

Xilimyth's Epoch

Xilimyth crushed upon the barren, rocky planet creating no more than a muffled thump, and even then, only inside hir head. The lack of atmosphere meant the earthen shockwaves of hir immense, muscled bulk sundering the upper crust were nearly silent through the system shi landed upon. Carbon, iron, nickel, thousands of kilometers of destruction rocked the face of the massive sphere circling the white-hot neutron star that gave light and heat to a lifeless system. Shi knew what this event sounded like on planets with an atmosphere when shi went in at this size.

This time, nobody was around to care. Who would miss this single star in their night sky?

Black and yellow spotted fur stood in defiance to the lack of air, in defiance of the crushing gravity, impervious to the magnetic field that lashed from the star almost visible in it's severity. This particular star was a Magnetar, producing the strongest magnetic field of all other star types. Staring up at it, only a few billion kilometers away, the celestial cheetah flexed hir muscled arms and wings and took a deep breath of air that did not exist.

Some habits are lovingly kept despite their pointlessness.

A fitting trail of thought as the draconic-winged titancat reached up and grasped the magnetic forces inherent in the planet and star alike. Hir fist clenched, forging matter from energy to fold fields of force around the curves of hir flexing fingers.

Besides, breaking reality isn't as fun as bending it.

On the far side of the barren planet forty times larger than Earth, an identical feminine cheetah took shape. Not from flesh, but from the screeching magnetic forces being rent from their comfortable laws of physics. No more than an echo of the being on the other side, hir body reflected Xilimyth's motions. Streamers of magnetic energy spilled from hir extremities, yet even these universal forces eventually bent and spun towards the true version of hir on the other side. Xilimyth felt hir magnetic opposite and smiled.

"Be." Shi said to the soundless void around hir and released the solid core of magnetism.

The planet jerked in orbit, as if doing a double-take, and then began to rotate. Twisting, unnatural, finding a new alignment that its former poles were hopeless to stop. Xilimyth slowly turned her body to continue facing the neutron star to better grasp the magnetic field, like so much spaghetti, and shape it into a delicious meal for her new creation. The blazing white sphere shuddered.

Xilimyth fed magnetism from the star and planet into hir polar twin, ignoring how the stone and earth metals of the planet beneath hir feet bucked and twisted. The planet began to lose its spherical shape, while Xilimyth's magnetic twin began to take on greater spherical shapes. Her will sucked the electrons binding the planet towards the glowing, ephemeral cat, weaving their energy around hir into a more pleasing figure. Continuing to mirror hir creator, lines of energy defining hir musculature built around an empty sphere exactly the size held in Xilimyth's hand, across the crumbling planet.

The Magnatar dimmed as it began to crumple like so much crushed paper. It was no more able to sustain its shape than it could resist the stripping of its strength to fuel the cat's creation. As Xilimyth observed it, shi drew inspiration. Hir immense muscles bulged, flexing hir wings broadly behind hir to grip yet more strands of wildly lashing magnetic waves and pull them in. The star's dying strength proved at least a little resilient. Just enough to encourage Xilimyth's body to ripple with immeasurable amounts of additional mass.

As the cheetah grew larger and stronger, shi scooped up every strand of power the star flung at hir and molded it into additional shapes for hir likewise growing counterpart. A tickle above hir rump made hir giggle, as shi could feel the magnetic reflection on hir own body. Hir energetic masterpiece was going to be shaped a little differently from hir own form.

Across the planet, the back end of the magnetic Xilimyth pushed outwards, immensely muscled lower legs digging into the ground of the increasingly flattened planet. Hir torso began to extend upwards, until it fell forwards, forepaws creating craters across planes of nickel and carbon.

Magnataur. Shi thought, giggling internally to the obtuse and convoluted pun that served to create a new form for himself.

Such humor was integral in Xilimyth's creative process. A sweet thought, a dazzling gift, a romantic opportunity, all served to give life to hir inspirations. A whim was all it took for hir to choose this uninhabited star system whose light barely flickered in the skies of any nearby civilizations. It was something nobody would miss until it was too late.

But not all Xilimyth's were created with pleasurable intents. As shi refocused hir efforts the planet below them finally collapsed into a pancake of ferrous mass. Xilimyth stood hir ground from the most intense aura of gravity warp shi had ever felt. Magnataur Xilimyth stood opposite; Forepaws touching only a thousand meters apart, hind paws near the edge of the thinning disc. The two of them rotated, until hir Magnataur form stood directly facing the sputtering remnants of the rent, desiccated star, as if looking at it.

Xilimyth closed hir eyes and relaxed hir grip on the wire bonds of pure force, as the last of the star's power was soaked up by hir creation. Shi felt them snap through the metal disc below hir, cleaving it in three sections.

