

Everyone fell quiet when the colossal lizard walked through the door, just as he always did whenever he wanted to make a scene. Despite the establishment's best efforts to try and kick him out, the obnoxious interloper kept coming back every other night, insisting that he hadn't broken any rules and was thus entitled to whatever services they had, just like any other paying customer. He paid very little heed to the fact that his mere presence was enough to put everyone on edge, given how gleefully they threw their weight around, to say nothing of how loud he was, how often he hit on just about anyone with a set of tits, or even just the fact that he kept breaking things because he never bothered to moderate his own strength, to name but a few bullet points on a list that could take up an entire encyclopedia. It was never anything so bad as to actually break any of the bar's rules, but rather a conglomeration of smaller things that, put together, left the establishment's management in a position where they wanted nothing less than to kick the guy out and declare him *persona non grata*... if it weren't for his size, of course. It'd be one thing if their bouncers could actually remove the small giant from the premises; if that were the case, then their collective headache wouldn't have ever existed. But when the bodybuilder was close to fifteen feet in height and sported a bulk wide enough that the base assumption was steroid abuse, that's when things started to get more complicated; the best they could do was threaten him with a call to the police if anything got too out of line, and in spite of the bar's security staff doing their best to try and look intimidating whenever they hung around him, the lizard knew for a fact that he could walk in and do whatever he wanted, so long as he remembered the toe the line properly.

To him, the bar was his was personal kingdom, to be treated as a fiefdom rather than a place of business, and everyone else inside of it his future subjects, rather than just random folk who wanted to blow off some steam and not have to deal with a cocksure jackward like himself; very few dared to speak up though, as the mere sight of the reptile was enough to cow even the bravest into submission with the implied threat of being smeared against a wall if they did anything to irritate their main source of annoyance. Just like always, the giant walked into the bar that night figuring that he could carry on with this little fiction of his, throwing open the doors with enough force to nearly send them flying off their hinges before loudly announcing his presence to everyone in the building; the music only got louder in response, the DJ deliberately attempting to drown the guy out, but that did very little to discourage the titan from doing what he always did: walk up to the counter, drag a couple of benches to sit down on, and prepare to empty out his wallet in whatever random drink he felt like drowning himself in for the night. The bartender was already wincing, knowing she'd have to deal with not just a touchy drunk, but one that got consistently louder the more he drank; at points, it wasn't so much the dumb flirting as it was the raw *volume*, which was often enough to make the music sound like it was set to background mode by comparison.

That night, however, there was something different about the way the counter looked, even if the lizard couldn't quite put his finger on what it was; his eyes told him there was an extra element present that *shouldn't* be there, but what with him being so used to having his way and not having to worry about it, his literal lizard brain was having a hard time processing the visual

cues and coming up with answers. Even when it did, it was such an unlikely one that the bodybuilder could do little but flinch and keep staring, because there was someone *sitting there*. It was so brazen as well, someone had actually had the gall to sit down next to where he usually did, either not knowing or not *caring* that the counter was his for the taking, and if anyone wanted to sit at it as well, then they had to ask *him* for permission. If nothing else, the lizard's bulk was often enough to deter chancers, which was exactly why the presence of such a smaller member of his species left the bulked-up ass feeling so confused; if the "intruder" was at least half as strong as himself, he might've understood where they found the courage to try their luck, but the lizardess sitting right there in front of him was *puny*: barely even five foot seven, lacking in any kind of muscle mass, and dressed like she'd just gotten out of bed, they looked entirely out of place in that bar, so much so that it was a wonder the bartender hadn't noticed and told them to get out before the *real* ruler of the fiefdom showed up. Even worse, the tiny thing gave him an upwards glance, let out a small "Hmm", then went back to sipping whatever drink they had in front of them, leaving the giant to come to terms with the notion that he'd just been *dismissed* by such a pathetic runt. It was enough to get his blood to boil, the unregulated hormones in his system kicking into overdrive and telling his killer instinct to come out and cause some havoc; immediately the bouncers staring at the scene took a few steps forward, anticipating a disaster, with the manager staring down from the office on the second floor keeping one hand on the phone in case they finally had to call the police. But, just as the male's muscles began to tense, their fists balling up and veins popping along their biceps, the smaller lizardess preempted everyone by sliding off her seat, downing the rest of her drink in one go, and then tapping her would-be assailant on the thigh once before speaking up:

"Outside."

