

The beast tried to sneak away again. Always scurrying away, chirping mockery in that foul language.

Her eyes narrowed in concentration; feathers flattened against her skull like a cat about to pounce. Her wings flickered a few times as she prepared herself.

The red eyes of her prey glared at her challengingly... and darted away.

She flew at great speed, moving between the obstacles, the cracks, the holes. She followed the thing over a long pipe, always hovering an inch or two off the ground. She moved like an eagle, like a peerless hunter of the sky, always in pursuit of her prey.

The little pest mocked her with each flick of its tail, reminding her she had yet to truly catch up. She might be fast, but *it* knew every nook and cranny of this structure far better than she did.

Even still, she would not relent; she would give chase to this thing till the ends of the earth if need be. She had tolerated its mockery, its thieving ways, its hateful, hateful chirping for far too long!

It was almost within reach, that tail that lashed out from side to side, she just needed to-!

Light filled her vision as they passed through a hole.

She was temporarily blinded and missed how the rat darted away in the last second.

Tirilee screeched right before she collided with the table's leg.

"Ehhhh," She plopped down on the floor after a moment of being plastered against the hard wood. The impact had rattled her world.

Once more, the rat got away.

Tirilee sat up, grumbling to herself as she began flying upward. She dusted off the tufts of fur around her forearms and legs, and patted down to the patterns of black stripes that covered

her more private parts. She looked around for the little pest, but it had disappeared once again.

Much as the fairy loved her home, an alchemist's tower made it the perfect playground for pests. And it was her sacred (self-appointed) duty to make sure Arina's place remained pest-free.

Not that she had had much luck lately.

"Little bastard..." She grumbled this and dust as she kept flying up, moving over the table filled with various assortments. Books, notes, and such. She couldn't help but roll her eyes. This was the *kitchen*, and yet Arina took her work everywhere. She landed on a bowl of grapes and picked one as large as her head and began eating the large (for her) fruit.

The tower was gigantic. Though, to be fair, everything was big to a fairy. They were just used to most of the world being like that.

She idly kept flying, moving past the pantry and going up, passing by various shelves, the storage room where Arina kept all her reagents, and finally reaching the top of the tower where her friend kept the still room. That is, the alchemy room.

The room was filled with glasses and complex sets of alchemical equipment whose purpose often eluded Tirilee's mind. Even the names for most of those things were hard to remember. Big folk always liked to make things so complicated by giving things an unnecessary amount of names. Fairies liked to keep things simple, contrary to popular belief. Wasn't their fault big folk had such trouble understanding their language, preferring their completely drab and uninspired common tongue.

There, in the middle of the room, was the giant (human) who owned the tower. Her friend Arina hummed to herself as she pulled her long black hair in a ponytail, letting two long bangs frame her face in a way that always suited her. She wore a long black skirted dress with a white apron over it to keep it clean whenever she worked on her projects. She walked up to a mortar set as she began grinding herbs into a paste.

She looked so at peace doing it, like every part of her labor brought her satisfaction and a sense of calm. Alchemy was always an interesting craft for Tirilee. Mages and magically inclined creatures could pull from the ether and make spells. But alchemy was about, as Arina put it, drawing from the essence of the natural world to craft magic in a bottle.

And she'd seen it work! Potions that would heal people right up. Red smoke that would reduce metal (especially that hateful iron) to dust. Flasks that would explode with elemental power. And much, much more. It was like having your own mage in your pocket!

She often helped Arina find the best ingredients around. Who better to find the best magical flora than a forest fairy, after all? In return, Arina had made a little room for her to live here, often repaying her with a lot of things fairies couldn't get on their own. Like baked goods! You could only get that in big folk towns!

Though after enough years of knowing each other, Tirilee knew for a fact that the two were friends. She enjoyed talking to Arina, learning from her. Even when learning from her books, the world never felt too big. Arina had this way to make it feel just small and comfy.

Living with her was the best.

She settled on her shoulder, and Arina barely reacted to her presence. "So, what are we cooking today?"

"I am *brewing*," She patiently corrected. "Tonics to sell around town. Seasonal change is near. Lots of running noses and sick children."

"Big folk should just get used to pollen." The fairy argued. "It's the best! You can gather enough, and you can *swim* in it!"

Arina merely smiled. "Of course, the fairy, who is immune to pollen, would say that."

She grumbled. "Maybe it's big folk who are too frail."

