

Dance Dance Devastation

By Dragonien

Music boomed through the air. The ground vibrated with a heavy bass beat. Any sound the music didn't drown out vanished beneath waves of excited cheering the music elicited from the crowd. Hundreds of people were crowded together; lost in their own little world. For those that danced their way through the open concert venue nothing existed save for the melody filling the air and the fellow gyrating bodies in their immediate vicinity.

Which is why it took the crowd so long to realize something was going on.

Everyone too distracted by the melody of the band on stage; bodies twisting and gyrating in all manner of dances or, in some cases, movements that could be generously dubbed dancing. None noticed when the vibrations of the musical bass were joined by an entirely different set of vibrations. Most, save for those nearest the source, didn't even notice the crowd being slowly pushed outwards from a point near the center of the venue a little more with each passing moment. Too many of them failed to recognize what was among them until those extra vibrations transformed into tremors and became distinguishable not as the rumbling undertones of the song playing but for what they truly were.

Footfalls.

Celine, like everyone else, had long lost herself in the throes of the music. The stacked fennec girl twisted and twirled on bare paws, hips swinging and tail swaying with every movement she made. More than once she bumped a hip or arm into one of the others dancing near her. Those she bumped into, much in the same spirit of the event as Celine was, would gleefully bump back against her and send her twirling back into her own tiny little space amongst the crowd. But, unlike everyone else, Celine wasn't just a normal, if well-endowed bombshell, of a fennec fox woman. She was also a size shifter.

As she lost herself more and more in the music the fennec's body began to of its own accord. Soon those playful, accidental hip bumps were strong enough to make their victim stumble. When they returned a bump back in response it barely even budged her. Even when she was a head taller, then head and shoulders taller, than anyone else nearby the music and chaotic venue were too distracting for anyone to notice. The crowd simply spread out more and more to give the growing vixen more space to dance as their subconscious picked up what their consciousness did not; that Celine needed more room. It wasn't until one of her hip bumps sent a nearby dancer sprawling to the ground that those closest finally came back to their senses and realized that Celine was now twice the size of anyone around her!

At first the nearby crowd was stunned; then quickly turned excited. Some of the cheering for the band turned in her direction and Celine found herself encouraged in her own little dance. Whoops and cheers soon turned to nervous

muttering and then concerned shouting as those nearby found themselves no longer as tall as her knees. And, as she continued to dance and grow, the nearby crowd finally began the descent into full-blown panic. The first person turned and ran just about the time her dancing footsteps caused the concrete to crack.

Celine couldn't be bothered to stop. She was too absorbed in her own excitement. The sweat building on her brow from the exertion didn't dissuade her. The feeling of concrete beginning starting to crumble under her feet didn't slow her. Not even the music itself coming to an abrupt end stopped her. By now the music was playing as much in her head as it had been out loud and her own little rhythm persisted in her mind as she continued to dance

As she continued to grow.

The crowded venue quickly descended into chaos and within minutes was all but empty. Yet by the time it was Celine was clearly visible over the tree line of the park surrounding the venue. Unfortunately for those trying to make their escape dancing alone wasn't nearly as fun and the growing fennec soon found herself following after one of the larger crowds. No one could tell if the giantess truly didn't realize what was happening or if she simply didn't care as long as she was still enjoying herself.

Her twisting and twirling movements soon were creating foot-deep pawprints in the grassy soil of the park as her paws grew along with the rest of her; each one now larger than a car. Her heavy footfalls increasingly shook the ground to the point that the anti-theft alarm in nearby parked cars began going off. Even the trees that brushed against her torso and hips were no match for her expanding mass; perceived as simply other dancers that Celine eagerly pushed back against. She wound up uprooting each tree that she came too close too with a simple swing of her broad hips or shove by one of her thick thighs.

Her first footstep onto the street landed directly on top of a parked car. The ton of Plexiglas and steel crumpled under her weight like a little more than tin foil origami. However even that didn't pull her out of her referee; the giantess ignoring the crushed vehicle underfoot like it was nothing more than a candy wrapper that found its way under foot. The chorus of car alarms, honking car horns, and approaching sirens did nothing to bring her back down to reality. The noise only became more music to her ears. It was almost surreal for those down below; watching someone already a hundred feet tall and still growing smashing concrete underfoot like dried dirt and crushing cars like they were nothing. Yet she showed nothing but an expression of satisfaction and joy as she did so as if she were lost in her own little world. It was clear to anyone that dared stop long enough to look up at her face that Celine was simply having too much fun to be bothered with petty details like her increasing size or the collateral damage it was causing.

And so she continued to grow.

Soon there were multiple cars vanishing under foot. Soon those small tremors were full-blown earthquakes that began to rattle buildings and crack glass. Soon her luscious, wide hips were too broad for the narrow side street she was strolling down. Denim clad walls of flesh and fur ground into buildings to either side of the massive fennec and left an

increasingly large swath of debris gouged out of them. Even her tail was becoming a danger at this point! Despite being soft and fluffy enough to be near weightless at her normal size now even a casual sweep of the furry appendage could knock buses over and rip lamp posts out of the ground!

Soon Celine had found her way onto one of the main thoroughfares through town and once more had room to properly move; to properly dance. A makeshift police barricade and the shouting voice amplified by a mega phone broadcasting from it went completely ignored as the ever-increasingly massive fennec passed by. Cops were forced to dive to the sides at the last moment before a massive, fluffy paw slammed down on their little barricade of parked cars and crushed several of the vehicles in the process! She was moving her way deeper into the city, towards the larger buildings that yet still towered over, her and no one was able to do a thing about it.

Soon she was once more among things taller than herself. Yet despite looming above her all of the surrounding buildings were fragile, brittle things compared to her still-growing mass. The next brush of a building against her hip had her sending a playful hip bump in retaliation back towards the contact. Unlike the casual bump she had given to other people, or even the damaging uprooting of a tree this impact was like a bomb went off in the building! A half-dozen floors practically disintegrated as they were blown out the other end of the building by the innumerable tons of flesh smashing into them at high speed. The top of the building collapsed down onto the still surviving base of the skyscraper only to topple backwards and crash down onto the next street over. Yet eventually even those buildings no longer could match her height. Soon the tallest skyscraper in town barely came up to her chin... then her ample chest... soon not even reaching that. Soon it, too, brushed against her hip.

This time it was the entire building that practically disintegrated. Everything above the first five floors simply exploded into a showering cloud of dust and debris. The casual retaliatory swing of her hip was comparable to the kinetic force of an entire barrage of tomahawk missiles. And yet still she danced. And yet still she grew.

Even when nothing in the city was even hip high to Celine she continued on in her own little world of amusement as she made her way outside of town. She continued to dance even when each foot was wider than an eight-lane highway. She continued to dance even when humming the tune playing inside of her head began to shake the ground all by itself. She continued to dance even when clouds began to swirl around her face.

Thoughts of all different sorts ran through the population in response to the ever-growing, ever dancing titaness devastating the countryside with her self-indulgence. Some wondered how they could stop her. Some wondered if they should even try. Some wondered what started this catastrophe in the first place. And then there was one single person left behind amongst thousands in the city where it all had started. One single person that had been at the heart of everything the moment it had begun. It was they that had the most unusual thought of all, spoken out loud to their fellow band members as they stood on the half-collapsed remains of their stage.

“...Do you think we could put her on our album cover?”