One word, and with it, she walked out, heading to the nearest emergency exit at a leisurely pace. None could see it, but her previously impassive expression had shifted, a wide, toothy grin now adorning her lips as she made her way outside, knowing for a fact that someone like that brute would never be able to ignore a challenge like that one; in their mind, it was an opportunity to crush someone who had no chance of fighting back so they could assert their dominance, a chance to "show off" how "manly" and "powerful" they were, when in reality all they were doing was beating a dead horse... or, at least, thinking they were about to do so. In any other circumstance, someone like Aleksi issuing that sort of declaration *would* be tantamount to suicide; she was, by all appearances, positively miniscule compared to the fifteen-foot titan of musculature she'd just pissed off, lacking in any sort of experience fighting or any tool that might help give her an edge in the coming fight. By all accounts, she had just asked someone to beat her to a bloody pulp in a way that all-but guaranteed her opponent wouldn't stop there, so much so that the establishment's manager actually *did* call the police the moment he saw his worst customer follow the tiny lizardess out into the alley; at the very least, with the bodybuilder being so pissed that he didn't even bother to use the door, management finally had a reason to legally bar him from ever coming back again, because that large chunk of wall was going to cost a pretty penny to repair. Aleksi, for her part, had predicted something like that might happen, and

stood aside just in time to see her would-be opponent bursting from within the building in a cloud of dust and debris thick enough to choke him out for a couple of seconds, triggering a coughing fit that was only beaten when the lizard looked aside and saw his diminutive challenger smirking at him. Such a simple gesture, and yet it awoke such an animalistic rage within him, probably as a result of all the 'roid rage he was subjected to on a regular basis, that the bulky colossus didn't once think about the consequences of giving in to those impulses; he'd already broken through a wall and was ready to throw a punch with all of his might behind it, against someone who was probably a tenth of his total weight, if not even less. The odds of him being charged for something that would land him behind bars for the rest of his life were high, getting higher with every passing moment, but he didn't care; all the lizard wanted was to wipe that smug grin off the lizardess' face, to plaster them against a wall and get them to stop mocking him. A single word and he was brought along for the ride, and now he had to exact his revenge, by lunging forwards and swiping at... air. He stumbled, the momentum behind his right hook carrying him several feet forward until he outright tripped and ended up crashing on the ground, scraping his scales against the pavement until he skid to a halt; he was *sure* his target had been there just a moment before his fist was there, so how in blazes had he whiffed?

It took him getting back up and rubbing his temple to try and focus his eyesight before he noticed that the lizardess was right there in front of him, looking just as offensively self-assured as before; she was skipping in place, making it clear that she'd successfully dodged his attempted attack, a gesture so insulting and demeaning that the bodybuilder didn't think twice before firing off another right hook, managing only to sink his fist into the ground when the lizardess effortlessly hopped to the side, her smile widening as she did so. A left hook didn't change much, as the giant's motions were simply too slow and unwieldy to compete with someone of far smaller a size; then again, as far as *he* was concerned, this was just more evidence that his opponent was a *coward*, who would rather run and hide rather than face their problems head on and actually put up a proper fight! And this pissed him off to such a degree that he did something incredibly stupid: he attempted a headbutt. Ten seconds later, he woke up with his face stuck in the ground, having to pull his fists up from the small craters they created to help himself back into place, only to have something stop him. It wasn't strong enough to hold him in place, but it was *there* and he actually *felt it*; looking up, he saw the lizardess looking down at him, one hand on her hips, the other on the top of his head, pushing down just enough for the bulky liz to know that he wasn't dealing with just any fighter. For his part, the giant couldn't understand what was happening; he was so much bigger than her, and yet she had the strength to actually keep him from moving, if only for a moment? And what was up with her clothing as well; last he recalled, when his challenger was sitting at the bar, it hung loosely off of her, and yet now it seemed form-fitting... form-fitting enough to reveal what looked to be a set of well-defined abs, not to mention some lean muscle around their arms and legs. Could it be that he had simply misjudged how athletic she was, precisely because he was so mad at her sitting down where she wasn't supposed to? Even if he did, that hardly mattered; he had her exactly where she wanted: grappling range! How fortuitous that the lizardess would be so kind as to just give herself up as a