Armored Magnataur, at that! Shi thought to himself again, weaving good humor and an entire planet into the essential makeup of hir magnetic creation. In the now empty void of space, shi felt the rhythm of hir new self.

As the disc twisted and formed into plates across the Magnataur's body, Xilimyth's paws touched directly to the forepaws of hir nearly complete creation. Tingles began to travel up the kilometers of Xilimyth's nerves. The feeling of the magnetic heartbeat of hir creation took on a semblance of life.

Xilimyth paused, considering for a moment as shi looked down at what appeared to be a mirror of hirself with far more out the back end. It looked back down at hir, eyes of accretion discs focusing on hir creator. Xilimyth felt a flicker of contact.

In a smile and another sigh, Xilimyth began to sink through the gravity-formed paws of hir tauric self. The brief spark of independent sentience was erased as Xilimyth took this body for hir own. Shi smoothly bent and rotated until hir eyes aligned with the miniature black holes of hir copy.

Coexisting.

Integrating.

Indistinguishable.

And, as shi wiggled hir hind paws experimentally, fully intertwined.

Xilimyth was a Magnataur.

Usually, transformations come from within! Perhaps I'll let this body roam around on its own when not in use. Shi considered, rekindling the formerly crushed intelligence. Shi let it float in the back of hir mind as an observer and student while Xilimyth piloted this star system beast of a body. Turning hir upper torso to appraise the dexterity limits of hir new form, shi found shi couldn't go a full half-circle backwards. Although, shi could get close enough to reach hir left flank with hir right paw.

Untwisting, shi curled until shi could grab hir hind paws with hir hands, forepaws joining in the grapple. Hir tauric body was catlike, but thicker than a cheetah's, as if incredibly well fed and powerfully muscled. Hir yellow-and-black spotted fur stood vibrantly in the lightless expanse of the void, backdropped only by distant twinkling stars. Hir exposed toe-beans and nose glittered pink with an undertone of refracting light. The outline of the cheetah-taur shone with the appearance of a thin accretion disk. The protective aura that ensured her magnetic field remained contained. Not an impenetrable defense to beings like hir, but enough.

The condensed planet, flattened and cut, wrapped around hir legs and limbs to take the form of armor. Shi approved of their heft and how they felt on hir immense muscles; tight to hir fur, bending when shi flexed, and adhering when shi relaxed. A dull gray of crushed stone and metal, shi briefly flexed the magnetic fields across hir body, forcibly smashing atoms together or breaking them apart to produce a shining red alloy. It would resize to fit hir at any scale, and none but the cheetah-taur could remove or damage it.

Hir form complete, Xilimyth surveyed hir position in space and time while reconnecting with hir greater sense of self in the realities above the one shi floated in. Raising hir powerfully muscled right arm in every one of these realities, shi simultaneously snapped hir finger in all of them and transported hirself elsewhere at the speed of rea/

/lity revision. The yellow sun of this new location shone down upon hir and the savannah grasses that stretched for miles. Echoes of hir finger snap clicked out across the

walls between realities. The second clue shi would leave behind as shi continued hir effect upon this chosen universe.

Xilimyth flexed hir tauric feline form and began to trot forward, feeling the heft and motion of hir new shape. Shi was not used to being in a taur form, but as the miles of grasses were stomped beneath pounding paws shi adjusted quickly into it. Shi noticed the plants bent towards hir as shi passed. Even the ground attempted to curl in towards hir incredibly dense form, a hulking singularity.

The grasses quivered as shi passed and dust rose behind hir in a gathering cloud, lighting flickering between the tiny particles. Wind lashed in a vortex from every bound of hir heavy paws across miles of plains. Rumbling footfalls followed each pulse of magnetic-organic locomotion. Shi felt the forces at play within hir interact with the physical laws around hir, bending them by merely being a thunderous anomaly of feline power. A glimpse behind hir as shi ran past mountains showed the lightning trail shi left shimmered with an azure glimmer. Crystallized lightning clinked to the ground in a destructive trail. A whim, a roll of hir shoulders, and the electrified gems dug into the ground as burrowing roots to sprout, eventually, into civilization-cradling flora.

Turning hir head towards the sky and the sun that hang over head, Xilimyth pounded hir back legs to the ground, cracking the tectonic plate as shi lifted off the planet and onto the nearest moon. From hir perspective, shi wasn't moving as much as hir surroundings whizzed by hir, creating a tunnel of atmosphere linking satellite to the larger sphere below. The dust that followed transformed into dragons and birds that twined and fed off the magnetic poles that permitted such an atmospheric impossibility.

