

It was ludicrous to think that the shampoo would do what it was advertised to, but if Xili had learned anything during her life, it was that sometimes, one just had to throw caution to the wind (and a couple dozen bucks down the drain) and take the plunge into the great unknown; sometimes, if they were lucky, they might just get paid off, and whenever that happened it was always in a way that defied all conventional logic and could only properly be explained by the universe itself interfering and making sure things went in that very specific way to yield the best possible result... or something along those lines. This is what the dracat was thinking to herself when she received the package in the mail, her mind a true battleground between the parts of herself that were convinced she'd just pissed away a good chunk of change on something of no worth, and the other half, who had wholeheartedly embraced the marketing campaign as nothing short of *gospel*, hence why it had won out in the end. The product itself was actually quite simple, at least in its presentation: it was a body wash-slash-shampoo combo that was supposed to promote "growth", though it never went so far as to explain what *sort* of growth that might be. Supplements like those were a dime a dozen, especially after hypers became more prevalent and the race to identify what caused their unique condition began in earnest; just as legitimate scientists spent countless hours pouring through experimental results in high-tech laboratories, so too did the market get *flooded* with conmen waiting for their next mark, snake oil salesmen whose entire strategy was to prey on everyone's budding size lust in the hopes of making just enough money to cover their losses before vanishing off the face of the planet, at least until their next scam was ready for deployment. Regulatory agencies had their hands full trying to counteract this trend, and though they were mostly successful at getting rid of the most egregious elements, at least from mainstream sources, occasionally one would slip through the cracks and manage to land a spot during primetime TV, rather than as an annoying banner ad on some random, dubious website. It was precisely this sort of advertisement that caught Xilimyth's attention, when one of her favourite series' ad break was taken over almost entirely by an infomercial that looked more akin to those that would run on public access television at four in the morning than anything remotely professional... and yet, it was still on at primetime hours, so clearly whatever this company was doing *had* to work at some level. At least, that's what the chee told herself as she picked up her phone, called in and gave someone who she didn't know her address and credit card number before her brain caught up and told her this was probably a bad idea, only to be duly ignored when it *did* pipe up eventually; the deed was done, the purchase made, and Xili spent the following week wondering when the package would arrive on the mail, with the hype being so high that, once she saw the delivery van pulling up next to her house and the courier approach her front door, the chee practically leapt out the window just to get as close as possible to her prize without having to wait a second more than necessary. The excitement didn't go unnoticed by the bun in the stuffy uniform, who offhandedly mentioned they'd wanted to try out the product himself; sadly for them, this small bit of common ground wasn't enough to break through Xili's curtain of mindless glee, with the dracat sloppily signing her name on the clipboard before running back inside, not even bothering to thank the poor guy before doing so. She was too eager to get started, too childishly excited to try out what could very well be the

answer to her size woes, even if the “science” behind it was obviously lacking, what little of it there was. No guarantees were actually made of specific types of growth spurts, just a general, vague-enough-to-be-legally-defensible claim, and one that the box the body wash itself came in repeated in clear, bold lettering... in multiple locations as well. There were a multitude of labels, all of which had the appearance of official seals, warning potential buyers that the product within the garishly-coloured cardboard container was *not* tested properly, could not be considered a growth supplement, and didn’t contain any sort of active ingredient proven to be linked to Acute Hyper Syndrome; none of this registered with Xili, who was far more concerned with the simple fact that she *had* the thing to begin with, and thus could begin her journey towards being bigger.