target like that, in the perfect position for him to smash both hands against her from opposite sides; how fortuitous for Aleksí that her own plan had worked perfectly, and the dumb brute she'd been playing with fell for her cheap taunts even more easily than she assumed they would. It felt like cheating, honestly; never could she have expected that the rumours were actually completely true, and that rather than a proper fight, she was walking into a curbstomp against someone who could barely control themselves at the slightest provocation. It was everything she could've hoped for, especially given she deliberately started it when she could've walked out instead, and it only got better once she sensed the bodybuilder's attempts at grabbing her; a simple jump back was enough to get out of dodge, the pressure crash from the two palms slamming together signalling that she had another opening to lunge forward and execute a strike of her own.

There was no way she could do any actual damage to the titanic lizard, at least not for the moment, but she *did* have enough time to slap him across the back of the head after jumping onto his back, the short moment of contact being more than enough to trigger the next mass transfer; this was, after all, the whole point of starting the fight in the first place. There was just so much *bulk* there, so much *mass* that wasn't being properly used; so many people like that lizard roaming around, thinking that merely being big was an ending in and of itself, rather than a *means* to something else. So many people like that bodybuilder who took shortcuts, not understanding that the true path required patience, study and determination in equal measure... but Aleksí understood that. She knew what it was like to suffer under her own mediocrity, knew what it felt like to be puny and defenseless, and it was precisely because of that understanding that she was now capable of *doing something* about it; after all, that brute wasn't using his body to the best of its abilities, and if it was a choice between letting such wonderful amounts of muscle mass go to waste, or putting them to use doing something they were meant to do, then it wasn't really a choice, was it? Thus, when her hand contacted the back of the giant's head, said giant shrunk ever so slightly smaller, with Aleksí's body absorbing just enough of its musculature to bulk up her own, the lizardess' clothes growing tighter still in the process; her shirt rode up her chest as well, once her tits began to swell outwards too, and while her ass wasn't nearly as bouncy, there was plenty of cheek there for everyone to see already... and she was only getting started.

She could've made it a lot faster if she wanted to. While her ultimate goals would leave her about as big as the brute she was stealing mass from, the process of getting there gave her plenty of opportunities to place her opponent in a position from which he couldn't recover quickly, giving her enough time to simply take whatever she wanted and be done with it. It would be trivial for her to taunt the man into charging at her at such an angle that he'd end up with his head stuck in a while, providing the best possible target for her to drain as much power and size as she possibly could... but that wasn't the point. She could just as easily have stolen mass from a myriad of different people over time, hiding her tracks just enough that she could claim to merely be a hyper like so many others, or a variety of different methods which would all ultimately lead to the same endpoint; the real objective, however, was to make a *statement* out of