Satisfied that this world was set on an evolutionary path befitting hir new form, Xilimyth also felt satisfied with this worshipful body shi now possessed. As the moon sprouted electric, sapphire-hued life across its surface shi bestowed the creatures here with a modicum of hir magnetic power. Shi created not just physical incarnations of hir form but of hir rapacious and fecund essence as well. Fitting that the smaller sphere possess the stronger life, likely to be worshipped as gods. The stars themselves glittered off their crystalline hides.

Next, Xilimyth cast hir attention to a broader span. The sensation of surrounding star systems pressed against hir magnetic base like a gentle, distant massage. Elevating off the moon and beyond the single system shi had dimensionally shifted to, shi began to slowly drink in the forces gently tugging at hir. She was both pulling nebulae closer and swelling hir already immense form beyond the current limits of the single sun shi had been cast from.

Muscles bulged. Power seeked to demonstrate itself as ripples of mass swelled bigger in cosmic pulses of matter-energy conversion. Limbs thickened from wings to hands, forelegs to hind-legs, and even hir tail poofed fuller and fluffier with beyond-dense, beyond-big qualities. From yellow lifegiving suns and their orange cousins shi drew sensual curves. A gentler wave of nuclear fission decorated the blue-and-white magnetic fields roiling within hir. From the darkly burning red giants shi surged orders of magnitude larger, detonating mass to achieve billions of kilometers in scale.

From the perspective of the Xiliverse shi left behind, millions of years of evolution for cristo-magnetic life progressed, catapulting into trillions of species of Magnataur ecosystem. Primitive cultures worshipped the dracofeline gods above, wove magnetic magics, and strengthened themselves with competitive growth. Those that grew the strongest would ascend to the Mythmoon and become legends, mingling with the inorganic Mythcrystal life to unlock the secrets of their progenitor, Xilimyth.

As the goddess swelled in size and scale, hir influence over greater cosmic forces, of spinning galaxies and circulating clusters, also grew. Shi prowled across the eons, stirring the rising civilizations to spread hir name and worship amongst them. Shi granted blessing with every breath, letting the worthiest experience powerful, galaxy-spanning growth spurts once they understood what it was like to be Xilimyth.

As more and more creatures, continents, and local clusters began to believe and pray to the power of the Magnataur, Xilimyth grew beyond the scale of this increasingly cramped universe. Four dimensions felt like an uncomfortable box shi could barely flex in, much less sprawl out on all four legs. What little room there was shrank more quickly when hir followers began to grow large and powerful enough to ascend past their own local clusters, scarpering like mice on the tapestry of reality that was Xilimyth.

Xilimyth pushed through to larger definitions with a heavy roll of hir shoulders, falling into the waiting arms and wings of millions of more, far larger, Xilimyths. They had been awaiting the arrival of this unique, magnetic body, in such a powerful tauric shape! Rumbling purrs thrummed across broad chests as paws and hands scruffed deeply into pelt and draco-feline flank. Shi explored every sensation of touching and being touched by himself. Thousands of new perspectives developed once hir origin reality began to spill forth with even more, greater Magnataur Xilimyths.

All round, larger and larger felines poured into existence, often eager to display their own unique features and inspired shapes. Some peeled open the heavens to land a single immense paw upon the endless landscape of endless cheetahs. Others cascading forth from seemingly random spots in the air in a great tide of flexing, flying drakitties eager to push aside any who would take up more space than them.

As fondness grew for hir tauric versions, other aspects came to be. Serpentine Couatl-cat gods slithered into sight, coiling their great bulks across others to share the sensation of sensual nagas and other snake-taur variants. Bird and bat-cat taurs swung and dove through the air in competitive wrestling matches, while muscled draco-centaurs thundered through forests of macro-feline legs. The entire landscape formed across endlessly multiplying and stretching necks of hydrataurs. Their lengthy lower bodies likewise branching out and piled over each other, hind legs pawing at flanks and smushing most other universe-spanning cats beneath them.

Satisfied at the rate of universi, realities, and canonities being created, filled, and spilling out into hir awareness, Xilimyth drew herself upward from hir endless array of physical sensations shared across every one of hir physical bodies. Hir sentience ascended beyond that of hir own endless strength, enjoying the happy burble everywhere hir omniscience touched. Some of hir selves played with poles to maintain relativity to each other, while many others batted themselves about like floating cat-toys. Their

higher thought processes aided the greater hivemind of Xilimyth. Their physical natures, and often their hormones, took command of hir physical bodies. Quite capable of calculation, but more akin to playful autopilot.