It wasn’t as if she was tiny to begin with; while the dracat was nothing special compared to some of the larger folks out in the world, she was perfectly average and could very easily blend into a crowd if she so wanted it, assuming her wings were drawn close to her body. That, however, was the crux of the issue: she was *average*, she *didn’t* stand out; she couldn’t take a single step and have everyone around her look in her general direction, she couldn’t dominate a room purely by walking into it and *being* there, she couldn’t command the attention of whoever happened to be closest to her by sheer force of presence, and that... that was something that couldn’t carry on being. Not when the world suddenly had hyperts in it, not when it was proven beyond the shadow of a doubt that one’s body *could* be extended past limits that were once considered near-sacrosanct; it was only a matter of time before someone figured out the correct sequence of genetic code that would allow a targeted genemodding to trigger AHS, but the dracat wasn’t about to wait for potentially *decades* before the discovery became commercial available, nor was she about to spend her entire life savings on it when, quite clearly, other, cheaper alternatives were available. Granted, she might’ve just been scammed, and that indeed was the more likely scenario, but the chee liked to think positively, and thus it didn’t take long before all of her clothes were thrown on the ground in the middle of the living room and she ran into the bathroom, wanting to try out the body wash in its natural element: a hot, relaxing shower. It was the perfect location for a growth spurt as well, seeing as the plastic dividers around her made for the best possible obstacle to be overcome, just like in those comics and videos she absolutely didn’t have saved in an encrypted folder on her computer desktop; the dracat could see it already, her body bulging outwards in every direction, smushing itself against the cheap plastic before breaking it apart, allowing her full, overstretched, bloated form to spill out into the bathroom proper before the transformation took out the rest of her house. She could envision herself as a giantess, a landmark really, that all could see if only they would raise their eyes towards the heavens; she could see her size, her curves, her proportions, all marvelously exaggerated and made far too big for her own ability to carry them, and as she did so, so too did her body temperature slowly rise to meet that of the hot water pouring over her. The blush on her cheeks was practically incandescent as the dracat uncapped the bottle and poured out some of its thick, near-syrupy contents, slathering as much of herself as she could in the stuff; at the very least, even if it did nothing, it was genuinely a pretty good body wash, at least in terms of how *soft* it seemed to make her fur. In fact, parts of it seemed to vanish outright instead of being washed

away by the shower water, almost as if the substance was being absorbed into her rather than cleaned off... which only served to further exacerbate Xili's already sky-high expectations for the product. That nothing actually happened didn't do anything to dampen her expectations, nor the fact that dumping even more of the body wash onto her body did absolutely naught but leave her fur exceptionally soft and velvety; the dracat had half a mind to just keep rubbing herself in the hopes of triggering... something, *anything* really, since at the very least it felt undeniably pleasurable to do so. She wasn't thinking about probabilities or advertising law, certainly wasn't considering the possibility that all she got in the mail was some sort of random chemical concoction which would most certainly deprive her of her fur coating in large, random patches; all she cared for was how, quite frankly, *sensual* the experience felt, how her fingers running across her frame was the single best stimulation she'd been on the receiving end for the past several months, coincidentally reminding her that she really must go out more in order to share this wonderful sensation with someone else for a full night. In the meantime, however, there was no one there but herself, no one there to process those feelings, no one there to notice how the first changes had already begun to take place, down below her waist and between her legs, where her hands had yet to wander properly. The sheath was always the last part to be visited by her fingers, if for no other reason than the fact that, as soon as it was, there'd be nothing left in Xili's mind, and nowhere else to go but in a direction that would require further clean-up once it was done and dusted; thankfully, she *was* in the shower, giving her every reason she could possibly want to stop thinking about that and just enjoy herself. And, seeing as the heightened arousal provided by the wonderfully smooth body wash had seemed to infiltrate into her very mind, the dracat didn't exactly notice when her fingers found a sheath that was noticeably *plumper* than it had been before, nor did her mind put the pieces together to realize that what she was feeling coming out from inside of it was significantly thicker and meatier than it ever had been, even in its turgid state. All she cared about was maximizing the pleasure she felt at that exact moment, to *live* in it, to bathe fully in it, to be inundated and flooded by it until there was nothing else left for her to truly experience; her world had to be that instant, stretched out to infinity: the sounds of rushing water, the heat rolling down her form, concentrating between her legs, her fingers pushing against thick, soft flesh, and her nethers erupting outwards as her arousal reached the first peak in the long climb to climax. It was a blessing of hers, that her stamina was such that it took quite a lot of work to actually achieve orgasm; there used to be a time when Xili considered this to be a curse, something she was *saddled* with, as it did make it difficult whenever she shared a bed with someone. With more practice, however, it slowly became clear that what she had was the perfect tool for dominance, the ability to stay "on" for such a long time before crashing that no lover could ever hope to compete with her in raw endurance, allowing her to both thoroughly enjoy herself, and made sure whatever partner *du jour* was inside her bedroom could be brought to the edge multiple times before she herself even got close. When alone, this usually translated into an hour-long marathon, a battle between her stamina and her muscle power's ability to keep her hands and wrists moving before finally going limp and unresponsive. Amazingly, the latter never won, though it did put up a valiant fight most of the time.