The alchemist chuckled before giving her a side glance. "So, lost another fight to the 'Rat King?'"

"It's a demon!" She banged a tiny fist on her shoulder. "A fiend! A creature from the lower realms! This tower used to belong to a warlock, I tell you!"

"I'll keep that in mind when I put the traps again. It's odd, though. That rat always gets the cheese but doesn't spring the straps."

"...That cheese's a trap?" The fairy asked. "I thought you were just leaving me snacks."

The alchemist's expression switched to frustration and worry. "You've been taking the cheese?! Tiri, you could have hurt yourself!"

"Don't yell at me! I didn't know those were traps! You could have told me!"

"What did you think those were, just weird dinner tables for fairies?!"

"Hnnnf!" The fairy flew away from her shoulder, crossing her arms and huffing at her.

Arina's lips pressed together, the corners curled as a snort escaped them. The worry gave way to relief and amusement at her friend's antics. "Just... please be more careful next time. And I'm sorry I didn't properly tell you. I guess I've been getting so used to you being here I just... came to think you were used to the same things as me."

The fairy huffed and glowered, turning away from her friend with a sharp turn. Arina merely giggled and kept working. "Okay, okay..." Tirilee floated around, watching as she prepared the tonic she would sell next time she went to town.

"Hmm..." Tirilee hummed as she rested her head on her palms, lying flat on her stomach as though she was over a solid surface despite floating in the air. Her feathers flattened against her head. "You're going to see Amanda at the village again?" She tried not to sound too sullen about it.

"I'm... afraid we've decided to stay friends."

She perked up. "Really?!"

Careful, don't sound too hopeful.

"We want different things. I want to be out here experimenting. She wants to go to the academy in the capital for her research."

Okay, good. That was good. Arina was too good for her anyway. She needed someone who'd care for her, who wanted the same things she did. Someone who could talk all day about anything and everything...

...someone who'd be her height.

Tirilee floated around with a sudden morose mood. Yeah, the issue about crushing on a big folk, they'd never really consider a relationship with a fairy. There was a certain height threshold at which humans, elves, or orcs would consider you a potential romantic partner. It went from goblin to halfling, then to dwarves. They'd even go for races much taller than them, too.

Fairies though? Not exactly dating material if you could fit them in your palm...

Tirilee was *very* aware of that fact, much to her dismay.

Her drifting led her to the alchemy set by the side, until she got close to a big vial which contained a rather sparkling blue liquid. Her innate magical sensitivity made her hair stand up from the raw magic coursing through that substance. "What's this?" She asked.

Arina briefly turned to look. "Oh, it's a new recipe I've been testing out. Book says it's meant to be a potion of gigantification."

Well... wasn't that *interesting*?

"Really?" She had the largest smile on her lips as she stood by the edge of the glass, peering into its blue depths.

What sort of things could a giant fairy achieve? Fly unafraid of birds mistaking you for a bug? Catch a rodent too smart for its own good? Get the attention of one particularly lovely human?

Well, only one way to find out.

"What do you think would happen if I drink it?"

Arina kept working on her mortar. "I have no idea. I do not believe the recipe was made for fairies in mind."

"Want a test subject?"

Now did the alchemist stop her work to give her friend a warning glare. "Don't even think about it."

"I'm a little close to the edge!" She tiptoed around the vial's finish.

"Tirilee, do not-!"

"Woops!" Tirilee sang, "I'm slipping!"

She 'accidentally' fell into the potion with a soft splash.

The fairy swam in what could be called a sea of grape-flavored juice. Ohhh, so sweet and fizzy. It was *almost* worth feeling so sticky.

Not content with just swimming on the potion, soaking up all the magic juices, Tirilee opened her mouth wide and drank. She drank several gulps of the potion, unwilling to stop until she consumed every last drop. She didn't care that the total volume of the vial exceeded her own body mass by several margins.

She would have kept drinking if not for the world suddenly spinning, the flask rose from the table and tilted, splashing all its contents, and her, onto its wooden surface.

Tirilee's head was woozy from the sudden shake, staring at the blurry sight of her friend glaring down at her. "I cannot believe you were so irresponsible! I tell you not to do it, and you do the opposite!" She slammed the vial down and looked at her like she was a misbehaving child. "Now what do you have to say for yourself?!"

Tirilee burped loudly. And patted her belly with a sigh.