Connecting once more to hir greater sense of selves across endless multiverse, Xilimyth considered several realms shi left untouched; those occupied by hir friends and loved ones, spirits and souls and material forms given only slight hints to the draco-cheetah's immense size. Delicately, shi leaked several of hir new tauric bodies into every one of the dimensions hir friends could be found in, prowling sweetly in pursuit of them with purring giggles and ominously rumbling creaks of growth. Shi would let them each explore and experience hir new shape and powers.

As massive, cheetah-dragontaur with magnetic powers invaded each and every reality hir friends could be found in, shi drew from the reactions of hir playmates new ideas, new inspirations, new essences. For some, shi began to shape their bodies to mimic hers, or breathe massiveness unimagined into bodies eager to explore new scales. For the most enthusiastic, shi transformed their bodies and minds into closer and closer replicas of Xilimyth, then slowly introduced them into the infinite possibilities that shi represented. Billions of these encounters shi had. The forms, shapes and colors decorated Xilimyth's dimensional spaces with enthusiastic growth spurts.

Timeless, endless expanses of Xilimyth filled every concept and contour of huge. And as a nearly all-encompassing cloud of flexing cheetah limbs gradually *did* encompass all that was, there were still quite a few pockets of infinite sizes that viewed the proceedings from comfortable seats and lavish viewing rooms. For some, it was like watching a supernova, furs clinking wine glasses at a fine demonstration of power. For others, an amusing IMAX experience, interspersed with raucous amounts of riffs, jokes and puns.

In each of them, a single and modestly massive Xilimyth lounged in hir grandiose tauric frame, which several friends sprawled upon like a massive cat-couch ogling the growing onslaught of cats and the scales they reached. A few clutched close as whatever forces kept these realities isolated from Xilimyth's canonicity-crushing God Mode powers still seemed to struggle in some cases – though if it was a playful game of cat and mouse or a never ending series of desperate escapes depended entirely on whether a nervous-looking squirrel, or a powerfully built bat, was also present, and the innermost desires of all Xilimyth's friends that were present.

"Enjoying the show?" Echoen asked Xilimyth boldly, weaving together the desires and fears of a half-dozen of Xilimyth's guests for the night's entertainment; watching Xilimyth's clones surge through an entire city converting everyone into flexing giant draco-cheetahs.

"It is a bit much, dear." Xilimyth replied, gently pinning one of her squirmiest associates beneath one massive, fuzzy paw. "My guests seem to want to throw themselves at the screen. Could you tone it down?"

"I could." The bat replied, standing aside as another patron escaped Xilimyth's clutches and entered the scene playing out on the screen. A massive green kangaroo promptly cratered half the continent in a belly-flop. "But then you wouldn't suddenly be inspired to make a kangaroo-form."

Echoen winked as reality calved off into two more timelines and normalities; one in which Xilimyth had always been a massive kanga-dragon, and one in which Xilimyth simply laughed it off. A few realities over, a chorus of lizards riffed about with Xilimyth by shouting “Kanga-baaaalll!” and “Green Roos and WHAM!”

“Not only that, Xiimyth!” Balros said while being pinned by fourteen different Xilimyth’s paws. He was fairly far deep into one reality in which an ‘unfortunate’ Xilimyth-related growth epidemic was ‘coincidentally’ occurring at that moment. Somewhat like an actor speaking to the audience. Taking a break, he fluffily bounced out of that reality, leaving behind a very embarrassed copy of himself that would have to find his own escape from forty Xilimyths. Briefly, both Balros’ gazes met, one with pleading eyes and the other shrugging at him as if it just couldn’t be helped. Grumbling, the Balros left behind returned his attention to the four hundred Xilimyths that were rewriting reality around him.

“You did tell me to continue to write for you past the 3K mark, and you wouldn’t have much to look forward to if we only kept it here.” The green-eyed squirrel-floof bowed grinning before Xilimyth inside a somewhat more humble abode. It contained only the squirrel, the bat, and the biggest cheetah-dragon goddess there ever had been. His piece said, Balros scrambled up onto Echoen’s backside, zippering her up like some hyper-advanced fursuit. Once in, the zipper vanished, and it was as if he had never been here in the first place.

The sound of a very large, very strong zipper being strained by a *lot* of pressure behind it sounded off, making Xilimyth blush while folding one paw across hir lap. Echoen lashed hir tongue across hir lips, striding forward a single step.

“That being said... you have limited me to a PG rating. Quite the handicap you’ve given me, but...” The powerfully muscled, chocolate-furred chiroptera murmured. A rumble that transmuted all Xilimyth’s surroundings into pliant textures begging for input.

“I’ll find a way to make it work. For an additional fee, of course.”

The word “Zipper” was removed from every dictionary.