Not that time though. Whether it be the shampoo itself or her body suddenly deciding to grow outwards, far in excess to what it usually did during states of heightened arousal, it felt as if the chee's sensitivity had skyrocketed to levels never before seen; even something as relatively simple as a light touch, the slightest running of a finger across her form, was enough to set her off, enough to leave the dracat reeling from the onslaught of pleasure waves crashing through her body and the electrical jolts firing up her spine. This was to say nothing of what happened when her fingers finally began working her sheath in earnest, when they pushed down gently on the plump, furred flesh and felt the rock-solid rod hiding just underneath it, when they worked and kneaded that thing until Xili could feel her shaft protruding outwards as it rose to full mast. To say that it was mind-numbing would be an understatement, to claim it felt good an absolute travesty to the concept itself; what she was going through at that moment could never be explained, only *lived*, and thus the dracat figured the best thing to do was anchor her feet as best she could on the shower floor, lean back against the wall, and then let instinct take over. No need for any concerns, no need for worries, just herself, her cock and the ten fingers that nature gave her being put to their best possible use, pressing and pushing and massaging and stroking and whatever else came to mind, Xili's control over her own gestures slowly, but surely, degrading to the point where all she could do was the effective equivalent of flailing about while trying to fend off an unassailable opponent; there was still a part of her that insisted on restraint, the smallest possible nucleus in the very center of her mind, demanding that she have *some* degree of self-restraint. It was beset on all sides by enemies that the chee had never once considered even existed, impulses and desires that felt as if they had come from nowhere, rather than having been hiding in the bushes waiting for an opportunity to strike; now that the growth had begun in earnest, now that the big cat was about to get a whole lot bigger, they could afford to take over and impose themselves, thoroughly reformatting Xili's mind until the only thing left of its old self was the knowledge that she was, indeed, a dracat-cheetah called Xilimyth, while everything else was thrown out in favour of living the moment for all perpetuity. Such thoughts ran through her head at a million miles an hour while her body very much took its time in giving the feline the prize she was looking for, but it was precisely this difference in pace that made it all the more delicious; by the time that the growth spurt had made itself evident, Xili had already succumbed *fully* to the very impulses that had led to her buying the body wash that caused the spurt to begin with, bringing with this new state of mind a renewed enthusiasm and a near-childish glee for whatever was to happen next. She even managed to open her eyes so she could take a good look at what was happening, only for them to go even wider as the dracat noticed *how* large her rod had become in those short couple of minutes where she battled herself; she'd never been small down there, but then again, much like the rest of her, she'd never been more than average either, so looking down at something that was quite clearly at least a foot long made it difficult for the dracat to process what was happening. It couldn't be true, it couldn't be real, because this was the sort of scenario that she knew for a fact she'd dreamed of dozens of times in the past; clearly, everything that had happened that "day" so far had been a long, highly-intricate lucid dream and her realization of that would snap her back into reality, to wake up on her bed, coated in her own