Arina sighed, pinching the bridge of her nose and quickly going over to the other side of the room. "I'll get my potions ready. Who knows what kind of reaction you'll have to so-"

Tirilee stopped listening; it felt like a fog had settled on her mind. She couldn't focus, staring aimlessly at the ceiling. She felt like that one time she ate a piece of that magical mushroom, fuzzy and warm inside.

So very warm.

"Mmng!" She groaned, stretching awkwardly over the wet surface of the table. Her limb felt heavy and stiff, and her joints refused to cooperate. Her breathing grew more ragged, her bosom rising and falling with each pant. "Hng!"

The warmth spread from the depths of her belly to the tips of her extremities, including her wings. The fuzz of her fur stood on end. She felt hot, so hot and heavy.

"Ah!" She gasped as a pang of pain struck through her stomach. Her muscles spasmed and *shuddered*. The flesh groaned like wet leather stretching; dainty limbs thickened as the mass expanded on all sides. Muscles piled up into molehills where there had previously been only small plains. Tirilee twisted and turned, arching her back forward just in time for six rows of toned abdominal muscles to pop out.

Her shoulders inflated with thicker mass, carving small lines into them. Her fingers grabbed onto the wood with such strength that they actually dug into it. Her forearms widened slightly, and the fuzz of her fur seemed to flatten against their surface. Meanwhile, her biceps rose to notable prominence. "Ah! Mm!" She was moaning, for it felt *incredible*.

Her legs had always been rather thick, a point of pride for the fairy. But now, her trembling limbs were spawning denser flesh, pushing out cords of tight muscle. Once more, her fur seemed unable to properly cover her flesh, leading to the patches of skin and lines of definition becoming somewhat visible.

"Ohhhhh!" Her eyes went crossed as the transformation reached its apex.

Oh... Oh, sweet spirits of the forest, that had been *amazing!*

Tirilee slowly stood up and looked down at herself. She was *bigger*. Her body was firm and corded in all the right places. And her *height!* She was now as tall as one of those really tall glasses Arina kept around!

“Wow!” She exclaimed in joy, checking herself out.

“Oh my gods...”

She looked up to see her friend staring at her slack-jawed. Tirilee couldn't help but laugh at her expression. “Close your mouth, or you'll catch flies!”

She did not. Arina kept staring at her in disbelief. “Tirelee, are you okay? H-How do you feel?”

“How do I feel?” Her wings quickly beat, and she rose from the table, floating closer to her face and marveling at the fact that she was now as tall as the length of her friend's head. “I feel I could wrestle down a hog!”

She flexed her arms for emphasis, enjoying the way Arina stared at her.

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Of course, Arina had to get all 'scientific' with her. She couldn't just look at a good thing and leave it be. She had to take notes, ask a hundred questions, just get all concerned about her health, looking at her with those beautiful doe eyes.

Okay, the last part she could live with.

“Amazing.” The alchemist muttered as she used a caliper to measure her new height. “You've doubled in size.” She quickly scrambled to write some more notes. “And that muscle mass you have...”

“Nice, huh?” She playfully flexed an arm, enjoying the way the mound rose. “I bet I rip out a sunflower stalk like it's nothing!”

“More than that, Tirilee,” Arina said. “The giantification potion is meant to double the physical attributes of whoever drinks it. You should be strong enough to lift things multiple times your weight.” She licked her lip as she started thinking. The alchemist snapped her fingers and grabbed a flask. “Can you try lifting this?”

“Sure, let’s give it a go!”

“Okay, I’m going to put it above you.” She carefully did so, and Tirilee reached out until her palms were placed against the crystal base. “And... go!”

To both their amazement, Tirilee did not budge the moment she dropped the flask. She was holding it like it weighed the same as a petal. “Holy...!” The fairy exclaimed, a wild grin stretching on her lips. “That’s amazing!”

“It very much is.” Arina could only numbly agree with a slow nod.

Tirilee decided to show off some more, and her wings fluttered. She rose into the air with the flask still raised over her head. “Presenting, the Strongwoman Fairy! The circus’s new sensation! Watch her amazing juggling act!”

She tried to do just that, throw the flask into the air, catch it in one hand... only for the crystal to slip away from her grasp with a screeching sound.

The human and the fairy both recoiled, closing their eyes as it shattered into a hundred pieces once it hit the ground.

Arina gave her a tired glare.

“Whoops?” She sheepishly smiled.

