?" Bren approached with a gentle hand, reaching up to feel Xilimyth's lower hip. Poor cougar looked almost adorably tiny from the cheetah's multiple viewpoints. "This has got to be the worst bug bite I've ever heard off."

"Still really hot, though!" Desmond's voice cut in, causing Bren to jump in such a fright Xilimyth had to catch him with her lower arms.

"When the PRRF did you get here!?"

The behemoth shrugged from his reclined position on the lobby stairs. Nestled unhygienically on his hyper sheath was a large bucket of popcorn. One paw hand reached in to grab several fresh kernels to drop into his gaping muzzle. Many of them missed their mark to pool across his breasts instead. "About the time Xilimyth's legs grew longer than me."

Bren's hunches raised almost oblivious to the wall of Xilimyth breasts he was being held against. "And you didn't help because?"

"Hah! Freaken Xilimyth tossed a deathclaw into a wall, I'm not about to ruin the drama. You guys totally had this. Not to mention, this transformation is the coolest thing I've ever seen!"

"Says the giant behemoth!" Bren prff'd angrily, but then he looked up and saw the mostly sheepish joy on Xilimyth's faces. All of her twenty-five new limbs moved in a unified shrug just happy to be out of danger.

"I hate this wasteland." Bren palmed his face, sighing through his hands. "I really prff'ing do."