slick juices after a very wet night... until it didn't, of course. Until it just kept going, until one foot gave way to two, until two gave way to four, until the girthy rod that Xili was holding onto grew thick enough that, even with two hands holding its full circumference, the dracat still couldn't fully cover the full length of it, something that was only aggravated with each moment that passed. Didn't take much longer before she heard the plastic dividers keeping the bathroom floor dry start to strain, bending underneath the mounting pressure exerted by the tip of her shaft, then most of its length when it bent upwards from lack of space; it was race to see who would break first, one that was already decided before it even began, and one where the only variable was whether or not Xili's cock would reach the ceiling before breaking through the one barrier keeping it from taking up most of the bathroom just inches away from it. Xili herself wasn't about to do anything to stop it either; as far as she was concerned, her job was to stand there and let it happen, to watch as she grew so much bigger than before that it became genuinely concerning as to whether she'd be capable of even *moving around* after she was done, especially since the growth spurt seemed endless. No matter how big she got, her body somehow found a way to keep going, until the dracat probably needed a couple of extra hands just to be able to hold her dick properly without leaving any gaps... and even then, only in a small fraction of its full length, and only for a couple of seconds before the rod blew clean through that size as well. Thick droplets of pre began falling on her head, before the flow thickened considerably and it felt as if she was experiencing the biggest climax of her life, if not for the fact that her brain and cock were both telling her that she had plenty more time left before reaching *that* particular hurdle; no, it just so happened that her potency and virility had both been upgraded so far beyond their usual levels that what used to be naught but a thin, clear trickle had become so powerful as to far outshine even the biggest of breeders' full release, hinting at the absolute monstrosity of a climax that was waiting to sneak up on Xili and her unsuspecting house. And with each moment more that passed, this prediction only got more absurd, until it became clear that whenever the chee crossed the line into outright orgasm, wherever her dick was pointed would most likely need some masonry work, because the blast would be so potent as to pierce right through the wall and possibly still manage to land on the next property over... a thought that, itself, only hastened this fate, as the mental image of being *that* big and *that* productive did very little but arouse Xili even further, and coincidentally bring attention to a very much neglected part of herself: the cumtanks pressing down against the floor below. So much attention to the shaft and not a single one offered to the very reason (or pair of reasons, at least) why Xili was having two baths at once; it was downright criminal, especially with how densely packed and *massive* those things had become, and very literally so on that latter descriptor. If there was one certainty in the chee's mind, it was that she'd be thoroughly unable to lift even a single one of those, not with the amount of strength she had left, consigning her to immobility for as long as they remained full... which, really, shouldn't be that much of a problem judging by the ceiling-height rod she had on full display. Or at least, that's what Xili hoped; the last thing she needed was for her growth spurt to turn out to be so disproportionate that she'd be stuck in her shower until someone showed up with some sort of cart for her nuts, and while the notion of needing to be wheeled around was

undeniably about as hot as the water pouring down her form, it'd be incredibly inconvenient for her everyday life... assuming, of course, she still wanted to retain anything resembling one of those after she was finished with herself. In fact, the longer she spent focusing on the increasingly-large and ever-heavier cum factories between her legs, the less Xili really wanted to think about anything else; if it were up to her, she'd just stand there, unthinking, unblinking, staring down at a pair of nuts big enough to force her to move her legs further apart every other second, not even thinking about how she was still inside a very cramped space that didn't exactly offer a lot of room of move around in. She wasn't even thinking about that once she was swept off her feet, when every available square inch of surface area was taken up by her beanbag-sized sack and her body was pushed upwards as the water splashing down from the showerhead started to trickle outwards into the bathroom proper, lacking any access to the drain; the only moment where Xili was somewhere remotely resembling reality, when her mind was brought back down from cloud nine *just* enough to tangentially graze what she was actually experiencing, the one thing the dracat did was... moan. Moan, as loudly as she could, that her neighbors could hear her and know exactly what was on her mind, that the whole *world* would be made aware that a monster had been unleashed and it wouldn't be satisfied until everything was consumed by its ever-growing shadow. This was, at least, the train of thought that Xili found herself trapped in, the only one that her brain allowed her to have as a sort of self-defence mechanism; what else could she think about, when her cock was already bending at an odd angle just to be able to fit in the diminishing amount of space it had, and the plastic walls keeping her from spilling out of the shower was shown to be wholly incapable to hold her back? She was lucky to even be able to think at all, especially with the amount of stimulation her brain had to deal with; its poor pleasure centers were so thoroughly overworked that, at one point, they simply ceased functioning altogether, leaving Xili in a fugue state where her unfocused eyes kept staring into the middle distance as her ears failed to process the cacophony of groaning coming from all around her, escalating in intensity until, with a final crack, everything came crashing down.

It wasn't so much a gradual cascade as a singular moment, where the shower existed in one second and then nothing was there but rubble in the next... or whatever counted for rubble when one dealt with plastic. In an instant, Xili went from being compressed inside of a tight, cramped, constricting space to having all the room she could possibly want, at least until her body grew big enough to occupy the bathroom and triggered yet another round of the dracat fighting against her surroundings until they budged, in an eternal recurrence that would never truly end... or maybe only once she ran out of the shampoo-body wash combo that made her that huge to begin with. It felt like such a long time ago, enough that Xili was happy to just ignore it and assume that she'd always been that big, a perfect personal fantasy that played so much into her lurid little dreams that it was a wonder the dracat hadn't actually climaxed yet, though that much wasn't that far away either; it was impossible to be in her position and *not* want to cum one's brains out, and with only her increasingly-frayed stamina holding back the inevitable, the transition from tight-and-cramped to fully free was a bit too much for her mind and body to handle.