“I’ll clean this up...” The alchemist sighed. “Try not to break anything more until the potion wears off.”

Tirilee did a double-take. “Wears off? What?”

"It's meant to last an hour or two," Arina explained while grabbing a broom. "You'll be back to normal soon enough." She paused. "You should be anyway, I don't know how long the effect on fairies will be."

"Ohhhh, man!" Her shoulders sagged. "I like being a giant!"

"You're seven inches tall." Arina pointed out, brushing the broken glass with her broom. "That's hardly a giant."

"Giant *fairy!*" She huffed. "I'm now the biggest fairy that's ever lived in my groove! Even bigger than Tumutul! Who was a total of four and a *half* inches tall!" She gasped in awe. "I wonder if I set a new record..."

Arina grinned at her. "Aren't giant talking trees a type of fey?"

"They don't count!" She petulantly stomped on the ground and flew away.

"Sure." The alchemist chuckled. "Alright, go have fun, Miss Giant Fairy. But *try* not to break my house!"

"Sure thing!"

Oh wow, even her wings were stronger! She was flying so fast! She was able to get from the top of the tower to the base in just a few seconds!

Her lips curled into a predatory grin. Oh yes, now that pest would not be getting away.

Tirilee was grateful that the holes in the wall were still large enough for her to move through, even if it did require her to bend a little. The labyrinthian network in the brick, wood, and mortar of Arina's tower remained sufficiently large for her to walk and fly through. She walked by the little clubhouse she had made for herself and a few friendly ants that often passed by, and winced. Oh boy, that little straw bed she made wouldn't fit her anymore. She'd have to ask Arina for a shoebox.

Anyway, right now she was on a timetable. She moved through the network in the walls and floors of the tower, sniffing around to catch the foul scent of her prey. Ahhh, it smelled of desperation... and *cheese*.

Little asshole stole her snacks!

She growled, squaring her shoulders and making them flex in response. She flew towards the source of the scent until her sensitive ears picked up a tiny chirping.

There, sitting under a tiny ray of light coming from a hole in the floor above, was the thief. It was eating a seed, most likely taken from Arina's pantry.

"No getting away from me this time, rodent." She boasted, placing her fists on her hips and flaring her toned physique in a classic intimidation tactic. "I am far mightier than you could ever imagine!"

The rat merely chirped and tilted its head at her.

"The hunt is on, pest!" Her wings beat rapidly, and she gave chase.

The rat quickly turned tail and ran, but Tirilee was faster this time. Oh yes, she could taste victory already, all she had to do was reach out and grab that annoying tail that had endlessly mocked her and-!

"Ooof!"

She came to a sudden halt. And that rat slipped away until it was out of her sight.

"The hell...?"

She squirmed, feeling trapped. The walls had somehow closed in around her, rendering her unable to move.

"Did this place get smaller or...?"

Oh... Oh, there was that warm feeling again. That sensation in her limbs that felt like someone was injecting hot magma straight into her veins.

“Oh boy!” She groaned, squeezing her eyes shut as every muscle started getting so painfully tight. “Here we... go!”

It wasn't just her muscles that were tight. The walls were coaxing her, squeezing her until it hurt. The wood groaned in protest against growing bulk, but her muscles, her entire body, would not stop.

It creaked and splintered the more she expanded in every direction.

“Hnnng!” Tirilee gritted her teeth and stared at her outstretched arm, watching in absolute awe at how *thick* it was getting. The way the muscles piled on top of each other until they were competing for room. The black stripes around her arm, the fuzz on her forearm, they did little to hide how deep the definition in them was getting. A squeeze of her fist, and her bicep *exploded*.

Oh gods, it felt just as good as last time.

The wood *cracked*.

“Mhgn! Ahg!” She grunted, expanding more and more as she became far too large for this tiny space under the floor, her ample back pushed against the surface, making a mound of deformed and splintering wood rise above her.

Until it finally *burst*, and Tiralee emerged from the floor.

She panted, sweating profusely as she rode out the high of her new growth. That... That had been intense. And painful. And...

...The furniture had never looked so small to her.

The world around her had always been this enormous thing, filled with giant objects and people. A tiny spot in a landscape of endless mountains.

But now?

The stool was shorter than her!

She was taller than the *stool!*

“Oh my gods!” She cried out in joy.

“Oh my gods!” She heard Arina’s voice cry out in shock.