it, to do something that would have some impact on the world instead of merely fulfilling one of her fantasies. This is why she chose to head to that bar, that night, knowing exactly who she would find there: if it meant that she could get what she wanted in a short timespan, *while* also making the lives of so many others so much easier, then as far as Aleksi cared, this was the best-case scenario for everyone involved. The brute included, as being cut down to size would most likely serve to teach him some humility, even if by force; hence why the lizardess insisted on keeping each of her gains as small as she could make them, taking just enough bulk from her opponent that it would take him a bit before his shrivelled-up brain made the connections. Anyone else would've noticed already, what with her having already broken through the six feet line, quickly approaching seven, with her previously unassuming body becoming so chiseled as to appear as if she'd condensed multiple months of workouts into a couple of minutes; Aleksi had a perfectly clear-cut and well-defined mental image of what she wanted for herself, and each time she touched the behemoth flailing to try and catch her, she focused on it, willing herself to reach those goals and letting her body's automatic processes do the rest of the work for her. Every time the huge lizard tried to take a swing at her, she would casually slide out of the way, lightly tapping the hulk's nearest arm and sapping the shrinking giant of yet another few ounces of masses; whenever the guy tried to outright lunge at her, Aleksi made sure to hop on top of them, casually leaving a couple of scratches on the bodybuilder's back when she flexed her own control over her claws. Every time, the brute's body shrank just a little bit more, its muscle mass receding inwards in equal measure to the lizardess' bulking outwards... to a certain point. She was getting taller and more massive, in the most literal sense of the latter, but the budding giantess had no intention of turning herself into the same kind of hulking mass of mindless muscle that her opponent had become; not only would it be a waste, but it just wasn't the sort of aesthetic that she wanted for herself. No, Aleksi envisioned her dream body as being far more of a blend between the athletic and the feminine, a mixture of raw physical power and the sort of curvaceous allure that so few managed to pull off to the extent that she was imagining it; granted, it was a kind of body type that defied conventional explanation, in that it was most likely impossible to achieve without heavy genetic engineering or some extreme luck in the genetic lottery, but with her control over her physical form being as absolute as it was, Aleksi figured it would be a walk in the park. She saw it already: on one side, a physicality that exuded menace, with well-defined muscle tone and just enough actual *bulk* to make it clear that she could bend and snap steel with a single hand if she so wanted it, though not enough to leave her looking like a career bodybuilder; her form would be *tight*, above all things, with just barely the right amount of pliability to not be entirely solid should anyone be bold or stupid enough to try and get a good handful. On the other hand, she wasn't going to skimp out on the curves either: a pair of breasts, full and firm, big enough to cover just over half of her torso, at the exact point where any more breastflesh would start to intrude upon her abs (which was obviously not acceptable), with an ass that just *begged* for anyone who looked at it to stuff their face into a cheek, or at least try and grab one just to watch their fingers vanish into the pudge. All of this capped with an hourglass figure deliberately crafted to accentuate a pair of motherly hips and a

set of thighs that could crush condensed neutron matter, wrapped with a ribbon by way of her being just over the height of the brute she was engaging in a fight with, would leave her as the absolute pinnacle of perfection, at least in her mind. Anyone who lay eyes on her would go weak-kneed, unable to resist the allure of the most beautiful amazonian lizardess to have ever existed, a thought that would've left her body flushed and her libido flowing at the *worst* of times; now that Aleksí was not only in a position where she *could* make that mental become reality, but had all the opportunity to do, however... to say that focusing was becoming increasingly more difficult would be an understatement and a half, and more than once the lizardess had to take care not to let her own arousal get in the way, lest one of those clumsy blows actually connect. It was interesting to note that the clumsy giant (though that last descriptor was rapidly becoming inadequate) was actually beginning to notice that something was wrong; presumably, they'd become so used to lugging around absurd quantities of ill-gotten muscles that the sudden disappearance of a good chunk of them tripped several alarms in their head, even if they lacked the intellectual capacity to connect the dots in their enraged state. To them, all they could see was the world slowly growing around them, unable to understand that it was *him* who was shrinking, all while his assailant, the once-tiny interloper who dared to sit where she shouldn't have, just kept getting *bigger*; the brute knew about people who could do that, hell, he'd even fantasized about being one himself, but never did he expect to be on the receiving end of such a beatdown by one. It was made worse by the fact that the lizardess' clothes had long-since been torn apart, courtesy of her rapidly approaching ten feet in height and growing muscular enough that her once-baggy shirt and jeans had been stretched to capacity and then ripped into shreds; as pissed off as he was, the once-giant lizard was still staring down a growing amazon with a chiseled body more beautiful than anything he'd ever seen before, not to mention a set of fat tits and an ass juicy enough that he felt like he should stop fighting, cut his losses, and then immediately ruin it by flirting with the giantess, his inner instincts being far too powerful for him to resist or ignore. Never did he consider the possibility that Aleksí wasn't *growing* so much as stealing size from him, and even if he did, it was doubtful that it would've changed his approach to the situation; as confusing as his emotions were, the lizard was still guided by the core motivation of revenge: that *bitch* had broken the unspoken rules and dared to challenge *him* to a fight, so now he *had* to prove to her that he was the one in charge, and her job was to sit down, shut up, and learn her place. He continued to think this even when it became clear that he couldn't so much as *land* a hit, much less get one in that would put the fight to an end, even when the lizardess in front of became tall enough that she really shouldn't be that quick; he himself had suffered such an immense reduction in speed and mobility when he began bulking up that the thought of being able to move so gracefully was downright alien to him. Little did he know that Aleksí hadn't fallen into the same trap as him, that she actually *knew* how best to sculpt her body to make sure that she could get the best out of it; thus, even when the two's size began to invert, and the once-hulking colossus became smaller than the previously-diminutive lizardess back at the bar, Aleksí still managed to move faster, react quicker, think on her feet to avoid strikes and blows that, quite sincerely, were no longer even a