She looked at the stairwell and spotted her friend leaning over the railing, looking absolutely mortified.

It might be from the fact that her fairy friend was now large enough to use a chair (Tirilee swore she’d use every single chair she saw), or it might be the giant hole in the floor she was emerging from.

“...So, I broke some stuff.” The fairy once more gave her a sheepish, apologetic look. “Sorry.”

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Tirilee was at the top of the world.

She had climbed the highest peak.

Braved the greatest challenges.

All lands were hers by right.

The stars were within reach.

There were no more worlds to conquer!

Tirilee... sat on a stool.

Not in the middle of its surface, not on the edge where her legs dangled.

She sat firmly on the stool, feet touching the floor.

“So, this is what it feels...” She took in a deep breath, incidentally flaring out her wide torso.
“To be a god.”

“You’re not a god.” Arina droned as she held up a measuring tape and waved at the now quite large fairy to stand up. “You’re just big for a fairy.”

“I am the greatest fairy that’s ever lived!” She boasted, extending her arms and then flexing them, she was rewarded with biceps the size of grapefruits, striated and coursing with power. “A god among fairies!” She stood up with a jump and looked up at Arina. It was just *marvelous* to reach even her friend’s stomach. For the alchemist was no longer a giant; she was well within reach. She could just put her arms around her and hug her any time she wanted!

Arina measured her new height with the tape. “You’re 4’5 feet tall, around the average of a dwarf.”

“Ohohoho, I wanna see those beardies call me a pixie now! I’mma steal all their beers!”

“Before you pick up a fight with dwarves in the village,” Arina said with amusement. “I think the best course of action would be to wait a few more days.”

“Wait for what?” The fairy cocked her head.

“Wait to see if the potion has any more surprises in store.” She waved a hand at the fairy’s build. “Not only are you as tall and muscular as a dwarf, but you’re also several magnitudes larger than a fairy of your species. This goes far beyond what the potion was meant to do, and

it triggered another growth *after* the original one.” Arina crossed her arms, placing one hand over her mouth and repeatedly tapping her finger over her chin. “I’m... hesitant to say the effects will be temporary anymore.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing!” Tirilee tried to prove her point by lifting the stool she had sat on with one hand. It barely even bothered her. “I’m so strong now! I bet I can lift all the furniture around the hat without breaking a sweat!”

“It is your health I’m concerned about, Tirilee.” The alchemist said with an apprehensive look and a soft voice that just made the fairy feel both concerned and touched at the same time. “What if these changes keep happening? What if they’re having detrimental effects on your organs?”

Okay, when she put it like that...

Tirilee hummed, placing down the stool and giving her friend a look. “I feel fine, I promise.” She mostly didn’t want Arina to worry; she didn’t want to make her feel like that.

“Well...” Arina huffed a sigh, placing her hands on her hips. “I suppose it’s just a matter of waiting. If you’re still feeling okay, then that’s nothing to worry about.” She shifted her expression to one of curiosity. “So, how does it feel to be this size now?”

“Ohhhh my gods it’s like a whole new world!” She made a mad dash for the nearest table, skipping over the whole she accidentally made, and proceeded to just grab everything she could get her hands on. “I’m holding a book! A plate! A cup! I can move things around!” And then she proceeded to just randomly place them on different spots on the table without rhyme or reason, only the desire to prove she could do what no other fairy would be capable of. “Look, I’m picking them up and putting them down all on my own!”

She laughed like it was the most amazing thing in the world. And Arina couldn’t help but smile fondly at just how much joy her friend was having. She chuckled gently behind her hand. “Well, I guess you don’t need my help anymore. You can now get to the pantry yourself.”

Tirilee gasped, and a look of utter wonderment and *hunger* formed on her face. “Yeeeeeees...”

She rushed to the pantry door (and she didn’t even need to fly to get there fast!) and stared up at the wooden piece. For so long, she had been locked away from all the delicious treats locked inside, solely depending on Arina whenever she wanted to snack on something.

“Ohhhohoho!” She rubbed her hands with glee, ignorant of the concerned look her friend was giving her. She reached for the knob, having a good idea of how to work it, as she had seen the alchemist use doors plenty of times.

She grabbed so tightly that the metal and wood on the knob *crumbled* under her grip.

“Open sesame!”

“Wait, Tirilee-!”

She pushed the door, ripping it off its hinges with a single swoop. The wood broke off from the metallic parts, leaving one of them dangling over.

Tirilee looked at the door she was still holding in her hand, a bit too distracted by it, instead of focusing on all the food inside the pantry. “Huh, never did that before.”

“Because you broke it...” Arina said with a very tired tone.

“Ah, checks out.”

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So, learning to handle her strength was a must. Lest she became the doom of every single door, piece of furniture, and glassware in Arina’s tower. “Okay, so turn it around, *slowly*.”

Tirilee was squinting and biting her lip as she gently turned the knob until she heard a proper *click*, and slowly pulled it (it was important to distinguish when to push and pull) close to her. Both the fairy and the alchemist huffed in utmost relief as the door swung open slowly without breaking.

“Wonderful!” Arina cheered with a clap of her hands. “See? Not even a crack.”

“You think I can handle glasses next?!”

“Oh gods no. No crystal until you get a good grasp on your strength.” She handed her a metallic tankard from the table and filled it with sweet apple juice. “Here, drink something.”

Tirilee did so; she tilted the cup over to her lips and drank the contents. The cup emptied much faster than she expected. “Huh, that’s it?” She blinked at it. “I used to be able to swim in the stuff.”

“Well, that’s the reality of things, Tiri.” Her friend replied. “Things that used to be large to you are just normal size now.”

“So, drink, food, I can’t have mountains of those anymore?” Okay, there were downsides to being so big.

Arina chuckled. “It’s not like you could eat a full pastry before. You’ll just have to learn how rationing works.”

“I guess...” Her ears fell flat against her head in disappointment. “I break stuff, and now food runs out faster? I thought I got a good deal out of being big.”

“Oh, there are plenty of good things too.” Her friend bent over a little, reached out for her free hand, and slowly interlocked their fingers until they were grasping each other, palm touching palm. “See? We couldn’t do this before.”

Tirilee’s heart did a funny flip; she didn’t quite know how to explain. “Y-Yeah, that... that feels nice.”

So warm to touch, to just hold someone’s hand...

Touching Arina like this felt like a dream. It made her just so happy she could-!

Arina yelped as two strong arms grabbed her legs, pulling them closer to the fairy as her feet left the ground. She had to balance herself on her friend’s mighty shoulders, feeling the hardness underneath the fuzzy skin.

“All those times you picked me up in your hand!” Tirilee cheered with great joy. “I get to hold you now!”

“Y-Yes, you can!” Arina laughed, a bit crookedly as she still tried to balance herself. It didn’t help that she was also realizing something just now. “You uh... we need to get you clothes.”

“What?” Tirilee slowly set her down. “For what?”

“You’re naked, Tiri.”

“I’ve always been naked.” She waved her hands over her breasts, partly obscured by the black patterns. It had been hard to spot before, but now the striations and greater... volume of body allowed Arina to pick up things that had gone unnoticed before, particularly the outline of her nipples and what was underneath the v-line muscles...

She honestly didn’t know what the big deal was. Most fairies didn’t really care about clothing.

“Yes, well, now that you’re bigger, I’m... noticing it more.” Arina coughed in her hand and awkwardly blushed. “I’ll get you something to wear. Hang on, I must have something around here...”

“Okay, I guess.” It was all the same to her, but if Arina wanted it.

Her friend soon came back with a brown linen shirt and a pair of scissors. She cut large openings in the back so her wings would fit through. “Here you go.”

Tirilee huffed in discomfort as her friend helped her. The thing reached down to the middle of her wide quads, but it was still very tight. She sighed in relief as her head and wings made it through the respective holes. “Ugh, finally...” She looked at herself, twisting and turning and stretching. It felt *weird* to have fabric on her body like this.

“How does it feel?”

“It’s a bit tight, honestly.” She tested its strength by clenching her fist and making the arm muscles tighten. “Especially around my arms...” The shoulders and biceps were pulling the

material, making the seams groan in protest whenever she moved. "It's sturdy enough, at least?"

She gave it an experimental flex, and her eyes widened at the sound of something ripping. A stronger flex of her bicep, and the pale black-lined skin peeked through the fabric as the threads tore around it. "Ohhh, that was fun!"

"Please, try to contain yourself," Arina muttered. "I'm not made of clothes. Also, we still need to get you a bed."

"I have a bed."

"One for your *current size*, Tirilee. Not a shoebox."

"Oh, right..."