threat. In fact, she began wondering if she shouldn't just *let* the poor guy hit her; all she needed was physical contact to initiate mass transfer, and seeing as her opponent was so drained of energy already, he probably wouldn't even be able to leave a bruise on her, not with the sort of highly dense, compacted muscle mass that Aleksi had fashioned for herself. In fact, the longer the fight went on, the more it became obvious that it wasn't even a fight at all; past a certain point, the giantess just stood there, weathering whatever weak wailing that her opponent could muster, often little more than a glancing blow as the poor thing began to realize just what was happening, yet couldn't bring himself to stop. He was running on fumes, carried entirely by his inner momentum... until, finally, he could keep going no longer. There came a point where his fist made contact with the lower part of Aleksi's left leg, once the mass transferral process was complete, that truly made it obvious just how outdated he had been from the start: now *he* was barely over five feet tall, staring up at a *goddess* of an amazon, a lizardess so tall that he couldn't put a number on it, shadowed underneath a bust that he was sure could crush him effortlessly, loomed over by a pair of thighs that could very much do the same with about as much effort. One last punch, one that didn't even leave an indentation on the giantess' skin, and one last moan, where Aleksi took just enough to give herself a round number on her height: seventeen feet, not a single inch more. There she stood, looking down at the tiny little thing that used to be a towering pillar of chauvinistic self-superiority, now trembling in awe at the sight of the most glorious creature they had ever seen; there she stood, taller than a whole storey, knowing for a fact that she'd never be able to fit into any building that wasn't purpose-built to cater to hypers ever again. There she stood, flexing her arms to admire as her biceps bulged out, straining her upper body to watch as her solid physique glistened in the moonlight, feeling her claws dig holes in the ground down below just by wriggling her toes. There she stood, eventually, one hand on her bust and another on her rear, squishing and squeezing the few parts of her that she allowed to have fat settle on, her eyes half-lidded as her sensory nerves flared from the stimulation; a pity that she lacked a partner to share that moment with, otherwise the whole city would be made privy to her transformation... though, there was nothing stopping her from turning that into a reality anyway. She hadn't thought of it before; her entire motivation that night had been to find the "huge piece of shit" that had been bothering everyone in that club and then steal his mass for herself. At no point did Aleksi consider the possibility of actually showing off, nor did she think about what would come *after*, having succumbed to the same faulty line of thinking that others did by placing her size goals at the end of the road, rather than just making it another checkpoint in an eternal path to ever-greater glory. But the lizardess was nothing if not flexible, even if her new body certainly wasn't; it was simple enough to take this supposed endpoint and shove it off to the side, creating yet more miles for her to run before she had to worry about what to do afterwards for a second time, and as soon as *that* was accomplished, suddenly the world became a lot brighter. There were just so many opportunities, so many things to do for someone of her size and power, that Aleksi found herself being spoiled for choice; why, she could just walk out onto the street, right at that moment, and put herself on full display for the whole world to see, giving them a demigoddess to admire as she strutted her stuff. Hell, she'd have to do that eventually,

seeing as she was determined to keep her size as it was... though, to be frank, the thought of not going further began to sting more than she expected it to. Aleksi had fully believed that night's session to be enough to satisfy her, and to some degree it truly did, but there was *something* there that kept her from feeling as if she was *finished*. She was, after all, not as tall as the buildings around her yet, and for some reason, the lizardess felt very strongly that that should be the case; she still had to crane her neck upwards to see the roofs, when in reality she should need to look *down* in order to catch a glimpse of them. And there were plenty of people just like the mewling whelp at her feet out there, folks with more brawn than brain who chose to get their rocks off terrorizing others out of an undeserved sense of power and authority... and as a budding goddess, was it not her job to ensure that her little ones felt safe? That they could enjoy themselves without having to worry about some jacked-up dick deciding to interrupt their fun just so they could show off how bulky their steroid gains were? Aleksi certainly seemed to think so, enough that her body was already getting ready to move on its own accord.

She was ever so dreadfully famished.